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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

HOUSE AND GARDEN NUMBER

February 1936
VOLUME X - - NUMBER 1
PRICE 15 CENTS A COPY
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
465 POST STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

Women's City Club Calendar, February 1936

League Bridge—Every Tuesday—Card Room, 2:00 and 7:00 p.m.

Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—Every Tuesday 5:30 to 7:30 p.m.; Every Friday, 5:30 to 9:00 p.m.

CHILDREN'S ART GALLERY — EXHIBIT IN LOBBY

BOOK MART AND RAG FAIR—February 24th and 25th

FEBRUARY—

5—Current Events—Mrs. Leslie Conner Williams	*Auditorium*	11:00 a. m.
Current Events Round Table	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:15 p. m.
Choral—Dr. Alfred Hurtgen	*Chinese Room*	7:45 p. m.
6—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire	*Mural Room*	12:15 p. m.
Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman	*American Room*	8:00 p. m.
An Evening of Song—Arranged by Alvina Heuer Willson—Francis Anderson, Soprano; Anna Fabian, Mezzo Soprano; Paul Walti, Tenor		
7—Vocational Information Bureau Dinner	*Natl. Def. Rm*	6:00 p. m.
10—Young Members' Luncheon	*Cafeteria*	12:15 p. m.
11—Travel Round Table—Mrs. E. J. Turkington—Subject: "Belgium"	*Natl. Def. Rm*	12:15 p. m.
12—Spanish Round Table—Senorita Angela Montiel	*Mural Room*	12:15 p. m.
Choral—Dr. Alfred Hurtgen	*Chinese Room*	7:45 p. m.
13—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire	*Mural Room*	12:15 p. m.
Seumas MacManus—Stories for Children. Tickets—Children, 25c; Adults, 55c	*Auditorium*	4:00 p. m.
Art of Public Speaking—Mrs. Ida Elizabeth Hill	*Mural Room*	6:00 p. m.
Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman	*Auditorium*	8:00 p. m.
Speaker: Mr. Stanley Herold. Subject: "Observations In Russia."		
14—Book Review Luncheon	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:15 p. m.
Speaker: Mrs. Daisy Reed. Subject: "I Write As I Please"—Walter Duranty.		
Drama Reading Group—Mrs. E. N. Kierulff	*Chinese Room*	2:00 p. m.
Valentine Bridge Party—Miss Lillian McCurdy. Tickets, 50c	*Auditorium*	8:00 p. m.
18—Lip Reading Classes—Miss Kate Morphy. (First Meeting of Class.)	*Room No. 214*	10:30 a. m.
Garden Round Table	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:15 p. m.
Speaker: Mr. Albert Wilson, M.A. Stanford University. Subject: "Plant Geography."		
Tea and Frolic—National League Players. Tickets, 50c, incl. tea	*Auditorium*	3:00 p. m.
19—Current Events—Mrs. Leslie Conner Williams	*Auditorium*	11:00 a. m.
Current Events Round Table	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:15 p. m.
Choral—Dr. Alfred Hurtgen	*Chinese Room*	7:45 p. m.
20—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire	*Mural Room*	12:15 p. m.
Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman	*Auditorium*	8:00 p. m.
Olga Block Barrett will present Walter Neimann's "Magic Book," assisted by Miss Mary Rixford.		
24—Book Mart and Rag Fair	*Auditorium*	11 a. m. to 9 p. m.
25—Book Mart and Rag Fair	*Auditorium*	11 a. m. to 9 p. m.
Travel Round Table—Mrs. E. J. Turkington. Subject: "Belgium."	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:15 p. m.
26—Spanish Round Table—Senorita Angela Montiel	*Mural Room*	12:15 p. m.
Art of Public Speaking—Mrs. Ida Elizabeth Hill	*Mural Room*	6:00 p. m.
Choral—Dr. Alfred Hurtgen	*Chinese Room*	7:45 p. m.
27—"Philosophy of Life"—Mrs. James Otis Lincoln	*Auditorium*	11:00 a. m.
First of a series of six Lenten Lectures.		
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire	*Mural Room*	12:15 p. m.
Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman	*Auditorium*	8:00 p. m.
Speaker: Mary Margaret Ryan. Subject: "The Gay Nineties."		
28—Drama Reading—Mrs. E. N. Kierulff, Chairman	*Chinese Room*	2:00 p. m.

ANNUAL MEETING—MARCH 12th—LUNCHEON

MARCH—

4—Current Events—Mrs. Leslie Conner Williams	*Auditorium*	11:00 a. m.
Current Events Round Table	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:15 p. m.
Choral—Dr. Alfred Hurtgen	*Chinese Room*	7:45 p. m.
5—"Philosophy of Life," Mrs. James Otis Lincoln	*Auditorium*	11:00 a. m.
Lenten Lecture.		
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire	*Mural Room*	12:15 p. m.
Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman	*Auditorium*	8:00 p. m.
Speaker: Mr. Alexander R. Heron. Subject: "Benjamin Franklin and the American Democracy."		

Women's City Club Magazine

Published Monthly **at 465 Post Street** — ***Telephone*** **GArfield 8400**

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

VOLUME X — FEBRUARY, 1936 — NUMBER 1

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Announcements

- New courses are being started in the Swimming Pool. See page 22 for details.

- Club Round Tables will be resumed on Thursdays at noon, in the Cafeteria. Mrs. E. A. Thompson, Chairman of Volunteers, will preside.

- Mrs. Lucene Ranson is always available on Tuesdays in Room 214 to help you brush up on your bridge. Drop in any Tuesday at 1 o'clock afternoons, or 7 o'clock evenings.

- Another appeal to "younger members." Please attend the Young Members' Luncheon, held every second Monday at a specally reserved table in the Cafeteria. February 10th, at 12:15.

- The Annual Membership Meeting will be held on March 12th, in the Cafeteria. This will be a luncheon meeting at 12 o'clock, and we would like reservations made in advance, please.

- AD SHOW—March 16th and 17th. Miss Marion Leale. Chairman, promises a show that will surpass last year's. We don't see how that could be possible. Lend your support by attending.

- The Vocational Information Bureau, under the Directorship of Miss I. L. Macrae, announces another of the interesting dinner discussions to be held on Friday evening, February 7th, at 6 o'clock.

- Plans for a Ramble to the Best Foods, Inc., is being planned for February, the date to be announced later. If interested please register at Front Office, giving telephone number, and you will be notified of the exact date.

- Current Events will be carried on during February by Mrs. Leslie Conner Williams. We take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Williams for her generous support to the Current Events Section, during the illness of Mrs. William Palmer Lucas.

- Ida Elizabeth Hill will hold Round Table discussions on the "Art of Public Speaking," February 13th, 26th and March 11th, at 6 o'clock in the National Defenders' Room. Reservations should be made in advance for these dinner-hour discussions.

- Members will be delighted to know that Mrs. Daisy Reed has consented to take the Chairmanship of our Book Review Luncheons. This month Mrs. Reed will review "I Write as I Please" by Walter Duranty. The date is always the second Friday, which falls on February 14th. Luncheon is at 12:15. Please make reservations in advance.

- How assiduously the National League Players worked during the past few months was quite evident in their fine performance on January 28th. Mr. Leslie Carter, Director, plans still greater things for them in the Fall. Watch the calendar for the announcements.

- Another Valentine Bridge Party on February 14th, which promises all the charm and intimacy of former parties, under the Chairmanship of Miss Lillian McCurdy. Tickets are 50 cents. There will be prizes and light refreshments. Tickets are on sale now at the Front Office.

- The Drama Reading Group, under the Chairmanship of Mrs. E. N. Kierulff, is initiating its younger members into the art of play reading. Under the expert tutelage of several members of the committee, these younger women are giving fine interpretations of the "play."

- Lip-reading classes, under the direction of Miss Kate Morphy, will start on February 18th. There will be two classes a week, every Tuesday and Thursday morning at 10:30 o'clock in Room 214. This is to be a three months' course, with a fee of $15. Please register in advance at the Front Office.

- Our travelers, at the Travel Round Table, are now visiting Belgium. Mrs. E. J. Turkington, Chairman, presides at these talks every second and fourth Tuesday, at 12:15. If you have traveled in Belgium you will enjoy reviving old memories; if not, you will find the discussions most interesting.

- The Color Class of Wana Derge held its first meeting on January 20th. There are to be seven lessons in this course, which will be followed by a Laboratory Class in flowers and object arrangement. The opening date will be March 9th. If you are interested please register at Executive Secretary's Office.

- Mrs. James Otis Lincoln, will conduct a series of Lenten Lectures in the Auditorium beginning Thursday morning, February 27th, at 11 o'clock to continue through the Lenten Season. These lectures are open to the public. There is no fee, but a voluntary contribution for the benefit of St. Dorothy's Rest.

- On January 13th, by vote of the membership the following members were elected to the Board of Directors to serve for the term 1936-1939: Mrs. George Boyd, Miss Marian Burr, Mrs. Leland S. Connick, Mrs. John M. Eshleman, Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mrs. William B. Hamilton, Mrs. Hart H. North, Mrs. J. P. Rettenmayer, Mrs. William H. Sawtelle, Dr. Ellen S. Stadtmuller, Miss Ethel Young.

● Is your name in the V. A. D. roster in the foyer, as a member of the years 1932-1935? These names go down in history as the loyal members who carried the Club through the stormy days of the lowest ebb of the depression. If you are not in the list, please hurry to be there, for the committee needs your volunteer help.

● If you speak French or Spanish, drop in for luncheon on the days of the French and Spanish Round Tables. You will find an exceptionally interesting group of members, most of whom have traveled extensively and wish to keep "agile" in the spoken language of the various countries. Occasionally a recently returned traveler brings news of present day conditions abroad.

● The Garden Round Table, to be held on Tuesday, February 18th, will have as speaker Mr. Albert Wilson, M. A., of Stanford University. Mr. Wilson is a landscape architect of note. One of the charming gardens that he has planned is the Maskey Garden in Palo Alto. His subject will be "Plant Geography." Please make reservations in advance.

● Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman of the Thursday Evening Programs, has planned four interesting programs for February. February 6th, as evening of song; February 13th will be a talk on Russia; February 20th brings Olga Block Barrett, recently returned from abroad, and February 27th Mary Margaret Ryan will give an interesting talk.

● A few suggestions of what can be used in the Rag Fair and the Book Mart: Short remnant lengths of new cretonne or other drapery textiles; bits of silver or gold such as old broken pins; the top of hat brushes that are worn out; the odd ear ring that has no mate; costume jewelery that matched a dress you no longer have; in fact anything that has any sales value, except clothing or furniture. If you wish anything called for, telephone the Executive Office.

Vocational Information Bureau

● We have been considering in our last dinner meetings what is being done for Youth and the Adult in the field of *unemployment.*

Our February meeting will strike another note. We are arranging a programme to consider what Youth and the Adult with initiative is doing for herself in finding *employment.* Short talks will be given by those who have made their way in spite of the depression, and the many discouraging conditions of the last few years. We are still facing times of many adjustments, but our meeting will demonstrate that there is opportunity, there is hope for those who will take hold of themselves, with perhaps a helping suggestion here and there, who show initiative and courage and a determination to keep after the openings that someone must fill.

Friday, February 7, is the tentative date for the dinner meeting.

Lenten Lectures

—Mrs. W. B. Hamilton, *Chairman*

● Mrs. James Otis Lincoln, the author of "A Help to Happiness" and "Consecrated Common Sense" — a lecturer and co-founder with the late Dr. Lincoln of St. Dorothy's Rest, a summer house for crippled and convalescent children which for thirty-five years has been helping to meet a great need; a woman well and affectionately known in Club and public life in San Francisco, will give a series of six lenten lectures on "Philosophy of Life" at the Women's City Club, beginning Thursday morning, February 27, at eleven o'clock, and weekly thereafter on the same day of the week and at the same hour.

These talks are open to the public. Come and bring your friends. There is no charge, but a voluntary offering for the benefit of St. Dorothy's Rest.

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The President's Message

A particularly happy inspiration—the dedication of February's magazine—for in a truly California fashion spring has already overtaken winter bringing with it the delights of the garden, the lure of tour and travel, the urge for refurbishing one's domain, or last but not least, ordinary spring cleaning. It all spells activity, and the answer for many lies within the pages of the Magazine, keeping us in tune with the seasons and abreast of the times. Less frequent but always outstanding are the programs, presented through the Club, for it has ever been the aim that whatever is sponsored be the best of its kind that can be presented. We feel that this has only recently been proven once again and we trust that with such an auspicious beginning, this year will march through its season with a full and varied calendar profitable to all.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

THE ADVERTISERS' SHOW OF 1936

Monday and Tuesday
March 16th and 17th

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Two days of Frolic & Education

MARCH 16th and 17th

ADVERTISERS' SHOW — March 16th and 17th

Miss Katherine Donohoe, *Honorary Chairman*

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IN THE AUDITORIUM

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11 A. M. to 9 P. M.

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Tea . . . Music

Editorial

● "Except in February there's twenty-eight"—This old rhyme, numbering the days of the months, runs amuck as Leap Year gives us the extra day we always long for. And now that we have it, what shall we do with it? The House and Garden number calls to us to spend that extra twenty-four hours at home planting the garden or doing the "Spring Cleaning" which comes as surely as the cuckoo in that land overseas. The stories in this issue of the Magazine give us springfever and bring the urge to "go modern" in landscaping, interior decorating, or actual planting of flowers. That extra day in February, that 29th day, with its twenty-four hours, gives us the "extra time" we have craved so long. Let us enjoy it to the full in this favored state of ours where Spring begins in February and where planting brings results.

February

● Valentine Bridge — one of the occasions when memories stir, as we tell of Bridge Parties of the past on this same holiday, while at the same time we look forward to a new record of a happy evening in the Clubhouse. On St. Valentine's night we shall play the game of games with our friends of the Club. The committee, under the able chairmanship of Miss McCurdy, is arranging every detail so that all we have to do is to let them know we are coming. Our places will be ready and our joy will be their pleasure.

● Book Mart and Rag Fair in February. We all love that inner glow of satisfaction when a charity agent, carrying off some "old truck" we're glad to get rid of, bows and scrapes in appreciation and we pretend to ourselves that the thanks is justified because after all we really *are* doing good quite altruistically, quite unselfishly.

Once a year the Club gives us this opportunity to glow. Books have accumulated in our home library, so that the shelves are lined two deep or are lying untidily across the neat vertical column or are squeezed in so tightly that to use one means a tug and a pull which damages all the other books on the shelf. These "extras" the Club needs for the Book Mart. We can do our Library cleaning after Christmas and not have to think "what shall I do with these books?" The yawning book box in the Foyer awaits your service, and every book you send will find a buyer, for never in the four years since the first Book Mart has a single book gone begging. Every book sells and every book adds its bit to the Book Mart Fund.

And then the other side of the picture—the fun of coming to the Book Mart itself and browsing and finding "just the book I wanted," or sitting at tea in the atmosphere of the Book Stalls of Paris, munching French bread and Camembert cheese and listening to soft music, while proudly showing a friend the bargain one bought, over in the corner at the Rag Fair. February 24th and 25th, are the dates. Remember them next week when you clear those library shelves, and remember them later on the days themselves.

March

● The Annual Meeting, Thursday, March 12th.
The Advertisers' Show on March 16th and 17th.

Very important events these two. The annual Meeting gives the survey of the year's activities which every member is entitled to; the accounting of stewardship every committee should regularly give. The year 1935 was an interesting one in the clubhouse. Only those who were at the center of the wheel know how busy each committee was and how many were working away in the name of the membership. Each member should know this story. Attendance at the Annual meeting is the only way to learn it. Mark your calendar now—March 12.

The sponsors of the Advertisers' Show listed on page 9 assure us that we will have as gay a time this year as we did last. The advertisers, whose year's contracts will begin in the March issue, promise us a "bigger and better show" than last year. The stage is set for a gala two days. No member within available distance of the Clubhouse can afford to miss this "unique" occasion. A peculiar word to use, perhaps, in describing a commercial show, but true none the less, for nowhere in San Francisco can a commercial show be given with such a background and setting, and with such an audience. This show is exclusive. It is a family affair. It is our own magazine advertisers only. It is our own members and their friends. It is our own Clubhouse. On with the Show!!

Garden of Shakespearean Flowers

● The Garden of Shakespearean Flowers in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, was originated by Miss Alice Eastwood, Botanist of Golden Gate Park, carried out by the late Miss Katherine Chandler and fostered by the California Spring Blossom and Wild Flower Association. The area of park for this garden was extended by John McLaren.

The Garden for the Family

By Helen Van Pelt, *Landscape Architect*

● There are two kinds of fun which families can have with gardens, and for my part, I hardly know which is the more fun. Some would prefer the 7:00 a. m. version, and some the 6:00 p.m. version.

It's seven o'clock on a fresh summer morning—maybe it's going to be hot later, but now it's delightful, and the whole family is assembled in the garden. Jack is keeping the hose going, and hunting for snails meantime; Polly is sweeping and raking off the terrace and watering the potted plants with the watering can; Jerry is pulling weeds (his particular passion); Dad is pulling away on his pipe while he cultivates and prunes away long branches of the shrubs growing out over the path; while mother, with small Margaret tagging after, is cutting flowers for fresh bouquets in the house; and, as she goes, cuts off the dead flowers—giving the little touches that make it all look nicer. There's a lot of humming and whistling (maybe some close harmony)—there's exclaiming over newly discovered beauties—or perhaps newly discovered beasts; there's some good-natured ragging—and after it *such* an appetite for breakfast. And such a lot done by twelve hands working busily and happily.

Now, here's the other picture: six o'clock that same evening. There's a table spread out in the garden, with a nice gay table-cloth that looks almost as though it were blooming along with the flowers. The family is gathered around it for supper, and there are two guests who live in an apartment and are exclaiming over how tall the Delphinium are, and how cute the yellow Violas are; how lovely the salmon pink of the Gladiolus, how adorably the birds are singing—"Oh and there's a Humming Bird!" Each member of the family swells with pride over his part in the accomplishment, everybody is gay and at peace; the stampede to the movies is forgotten, the world of strikes and threats of war, of unemployment and hatreds, is far away and unreal. And it would stay unreal in earnest, if most families were having this sort of fun.

Now in contrast with this charming picture, it must be confessed that not all people take to gardening like ducks to water. You've heard of the people who are born gardeners, who have the "green thumb," for whom anything will grow. There are such, and I'm convinced there are a lot of them who don't *know* they have the "green thumb" because they have never tried. There are some who are born with this interest in gardening; there are some who acquire it; and there are some, we must admit, who have it thrust upon them. You will not wonder why I know this when I tell you what my own 14 year old son suggested when I told him my subject for today. His facetious contribution was this: "For the man it affords a restful change from the worries of the business world; for the woman a plentiful exercise of her vocal chords in summoning her unwilling offspring; for the rest of the family it affords a lasting source of interest so greatly needed in the American home." Not bad, is it? Of course, the part about the mother was to tease me, but there *is* a point here. Work in the garden can be either *work* or, if it's a cooperative project, it can be *fun*—if the points about it are settled in family conclave with the children choosing their activities instead of having them imposed upon them as chores. And it's amusing to see how they get interested in spite of themselves, if the grown-ups are getting genuine pleasure out of it, and don't nag. And as to grown-ups, I've known several of them who've had to give up golf because of an unsatisfactory heart or an unsatisfactory bank balance, who have found a delightful and rewarding substitute in creating a garden. And as a constructive use of enforced leisure, it beats the world; it gives health and it cures worry in a way cocktails can never do.

Now, if you haven't a real garden, and have some time and interest, here's what you can do about it: First take stock of the elements you have to work with. Have a family council and see *who* would like to do *what* about it. Realize in the first place that no space is too small to make something charming— except perhaps for the apartment dwellers who have to content themselves with window boxes and dish-gardens, though a lot of fun can be had with just these. And if there is a chance for a roof garden, delightful things can be done there with a few plants in boxes or pots—a little treillage for vines,—a few comfortable chairs and a table, with perhaps a glass screen for protection from wind. And then the pleasure of a door-yard garden! If you can only manage a space the size of a big room, even one you can step into directly from the dining room or living room through wide French doors—you will get endless pleasure from it. Let me tell you what my own door-yard garden in Marin County is like. It is directly out from the dining room, and is a space 12x25. For enclosure and privacy which every garden needs, there is,

down the long side, a very informal fence of hand-split Redwood grape stakes, placed close together and about 6 feet high. Against this the tracery of light-growing vines, white Jasmine and Australian Blue-bell. At the base of it is a border about 30″ wide planted to day lilies and pink snap-dragons, and heliotrope. Gravel covers the floor except for a three-foot brick walk against the house, where clusters pots of pink and white geraniums. At the North end is a strong planting of shrubs for privacy; at the South end a Japanese Persimmon is growing, which will ultimately cast shade over the terrace in summer, and will give lovely fall color. Opposite the French doors the clear space widens decidedly to allow more room for chairs and table, over which is stretched a homemade awning. We've made cushions for the chairs of the same awning material, and painted them and the table a rich chestnut brown. Here we eat and write and read and look out over the flower garden, which is on a lower level. We haven't a square foot of lawn in our garden. I think that lawn mowing remains a chore, however much you try to sugar-coat it. In some parts of the garden, which is a very informal one, we use as ground cover Spent Tan-bark, available at low cost from Tanneries; one terrace is of flagstone, and one of gravel, which means water-worn gravel, and *not* crushed rock, which should be used only on drive-ways, in my opinion.

Here's how the family can get in on the making of the garden: In the first place there's a plan to make; the first thing about that is a little map to scale, of the area as it is to start with. That's fun to do, and the 14 year old Jack can do it. Get a tablet of paper ruled off in little squares, four to each inch. Then each square can represent one foot. Even small Margaret can hold the end of the tape when the measuring is going on. Then the family should talk over what kind of garden they want, and if they can afford it, get the help of a landscape architect with imagination and adaptability, whose experience may save them costly mistakes. How many flowers? How much lawn, or no lawn at all? Will there be a play-house, or a tea house; an out-door grille—a little pool—a rock garden? One group of table and chairs for outdoor living, or two? Will there be a potting bench, a compost pile? How shall we screen out the neighbor's house—by plants or a fence? Where shall we put a bird-feeding table and a bird bath? Probably Dad will figure out the way the water must drain away from the house and the paths. Probably Polly, who likes pretty colors in clothes and draperies, will want to plan the color scheme for the flower borders, and will send for nursery and seed catalogues. Jerry will certainly want to paint the furniture and collect a bounty on gophers and moles; and mother will make the cushions and awnings. And she will remind us not to forget the parsley and mint and lavender close to the kitchen door. And maybe she will suggest a few poles of string beans, which are both attractive and productive, or a few artichoke plants, which are beautiful if there's space for them. And probably the whole family will go on Saturday afternoon jaunts to nuseries and pick out the plants that especially appeal to them. It's such fun thinking of the contrasts in size of leaf, contrast in color of grey and green — planning how to have something interesting blooming in the garden all the time, and learning the names of plants; it's like acquiring a lot of new friends. Nurserymen are very pleasant people to gossip with, and a nursery is like no other place whatsoever.

You'll learn to think of your garden as both a series of pictures, and as a place to live; for the thing that makes charm is a real unity between the useful and the beautiful.

So if you begin now planning, and constructing, you'll have the garden all ready for Spring planting of shrubs and little plants out of flats—January planting of bare-root trees and rose-bushes and fruit trees; and by summer you will have a real garden. And it will be like a baby — a real responsibility but a very real joy. You've brought this living thing into being, and you have to think about giving it food and drink at fairly regular intervals. But like a baby, it will be the greatest fun in the world to play with, and to watch grow.

The Humming Bird
1904

(Reprinted from "Vagrant Verse")

A visitor my garden brings,
Like jewel flashing in the light;
With airy poise, on gauzy wings,
A drop of life in gleaming flight.
With darting tongue that sips and sips,
He takes his way among the flowers,
And gathers in, with swoops and dips,
The garnered sweets of sunny hours.

Perchance at home some tiny spheres,
Like hidden pearls in moss-green nest,
The center of his hopes and fears,
Are sheltered by the mother breast:
And seeking honeydew for her
This gallant knight, in loving quest,
Comes to my garden banquet there
And robs the flowers that she may feast.

—Mary Ogden Vaughan.

Garden of Shakespearean Flowers

By VIRGINIA MYSELL

● How beautiful are Cardinal Newman's words—"By a garden is meant mystically, a place of spiritual repose, stillness, peace, refreshment and delight." How fittingly do these words ascribe themselves to San Francisco's Garden of Shakespearean Flowers in Golden Gate Park. Stillness, peace, spiritual refreshment and delight, these we will find in that little garden—that garden hidden in a valley sheltered from winds yet open to the sun's rays.

It has been said, a garden to be fully created must possess a distinct mood, then it is a garden in the full sense of the word. At the foot of a dark pine-clad hill, where rhododendrons flaunt their coloring in the spring —there in the Shakespearean Garden of Flowers, dwells a distinct mood. This mood has been created out of the darkness of the pines which tower above the garden, out of the close cloud of Box-scent which hangs over it, even in mid-winter, and out of the memory of him whose thoughts have been placed there. A Shakespearean garden, truly it is such—for it possesses the mood and the qualities of that great spirit and bard. In the sombreness and depth of green background, with the green sward lying peacefully at the foot of the dark hill, there is a fine, strong dramatic mood—strong yet simple as the lines of the great master. And yet there is another side to the great nature, which makes the character of Shakespeare so pardoxical. It is the quaint, the whimsical. He, though he wrote of involved Italian plots, must sprinkle over them his English colloquialism. And so we find in that little garden the lightness, the gaiety, the homliness, too, of old England. In the flowers and herbs that Shakespeare loved, planted there, lies this quaint gaiety. He loved the simple flowers "that painted the meadows with delight": he loved the forest banks of wild thyme and "nodding violets": he loved the "azured harebells" and "daffodils that come before the swallow dares": as well he loved the stately flowers of stately gardens, the flower-de-luce and "lilies of all kinds." And to the herb garden planted there, Shakespeare, himself, could come and say of this garden as he has said elsewhere: "Here's flowers for you, Hot Lavender, mints, savorie, marjoram. There's Rosemary, that's for remembrance. There's fennel for you and Columbines; there's rue for you; and here's some for me, we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays. I must have saffron to colour the Warden's pies and Pippin with my graffing with a dish of Caraway." In the Elizabethan age orchard and garden could scarcely be separated, so closely did they grow up together. How they loved in the days of Queen Elizabeth and of Queen Anne to sit in an orchard planted, as Sir Philip Sidney wrote "cunningly with trees of taste-pleasing fruits." How charming were the orchard seats, fashioned for meditation"—sometimes banks of the strongly scented Camomile, sometimes the favorite bank of Thyme. And so the orchard and the garden in the Garden of Shakespearean Flowers are likewise combined. Orchard trees are planted upon the green.

The Elizabethans enjoyed their gardens; they lived in them far more than we of today do in ours. They went to them for recreation, a renewing of body and refreshment of mind and spirit. Let us learn from them and do likewise, and find again that "spiritual repose, peace, refreshment and delight."

Pot Gardening in Spring

By Lois Martin

● Who does not enjoy, at this time of year, the pleasure of working in the soil, planting seeds, watching the buds swell and the blossoms unfold? For in the anticipation of spring lies greater enjoyment than in the fullfillment.

Not all of us in the city have a garden where this can be indulged, but everyone can get some measure of this from a pot garden. Nor are the pleasures of a pot garden to be ignored by the owners of many acres—for the real essence of the change of the seasons and the true flavor of each may be caught with more intensity in a minute form. As the Japanese by accentuating the characteristics of a certain plant bring to a focus the complete pattern of emotions relating to the whole landscape. The essence of spring is this suggestion of a later maturity which through the swelling of the buds and their deepening color, with a bud here and there breaking into bloom. Thus we furnish in our imagination the full flower of the hillside orchard, the young green of the leaves and the harvest of fruit to come.

In an apartment this can be achieved through a window garden, or a plant stand filled with bulbs. The ingredients to a successful spring indoor garden are few. First the desire. The plants such as many of the bulbs can be planted early and their full development followed; or one can have mature plants from the many reliable indoor specimens now available. Different aspects of a garden may be stressed either through foliage plants or blossoming ones; each having its own definite characteristics. Their care is simple when one realizes that their needs are few in number; an adequate supply of fresh air. an even temperature, proper soil, plenty of light, and moisture in amounts that suit their temperment. Taking into account the fact that personalities are as diversified in plants as in humans the proportion of one need to another is best learned through working with them. It is an art and all art is difficult to put into words.

It needs only a balcony, a small entrance porch or even a fire escape to get the full flavor of spring in the strictly outdoor plants. What could be more satisfying than watching the miracle of the unfolding of a Japanese plum which breaks into bloom before winter has gone. or the delicate beauty of the star magnolia? And this can be had on your own doorstep: these and many others can be grown in tubs accessible to the city dweller.

To this add the pleasure of having each plant in its appropriate pot—whether it be a glazed pot in fine color. a handmade pot echoing the earthiness of the soil. or a well designed wooden tub for plants of more architectural form.

You who live in the city and have no garden take cheer—for in the pot garden you will find the contentment of the gardener and the joy of the artist.

Indian Symbolism

By HERBERT J. SPINDEN

By Courtesy of the Exposition of Indian Tribal Arts, Inc.

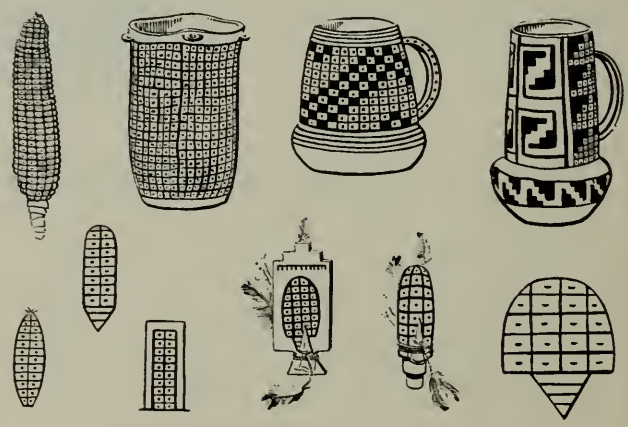
(Continued from the January issue)

Ethnologists have made careful surveys of the names which the Pomo and other California Indians apply to the decorative shapes used in their basketry. Generally, it seems that the design came first as abstract decoration and that afterward a convenient designation was given to it. There is no evidence that the motives were formerly more realistic than now. The names which refer to natural objects are merely descriptive, such as our "egg-and-dart" for a certain classic molding. A California pattern called "quail-plume" might better be called "quail-plume-like." Investigation shows that such designs as "earth-worm," "fish-teeth," "eyes," "flying geese" are not coördinated in California with religious beliefs or the usages of daily life. Some basketry designs have a wide distribution up and down the Pacific Coast, but the names applied to these designs often change in a startling manner. Thus, the "quail-plume" unit of the Pomo becomes a "pine-cone" among the Maidu.

In spite of the remarkable excellence of their basketry, the California Indians are culturally retarded in many ways. Undeveloped conditions of thought, which survive among them, may once have existed in other places. If we pass east into the region of the Pueblo, comprising most of Arizona, Utah and New Mexico, and parts of other states, we find that the first decorative art disclosed by archeology is also largely concerned with basketry. Archeologists allow three cultural stages for the more or less nomadic Basket Makers, and five for the sedentary Pueblo or Village Indians who followed them. The great change in manner of life was produced by the introduction of corn, beans, cotton, etc., from Mexico several thousand years ago, and by the invention of pottery which supplanted basketry in many household uses. It is quite probable that the mass of decorative designs for the Basket Makers and the first two levels of the Pueblo culture were unsymbolic. The patterns on early Southwestern pottery are frankly adapted from those which had been developed under the textile process.

Symbolism Begins in Art with a Magical Purpose.—Perhaps symbolism begins with the first attempts to make decoration an instrument of magic. Now stuffed heads of ducks and geese attached to artificial bodies are found among the cave deposits of Basket Maker I age in Nevada, and ducks are pictured on early baskets in Arizona. Later there are bird-effigy bowls which become simplified into oval pots. If we could be sure that the duck was regarded as having some magical jurisdiction over water, we might understand its importance in this early art. But the stuffed birds of Lovelock Cave, Nevada, have been explained as decoys used in hunting, and the later effigy bowls have been explained as plastic decoration without ulterior intent.

Pictographs are notoriously hard to date, but in the Southwest supposedly early ones are found which suggest hunters' magic. These are of a rather precise type as regards style, and they occur not only in the Pueblo area but also far to the north and west over the plateau. It therefore seems possible to explain them as originating on the pre-agricultural level and perhaps surviving



Conventional Ears of Corn

Top, left—An ancient ear from a cliff-dwelling. Top, right—Three vessels from Pueblo Bonito, New Mexico, with corn designs. Below—Conventional ears of corn on dance wands, and, in center, two "prayer sticks" representing ears of corn with feathers attached.

the advent of farming community life. Various animals are shown, but especially mountain goats. One sees hunters shooting these animals with arrows or even lassoing them; but for the greater part the goats are in clusters and hunting is implied, if at all, by drawings of animal and human footprints.

It is possible, of course, to interpret pictographs as records of events, but the question arises whether simple happenings of the chase are important enough to justify the very considerable labor of painting, incising, or pecking animal pictures on hard boulders or high up on the face of cliffs. I think it more likely that these quaint representations of the hunt were widely regarded as prayers or even as coercive formulas for abundant supplies of game.

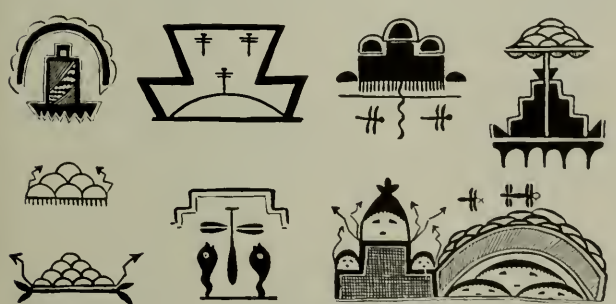
That artistic representations were held to be magical in the Southwest at an early date is disclosed by the conditions under which a certain lot of non-decorative

objects was found. This is a famous cache of sunflower and prickly-pear models packed neatly in a Cliff-dweller jar along with a carved and painted bird and carefully buried in a cave. The wooden sunflowers have yellow petals and brown hearts, and the cactus fruits are painted red and made glossy with pitch. Since both the seed of the sunflower and the fruit of the cactus are favorite foods, these models were probably made to insure good crops. The idea of "increase by magic" is firmly implanted among the modern Indians of Arizona and New Mexico.

Still another evidence of early symbolism in the Pueblo area is seen in little clay images of women. These correspond to the Archaic figurines of ancient Mexico which have been explained as fetishes to insure crops. To be sure, the interpretation rather begs the question, nevertheless it is supported by the extremely wide distribution of a well-styled art which rose after the invention of agriculture in Mexico and Central America, and which spread into adjoining territories hand-in-hand with the first set of domesticated plants. The general decorative art in pottery of the Archaic period is obviously formal and probably unsymbolic.

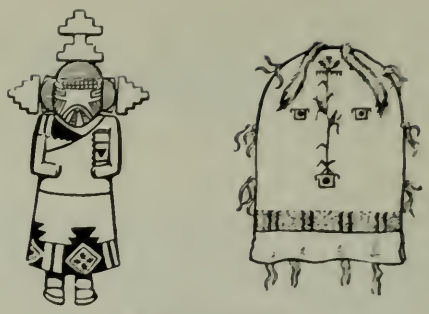
Rain-Magic Symbolism of the Pueblo Indians.—The first occurrences of the rain-magic symbolism which the present Pueblo Indians use in many decorative applications belong on the archeological horizon known as Pueblo III. This was an epoch of the consolidation of small farming communities into large towns either for safety or because of an urban urge. It ended about the year 1275 with a drought, and began perhaps 500 years earlier. The rain-magic symbolism in which pictures of clouds, frogs, dragon-flies, etc., are used to express a wish for rain may be due to contact with Mexico. Not that the style or precise details of Mexican symbolism were copied, so much as that the eyes of the Pueblo artists were opened to a new philosophy of coersive art. Before discussing the question of derivation, perhaps it would be best to explain the present situation of symbolic usage in the Southwest.

The modern Pueblo Indian personifies nature at every



Pueblo Rain Magic Designs

Top, left—Rainbow over mountain; cloud with rainbow and dragon-flies; clouds, mountains, rain, dragon-flies, stream of water; clouds with rain falling on mountain. Bottom, left—Clouds, rain, lightning, leaves; tadpoles and dragon-flies under cloud terrace; cloud people, lightning, dragon-flies, rainbow, etc.



Maize Symbolism

Left—Corn Maiden of the Hopi, who wears terraced clouds on the top and at each side of her head, an ear of corn across the forehead, and a rainbow over her mouth. Her dress has cloud and rain symbols. Right—A Navaho mask with a cornstalk as nose.

point of contact with his own welfare. He believes that the spiritual powers behind the phenomena of the world can be won by the flattery of artistic imitation to the point that they will assist man in his struggle for exisence. He also believes that his system of direct flattery through imitation has been perfected to such a degree that it is almost if not quite coercive. Now the outstanding need in the desert environment of the Southwest resolves itself into water. For while the food plants which are raised in the cultivated fields of the Indian are personified by youthful deities—the Tewa have twelve Corn Youths and twelve Corn Maidens, one for each coloring of maize—these, like the Indian himself, are in the laps of the gods who rule the rains. Obviously, the picturing of rain-clouds with lightning flashes and falling drops, and the picturing of flooded fields with freshly springing leaves, are proper as a first approach. Other imitations help, such as blowing clouds of smoke or of ashes, or making cloud bubbles in soap-weed water. Lightning flashes can be imitated by certain stones of crystalline quartz which make a glow when properly struck in the darkness, and by the mechanical device of the Lazy John tongs which stretches and draws back in zigzags, while thunder is readily produced by the whirling of a bull-roarer.

The next step is to appeal by pictures for the magical help of frogs or tadpoles, and dragon-flies, especially since they are always found near water. Then comes the very powerful plumed serpent believed to dwell in storm clouds: his body is marked with clouds and rain streaks, and his tongue is barbed lightning. Finally, there are "Cloud People," real gods of rain, who live in cloud mansions where they drum out thunder and hurl lightning, or at other times in lakes; and who walk to Indian dances on mist streaks and rainbow bridges. They are imitated in very sacred dances by masked persons in gorgeous costumes. The details of headdresses, masks, mantles, etc., worn by these impersonators of the gods again deal with symbols of rain and freshly awakened flowers.

John Masefield Speaks

By Marie Hicks Davidson

● John Masefield, poet laureate of Great Britain, was presented to members and guests of the City Club Thursday evening, January 9, at the only San Francisco appearance of the distinguished commoner who has arisen to the highest estate in his country's realm of letters. The event was a distinct coup for the City Club, a rare treat for the audience which heard the "poet of the sea" and a contribution to the cultural fabric of the community.

An overflow from the Auditorium audience assembled in the Cafeteria upstairs, where Mr. Masefield's voice was transmitted by microphone. He was introduced "in person" and spoke a few words of greeting before going below to address the main audience.

Mr. Masefield (he chooses to remain just "mister" rather than "Dr." or "Professor") came to California on a pleasure trip, arriving a few days before the lecture in a modern turbined ship rather than the square-rigged sailing vessels of which he sings.

He is a tall, spare, gray-haired, ruddy-faced, blue-eyed man of English mein and gentle manner, friendly and unassuming. But when he took the stage after a brief introduction by Mr. Cyril Kane, assistant British Consul at San Francisco, there was no doubt as to the speaker's magnetism and definition of purpose.

He told of his early life, of his love for the country and of his traits of observation, which, he felt, were of inestimable value to him in the wanderings which eventually took him far afield and a-sea.

He made no mention of the circumstances of having been reduced to his last shilling in New York, a fact upon which the press loves to dwell.

And then, as the sparks fly upward, Masefield was reading the familiar, ever-thrilling "Sea Fever."

"I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by.
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking.
And a gray mist on the sea's face and a gray dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the seagulls crying.
I must go down to the seas again to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow rover,
And a quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over."

"It seems that the minds of men follow one of two purposes in art for some two generations at a time. Either they strive toward a greater elaboration of artifice or for a greater closeness to reality. None can say one school is better or finer or more beautiful than the other. He can only know which of the two gives him more pleasure and wins his main allegiance," said the poet.

But he did not classify himself, nor make any comment upon his poetry, other than to state how he came to write it, the circumstances in which it developed and, finally, to read it in the beautifully modulated diction which is his poet's heritage.

Whether he strives for "a greater elaboration of artifice" or a "greater closeness to reality" must be left to the reader. The fact remains that "Reynard, the Fox," which he read, is an allegory which follows realism and at the same time is elaborated with a cunning coinage of purest English.

He said that he had long wanted to write a narrative poem which would faithfully portray English life and that after deliberation came to the decision that a fox hunt was about as English as any institution could well be.

He spoke of "The Everlasting Mercy," but, of course, because of its great length could not read it.

"Many a poet writes his best poetry before he has reached the highest point of his ability as a verse writer," Masefield told his audience.

"I mean by that that many a youth writes a splendid poem in a burst of feeling, guided by his native ability. It stands as a 'great' poem. Often this early verse is written as 'escape' from conditions that youth finds intolerable.

"Later on," the speaker continued, "the student masters more of the technique of versification. He becomes, perhaps, a better poet. But he becomes reconciled to conditions that stirred him to the earlier work and he writes poetry inferior to that youthful masterpiece.

"Don't blame the poets if this is a non-poetical generation," Masefield cautioned his hearers. "Blame the generation.

(Continued on page 31

Making Your Garden Fit Your Needs

By WILLA CLAIR CLOYS, *Landscape Architect*

● Time was when our activity in the garden consisted in traversing circuitous paths to the seclusion of the summer-house. This romantic feature was usually too small for more than a tete-a-tete. It was a "retreat" in every sense of the word, yet often too damp, stuffy and overgrown with spider-infested vines for comfort; and too remote for common use.

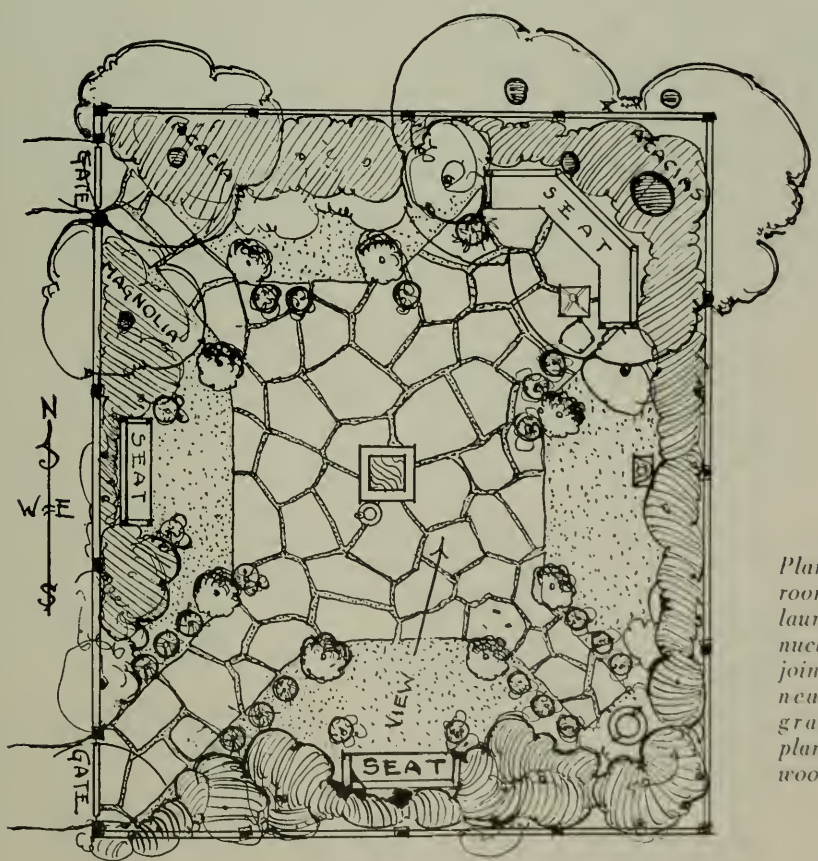
Time was again when rebellion against the secret stuffiness of Victorian thinking swept all privacy before it,—including summer-houses. The garden became, artistically and pictorially, a setting for the house; enjoyed together by the public and the owner with the same impersonal privilege.

Today's economic and social horizons focus sharply upon the individual and upon the family as a unit of individuals. The garden follows the trend of the times. That sense of values challenged wherein a piece of ground yields nothing more for the owner who pays taxes and maintenance on it than it does for the world at large. The walls of the "home" are opening to include the garden; then closing again, kindly but firmly, to exclude the public eye.

The garden in its new status is required to function for the comfort and pleasure of the whole family just as definitely as do the rooms of the house. In fact it has become an intimate out-door living room, —a congregating place for the family, a center of interest and activity for every member including mother, dad and the children. If it doesn't meet these requirements it needs to be brought up to date.

Seclusion is obviously one of the first requirements. With the public eye curiously peering, how can one comfortably dig and delve at off hours and in odd attire, or pursue other horticultural activities sometimes considered unsuitable to one's station or years? If the warm turf offers a sunbath; if the babies romp au natural in the hose spray; if one sips tea under the trees or plays bridge on the terrace; shells peas in the arbor; toasts weenies at the fire-pit; plays croquet on the lawn or sprints the daily dozen up and down the path;—the feeling that one is free from observation certainly lends spontaneity to the event.

Within the walls of privacy the elements of garden design have taken a very utilitarian trend. As in modern art and architecture usefulness and beauty are frankly united. Function and form have made an alliance to cast out all affectation and superfluous fussiness. The result is simplicity, space, dignity and beauty; an economy of upkeep that allows for mental and physical relaxation; an intrinsic grace added to the round of daily living. More power to the out-door living-room.



Plan for an outdoor living-room evolved from obsolete laundry yard shows a central nucleus paved with flagstones, joints and secondary space neatly strewn with pea-gravel. Cool dark-green planting around inside of the wooden fence.

Turn on the Winter *Sunshine!* A Portable Electric Heater *Drives Chill Away*

Every home has its cold spots in early morning and evening hours—the bathroom, breakfast nook or bedroom. The chill vanishes when with a turn of the wrist you plug in the efficient, handy, portable heater.

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NOTICE—Now is the time to buy needed major equipment such as a central furnace, water heater or range. Title one of the FHA Credit Plan will be withdrawn after March 31st.

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I Have Been Reading

FLOWER ARRANGEMENT; *by F. F. Rockwell and Esther Grayson,* 1935; The Macmillan Company. $3.00.

THE ROMANTIC REBELS; *by Frances Winwar,* 1935; Little, Brown and Company. $3.75.

VERSES; *by Dorothy Fish Kerr* (Member of the City Club), 1935; Privately printed by the Service Press, San Mateo.

● Flower Arrangement; by F. F. Rockwell and Esther C. Grayson. . . Beauty of flower arrangement, which some people achieve instinctively, others attain only after the most careful consideration of basic principles. For "the question of material is secondary; what counts is the assertion of an idea in terms of beauty." One of the means by which an idea may be expressed is design, and design is a matter of art.

The Rockwell-Grayson book deals with the fundamentals of design, which, of course, are common to all art, and emphasizes and illustrates the application of those principles to the arrangement of anything that might be named by the general term "Flowers."

One of the fundamentals of design is that there "must be a studied and intentional relationship between component parts." The rules by which this relationship may be achieved are founded on averages. The general rules for composition, balance, unity, and focus are each carefully explained by means of illustration, as are the application of the rules to different types of flower arrangements. For instance, the symbolic Japanese flower arrangements with the main consideration on strength and simplicity of line, the modernistic arrangement built on strength, severity and contrast, and the more conservative uses of mass and color.

There is a fascinating practical chapter on containers and supports for flowers, for these also have a definite relationship to the idea as a whole.

For those who grow flowers as well as arrange them, there is a chapter on cutting and keeping flowers and what to grow for cutting, although this last is not designed for California gardens.

Table arrangements and flowers for special occasions are dealt with from the point of view of comfort and beauty rather than display.

This is a reference-text book, well indexed; its main theme is the understanding and expression of the idea of beauty. And the volume is in itself an example of the appropriately beautiful.

● The Romantic Rebels; by Frances Winwar. . . . Against a background of ideas in the early stages of fermentation at the onset of the nineteenth century, Miss Winwar has placed in their relative positions the activities treated as a whole, of the three great English poets, Byron, Shelley and Keats.

Superimposing the life patterns of these three against the background of ideas inherited from the past, and those seething in the minds of such people as Goethe, Napoleon, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Godwin, Leigh Hunt and others among their contemporaries, and against a social background colored by the inequality of Irish representation, the growing economic injustice to labor of the power loom, the utter disregard of the Prince Regent for social justice, the imprisonment of those who defended the right of free speech gives one new understanding of the reasons why these three men were rebels. And one can also see something of the reasons why these poets whose destiny it was, by reason of the fact that they were poets, to criticize life through the application of powerful ideas, were romantics. The romantic makes his own that which is of the individual.

The rebellion of Byron and Shelley took the form of open disregard for the patterns of social convention. The rebellion of Keats took the form of a struggle for the "liberation of verse from its vassalage to the past." All three were asserting the rights of the individual as against arbitrary tradition.

The three poets re-created by Miss Winwar, in their superimposed pattern, are vividly portrayed; but the idea, if there is one implicit in the book, on which the book might be said to hinge is not clearly defined. What I think the author is trying to say is that each of these three poets

was quickened by the Faustian idea which Byron expresses in four lines of his "Manfred."

"What I have done is done
The mind which is immortal makes itself
Requital for its good or evil thoughts,
Is its own origin of ill or end."

It is due to the leavening of this idea,—that the human being may create his own destiny,—that Byron, Shelley and Keats attained in the "matter and substance" of their poetry that "superior character of truth and seriousness" which Aristotle observes marks the superiority of poetry over history.

● Verses; by Dorothy Fish Kerr. . . .

The poem prefacing Mrs. Kerr's volume, which is her first published work, sets a high standard for both the quality and the content of her verse.

"Oh, to carve out of the wealth of words,
Out of the weltering mass of verbal ore,
One poem—crystal clear!
One gem whose facets, cut with clean precision,
Reflect prismatic colors of exquisite beauty,
And in whose heart there smouldering lie
The fires of fierce intent and purpose
Ready to spring to blaze when brought
Of honest thought and merciful under- before the sun
standing!

It seems to me her verses are characterized by honest thinking and merciful understanding.

Most of the verses have to do with the writer's joy in the out-of-doors. An unusual aspect of the familiar in nature, an autumn leaf, a weed in her window box, a gorgeous sunset move her to cherish their meaning, to share the way in which she saw them. The delightful poem *San Francisco (In Summer)* has a rhythm decidedly appropriate to its content.

"I like it once in awhile—it's fun!
The wind that blows you all awry,
The rush of the crowd, the news-boy's cry,
The tang of the fog that chills you through
As you hurry along what you have to do—
I like it once in a while—it's fun,
But oh how I love to come home to the sun!

Suemas MacManus in Person

● Seumas MacManus, the famous novelist, short story writer, and teller of Irish folk tales, will appear at the Club on Thursday afternoon, February 13, at 4 o'clock.

He was born in County Donegal, which is the wildest, most remote, but most beautiful corner of Ireland. As a boy he herded cattle on the mountains in the daytime, but at night he wandered from cottage to cottage, listening to the old men telling fairy tales before the blazing fireplace. When he was seven years old he was himself a "shanochie," a teller of ancient folk tales.

He became the schoolmaster of his native mountain school and early began contributing verse and prose to periodicals. After 1899, when he first visited the United States, he was a frequent contributor to American magazines and papers. A fund of native drollery, and a happy faculty of bringing out the distinctive traits of his humble compatriots, has made his work welcome among American as well as British readers. His best-known books are: "Donegal Fairy Stories" and "Bold Blades of Donegal." He is an experienced lecturer and teller of old stories, appearing each winter in the colleges, universities, and clubs of this country. In the summer he always goes back to his own Donegal hills, his own Donegal people and his own Donegal fairies.

Tickets are on sale in the Lobby of the Club. Adults 55 cents, children 25 cents.

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Drama Reading Group

● The first reading in February, Friday the fourteenth, will be a group reading directed by Mrs. G. A. Applegarth. The title and readers will be announced later.

On Friday, the twenty-eighth, the Beginners Reading Group, under the direction of Mrs. Hobart Mears, will present the farce comedy, "Petticoat Fever" written by Mark Reed. The play is capricious, flighty and ridiculous but it will entertain and provide many laughs. The readers are Mrs. Larsen, Mrs. Collupy, Mrs. Brooks, Miss Zane, Miss Hall, Mrs. Coulter, Mrs. McArthur and Mrs. Carle.

Swimming Lessons

● An instructor is on duty in the Pool at all times. Appointments can be made for single lessons or a course of six half-hour (or twelve fifteen minute) private lessons may be bought. This course is $4.00 for members and members' children, $6.00 for non-members. Admission extra.

Classes (admission extra)

Members $1.50, non-members $3.00.

Classes will meet 9 times, class members may attend six lessons. Maximum of 10 in class. The following schedule is tentative. Additional classes may be added if any members don't find these hours convenient. It is important to sign up early so that the complete schedule can be arranged.

Day Classes

Elementary swimming—Wednesdays at 2 p. m. beginning February 12th.

Intermediate swimming—Wednesdays at 10:15 beginning February 12th.

Advanced swimming and diving Thursdays at 11, beginning February 13th.

Evening Classes

Intermediate swimming — Mondays at 5:30 beginning February 10th.

Advanced swimming — Wednesdays at 5:30 beginning February 12th.

National League Players to Give Drama Frolic and Tea

● The first of a series of drama frolics and teas will be given on Tuesday afternoon, February 18th at 3 o'clock in the Auditorium.

A varied program has been arranged which will include comedy skits, blackouts, music and the first public presentation of the new Acouphonic play entitled "IT HAPPENED BETWEEN TRAINS."

Mr. Leslie H. Carter will give a short talk on the following:

The theatre today.

The changing drama.

Why the spoken drama is returning.

What plays to see.

What plays have been successful in the New York theatre.

A real lively entertaining afternoon is promised to all. Bring your friends and make this a real event.

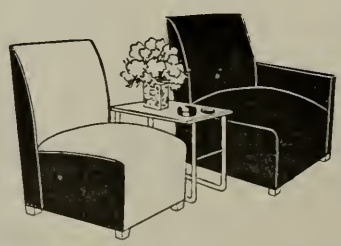
Program will begin promptly at three; tea at four. Tickets 50 cents.

Let's Play Bridge

● "Hello! Yes, this is Edith. Surely, I'd love to play. Who is to be the fourth? Oh, that is different. To be very frank, I'd really rather not play with *her*. Of course, I like her, but she doesn't know the new Contract rules, and it is such a bore for one never knows what her bidding means. If she would only improve her game we would all be glad to play with her. Why not suggest that she take a few lessons from Mrs. Ranson — Room 214, at the Women's City Club, and I am sure she would find it enlightening. Fine! All right, then, I'll see you tomorrow anyway. Goodbye."

Solved

● Pestex solved the snail and slug problem last year. Secure your supply from the League Shop or from your favorite dealer. Now is the time.



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Valentine Bridge Party

● A Valentine Bridge Party is to be held on Friday, February 14th, at 8 o'clock in the Auditorium of the clubhouse. Tickets are on sale at the Front office. Miss Lillian McCurdy, chairman has as her committee Mrs. J. C. Powrie, Miss Sara Tomlinson and Miss Frances Grant. Hostesses for the evening will be Miss Ida Lord, Miss Mabel Clay, Miss Nelle E. Gillespie and Miss Lydia Johnson.

National League Library Service

● The National League Library Service has a definite place in our organization. It offers a quick, easy way to order that book you feel that you must own and the profit from our sale to you is applied directly to the book-buying fund of our lending library, enabling us to provide more copies of the current books that everyone is reading. Orders will be gladly taken at the library desk.

FICTION.

The Last Puritan. A memoir in the form of a novel. Santayana. $2.75 Reminiscences, autobiography and a study of New England character in novel form, by one of the great writers of English prose.

Inhale and Exhale. William Saroyan. $2.50.

New short stories by the author of THE DARING YOUNG MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE.

The Hurricane. Nordhoff and Hall. $2.50. Written of course by the authors of MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.

Education before Verdun. Arnold Zweig. $2.50. Another novel on the great theme of the futility of war.

In Dubious Battle. John Steinbeck. $2.50. A novel by the author of TORTILLA FLAT, in which he tells a story of the migratory workers in California's fruit country.

NON-FICTION.

The Exile. Pearl Buck. $2.50. Written as the biography of the author's mother it reads like a novel. Everything in the story is true, except that fictitious names are used.

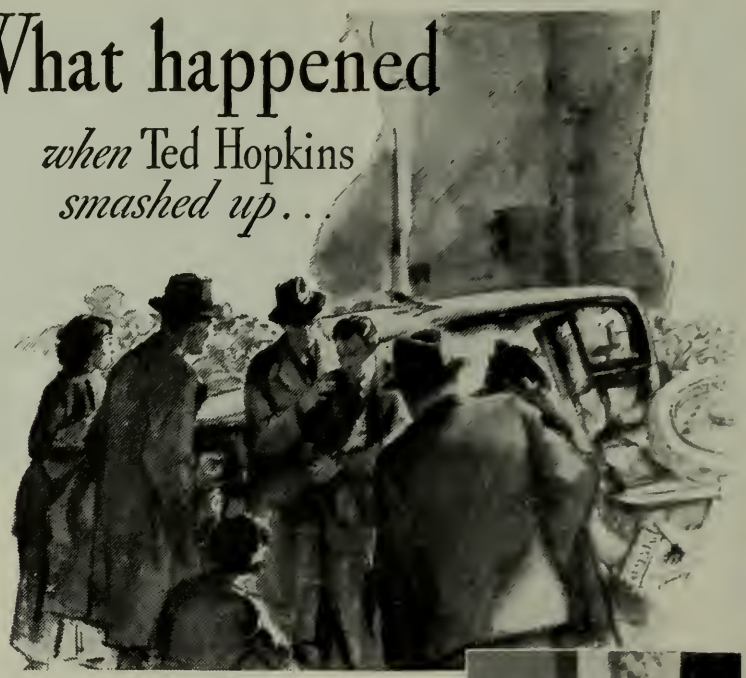
Break the Heart's Anger. Paul Engle, $2.00. Poetry by one of the best of our younger poets.

The Rainbow. Donald Richberg. $2.50. A narrative of the most debated government experiment in a generation, the N. R. A.

Alma Mater. Henry Seidel Canby. $2.50. The Gothic Age of the American College.

A year in the Rose Garden. Nicolas. $1.00. A forerunner of spring and the new garden books.

What happened *when* Ted Hopkins *smashed up . . .*



The ambulance men pried him out from behind the splintered wheel of his car.

At the hospital the doctors said Ted Hopkins could be back at his job within two months.

But 25-year old Ted was the chief support of his parents, and hospitals cost money.

That's why, the day after the accident, Ted's boss talked with Mrs. Hopkins.

Within twenty-four hours a loan was arranged to cover Ted's hospital bills. It came from funds accumulated through the Safeway Employees' Association.

Ted Hopkins' salary was continued for two weeks. Accident benefit payments were made until Ted started earning again.

They came from insurance Safeway carries for all employees without cost to them.

This story of Ted Hopkins and his family is basically true—and typical of the experience of other S.E.A. members. The name of this Safeway man has been changed to protect his rightful privacy

• • •

BUSINESS AUTHORITIES rate the Safeway Employees' Association (known as S.E.A.) one of the finest group organizations in America.

It carries out the Safeway family idea.

Each employee is invited to contribute 25 cents a week. Safeway matches this dollar-for-dollar.

Employees elect their own officers in S. E. A. It is not a "company union." It carries on no negotiations dealing with labor relations.

Through an S.E.A. welfare fund, aid is made available to members temporarily in distress. Other funds finance a social program.

The Safeway company presents insurance to S.E.A. members with no cost to them. Included are life, disability, accident and sickness benefits.

S.E.A. typifies the *family* method by which your Safeway grocer does many things he could not do alone.

He can lower retail food prices. Because when Safeway buyers, warehousemen, home economists, marketing experts and grocers all work together money is saved.

He can pay back to the farmer a larger share of every food dollar spent in Safeway stores.

Your Safeway grocer is working at this job *because it is what the people want done,* and because the people *reward* men who do what the public wants.

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February is Here!

and Spring is just around the corner.

The delicate aroma of fresh blossoms haunts the breeze.

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●

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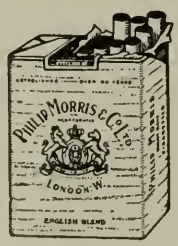

●

The Allied Arts Guild

● Along the banks of San Francisquito Creek in Menlo Park, amid charming, sequestered patios and gardens, a group of primitive Spanish buildings form the home of the Allied Arts Guild.

The character pattern of it all cannot be cast in a single mold. Members of a camera club recently spent the day taking pictures at the Guild. Each was intrigued by and recorded some special point of interest. No two pictures were alike, and none had attempted an all-inclusive view of the entire setting. If it is difficult to frame the architecture, the ideas being expressed here are even less susceptible to complete capture.

Everyone actively a part of this organization is sincere in feeling that the ideals, motives, and accomplishments of the Guild are extremely worthwhile in this active modern world. Its studios are producing pottery, textiles, hand wrought iron and other metals—reproductions and original pieces of fine hand made furniture. In addition to the purely creative crafts, the Guild gives complete Interior Decorating counsel and service. They have on sale fine gifts and objects of art, not only from their own Studios, but collected and purchased from foreign and domestic sources. There is a shop devoted to children's clothes and accessories, as well as one specializing in women's Country Clothes.

The Guild acts as a sales representative for many individual California artists who are giving expression to their talent in their own home studios. In other words, the Guild is an active, vital source for authentic design and craftsmanship.

One of the primary purposes of the founders of this organization when it was started in 1929 was to provide a place and a method for selling craft work. Students of the problem have long recognized that it is practically impossible for an artist to create, produce, and sell his own work. He needs help and organization to get his productions into the hands of a public that really loves fine things.

Today much is written about the word "utility"—and much of modern art centers about the phrase "design for use." The Guild is interested in that type of art. A thing to be used can also be appreciated for its beauty. A flower pot, a foot scraper, a pair of andirons are suggestions that serve to illustrate the point. A home, from the time the plans are being drawn up by the architect until the last furnishings are placed, affords opportunity for Guild service,—and even then landscaping and choice of plant material for the garden are part of the plan.

An enterprise is built and is sustained by its clients—the Guild is no exception. To ten different patrons the Guild may mean ten different things, according to the type of service sought. To some, perhaps it is just a place to entertain one's friends and out of town visitors for tea or luncheon. The responsibility for the successful management of this activity belongs to the Auxiliary Board of the Stanford Convalescent Home for Children. The ladies of this Board and their Junior Auxiliary were identified early with the Guild. Since 1931, they have successfully operated the lunch and tea room, giving unselfishly of their time and energy to do the actual work entailed. The profits from this source were turned over to the Convalescent Home. When, after five years of devoted energy and work, Mr. and Mrs. Garfield D. Merner of Hillsborough planned for themselves a deserved vacation, they turned over the management of the entire Guild to the Auxiliary Board. The net profits of this business go toward the support of the Stanford Convalescent Home.

The people of the San Francisco Bay region are familiar with the very important work this home is doing in providing nursing, care, medical services, and instruction for convalescent children.

The ladies of the Board do not solicit contributions, but offer to the public value received in a competitive market for every dollar earned for this cause. Here Charity embraces the field of beauty and usefulness in every day life.

Count Byron de Prorok — "Ancient and Modern Ethiopia"

● Armed with authentic and first-hand facts on Abbysinia, Count Byron de Prorok, noted explorer, adventurer, author and archaeological authority, will appear in San Francisco at Scottish Rite auditorium February 19, Lee Keedick, his New York representative, has advised Beatrice Judd Ryan, under whose auspices the colorful visitor will appear here.

Count de Prorok completed extensive research and exploration work in Abbysinia just as the clouds of war gathered.

Count de Prorok's expedition of last year was under the auspices of the British, French, Italian and Egyptian governments. The outbreak of war only added to a fund of fascinating material gathered by the explorer, for the expedition trekked to the unexplored Blue Nile region, discovering what is believed to have been King Solomon's mines, vast ruins associated with the traditional Sheba, and ancient sites of great prehistoric civilizations from which were recovered relics and tomb treasures he will exhibit while here.

The archaeological and scientific flavor of the expedition necessarily blended with the internationally-political Ethiopian slave-trade problem. Crossing the corpse-strewn routes of the slavers, Count de Prorok recorded in motion picture the horrors of traffic in human flesh, as well as the mysteries of the ancient empire of Sheba. The motion pictures will illustrate his lecture here. Reservations open January 27 at Sherman, Clay & Co., it was announced.

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ANT CONTROL SERVICE
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Happy, Healthy Hearts for Children—How to Keep Them So

—ADELAIDE BROWN, HEALTH EDITOR

San Francisco is really *heart-minded.* The San Francisco Tuberculosis Association has published this circular which I give in full:

YOUR CHILD'S HEART

I. What are the outstanding types of heart disease in childhood?

(1) Congenital
Caused by faulty development before birth.

(2) Rheumatic
Caused, it is believed, by an infection which is generally thought to be Rheumatic Fever with additional influences such as improper methods of living and poor hygiene, although the specific cause is not yet clearly understood.

(3) Other Infections. . . . .
Such as diphtheria, scarlet fever and pneumonia.

II. Which type does a child most frequently have?

Rheumatic.

III. What special points should a mother remember in her effort to prevent heart disease in her child?

First, the child should be kept in good physical condition. Rest, fresh air, and good food are important. Milk, eggs, meat at one or two meals, abundant fresh vegetables, especially the green, leafy vegetables, fresh fruit, orange juice and other citrus fruits are excellent foods to help keep your child strong and well. The food should always be attractive and appetizing in order that he will look forward to his meals as pleasant and happy hours of the day.

Endeavor to prevent exposure to infectious diseases. Never expose your child knowingly to any of the diseases of childhood. If he develops any of these, keep him away from other children. Since most of the communicable diseases start as colds in the head, be sure to keep the child with a fever and cold at home. If he has recovered from an illness *do not be in a hurry to have him return to school.* Before he returns have him re-examined by your physician who should outline for you the amount of school work and play which your child is able to resume and how long before he reaches his normal program.

IV. What should a mother do if she suspects heart disease?

If your child, previously healthy, becomes excessively tired and loses weight, if he has growing pains, swollen painful joints, St. Vitus' Dance, or frequent colds, *do not try to diagnose the condition yourself.* Go to your doctor who will endeavor to tell you truthfully what is wrong and will save you much needless worry. He may be able to assure you that your child's heart is sound and healthy, *as there is not a single sensation associated with real heart disease which may not be caused by some other disorder.*

V. Does rheumatic fever trend to recur?

Yes, it tends to recur. While the heart generally escapes injury if not involved in the first attack of Rheumatic Fever, there still exists the possibility that it may become affected in succeeding attacks. If the heart was damaged during the first occurrence of Rheumatic Fever, later attacks may further injure it. To avoid recurrence of Rheumatic Fever the child should be kept in good physicial condition. As adult heart disease often has its beginning in childhood, preventive care as suggested in Section III, is most important, particularly in the early years of life. An even temperature or warm climate seems to favor cessation of rheumatic attacks.

VI. What can the mother do if the child develops heart disease?

A mother helps most by co-operating with her child's health program. But do not place a spotlight on your efforts. A remarkable fact is the amount of apparent damage a heart may have, and still do its work reasonably well. Because of this it is not surprising to see people who were born with defective hearts leading apparently normal lives.

Once the diagnosis of heart disease in the child has been made, and the amount of work and play that he can do has been determined by your physician, it is better to dismiss further thought about the subject than to maintain a constant anxiety that there may be any serious and sudden developments. The mother should endeavor to culivate a serene and undisturbed attitude. Too frequently a child is made conscious of his handicaps by over-anxious parents and the child become self-concerned and self-pitying which makes it difficult for him to fit into his community either as a child or later as an adult.

It should be remembered also that rheumatic heart disease is relatively infrequent, especially in California, and that frequently a heart murmur can be disregarded by the physician as evidence of real heart disease because such sounds are often found in normal children.

Since there are different kinds of heart

(Continued on pagae 29)

Club Women Pledge Support of Symphony Orchestra

—CONSTANCE H. ALEXANDER

● Fully determined that San Francisco shall acquire in the eyes of the musical world a prominence as a center for symphony concerts equal to that which it already occupies as a city for opera productions, and that the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra shall rank second to none in the United States, the presidents of some eighty-odd leading women's organizations pledged their whole-hearted co-operation toward furthering the interests of this Symphony.

The support of the Women's Clubs was obtained at a recent tea given in the Italian Room of the Hotel St. Francis, at which Mrs. Leonora Wood Armsby, managing director of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, was hostess. In her appeal, Mrs. Armsby gave a detailed explanation as to why a symphony orchestra of high standard is of vital importance to our community from a business, educational, and artistic standpoint. She related some of the highlights in the colorful and distinguished career of the orchestra's new conductor, Pierre Monteux. Mrs. Armsby further emphasized the necessity of disposing of coupon books, an innovation introduced this season by the Musical Association of San Francisco, which sponsors the orchestra, that its maintenance fund may be considerably swelled and a large attendance at every concert assured.

These coupon books to which Mrs. Armsby referred contain twenty coupons and are priced at $10.00. They are flexible in that any number of coupons may be used at any one of the Friday afternoon or Saturday evening concerts at the Opera House, or for the Berkeley series. The advantage of possessing a coupon book lies in the fact that the purchaser is not obliged to attend all of the concerts in the series, but only those in which he or she is especially interested. The coupons may be exchanged for reserved seats at the symphony box-office at Sherman, Clay & Co.

Cognizant of the fact that Peninsulans today are symphony conscious only because Mrs. Armsby, through her brilliant and sagacious leadership of the Philharmonic Society of San Mateo county, which sponsors the summer symphonies in the Woodland Theatre in Hillsborough, has made them such, the club presidents, always willing to stand back of any worthy civic project, immediately and enthusiastically agreed to aid Mrs. Armsby in her effort to start the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra on the road to permanent success.

Working hand in hand with Mrs. Armsby in promoting the winter symphony concerts is Mrs. Lillian Birmingham, whose accomplishments in behalf of good music, not alone in San Francisco but throughout California, needs no reiteration at this time.

Inflation

Women are now custodians of more than 75 per cent of the investment wealth of this country, according to Miss Hazel Zimmerman, well-known economist and specialist in women's investment problems, who is conducting investment classes in the Women's City Club Building on February 13 and 20 at 3:00 p.m.

Women who control household budgets are constantly impressed with the continuous rise in the cost of living. That is why they are manifesting such pronounced interest in the subject of inflation.

It is no longer a question of whether Inflation will be good or bad for the country in the opinion of Miss Zimmerman. Inflation is here and must be faced. Problems of preserving the purchasing power of incomes must be solved. The retention of investment funds in Bonds or other media, payable in fixed terms of dollars is hazardous during an Inflationary period, according to the opinions of the economists, including Dr. E. Kemmerer of Princeton University.

However, Inflation may prove a positive benefit to the woman investor who adjusts her investments to meet changing conditions. That is why women are eager to learn how to manage investment funds so that they may retain the buying power of these funds, and not be disastrously affected by Inflation. The manner in which this may be accomplished, will be outlined by Miss Zimmerman in her investment classes.

Spring Apparel Secrets...

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Fresh from Fifth Avenue . . . . an host of superb Spring Styles are now being shown in the Peninsula's Smartest Shop. You are cordially invited to attend these advance showings.

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ECONOMIST

Offices 442 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, DOuglas 2232

ANNOUNCES

Spring Classes

On Two Thursday Afternoons at 3 o'clock

Women's City Club, San Francisco, Feb. 13 and 20

Subjects

"CREEPING INFLATION"

and

"WHICH STOCKS FOR INFLATION"

You are invited to attend. There is no charge

(Rental)

ROOS

THIS NEW KNITTED SUIT IS REVERSIBLE

Wear on its monotone side one day or reverse and appear in plaid. For still further variety, try a plaid jacket and plain skirt (pictured above) or a plain jacket and plaid skirt. Complete with scarf.

$29.75

Roos Bros

Market at Stockton

The Book Mart and Rag Fair

● The scent of roasting chestnuts, sounds of soft music and gay laughter call us to the Auditorium where we will find the Book Mart and Rag Fair in full swing toward the end of February.

Lighted by the soft glow of lanterns, the stalls are set amidst an old-world atmosphere, where we can browse to our hearts' content, renewing old friendships or making new discoveries in the world of books.

Our heart beats more quickly at the thought of the treasures awaiting our discerning eye. Perhaps we seek a rare first edition or a fine example of the art of printing; perhaps an autographed copy of a favorite author's works or a book that is now out of print. Even though we may fail in our desire, we have still had the thrill and excitement of the hunt and that, as any collector knows, is half the fun of it.

We wander along, only to be attracted by a stall displaying books of biography and travel and become so absorbed in these that we recover consciousness with a start when a friend, whom we have not seen for a long time, speaks to us.

Over a cup of fragrant tea and a plate of delicious, toasted French bread, spread with Camenbert cheese, we chat with our friend, and learn that there are many things here that we have not yet seen. She tells us, enthusiastically of some beautiful magazines of Art that she discovered and of how she was able to add to her file of "Fortunes," which she is saving for the time when her small son can appreciate them. Her account of the foreign book section inspires us to lay in a supply of good French novels and to polish up our knowledge of that language we have so long neglected: so we set out to fulfill this noble resolve.

Having selected our French books and one or two Spanish ones besides, we drift over to the Rag Fair Section. What bargains are there! Things old and new in a picturesque jumble that stirs the imagination: necklaces, pins, bracelets, boxes, vases, all the things which seemed useless to the owners but to some one else, fill a long-desired wish. Perhaps we buy a blue bowl for the living room or, on a romantic impulse, a fan that was used by the belle of some long-forgotten ball.

Happy with our purchases, we take a last, lingering glance at the warmth and gaiety of the scene and, buying a bag of hot chestnuts from the peasant woman by her charcoal braizer, resolve to return on the morrow for what we may have missed today.

HATS FOR THE SPRING will bring happiness to all as there is such a diversity of style this season.

A twist in the crown which gives height to women who wish to appear taller, and if too tall the flat crowns are the thing.

Your Hats also Skillfully Remodeled.

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Maison Marie
461 Post Street

Mary Ralph SPORT CLOTHES EXCLUSIVELY
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The smartest in fur creations, made to your order. . . . Or to be selected from a complete collection.
SCHNEIDER BROS.
455 POST STREET

PARIS LUXURY COSMETICS
The new creed of beauty . . .
At your beauty shop.

(Continued from page 26)

disease, there is no one treatment for all. Only your doctor can determine the actual treatment for any given case. A broken arm, after it is set, is helped to rest by applying a splint. You cannot splint an injured heart but you can accomplish similar results by carrying out conscientiously your doctor's orders for the degree of rest which he has outlined for your child. We all know how very important REST is in the treatment of tuberculosis. It is equally important in the treatment of heart disease. Proper observance of the rest program may make the difference between hopeless invalidism and a useful life.

For further information get in touch with the

Heart Committee, San Francisco Tuberculosis Association, 604 Mission Street, Room 802. DOuglas 1104.

The School Diagnostic Heart Center, transfered to the City by the Heart Committee of the Association of University Women, Baby Hygiene Committee, January 22nd, after five years of promising work has given to the school children the advantages of X Ray, Flourescope and electro cardiograph aids to diagnosis. The results of these studies are put in the hands of the child's physician and if there is no family physician, lent to the clinic which the child has attended. The case is followed at the Center and the amount of physicial exercise recommended, referred to the School Department, Physicial Exercise Department. A perfect coordination between the school nurse, teacher, home physician and Clinic and diagnostic centre is the aim. The present moment is important, but the wear and tear period after 40, reaps a terrible harvest, which can be controlled by better understanding of the risk of childhood to hearts.

The Visiting Nurses Association has a cardiac nurse who can outline the doctor's directions in the great varieties of homes and teach the mother and the children to cooperate.

The Heart Diagnostic Centre and the School Health Service as a whole belongs to all the children of San Francisco, whether they are in parochial or public schools. This is the best way our local Board of Health guards all the children. They are "flowers in the garden of life!" they will need pruning and careful food and water and sunshine as the real flowers do, but parents and all, we are learning to do more for them and a more splendid crop will reward us.

WISE AGE TO YOUTH

Wear your gold and silken garments
Store not one of them away;
Flaunt them in your years of beauty
Ere the world grows old and gray.
Pluck the blossoms in the Spring time
When they open to the sun,
For you'll find but withered branches,
When bright youth and love are done.

Tu Chin Miang
T'ang dynasty—618-905 A. D.
(Translated by Dr. Henry Hart)

Philip Morris Presents

● The story of a man "shanghaied" into slavery of a South American work gang will be told by Jacob Bob, of Brooklyn, N. Y., when he is interviewed by Phillips Lord, during the "Three Minute Thrill" feature of the Phillip Morris program, Tuesday, January 28th, 8:30 p. m., on the NBC-WEAF network.

Bob's narrow escape from slavery and death took place in the Argentine, some thirty-five years ago. At that time Bob found he was having a pretty hard time trying to make a living.

A fellow countryman, a Swiss, came to his house one night and told him he had a great plan, whereby they could both become rich. Bob was desperate. He signed a paper—one already bearing the signatures of forty other men—which called for his transportation to the Gran Chaco region, where untold riches were to be found in the lumbering business.

Bob was soon disillusioned, for he and the other men were made prisoners shortly after their departure and shackled together in a chain gang. The only truthful phase of the business was that they did engage in lumbering—kept in irons day and night. Bob resigned himself to the inevitable, but, unlike the others, did not entirely lose courage. One man who tried to escape was shot down and clubbed to death by the guards. That, Bob decided, was not the way. There must be some other. He tried good behavior, and it worked. After seven months, he was permitted to go about without shackles. He waited his chance.

How he escaped, will be brought out by the adroit questioning of Phillips Lord.

In addition to the personality of Johnny, the page boy, the program features songs by two of radio's most popular vocalists, Sally Singer and Phil Duey, in addition to specialty numbers by The Sweethearts and the Four Eton Boys, and music by Leo Reisman's Orchestra.

Beware

● Snails, slugs, and sow bugs will soon be eating your plants. Order Pestex now from the League Shop or from your dealer. Don't wait until it is too late.

ANNOUNCING

PAJAMAS for the lounge, in styles suitable for débutantes and matrons . . . long and short coat styles in two- and three-piece suits, in brocaded satin, silks — 10% and 20% reductions.

MEN'S ROBES *and* SMOKING JACKETS. A nice assortment of heavy brocade satins in subdued tones has just arrived from the Orient to be fashioned by artistic hands into Robes and Smoking Jackets for men.

Just look and see this colorful haunt of the smartest people of San Francisco,

at 430 Grant Avenue.

Mme Butterfly

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Try our Viburna Facials for those fine lines and tiny wrinkles

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Luncheons 55c to $1.
Dinners 55c to $1.
Private dining rooms if desired

These departments are maintained for your convenience.

Paging the Executor

A thousand miles at sea and outward bound . . . an awkward place to be notified that he is needed at home as executor of a friend's will.

Awkward for him. More than awkward for the heirs, who may suffer serious loss due to the delayed settlement of the estate.

In planning *your* will, why not guard your heirs against delay by appointing a *corporate executor,* which can be counted upon to be present and ready to serve always?

YOUR FAMILY'S FUTURE

Executors' fees are fixed by law. It costs no more to assure a prompt and skillful settlement of your estate by appointing a trust company executor. See your lawyer about your will today. And write or call for our booklet, "Safeguarding Your Family's Future."

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Market at Grant Ave.
SAN FRANCISCO

Established 1852

"Little Xmas" Dinner

● Ten years is a fair length of time in which to test the reality of an ideal. April, 1936, completes the first ten years in our Clubhouse. Doubting Thomasinas of 1926 said, "The spirit that was alive in 333 Kearny Street will die in the rarified air of 465 Post Street."

Those of us who were present at the "Little Christmas" dinner on January 6 saw how very much alive the old spirit is. It sometimes requires a tonic, as do all who give of themselves. That tonic was provided by the Chairman, Mrs. J. W. Goodwin, formerly a member of the Board of Directors, always a loyal member of the National League for Woman's Service, who modestly brushed aside the suggestion that she had provided more than a few appropriate remarks. The intangible something took hold of that gathering, and showed to members old and new that we are the inheritors of a priceless gift. That to us belongs the privilege and duty of upholding the policy of the National League for Woman's Service, as necessary today as in the spectacular dark days of the great war.

The setting for the dinner, our Cafeteria with its Christmas decorations supplemented by the arrangement of the tables in keeping with the International programme and the dinner, showed the handiwork of two artists, our President, Miss Katharine Donohoe, and Miss Marian Burr.

The programme started with the unforgettable music of the Russian Chorus under the leadership of Mr. A. Pichugin. They gave of their time and their talent, and lifted us into another world. Grace before our meal!

The dinner was a triumph for the catering department. A "Hot Bishop" started the menu, each course represented some foreign dish, real English Plum Pudding ended it. Following this came the programme, "Experiences of Christmas in Many Lands." Mrs. Goodwin introduced each speaker. The short talks, witty and interesting, were given by the following:

"Origin of the Christmas Tree," by Mrs. E. J. Turkington.

"Bracebridge Dinner at Yosemite," by Mrs. W. H. Sawtelle.

"Mallorca," by Mrs. Mary Walter.

"Cambodia," by Miss Elsa Garrett.

"Mexico," by Mrs. Kay Theill.

"Cuba," by Mrs. Walter R. Jones.

"Germany," by Mrs. J. P. Rettenmayer.

"Bali," by Miss M. Burr.

"Netherlands," by Miss E. F. Bump.

The singing of "Auld Lang Syne" brought a happy evening to a close.

Table Linen, Napkins, Glass and Dish Towels furnished to Cafes, Hotels and Clubs

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ART RATTAN

422 Sutter St., SAN FRANCISCO
East 12th St. and 24th Ave., OAKLAND

San Francisco Museum of Art

OPENING EXHIBITIONS:

56th Annual Exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association.

Because of the recent Graphic Arts exhibition, no works in the graphic media are included. Oils, mosaic, tempera and sculpture are being shown. Of 101 painters represented, 68 are from San Francisco, including Victor Arnautoff, Jane Berlandina, Eugene Ivanoff, William Hesthal, Otis Oldfield, Lucien Labaudt, Moya del Pino, Rinaldo Cuneo and others equally well-known. Eighteen of the exhibiting painters are from Berkeley, five from Oakland, fourteen from other centers in California and five from other states. Among the plastic media, the work of eight sculptors is shown, in stone, plaster, copper and bronze.

The juries of selection comprise: Ray Boynton, acting as chairman, Matthew Barnes, Worth Ryder, Nils Gren and Harriet Whedon; and Sargent Johnson, Adaline Kent, Beniamino Bufano for sculpture. The Jury of Awards, consisting of Maurice Sterne, chairman, Ray Boynton, Sargent Johnson, and Lucien Labaudt as alternate, meets on Friday afternoon, February 24. Their decisions will be announced at the preview, which is from 8:30 to 12:00 Friday evening, February 24.

Open to the public on Saturday, February 25 at 12 noon.

CURRENT EXHIBITIONS:

Exhibition of Paintings, Drawings and Sculpture by Henri-Matisse, Through February 24.

This display, now in its second week, contains examples of all periods of Matisse's work and includes many etchings, monotypes and lithographs.

Color Reproductions of Works by Modern French Painters, Through February 1.

These excellent color prints reproduce even the surface texture of the originals. They have been borrowed from the superb collection of the California School of Fine Arts, to be hung during the Matisse exhibition. Well known paintings by Cezanne, Van Gogh, Derain, Renoir and others are reproduced in full size.

Free Lectures.

Wednesday evening, January 22, at 7 p. m.

Matisse Exhibition—Dr. Grace L. McCann Morley.

Sunday afternoon, January 26, at 3 p. m.

Matisse Exhibition—Miss Claudia Davis.

NEW STUDY COURSES:

Next week three new study courses are opening, each to run for six weeks.

1. Special labor group meeting on Saturday, January 25, at the Coit Tower. Dr. G. L. McCann Morley will discuss the frescoes, and a class will be formed for Monday evenings at 7 o'clock. First meeting January 27.

2. Six lectures on Color Harmony. Monday afternoons at 2:30 o'clock. First meeting January 27. Miss Claudia Davis.

3. Night Color Course of six lectures on Tuesday at 7 o'clock. First meeting January 28. Miss Claudia Davis.

(Continued from page 18)

"The generation must be ready to produce poets."

And finally, after reciting what he probably felt was a cross-section of his work, ranging from the sea to the wooded copses in which Reynard the Fox found haven, he stated his credo in an eloquent summation of tolerance and spiritual beauty . . . that all lovely things are permanent, that stately, tall ships of dreams are never lost. They may mire at times in Sargasso Seas, but eventually come full-sailed into port, that mankind is better than he dreams and his desire better than his grasp. But, grasping, he sings; in singing he makes bread from the corn of his era, and that bread is the fruit of his soul.

Who heard John Masefield that night in the City Club Auditorium could not doubt the soundness of his credo, for the man himself was there after long wanderings and strange adventures to prove that there was a Hand other than his own in the halliards of all his ships.

And yet, by some peculiar magic, Masefield inferred more than he said and the spell of him was as much a part of the evening as the lecture itself.

Such is the aura of poets and simple men of great dignity.

Beatrice Judd Ryan
presents
COUNT BYRON DE PROROK
Noted Explorer, Adventurer, Author
Wednesday Evening, February 19,
8:30 P. M.
SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM
Count de Prorok, fellow of the Royal Geographic Society of England, America, France and Egypt headed the Franco-American Expedition which penetrated the forbidden country by permission of the Emperor Haile Selassie under the auspices of the British, French, Italian and Egyptian Governments.
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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

ADVERTISERS' SHOW NUMBER

March 1936
VOLUME X • • NUMBER 2
PRICE 15 CENTS A COPY
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
465 POST STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

Women's City Club Calendar, March 1936

ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING— MARCH 12TH — LUNCHEON

Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—Every Tuesday 5:30 to 7:30 p.m.; Every Friday, 5:30 to 9:00 p.m.

CHILDREN'S ART GALLERY — EXHIBIT IN LOBBY

League Bridge—Every Tuesday—Card Room, 2:00 and 7:00 p.m.

MARCH–

4—Current Events—Mrs. Leslie Conner Williams	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m.
Current Events Round Table following	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
5—"Philosophy of Life"—Mrs. James Otis Lincoln	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m.
Speaker: Mr. Alexander R. Heron. Subject: "Benjamin Franklin and the American Democracy."		
9—Young Members' Luncheon	*Cafeteria*	12:15 p.m.
10—Travel Round Table—Mrs. E. J. Turkington	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
Subject: "Sicily."		
11—Spanish Round Table—Señorita Angela Montiel	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
"Art of Public Speaking"—Ida Elizabeth Hill	*Mural Room*	6:00 p.m.
12—"Philosophy of Life"—Mrs. James Otis Lincoln	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m.
Annual Membership Meeting—Luncheon 82 cents per plate	*Cafeteria*	12:00 noon
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m.
Speaker: Mrs. W. F. C. Zimmerman. Subject: "Along Old Gold Trails in California."		
13—Book Review Luncheon	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
Speaker: Mrs. Daisy Reed. Subject: "The Last Puritan," by George Santayana.		
Drama Reading Group—Mrs. E. N. Kierulff	*Chinese Room*	2:00 p.m.
16—ADVERTISERS' SHOW	*Entire Clubhouse*	10:00 to 10:00 p.m.
17—ADVERTISERS' SHOW	*Entire Clubhouse*	10:00 to 10:00 p.m.
18—Current Events—Mrs. Leslie Conner Williams	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m.
Current Events Round Table following	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
19—"Philosophy of Life"—Mrs. James Otis Lincoln	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m.
Dramatic and Musical Program by Federal Theatre Project (All Professional Talent).		
24—Garden Round Table—Mrs. Paul Shattuck, Chairman	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
Speaker: Mr. John B. Steinweden, Deputy Commissioner of Agriculture for San Francisco. Subject: "Common Garden Pests of San Francisco Gardens."		
Travel Round Table—Mrs. E. J. Turkington	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Subject: "Sicily."		
Frolic and Tea—National League Players	*Auditorium*	3:00 p.m.
Tickets including Tea, 50 cents.		
25—Spanish Round Table—Señorita Angela Montiel	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
26—"Philosophy of Life"—Mrs. James Otis Lincoln	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m.
Subject: "The Yukon Trail to the Land of the Midnight Sun" (illustrated lecture). Arranged by Mrs. Kaj Theill.		
27—Drama Reading Group—Mrs. E. N. Kierulff	*Chinese Room*	2:00 p.m.

APRIL CALENDAR

APRIL–

1—Current Events—Mrs. Leslie Conner Williams	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m.
Current Events Round Table following	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
2—"Philosophy of Life"—Mrs. James Otis Lincoln	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m.
Musical Program. San Francisco Zither Club, assisted by Vocal Soloists.		

TENTH BIRTHDAY PARTY IN APRIL — DATE TO BE ANNOUNCED LATER

Women's City Club Magazine

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

VOLUME X MARCH, 1936 NUMBER 2

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COMING EVENTS

March 12 Annual Membership Luncheon

16-17 Advertisers' Show

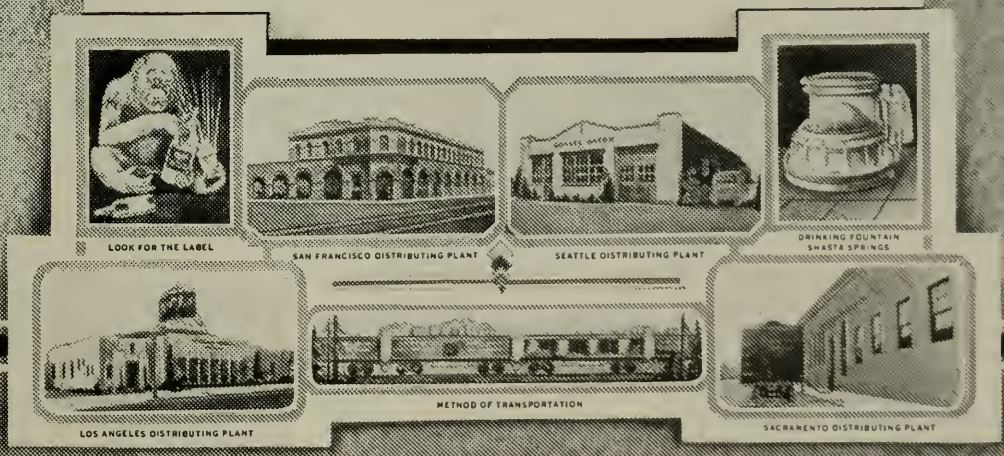
April — Ten Years After — Tenth Anniversary of the Women's City Club Magazine

SHASTA WATER is nature made but differs from other waters in that it doesn't come up out of the earth's interior but originates high above MOUNT SHASTA where cool vapors condense to form drifting snowflakes. Falling on the rugged glacier slopes these flakes melt and sink down through the rocks into the heart of the mountain, gathering tonic forces from beds of health-giving minerals, until at SHASTA SPRINGS a pure, sparkling water breaks forth into the light of day bubbling with life and vibrant with vigor.

FROM SHASTA SPRINGS it is transported in specially constructed cars to the company's various bottling centers for bottling and distribution in siphon bottles and otherwise throughout California and is obtainable at clubs, cafes, hotels, groceries, drug stores, etc. Thus from Glacier to glass this SPARKLING WATER comes to you in all its purity as a health-drink or for blending with other beverages.

OTHER WATERS similarly bottled are offered to the consumer but THERE IS ONLY ONE SHASTA WATER FROM SHASTA SPRINGS and as such it is plainly labeled for identification by the consumer. Without this label it is not genuine SHASTA WATER.

LOOK FOR THE LABEL



Announcements

- The Club operates its own Beauty Salon on the Lower Main Floor. Expert operators will be glad to serve you between the hours of 9 and 5:30 each day.

- We take this opportunity to thank Mr. Ansel Robinson for sending two fox terrier puppies from his pet shop, as atmosphere, in one of the skits given at the last Frolic and Tea which was held on February 18th.

- Flower Arrangements Classes start on March 9th, in Room 209, hours 1 to 4 o'clock. Miss Wana Derge, instructor.

- The following Round Tables in March are of genuine interest. Young Members, Volunteer. Travel, French, Spanish, Garden, Book Review.

- Mrs. Leslie Conner Williams will conduct Current Events again this month, the first and third Wednesday. March 4th and 18th. Interesting Round Table discussions will follow.

- Rambles being planned by Miss Stella Huntington, Chairman, will be announced during the month on the bulletin boards in the Clubhouse. Ask Information Desk for details.

- The exact date of the Vocational Information Bureau dinner, under the directorship of Miss I. L. Macrae to be held during the last week in March, will be announced on the Bulletin Boards.

- Drama Reading Group meets every second and fourth Friday at 2 o'clock in the Chinese Room, with tea following. These interesting afternoons under the direction of Mrs. Edgar N. Kierulff grow in popularity as the season advances.

- One member told us that she had brought herself back to vigorous health through consistent exercise in the Swimming Pool. Many more should take advantage of the wonderful opportunity our pool offers.

- Bridge lessons are being given by Mrs. Lucene Ranson every Tuesday afternoon at 1 o'clock and every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock in Room 214. Come in any Tuesday and talk over your "Bridge Troubles" with Mrs. Ranson.

- New members get full value of their year's dues if they join now. The fiscal year is now opening. Your friends will be more and more interested in the clubhouse facilities as the "EXPOSITION YEAR" approaches. Urge them to join now, before the members bring about a Waiting List.

- National League Players hold rehearsals every Monday afternoon at 1 o'clock in the Auditorium. Plans for a Spring program are now going forward. This group invites the membership to note the progress in their work on the third Tuesday each month, when they present their Frolic and Tea. Due to the Advertisers' Show the Frolic will be held on the fourth Tuesday in March, which is the 24th.

- March offers an interesting group of Thursday Evening Programs. Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman, offers a talk by Mr. Alex R. Heron on "Benjamin Franklin and American Democracy"—March 5. A talk by Mrs. W. C. F. Zimmerman, on "Old Gold Trails of California"—March 12; a dramatic and musical program on March 19, and an illustrated lecture by Mrs. Kaj Theill, "The Yukon Trail" on March 26.

O'CONNOR, MOFFATT & CO.

STOCKTON at O'FARRELL :: SUtter 1800

Announce

An Enlarged Lending Library

FAIR PLAY

- **4227 Good Books**
- **No Membership Fee**
- **No Deposit**
- **New Books Daily**

1¢ (introductory fiction rate)

Sixth Floor

COME TO THE SHOW

•

Monday and Tuesday
March 16th and 17th

•

Enjoy the exhibits set up by the
Advertisers of the
Women's City Club Magazine

•

The Second Advertisers' Show

One of the outstanding exhibits at the Advertisers' Show of 1935, W. & J. Sloane.

The President's Message

A New Fiscal Year—the same President. So it feels to one beginning her third time — ℭ If it is expedient for the Women's City Club that this be so, one can but repeat the promise voiced before, to do one's best—but that best ever depends on the continued cooperation of membership, executives, and staff uniting in upholding the ideals and aims of the National League for Woman's Service and maintaining its place of usefulness in the life of the Community. With this assurance all things are possible for the Women's City Club this current year.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

ADVERTISERS' SHOW — March 16th and 17th

Miss Katherine Donohoe, *Honorary Chairman*

Miss Marion Leale, *Chairman*

●

COMMITTEE

Mrs. S. G. Chapman — Mrs. Lambert Coblentz — Mrs. John P. Coghlan — Miss Frances Hall

Mrs. E. S. Heller — Mrs. Marcus Koshland — Mrs. Winthrop Martin — Miss Virginia Mysell

Mrs. J. P. Rettenmayer — Mrs. Wm. Sawtelle — Mrs. John W. Speyer

Mrs. Douglas Watson — Miss Margaret Zane

●

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ADVERTISERS' SHOW — MARCH 16 AND 17

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Applegarth, Mrs. G. A.
Ash, Dr. Rachael L.
Ashe, Miss Elizabeth
Athearn, Mrs. F. G.
Austin, Miss Elizabeth M.
Bacigalupi, Mrs. Tadini
Bailhache, Mrs. Arthur
Baird, Mrs. Dudley
Bakewell, Mrs. John
Barkan, Mrs. Hans
Barkan, Mrs. Otto
Batte, Mrs. Geo.
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Bender, Mrs. Carl G.
Bepler, Dr. Alice C.
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Boyd, Mrs. George
Boyd, Miss Jean MacGregor
Bradford, Mrs. Wallace
Brainerd, Miss Alice B.
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Briggs, Mrs. LeRoy H.
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Brittan, Miss M. B.
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Brown, Mrs. Hillyer
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Brown, Mrs. Hugh
Brownell, Mrs. E. E.
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Burt, Mrs. C. I.
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Epstein, Mrs. M. H.
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Eloesser, Mrs. Herbert
Eshelman, Mrs. John
Eyre, Miss Mary
Eyre, Mrs. Perry
Felton, Mrs. Charles N.
Fleishhacker, Mrs. M.
Fleissner, Mrs. Otto
Flood, Mrs. James L.
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Forbes, Mrs. Cleaveland
Foster, Miss Margaret
George, Miss Julia
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Girvin, Mrs. R. D.
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Glover, Dr. Mary E.
Goldstein, Miss Lutie D.
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Goodwin, Mrs. J. W.
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Low, Miss Flora C.
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Mead, Mrs. Frederick
Meads, Mrs. A. M.
Mears, Mrs. Hobart
Moffat, Miss Henrietta
Moody, Mrs. F. S.
Moore, Miss Isabelle
Moore, Mrs. Elizabeth H.
Moran, Mrs. Julia B.
Morbio, Mrs. P. A.
Morrow, Mrs. Howard
Mosgrove, Miss Alicia
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McDonald, Mrs. Mark L.
McDuffie, Mrs. Duncan
McGregor, Mrs. Campbell
McLean, Miss Fannie W.
Neuenburg, Mrs. Andrew E.
Noonan, Miss Emma L.
North, Mrs. Hart H.
Norton, Miss Elizabeth
Nutting, Mrs. Franklin P.
Oat, Miss Amy L.
Pauson, Miss Rose
Phillips, Miss Esther B.
Pierce, Miss Mabel
Porter, Mrs. Bruce
Potter, Mrs. Ashton
Potter, Mrs. Thomas M.
Powell, Mrs. Stanley
Rainey, Mrs. Edward
Raymond, Mrs. F. E.
Reed, Mrs. Alfred C.
Reed, Mrs. Ruth Benjamin
Rehfisch, Miss Carol
Reynolds, Mrs. Charles M.
Rodgers, Miss Marian
Roedel, Mrs. Alice Morgan
Rulofson, Mrs. Alfred C.
Sandona, Mrs. Mateo
Scott, Mrs. Bert C.
Sehested, Mrs. O. H.
Sharp, Mrs. James Graham
Shattuck, Mrs. Paul W.
Shaw, Mrs. H. K.
Shockley, Mrs. W. A.
Shoup, Mrs. Paul
Simmons, Mrs. Charles A.
Slack, Miss Edith
Sloss, Mrs. Ira W.
Sloss, Mrs. Leon
Sloss, Mrs. M. C.
Sloss, Mrs. Richard
Son, Miss Helen
Stadtmuller, Dr. Ellen S.
Stanwood, Mrs. E. B.
Stebbins, Miss Lucy
Stephens, Mrs. H. A.
Sterns, Mrs. Sigmund
Stoddard, Mrs. T. A.
Stoll, Mrs. H. F.
Strickland, Mrs. S. L.
Sussman, Mrs. S.
Sutro, Mrs. Oscar
Sutton, Mrs. Effingham
Taylor, Miss Frances
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Thompson, Mrs. Beach
Thompson, Mrs. E. A.
Thorsen, Mrs. Wm. R.
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Tobey, Miss Emmy
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Turner, Mrs. Frank
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Volkmann, Mrs. Daniel
Von Hagen, Miss Leonide A.
Walter, Mrs. Solly
Walker, Mrs. Willis J.
Watkins, Mrs. James T.
Wheeler, Mrs. Charles S.
Wilcox, Miss Mary Fitch
Williams, Mrs. W. W.
Wiseman, Miss Georgea
Wolf, Mrs. Paul T.
Wores, Mrs. Theodore
Young, Miss Ethel A.
Zeile, Mrs. E. G.

Editorial

● *Question: "When is the Advertisers' Show? It was such fun last year I wouldn't miss it this year for anything."*

Answer: Monday and Tuesday—March 16 and 17.

The advertisers have "gone to no end of trouble" as our English friends would say, and the Clubhouse will echo with the gayety of a carnival. The groupings of exhibits as the magazine goes to print are still being developed. They promise even more artistry than last year. A tour from Auditorium to Lounge, from exhibit to exhibit, will be an educational journey as well as a pathway of pleasure, and the personal contact of producer and consumer is giving a golden oportunity in a kind of show which can be developed nowhere else.

The fashions this year are flattering to young and old alike and the Spring dates we have chosen (earlier by two months than last year) will enable us to have a preview of what the shops will later offer.

Unfortunately this editorial has to be written three weeks and more before the Show itself. The plans are still in the making and so we cannot comment in detail upon many things which are developing into certainty. Suffice it to say that we can say with perfect assurance that no member can afford to miss a visit to the Clubhouse on March 16 and 17. If she cannot come in the morning or afternoon, she can in the evening and she should. She is welcome to bring her friends with her.

A Magazine?

● WHAT IS A MAGAZINE? "A periodic literary or scientific publication" so the dictionary says. The Women's City Club Magazine meets this definition. After every issue the Editor receives some letter or some letters praising the quality of the feature stories and speaking of the wealth of talent which thus pours itself forth in Volunteer Service in these articles from the pens of experts. stories pertinent to each particular issue. The Women's City Club Magazine appears regularly each month. on time despite the mad scramble of last-minute Club news. for its primary purpose, Club information, is never forgotten.

WHY A MAGAZINE? Because a bulletin would not be self-supporting, and because advertisers find value received in the cost to them of reaching the membership directly. And so in the last analysis it is our advertisers who give us our Magazine with it delightful chronicle of events and its wealth of good reading matter.

Annual Meeting

● Modern methods ape the birds of the air with the swift winging from scene to scene. Airplanes fly from coast to coast overnight, making us realize that non-essentials are part of the picture of mountain and valley but are fitted into their proper perspective of land and sky.

So with the modern efficiency of organization. We boil down the work of a year so that a luncheon meeting can give us a comprehensive picture of the year's accomplishment, and busy women though we are, we can in a short space of time learn the facts that we as members should know if we take any interest at all in what the Board of Directors, Committee members. and Volunteers are doing in our name.

The luncheon will be incidental to the program. but will be ample to satisfy our tastes, and the reports will be interesting and valuable. It is our privilege as members incorporate to come to the Annual Meeting on Thursday. March 12, at 12 o'clock and our duty to make our reservations now.

Ten Years After

● Sloane's wagon at the sidewalk elevator. florist offerings at the front door, artisans busy in every corner of the seven floors, volunteers in every room. putting on last minute touches, setting the house in order—Our House—the dream of five years.

Too good to be true, this opening day! On the empty Hobart lot (between the St. Francis Hotel and the Congregational Church) had risen the seven-story structure. Four Sixty-five was that day given its official number. The home of the National League for Woman's Service was builded. Thus permanetly housed was the war organization beloved in the community. In dignified surroundings could it now continue its peace program of service.

Is it not fitting therefore that we celebrate this auspicious occasion? The very day of the month coincides this year with Easter and so the Anniversary date will have to be artifically set. but it will be near enough the original to have us say "ten years after." Announced in the next issue of the magazine it will also be early enough for us to mark our engagement books.

Frontispieces

● The frontispiece this month shows the Card Room cleverly transformed into a modern bedroom - sitting room for the first Advertisers' Show. The frontispiece last June showed the Library with the bride gowned exquisitely in real lace by O'Connor, Moffitt & Co., proceeding to the altar decorated with the artistry which has made Albert J. Stein one of San Francisco's leading florists. These two pictures are sufficient guarantee of the standard which will characterize the second show on March 16. 17.

"Let's Recapture the Headlines for Industry and Trade"

This talk, given by Mr. C. H. Lang. *President Advertising Federation of America, before the San Francisco Advertising Club, has been reprinted by request.*

● Whenever I have an opportunity, such as this, to discuss advertising problems with a Club so representative of all phases of advertising, I find it very difficult to decide where to begin and where to stop. To find an advertising message which will interest you whose individual advertising problems are quite different and whose problems, as a club, may likewise be different from those of other advertising clubs—is a nice assignment.

I wish I had the talent for condensing a great and comprehensive story into a few phrases — such as that possessed by the little girl who described the life of Benjamin Franklin in this fashion. She wrote.—"He was born in Boston, he traveled to Philadelphia, he met a lady on the street, she laughed at him, he married her—and discovered electricity."

On the contrary, I'm in the predicament of still another little girl in a class which was assigned to write a brief essay on the *Universe.* She was late in turning in her paper and the teacher inquired if she had had difficulty—"No," replied Mary, "but I didn't think the subject was quite broad enough, so I wrote on "The Universe and Other Things." Of course that took longer.

And so in this presence I am humble, if indeed an advertising man is ever humble. Before such a group of men and women—those who know advertising—who know business — I feel very much as a certain third-string quarterback. . . .

But I must get on and see if perhaps this 1936 competition for advertisers—for business—isn't a tangible thing that can and should successfully be met.

Every cup reporter and every advertising man, in fact any one who has ever had anything remotely to do with printers, has had this axiom hurled at him many times—there is no rubber type. There are only so many units in a headline, space is definitely limited, and what goes in must be said completely and attractively in that space.

For advertisers this is more than just literally true. It applies to the entire field of advertising. For all practical proposes the public consciousness will not expand beyond a well-defined limit. The public eye will only see so much. The public ear will only hear so much, improvements in volume and tone control notwithstanding. While both of these organs have the power to select, any attempt to overload them results in blindness and deafness—and the intrinsic worth of the message is not a deciding factor.

It is your business and mine to make ourselves heard and understood. But our task only begins with that. And so I say that it is a great pity that we are being crowded out of the theatre, for we have a legitimate function there, and if the truth were only known, it is to us that the great audience really wants to listen. It has been entertained for many months by a well-known trained animal act in which the performers are a certain elephant, performing in the dim shadows, and another certain jackass, on which the spotlight has played incessantly and with such intensity that there are those who say the beast has become mad. The worst is to come, for the circus of a presidential election is on its way, and the first, *not too faint trumpetings* of its advance find many of us—legitimate performers with goods to sell—standing first on one foot and then the other, not daring to rehearse our lines, and wondering what the weather will be like in Washington tomorrow.

Reversing my figures of speech with all the agility of a Congressman, I would remind you that it is the advertising man's burden of today and tomorrow to make and hold his place in the headline, for there is not room for both of us. Elections, investigating committees, agricultural adjustment administrations, and processing taxes may come and go, but we have to eat—and when advertising men don't eat it is a safe bet that the rest of the world is also going hungry.

Our spot in the headline has for too many months given way to others whose message was political and whose right to that spot has certainly not been proved by recent happenings in the political field.

Every housewife in America is more interested in the price and quality of diapers, electric ranges, and spring hats than in the Guffey coal bill. Every housewife's husband finds infinitely more satisfaction in canned beer and better automobiles in his price range than in the rejection or acceptance of the Bankhead cotton control act. These

statements may not sound well to esthets and legislators, but even boondoggling, which had an individual rather than a mass appeal, proved their correctness. Because diapers and ranges and hats and canned beer and new cars mean *new business, jobs, investments, space contracts*, commissions and the other paraphernalia of real and enduring social security—the kind of social security that is not written into the Congressional Record, but the kind we can go out and get as business men, if we will tear ourselves away from the loud-speakers and the scare headlines and go about our business.

Taking up valuable space in many of our newspapers today is one remarkable proof that Americans are still vitally interested in the sale of goods at a profit, above all other things. The only reason in the world that the Townsend plan has rolled itself like a huge snowball into the consciousness of so many hundreds of thousands of otherwise straight-thinking individuals is that it embodies a magnificent advertising message in terms of the individual. It is concerned with just one thing,—*spending money, buying power, dollars falling from heaven*, that can be traded by a depression-starved elderly person for clothes, radios, automobiles, flowers, furniture, gadgets, luxuries. The prospect of letting down the bars of sales resistance and reveling in a nightmare of extravagance at the expense of somebody else is so utterly intoxicating that it wipes out in a few moments the simple arithmetic upon which existence rests. If we can forget for a moment the cruelty of this delusion and the heartache and disappointment which necessarily must ensue when the bubble breaks and the impossible proves to be, after all, still the impossible—if we can overlook all of this—then the popular clamor for the enactment of the Townsend plan is a magnificent tribute to the power of the advertising backlog. It is a tribute that tells us once more, if we need to be told, that the human stomach is a better guide to business prosperity than is the human brain, which breaks out every so often into a cold and unhealthy sweat.

What I am trying to say is this. Business—*and advertising is its prophet* — has too long been in a dither over what was going to happen to itself and the country as a result of the activity in Washington. The executive and legislative branches of our government constitute an instrument with serviceable possibilities, but when its creators become its trembling servants, it can easily become a Frankenstein, the most curious perpetual motion machine the world has ever seen. The longer we stare at it, the more glassy-eyed we become, forgetting that according to the constitution this instrument derives its functions from us and from us alone.

There is no reason why our knees should turn to water every time an orator from Oshkosh, or an investigator from South Dakota, or a dirt farmer from the Harvard Law School raises his voice. Because if he speaks thoughtfully and intelligently about matters on which he is informed, and proposed methods and laws that are fair and founded on experience and reality, we certainly have nothing to fear. He is only carrying out his delegated duties as the spokesman of a great and free people. If the majority of our 120 million do not agree with him, there is always a day of reckoning. But if, on the other hand, he disregards the hand that *feeds* and *pays* him, tears up the sheet music, and begins improvising his own scales, don't forget that he is singing a solo in a deserted opera house and that we, as men with a job to do if our daily bread is to be baked, can go about our business.

So I say, industry—business—has a job to do which in reality, as Mr. Henry Ford put it, "government can neither help nor hinder much." Business has tangibles to offer in the form of goods and services — while politics offers phrases and intangibles. Good advertising is the true handmaiden of business in this selling job.

We have a grand story to tell, but we don't tell it as we should. Ours is the story of things which satisfy the most deep-seated wants and desires of people. We offer the benefits of comfort, convenience, health, leisure, relief from drudgery, entertainment. These are the instrumentalities of true satisfaction and real wealth—the elements of trade and commerce that alone can make for lasting social security.

At the moment business has a two-fold job—first to sell its wares and services—second, to sell—to resell if you please—confidence, respect and good will. Concerning the latter Bruce Barton said recently, "No major industry has any moral right to allow itself to be unexplained, misunderstood or publicly distrusted, for by its unpopularity it poisons the pond in which we all must fish."

Industry has for too long permitted politics to woo away the confidence and favor of its patrons—the public. In 1936, let business nullify the potency of that competitor by advertising and selling the great benefits which are illustrated by a thousand and one products—products and services that will satisfy far more completely the desires and needs of human beings—than will the incantations and prognostications of politicians, whatever their party.

One might assume that I have some constitutional objection to politicians. I have not the slightest quarrel with them. If I'm criticizing any one, it's business, it's ourselves.

We must win back the headlines, by straightforward, vigorous telling of our story—our story of quality goods for sale at a fair price—our story of an institution, a business ready and willing to serve well not only its customers, but its workers and its stockholders.

Unfortunately our job is made a little harder by what—I have the temerity to suggest—is a mistaken notion on the part of some editors. I believe they may have accepted for too long that old test of news values, viz: if a dog bites a man it isn't news, but if a man bites a dog that is news. As an advertiser I wonder *(Continued on page 29*

Radio Advertising

By Josephine Martin

● Those who still wonder at the growth and acceptance of advertising via the radio need not wonder if they will but think backward into the very dawn of human intercourse and existence.

Long, long before Mr. Stonehatchet hewed out an announcement that he had killed an extra bear and would be willing to part with a few chunks for exchange in kind, and then sent little Johnny or Shirley Stonehatchet staggering out to place the sign at the corner of Fox Path and Bear Lane, long before that, his ancestors had to rely upon sound to put over their commercial messages. Instinctively, people listened and absorbed information long before they learned to scan and understand the crudest hieroglyphics. Endless generations of the human race gathered much of their information solely by ear.

So it is natural, perhaps, that we should respond easily to the spoken word. And this primitive response, coupled and reënforced by our more developed, more civilized instincts and faculties, such as our love of music and entertainment, our response to the vicarious thrill of the drama. provides a fertile field for radio advertising appeal.

Much as we may rage at times at the ineptness of some types of publicizing over the air, it is none the less interesting to note also the astuteness of the average formula for this type of advertising. and the cleverness with which it is worked out.

Has a client something to sell that appeals to the man of middle age and a little beyond, say, a pipe tobacco or a cigar? Not for this audience does the advertising agency or the broadcasting company recommend the latest, most raucous jazz-band, nor do they advise buying the highly-emotional serial drama dealing with the ups and downs in the life of Susie Fluff, misunderstood stenographer. Instead, they recommend a musical program of the popular tunes of the Spanish War period, and to be played by an orchestra instrumented in accordance with that period and led, probably, by a man who knows not only the music but the words of "Dolly Gray." Another sure-fire hit with this type and age of audience is an old-time minstrel show. with the traditional interlocutor and end-man . . . and lots of the jokes are traditional, too! For it was long ago discovered on the vaudeville stage that the older they are the better they go over. The oldsters in the audience are delighted to meet with an old friend, and to the youngsters the joke's brand new!

The past twelve months have brought forth high accomplishments in the field of radio drama. There are several huge successes on the air right now, and advertisers are looking for more like them. These dramas have been written with consummate skill, always with the thought foremost in mind that they are to be *heard*, not heard and seen. There's a difference, and it's too bad that the adapters of stage plays are still so oblivious to this difference. Also, these radio dramas are being acted, perhaps one should say read, with consummate skill. The voice of one woman heard in the morning and that of a younger girl heard during the noon hour are becoming more and more accepted as real characters, and more and more identified. of course, with the products carefully appended to the program in the commercial announcements.

Sometimes one wonders if it isn't possible for an actor or actress, or even a group, to become *too* good in radio! They can become so intimately involved in a certain character that it must inevitably come as a distinct shock to the public when the story has to be brought to an end and the actor or actress cast in another rôle. That has been fairly well proven in the program of family life that has been on the air for several years, to the unceasing delight of a nation-wide audience. On some occasions in the past, actors from this group were given parts to read in other dramatic productions, and always the listening public registered outrage at hearing those familiar voices representing people other than those they registered in the serial drama. The "exclusive cast" is becoming more and more demanded by the program sponsors.

"Service" programs, bringing to men and women—but mostly to women because they are at home more and have more time to listen—important information on financing. or home keeping in all of its phases, are growing in number and worth every day. And the programs sent over the air under the auspices of the state universities are educational and cultural in the strictest sense.

Best of all, in the opinions of many, are the fine musical programs on the air, the great symphony orchestras, the half-hours devoted to the best in music, à capella choirs; these are providing satisfaction for the most captious musical appetities. Yet these programs are for the most part labors of love on the part of the broadcasting stations. Most of them are unsponsored, and they also have to do without that heartening *(Continued on page 28*

The Customer's Viewpoint

By BEATRICE BARTLETT

One great value in daily newspaper advertising is its elasticity. Prices fluctuate from day to day, and prices on commodities for daily consumption are reported as they change. Coats advertised at a special price one day may sell out so fast that tomorrow's ad must be altered to feature a new item.

For years public opinion has been not only reflected but shaped by newspapers. Even in these enlightened days when we are all inclined to examine rather critically the material we see in print, we are unconsciously influenced by it. We may like our present laundry soap—but we're moved to try a new kind that's attractively advertised!

In the daily papers we see the advertisements of those firms we have come to know and respect. They tell us honestly what they have to offer; why the values they present are sound; why their merchandise should appeal to us. We are prompted by our long acquaintance with them, and the integrity they have proven to us, to act immediately upon their suggestions.

Tomorrow the information they have to divulge may be different. If it is, your daily newspaper will report each variation.

For news is news only while it is news!

● "Across the printed page today marches one of the most dramatic spectacles ever witnessed by man. Here is competition, indeed, for the story of your automobile, your breakfast food, your dentrifice; What are its chances, in terms of reader interest, with Mussolini, England, Japan, and the New Deal?" So writes one of America's best known advertising firms, in a recent article published in the New York *Times*. The average business man does not want to be reminded of that unpleasant fact. It is one of the biggest problems he faces today. In a world geared to war, dictators, and politics, what chance has mere merchandise. Listen to the advice from the experts quoted above. In heavy black type they announce a new slogan. "MAKE IT SING!" And below are these words: "A command worth millions to Advertisers." Just how this command is to be obeyed is up to you, Mr. Business Man.

As I read this announcement it occurred to me that there is quite a bit of competition in the singing business. Nothing short of a combination of Grace Moore and Lawrence Tibbett can be depended on to turn the trick. With music that goes 'round and 'round and up and down, you must have high pressure stuff to bring in the sales. Can there be another medium that might be even more effective? Has plain print lost its pulling power, and what about the personal equation?

About a year ago a simple statement in the press set the whole merchandise world buzzing. A woman had been made president of a big New York store. This fact was not in itself so exciting. It was the human equation involved. Mrs. Hortense Odlum had no business experience, as she freely admitted. For a year she had observed the management and policy of Bonwit-Teller's store. Then she was made president, on this platform. She said she did not know business, but she *had* been a Customer all her life and she wanted to try running a store from "THE CUSTOMER'S VIEWPOINT." In the merchandising world comments ranged from amazement to amusement. Shrewd executives shook their heads and smiled. Then sales figures began to come in—Bonwit-Teller was forging ahead. Executives were incredulous. "There's probably a very smart man behind the scenes doing the hard work while she gets the credit," some said. Others frankly admited her appointment was a smart thing to do. These men knew such a policy would build business, and the cost of advertising it would be low, for the IDEA would do the work. Customers would never tire of that theme song. They added: "This woman knows her sex—and, after all, they do represent a majority of our Customers." To the more thoughtful it seemed strange that it had remained for a woman to perceive this fact, and act upon it.

The advertisements of this store began to attract attention. A new spirit pervaded them, somehow. They were intimate, friendly, completely individual, and always distinctly appealing from the Customer's viewpoint. If shoes were the item, clever copy glorified a size 8, and at the same time established the style supremacy of their merchandise—all in a small space, with no fireworks. Each ad reëmphasized this understanding of human nature, in quiet yet effective ways. It really was a joy to read such copy. It didn't need to sing.

In the store this same atmosphere prevailed. One was immediately aware of a warmth and genuine friendliness not encountered elsewhere. The secret of this was revealed recently when Mrs. Odlum spoke before five thousand members of the National Retail Dry Goods Association at their annual convention in New York. Under the heading, "Two Cardinal Points," she said: "I hope that I have made by points clear. First *(Continued on page 31*

The Newspaper

By Ethel Bogardus

● News is news only while it is news.

The discovery of America and last year's Kentucky derby are interesting historical occurrences, but they have no place in the pages of the newspaper delivered to your door today.

What is news? It is material you find informative, entertaining, or helpful NOW. It acquaints you with what is happening at home and abroad—and it tells you how you can best apply your income to the requirements of daily living.

Everybody who can read reads a newspaper. Do you want to know the situation in Ethiopia? Who won the fight? How are the "quints" getting along? What's the weather for tomorrow? Who's the speaker at your next club affair? You look in your daily paper.

Likewise, where is the best bargain in sugar to be found? How long will dresses be this spring? Where can percale sheets be bought? What store carries your favorite cosmetics? You look in your daily paper.

The American newspaper is all things to all people. It must appeal to the man in the street, and to the society woman in her drawing room. It must aid, educate, and entertain.

That explains, incidentally, why newspapers carry such a variety of material. Glance over the index on any front page: Cable—latest developments in China and Russia; Classified — where to pick up a sewing machine cheap; Comics—fun for the entire family; Editorial—comments by informed men on news of the world; Fashions—why this season's hats are more becoming; Financial—today's best investments; Food—the answer to "what shall I have for dinner?"; Politics—who's a candidate now?; Radio—programs you most want to hear; Shipping—who's coming in and what's going out; Sports—golfing, wrestling, polo, or what do you prefer?; Vital Statistics—every line news to some one; Women's Pages — your club, your friends, your activities.

When you go on your vacation to "get away from it all," you come back boasting that you "haven't seen a newspaper for two weeks." It's a grand feeling to be out of touch with the world—for two weeks out of a year. But the rest of the time, living as you do a complex social existence, you find it advisable—and much more interesting —to keep up with daily events. Scenes change; ideas vary, and new prophets arise. How do you know? You read your daily newspaper.

Perhaps this will help answer your question: "Why do they print that?" The reason is that somebody is interested. This man buys a paper for its sport pages—that one for its political news; one woman seeks new recipes; another one bargains in canned foods.

And that is why the newspaper is so important as an advertising medium. You may not be concerned with the price of eggs, but the woman next door is scanning the advertisements to find out where they're cheapest. When your favorite style shop has new importations, you run down there the minute you read the news in your daily paper.

"Today's news today" is doubly true of advertising. Few news events are of greater general interest than the introduction of latest models in motor cars. If streamlining in kitchen stoves, development of a new style girdle, or advent of the hot cross bun season aren't news, what is?

These things you find in your newspaper, carefully classified for your convenience. On the women's pages are stories of new style trends from Paris and Hollywood, and advertisements of where the models may be purchased, right now—today! On the financial pages, with stories of new mergers and developments in the country's economic affairs, are statements from banks and investment companies you can trust to handle your accounts. On the page with reviews of the latest shows are ads from the theatres, telling who, when, what, where, and how much.

Every advertiser knows that wherever you find a newspaper you find a market. Newspapers are read every day by bankers and truck drivers, clerks and stevedores, Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's lady. Some readers con each page carefully; others skim headlines. But they all read —and the advertisement carefully designed to catch the eye, hold the attention, and create desire inspires immediate action.

Federal Music Project

By Edith Frisbie

● There's a federal work project in San Francisco as busy and as audible as a beehive. From its industry, however, there proceeds no dreary humming, but tonal and rhythmic patterns richly diversified. Nearly four hundred musicians of the Federal Music Project under the Works Progress Administration are daily rehearsing, almost daily bringing programs of excellent music to schools, hospitals, community centers, museums and other public gathering places, as a free gift from Uncle Sam. These men and women are diligently engaged; they are singing, drawing bows across sweetly responsive strings, beating big and little drums, breathing life into brasses and woodwinds, carrying instruments hither and yon, copying, arranging, assembling themselves in large and small groups like living organisms giving forth music for the people. Like the beehive, the Federal Music Project creates something which it is most excellently fitted to produce and which the community consumes with relish.

Scarcely three months old, the project has already contributed significantly to the enrichment of the city's musical life. The Federal Symphony Orchestra, organized in mid-December, played a public program of Bach, Schubert and Liszt after scarcely two weeks of rehearsal, astonishing both music critics and laymen by their excellence of performance. By February fifth, four more symphony concerts had been presented in Veterans' Auditorium, attracting wide interest, and the instant and warm recognition that here is an organization of profound musical worth and unlimited possibility of development.

A Federal Chorus of one hundred voices steeps itself daily in the beauties of Palestrina, Bach, Brahms, Gounod, Wagner; bears these great gifts reverently, authentically, to listeners in large halls and schools. The chorus and the symphony orchestra, the largest of many music-making units embraced by the project, are jointly contributing to a current series of fortnightly programs in the Scottish Rite Auditorium.

No manner or style of music is barred. Good music of any type, soundly conceived, sincerely performed, is welcome. Soloists, orchestras (symphonic, theatre and dance), band, and string ensembles are at the service of the community under certain federally stipulated conditions drawn up to prevent competition with professional musicians not employed on the government project.

San Francisco school children hear concerts played especially for them during school hours in their own assembly halls where, for February and March, has been scheduled nearly a concert a day. According to the principal of one grammar school a tremendous tribute was paid on February 14th to the Federal Orchestra. So wide-eyed and absorbed were the children in the great music tumbling about their young ears that they quite forgot to be restive about the as yet undistributed valentines!

On the same saint's day trombones and tympani and urgent swing music was carried out to the Marine Hospital to cheer some two hundred seamen temporarily immured in bathrobes.

The other night a little novelty orchestra, which counts among its unconventional assemblange of instruments one harmonica, and whose personnel seemingly strikes its roots back into all the races that ever were, brought its polyglot heart (and fingers and tracheas) into one tuneful and rhythmic accord to bewitch the feet of several hundred dancing Chinese-American youths. Playing always without notes, improvising on the simplest tunes, this rare little group permits new rhythms to be born, looks for new steps to pattern themselves unconsciously from the feet of the dancers. Frankly experimental, untrammeled.

Is an orchestral accompaniment needed where only piano score exists? The project's musical scholars forthwith arrange one and patient copyists transcribe it with many thousands of tiny painstaking strokes.

All over the country these federal music projects seek to help young artists, native composers, soloists, conductors, toward fuller experience, toward the recognition which their talents merit. In San Francisco, during these first few months of the project's life, close to a score of local and resident singers, instrumental soloists, composers, and conductors have been featured on the one series of programs at Veterans' *(continued on page 27*

Indian Symbolism

By HERBERT J. SPINDEN

By Courtesy of the Exposition of Indian Tribal Arts, Inc.

(Continued from the February issue)

● The rain-magic designs of the Pueblo Indians are painted on pottery receptacles and embroidered on clothing which therefore have the value of constant prayers. They are repeated on altars and altar screens. They are involved in color patterns for the four cardinal points of the earth, as well as for the above and the below. And the visual representations are supplemented by chants which repeat the same ideas in words. One small passage will suffice:

Here and now we bring you, Oh! our old men gods,
Sun Fire Deity and Blue Cloud Person of the North,
Sun Fire Deity and Yellow Cloud Person of the West,
Sun Fire Deity and Red Cloud Person of the South,
Sun Fire Deity and White Cloud Person of the East,
Sun Fire Deity and All-colored Cloud Person of the Above,
Hereat we bring you now your special prayer-stick,
We make for you an offering of sacred meal,
A little bit for all, we make these offerings to you!
Stand ready, then at dawn to walk
With rain upon the northward mountain top.
etc., etc.

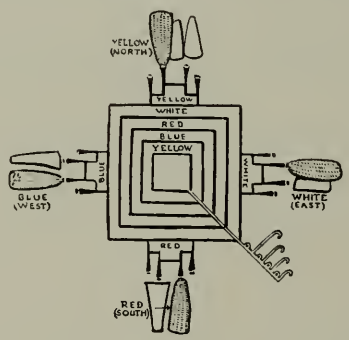
A Tewa Idyl of Summertime

Hummingbirds among the bee balm, while raindrops fall in light showers from white and black clouds.

In Navaho sand-paintings we find rain-magic of the Pueblos, with invocation to male and female rain. to male and female lightning, used not to bring water for crops which they fail to plant, but instead to cure disease.

The symbolism of animistic philosophy attaches itself to the heavenly bodies, to animals and birds, to rivers and mountains wherever these are in position to help man, each according to an outstanding efficiency. Beasts of prey like the mountain lion teach skill in hunting; bears give shamanistic power in the curing of disease; the deer and buffalo yield their bodies to slaughter; the hummingbird conveys invulnerability; the sun and stars guide warriors in the quests of war.

Diffusions in Symbolism.—Reading backward the pages of archeology, we trace the vestiges of this school of symbolism to certain great ruins of a previous epoch in Pueblo history—precisely to those ruins which were flourishing when the Toltecs of Mexico established trading contacts in



Hopi "Universe Painting" in Colored Sands Before an Altar

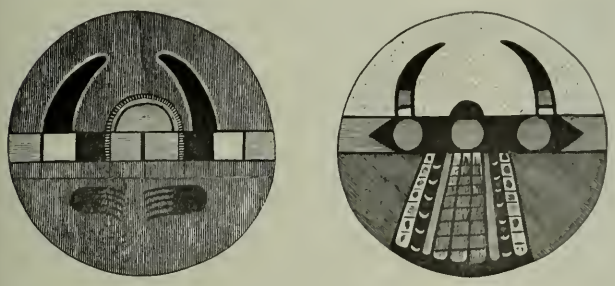
The four directions of the world run in concentric fashion around the center, because in every part of the world there are always four directions. On each side is a cloud symbol, on top of which an ear of corn of the appropriate color is placed, along with one or more stone axes. The diagonal line in the lower right-hand corner is the road to the underworld, with walking-sticks.

this northern territory. Before the times of the Toltec contacts, evidences of rain-magic embodied in graphic symbols or in regalia of the Pueblo Indians are conspicuously wanting. The geometric patterns of the early black-on-white pottery are coldly formal without the *élan* of inner meaning.

At the end of the Pueblo II period, the Utah region was abandoned by small farmers and the typical villages of the Southwest expanded considerably into what is now Mexico. In the meantime, the Toltecs were pushing the frontiers of their empire farther and farther to the north. Then copper bells and parrot feathers of the Toltec traders were exchanged for turquoise. Many ceremonially buried parrots have been unearthed at Pueblo Bonito and other ruins of northern New Mexico. Copper bells, although not found in quantity, occur rather widely in the Southwest and especially in places where Mexican influences are discernible in changing art.

Behind these Toltecs, who came bearing illusions, loom the achievements of the Mayas, aptly described as

Greeks of the New World. We cannot tell what manner of decorative art was brought into America from Asia by the first rude immigrants, but at least we may be assured that it did not comprise deep-seated symbols of this or that religious mystery. But animal drawings for hunters' magic were not beyond the psychology of these immigrants, especially since the mass of Paleolithic representations in the



Designs on Buffalo Shields of the Pueblo Indians

Left—Buffalo-horns and the sun above the Milky Way, with bear's feet below: a prayer for strength and knowledge. Right—Buffalo-horns and sun above the Milky Way and three stars of Orion's Belt; below, the sun's shirt, namely, the streamers of light when the sun goes behind a cloud.

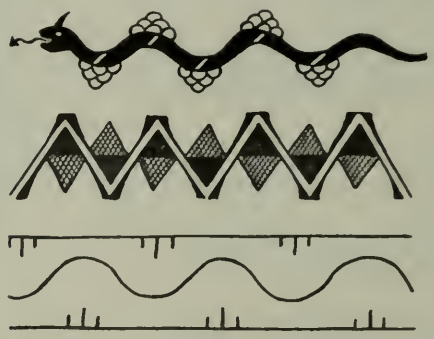
Old World may come under this category. Man's entrance into America was made during Neolithic times when the polished stone celt had already passed into general use. As we now read the earliest archeological records of the New World, permanent forms of designs may first have been reached in basketry. If so, they were doubtless abstract shapes developed from constructions or significant shapes drawn from nature but formalized by constructions. Next came pottery as a household art and with it the weaving of cloth, the old thesaurus of basketry patterns being applied in both new crafts. But clay was a plastic medium, and soon in Central America figurines were being modeled. While these may have had a cult value in relation to the new interest in agriculture, no important developments in symbolism can be inferred from the graphic motives which have come down to us from the Archaic civilization.

A sweeping advance in symbolic ornament was made by the early Mayas, the movement beginning before the time of Christ and continuing till after 600 A. D. Ideographic writing was invented and a pantheon of grotesque

Tlaloc, Mexican Rain God, with Lightning Serpent and Thunderbolt

Left—Lightning serpent in a pre-Spanish Mexican book.

divinities furnished subject matter for inspired artists. In general it seems that the first gods were composed of separate elements drawn from nature. Various animals contributed quotas of special efficiency to the upbuilding of a synthetic god. The early Mayas spread about them a spell of significant beauty, visualizing for their neighbors an unguessed universe of associations. On the highlands of

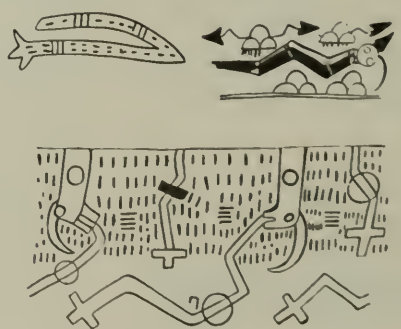


Three Ways of Representing the "Cloud Serpent"

These degrees of conventionalization are found on modern Pueblo pottery.

Mexico a really vast difference exists between the Archaic and the Toltec styles, and on analysis the new and vitalizing ingredients can be traced down to lowland Maya sources. The Toltecs put a finishing touch of their own on borrowed ideas and then spread the complex far and wide.

The extended influence of the Toltecs is explained on the surface by their successes in trade beyond a large territory which they subjected to the force of arms. But they could not have conquered uncivilized peoples. The constructive demonstrations of the Mayas had been acting as slow leven, and five hundred years after the actual abandonment of the early Maya cities, several nations of Mexico and Central America were enjoying peaceful life cultivating the arts—especially the new craft of working gold, silver, and copper. The Mayas had long since reestablished themselves in northern Yucatan. The times were ripe for conquest.



Early Forms of the Plumed Serpent on Pueblo Pottery

In the lower example, from the ruins of the Jemez Pueblo of Giusiwa, New Mexico (abandoned in 1680), the plumed serpent is seen in the rain.

ONE
MONTH
MORE

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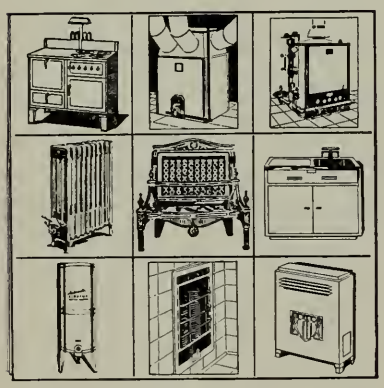

Still Time To Modernize With Gas and Electric Conveniences

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WCC-2-36

I Have Been Reading

—BY DAISY F. REED.

SANTA FRANCESCA: OUR LADY OF THE GOLDEN GATE: *by Laurence Butler Ridgely*; limited edition by Grabhorn Press.

WHAT DOES AMERICA MEAN? *by Alexander Meiklejohn*, 1935: W. W. Norton and Co., Inc., New York. $3.00.

THE ETERNAL ROAD; *by Franz Werfel*. The Viking Press, 1936. $2.25.

● Santa Francesca: Our Lady of the Golden Gate; by Laurence Butler Ridgley; Reviewed by Eleanor Preston Watkins . . . From within the beautiful gray walls of Grace Cathedral there has come, from time to time, a little book to travel around the world, and to be prized by many quiet hearts. "Wings of Healing," a small white volume, pocket-size, and Dean Gresham's book of singing melodies, "Upon the Harp," are well-known and loved.

At Christmas time there came another slim book of poems, by Canon Ridgely, beautifully printed by the Grabhorn Press. From the hill of California Street, he has watched the fogs and sunsets of San Francisco, and caught some of their beauty in these pages. He calls one poem "Fog Magic," and says,

"From my pent-house I look,
As the fog, in its infinite changing and unmoulded form,
Frees my eye from detail and distraction
To see the true norm."

Friends of San Francisco will find here pictures to keep.

● What Does American Mean? by Alexander Meiklejohn . . . Those whose privilege it has been to know something of the quality of Dr. Meiklejohn's personality and teaching will at once understand the importance of this book, which the author says in a letter to the publisher "is as near a confession of faith as I shall ever make and contains everything I have ever really thought about."

Dr. Meiklejohn's ideals are not narrowly personal ones but broad enough to include what he calls the "excellence" of all mankind. It is in the light of these ideals that he surveys "America."

The first question the author takes under consideration is "what does America really care about?"—in other words, "what is the American ideal?" The American ideal is liberty. Liberty may be judged from the point of view of two sets of values. On the one hand is the external interpretation, i. e., the satisfaction of wants, and on the other, the inner or spiritual view which interprets human action in terms of what people are. The "dominant fallacy of our scientific industrial civilization" is "to lose sight of the spirit as we plan for the body." For human purposes man is both body and spirit; neither of these views can be given up.

Dr. Meiklejohn proceeds to discuss the meaning of liberty from the external and inner points of view; both of which are defined by the Bill of Rights. The inner or spiritual activities, "Religion, Speech, the Press, Assemblage, Protest," are "declared to be outside the field of interference or control by government," while the external activities, Life, Liberty and Property, are to be regulated and restrained by due process of law. "Justice rather than liberty is the principle by which the regulation of property transactions is determined." Identification of these two aspects of freedom is "absurd." "Only a social system which has built up the external view of human living to the exclusion of the inner view, which has identified business activity with spiritual activity, which has come to regard the creation and distribution of wealth as the primary concern of a society, could create such an illusion as that."

The book further contrasts the idea of freedom with the frontier quality of independence and with the laissez-faire attitude or the "daily" virtues which are kept for business purposes. The intellectual aspect of freedom may be briefly summarized in this statement: "There is no freedom in thinking except by recognition of intellectual obligations."

The challenging conclusions of the book

are these: "If we would know what America means we must see her both as body and as spirit. We must see these two in right relation to one another. . . . Our country is not a possession which we may take and keep. It is an opportunity, an obligation, a commitment. Its chief enterprise is the making of men and women free."

● The Eternal Road; by Franz Werfel . . . Lacking a "theatre under my hat," as Professor Lehman once said in a lecture at the City Club, I seldom read plays. Even if one has little or no ability to project a scene on the eye of the mind one cannot but be moved by the great dramatic quality of "The Eternal Road." The play is an expression of the idea which has been kept alight in the soul of the Jewish people through all the tragedies of its history. Tragedies which the people brought down upon themselves because they had not those qualities that made possible the attainment of their ideal. But it is the serving of that idea that has given to the Jewish people its solidarity.

All of this is revealed as one sees the scroll of Jewish history unrolled in the scenes of Werfel's drama, as these scenes succeed one another. And it is intensified by the comments of the Congregation, who are placed in the foreground or lowest level of the stage, before whom the history is unrolled.

The story of the Jews furnishes all the elements necessary for great tragedy and Werfel has made splendid use of its possibilities. The surge of tremendous moral vitality and passion helps one to a new perception of the power of passionate devotion to an ideal. The "Angel of the End of Days" says in the last scene of the play:

"Ye sorrowers, no judgment by mortals wrought
Can blot out or bring Israel to naught.
God's eternal promise and covenant are
Immortal beyond ev'n His sun and His star."

Lupines

The sand-dunes, gray in the gloaming,
Turned gold at the golden touch
Of Alchemist Day. And the homing
Brown bees have drunk overmuch
Of the lupines' luscious sweetness,
And I am as drunk as they
With the golden glad completeness
Of a golden April Day!

—Eleanor Preston Watkins,
Reprinted from Westward.

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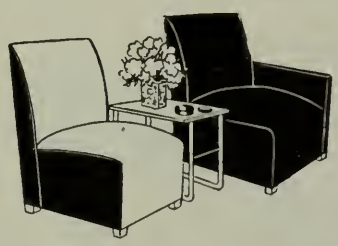
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Tasty tidbits will be served you
SIMON BROS GROCERS
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Every egg is candled and guaranteed fresh
Ask for
CASPERSON'S
EGGS
Sold by Independent Grocers
Visit the exhibit of O. Casperson & Sons at the Advertisers' Show on March 16 and 17.

"Coming, Sir!"

●

Philip Morris Cigarettes are better because they are made better.

●

They are mild, with a new kind of mildness.

●

They taste different because they are made different.

●

Yes, sir, Philip Morris is America's Finest 15c Cigarette!

●

Why not find out for yourself?

Round Tables

● Please note the following Round Tables in your Calendar:

Young Members—Every second Monday—March 9th.

Club Round Tables—Every Thursday—Mrs. E. A. Thompson, Chairman of Volunteers, presiding.

Travel Round Tables—Every second and fourth Tuesdays—March 10th and 24th. Mrs. E. J. Turkington, presiding.

French Round Tables—Every Thursday. Mlle. Marie Lemaire, presiding.

Spanish Found Tables—Every second and fourth Wednesday—March 11th and 25th. Senorita Angela Montiel, presiding.

Garden Round Table—Every third Tuesday. However, because of Advertisers' Show the date this month will be March 24th. Mrs. Paul Shattuck, Chairman.

Book Review Round Table—Every second Friday—March 13th. Mrs. Daisy Reed, Chairman.

Spring Swimming Classes Beginning Week of March 16

● The following schedule is tentative. If you are interested in class lessons and none of these hours are convenient, leave your name with the swimming office and if possible extra classes (including elementary) will be formed.

Instruction Fee—Members, $1.50; guests, $3.00 (admission extra).

Classes will meet nine times; registrants may attend any six lessons.

DAY CLASSES

Beginning Intermediate—Thursday, 10:30 a.m. (March 19).

Advanced—Thursday, 11:15 a.m.

EVENING CLASSES

Intermediate—Tuesday, 5:30 p.m., beginning March 17.

Advanced—Monday, 5:30 p.m.

Register in advance.

Drama Reading

● On Friday, March 13th, Mrs. S. J. Lisberger will read "Lady Precious Stream," which is the English language adaptation by F. J. Siung of the revered and ancient Chinese folk tale. This play, staged in the Chinese manner, had a successful run in London and is now playing in New York.

Mrs. Carroll Collupy will direct a group reading on Friday, March 27th. The title of the play and the list of readers will be announced later.

After each reading the guests are cordially asked to remain and enjoy an informal tea and symposium.

4 Big Advantages of Caswell's Home-Delivery Coffee Service!

1.—You secure a choice blend of finest aged and cured coffees.

2.—You enjoy this superior blend at the peak of its flavor and aroma . . . because it is delivered freshly roasted.

3.—You obtain the exact steel-cut chaffless grind of coffee for perfect results with your particular coffee-maker!

4.—You benefit by the coffee-making coöperation of your neighborhood Caswell Coffee Man. Call him tomorrow, and discover new and continuous coffee-satisfaction!

Caswell's NATIONAL CREST Coffee

SAN FRANCISCO:
Call SUtter 6654
642 Harrison St.

OAKLAND:
Call HIgate 1017
1150 Twenty-Eighth Street

Geo. W. Caswell Co.

Vocational Information Bureau

● "Before another work week begins I must tell you what an inspiring affair you managed for last Friday evening. I thought the former meetings had been very successful but this one was superb." (Regular member.)

"This has been the most delightful thing I have attended in a long time." (Recent arrival in San Francisco.)

"The programme was as helpful as it was original." (Visitor in San Franicsco.)

"It seems to me that you have given your work a new and original tone. Is it not just as intelligent to be hopeful as to be depressed?" (Regular member.)

The above comments are unsoliciated expressions of interest in our dinner meeting of February 7th, at which the following women told in a concise and inspiring manner of their experiences in making their way during the "difficult years."

Mrs. A. C. Bell, School of Houshold Engineering.

Miss Lee, Ricklee Furniture Studio and Clinic.

Miss L. R. Martin, Vocational Guidance Digest.

Miss M. Reuttell, Social Service.

Miss C. M. Schaeffer, Gardening.

Miss A. B. Small, Insurance.

As a special speaker Miss E. Foster, late of the Ministry of Labor, Great Britain, gave her experiences in working up to her "job". She also outlined what the Government was doing in directing Women's and Girls' attention to the importance of entering domestic employment, and the training and subsequent placement that were provided.

The Bay Region, San Jose, San Mateo as well as San Francisco and Cincinnati, Ohio, were represented in our group. Much of the value of these gatherings consists in the opportunity for a congenial group to exchange ideas and experiences in an informal way after the featured speaker has presented the topic for discussion.

REDUCE SAFELY & SANELY

We are here to serve you!

Henry Nier Super System

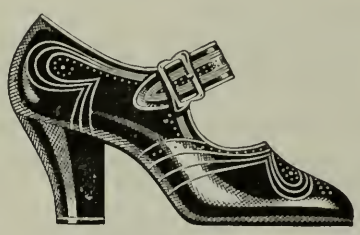
465 Post Street—Women's City Club Building

City of Paris

DOUGLAS 4500 PAUL VERDIER, Prop.

They fit the size, shape and PROPORTIONS of your Foot

The New Spring Foot Savers!



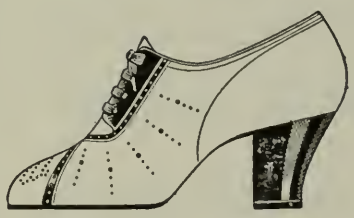
Blue or black kid, $11.50

with exclusive

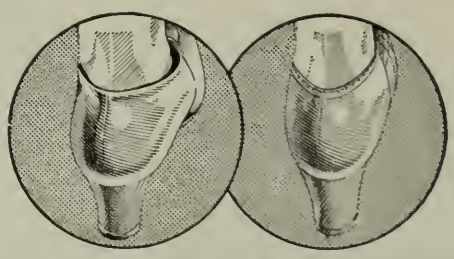
Shortback Lasts

Why put up with shoes that gap unattractively at your heel or pinch and cramp your toes? The new spring Foot Savers . . . with an exclusive Shortback feature bring you proportion, a "fourth dimension" in shoe fitting. Snug and trim at heel and instep . . . yet wonderfully comfortable at your toes.

$8.75 to $12.50



Grey, blue, white, beige bucko, $9.50



An ordinary shoe *so* often gaps at the heel if the toe is comfortable.

A Foot Saver Shoe hugs your heel yet also allows ample room for the toes.

Exclusive with

City of Paris — Shoe Salon — First Floor

You'll enjoy "Musical Footnotes," KFRC every Sunday at 10:30 A.M., Foot Saver's triple-star radio program.

FONTANA'S

One of your finest foods!

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Committee on Foods

The "Accepted" Seal denotes that Fontana Paste Products and advertisements for them are acceptable to the Committee on Foods of The American Medical Association.

Use Fontana's Macaroni, Spaghetti and Egg Noodles often. They are among the foods you can really rely on — clean, wholesome, nutritious — and still delicious and economical.

Tell your grocer you want

FONTANA'S

NOW . . .

AT ALL INDEPENDENT GROCERS

3 *swanky* HI-BALL GLASSES

With 1 Package

BELL-BROOK CREAM CHEESE SPREAD

(American or Pimiento)

ALL FOR . . . 27c

Made fresh daily on Bell-Brook's modern San Francisco dairy from rare old cheese and rich BELL-BROOK cream. Lower in price, spreads easily . . . and tasty!

BELL-

BROOK

Eighth & Howard *UNderhill 4242*

"THERE CAN BE NONE BETTER"

DIAL KYA 10:15 A.M. DAILY

National League Library Service

● This is a list of some of the important new books and will be helpful in guiding you in buying either for your own library or in the selection of gifts for Easter or the ever present birthday.

GOLDEN; *Gertrude Atherton.* $2.50.

The central figure of Mrs. Atherton's new novel is Pomponia, impulsive and intelligent as well as beautiful and the ward of the poet Horace, while moving in the background are the great figures of the Augustan age.

THE YEARS; *Virginia Woolf.* $2.50.

Another example of the author's wit, beauty and human insight.

SPARKENBROKE; *Charles Morgan.* $2.50.

This long-awaited novel by the author of "The Fountain" is a brilliant and fascinating book concerned with the very mainsprings of life.

MEXICAN INTERLUDE; *Joseph Henry Jackson.* $2.50.

An engaging and humorous account of Mr. Jackson's recent trip through Mexico.

EYELESS IN GAZA; *Aldous Huxley.* $2.50.

The fundamental theme of the novel is liberty—the problem of what happens to someone who has too much of it, whether economic liberty or freedom of thought.

RIM OF CHRISTENDOM; *Hebert Eugene Bolton.* $5.00.

Here is the biography of the most picturesque missionary of all North American, Father Eusebio Francisco Kino.

TOSCANINI; *Paul Stefan.* $2.25.

To music-lovers everywhere this biography will come as a tribute to a great musician.

THE EXILE; *Pearl S. Buck.* $2.50.

This is the life story of Mrs. Buck's mother. Much of the material the author learned from her mother's lips and diaries; the rest from her own observation.

HANDBOOK OF JAPANESE ART; *Noritaka Tsuda.* $6.00.

Profusely illustrated with photographs and full-color plates of the most noted and representative types of Japanese art, this book is both a history and a guide.

TREASURE EXPRESS; *Neill Wilson.* $2.50

A rattling good narrative telling of the rise of the Wells Fargo Company in California and the Southwest.

ORDEAL BY HUNGER; *George R. Stewart, Jr.* $2.50.

The story of the Donner Party.

PETER CALLED THE GREAT; *Maurice Bethel Jones.* $3.00.

A vivid popular biography of one of the most paradoxical figures in all history. A biography for all who like the full, rich and racy type.

WHY KEEP THEM ALIVE? *Paul De Kruif.* $3.00.

A timely picture of the discoveries and new marvels of science which could do so much to relieve the sufferings of the world; and, then the still more vivid picture of the sick and maimed who could not afford to buy that science.

HAVANA HOTEL MURDERS; *Frank Dudley.* $2.00.

A fast stepping sophisticated murder mystery.

INHALE AND EXHALE; *William Saroyan.* $2.50.

Over seventy new stories and sketches by the important young author of "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze."

THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH PROVERBS; $6.50.

An historical dictionary of English proverbs from earliest times, in which each proverb is illustrated by dated quotations.

Announcement of March Exhibitions

● Fifty-sixth Annual Exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association—Closes March 8.

Indian Blankets of the Southwest—February 27 through March 15. Fifty examples of early Indian weaving from the collection of Mrs. Helen G. Gibson.

Decorative Arts Exhibition — March 19 through April 30. Furniture, textiles, and ceramics assembled and installed to demonstrate the functional beauty of contemporary design in furniture and interiors.

Exhibition of Paintings by Ernest Fiene —March 25 through April 30. German-born American artist whose work already hangs in the permanent collections of many great American museums.

LECTURE COURSES

Cathedrals and Churches of the Old World. A series of six lectures to be given by Dr. Grace L. McCann Morley to meet Tuesday afternoons, beginning March 10, 1936. Fee, $2.50.

Decorative Arts. Monday afternoon series opening March 9 at 2:30. Fee, $2.50. Tuesday evening series opening March 24 at 7:00 p.m. Fee, $2.50.

Advanced Art Appreciation. Six lectures by Miss Claudia Davis. Wednesday evenings at 7:00, beginning March 18. Fee, $2.50.

Remember the dates!

MARCH 16 and 17

ADVERTISERS' SHOW of 1936

The mild and mellow taste of

Monterey Beer

is most appreciated by the ladies.

THOSE WHO RECOGNIZE THE FINE SHADES OF QUALITY PREFER

SAMARKAND ICE CREAM

BECAUSE IT EXCELS IN SUBSTANCE AND IN THE MANNER IT IS MADE

"Green growing things" — for EASTER from

"BLINDCRAFT"

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Patent Office

Tiny cactus in miniature baskets — Larger potted and basketed plants — Filled ferneries.

●

DOWNTOWN SALESROOM, 393 SUTTER ST.
Factory Salesroom and Office, 1097 Howard St.

PESTEX KILLS

Sow Bugs Snails and Slugs

FOR SALE BY:

Sunset Seed and Nursery Co., San Francisco
Hallawell Seed Co., San Francisco
H. V. Carter Co., San Francisco
California Nursery Co., Niles, Fresno, Sacramento, Modesto
Balboa Nursery, San Francisco
M. Belli & Co. Ltd., Colma
Chas. C. Navlet Co., San Francisco, Oakland and San Jose
M. Vonsen Co., Petaluma
League Shop, Women's City Club
Many Other Stores and Seed Houses

See our display at the Advertisers' Show in the Auditorium of the Women's City Club.

Manufactured by:

ROBERTS COMPANY
BURLINGAME
ANT CONTROL SERVICE
TERMITE SERVICE
MIL-DU-SPRA CONTROLS MILDEW.

"Quality"

SEEDS
BULBS
PLANTS

to beautify your garden

We also carry a complete line of insecticides, fertilizers and garden requisites.

●

Hallawell Seed Company

256 Market Street
San Francisco, Calif.

SUtter 8981

A Talk on Small Gardens

—KATHARINE E. G. WHITE.

Reprinted from Bulletin of American Women's Club, Shanghai, April 1935.

● Now that the lovely, mild Spring days are here again, when we are awakened each morning by the sweet, inspiring songs of birds; when we see the bare branches of the trees that tossed restlessly and hopelessly in the bleak, biting winds of Winter, now begin to turn from brown to drab and from drab to palest green and emerald; when we see, with joy, the willows don their tender buds of jade that wave and dip in the gentle breeze of early Spring; when our eyes gladly feast on the first bright yellow crocuses that gleam like stars in the pale sunlight, and we thrill to find in sheltered nook and sunny spot the first snowdrops and violets, the first fat bud of daffodil and narcissus, the swelling pink buds of plum and peach blossom; when the frozen ground thaws and softens and life begins to stir and flow in earth and bough and bloom, in the building of the birds, in the waking of the insects to new life; when we hear in the distance the lazy drone of the flower vender calling, "Wanchee flaws, Missie, wanchee flaws?" then we, too, hear the call and feel the stir of Spring and turn our thoughts excitedly and joyously to the planning and making of our gardens. Could there ever be greater pleasure than this in any other task that we are called upon to perform? I do not think so!

Gardening in Shanghai has its pleasures and its sorrows and disappointments. Few places have as many discouragements for the inexperienced gardener and as many obstacles to surmount in the form of heavy rains, typhoons, heat, cold and humidity; yet, could any gardens be as lovely as our Shanghai gardens are in May and June with their extravagance of color and bloom?

The days of large gardens and capable gardeners to take the burden of thought and work from us are gone. There are comparatively few of the large, rambling gardens left. Shanghai is turning into a city of apartment houses and small residences with their tiny patches of garden and there are few people, compared with the old days, who keep a gardener now. But that does not mean we may not still have the joys and thrills of a garden. No matter how small the space may be it is possible to get real joy and fine results.

There are so many different kinds of gardens to choose from. We must first consider the situation. Have we babies and dogs? Then we cannot have many flower beds—they just don't mix! It is not fair to any of them. The children must have play space, and the flower beds must be treated with respect. But that does not mean our garden need be unattractive. Flowering bushes, vines and trees can make it beautiful. A graceful, drooping willow under which little girls can play house and a tall polonia with its great spray of fox-glove-like purple flowers, forsythia, gold sprays of bells to ring in the spring; syringa, sweet-scented, waxen loveliness of May; weigela, rose-hued bush honeysuckle of June; lilac and cercis, which most people know as Judas-tree and jasmine; and crepe-myrtle in all its soft pastel shades that tint the garden in July; a glowing orange and scarlet candle-berry tree to warm the garden in the chilly days of fall and then a lovely single pink camellia to bloom for you constantly and faithfully through frost and snow and bitter rain and wind from December until March. Does not this sound attractive? And it is all easy and possible. Any of these trees and bushes may be procured from the nursery gardens in and around the country near Shanghai or from the Agricultural College in Nanking.

Suppose we have a tiny little pocket handkerchief of a garden, and, if there are any, the children are well trained, garden-broken children who know how to have fun without stepping into the flower beds, and we don't have a dog, and we want to crowd all the flowers we can into our little patch. Let's not have a hedge at all. Instead, on the bamboo fence we can patiently train English Ivy, from cuttings, which, although it is rather hard to establish and grows so slowly, will stay green all through the winter and thus hide the bareness.

With the Ivy we can mix Wisteria, which will bloom in April, and Roses which will bloom in May. We can put in a Bignonia too, which has great sprays of orange trumpets through the summer, and in this way we will have a succession of varicolored flowers until fall, while the ivy will tide over the rest of the time. It will also hide the bare stems, when the other vines have shed their foliage, which the roses will do as early as July. Another beautiful creeper is Honeysuckle which will scent the garden and bloom a long time. Forsythia may be trained onto a fence with pleasing results in place of a vine. In England they train all sorts of bushes and even trees onto walls. In front of the vines, which will take up very little space, we can plant our flowers. Of course, with such a tiny garden, we have no gardener and the work falls on cook in his spare time, when he feels like it, or on us, and so naturally, we want plants that give the most for the least amount of care.

Lines to John Masefield

By Dorothy Fish Kerr

You speak of "radiant majesty"!
One knows
As you stand in your place, serene,
Your whitened head erect,
Your steady eyes
Schooled to calmness over smouldering fires,
Pouring your gifted words with fervent voice
For those who will to hear—
One knows
That you have been thrice blessed:
To so have lived
That you had knowledge of another world
Where one may glimpse the radiant beauties
Of Reality!
To so have lived
That you have seen those majesties
Revealed before your comprehending soul
And, having seen, have brought them to a
Troubled earth
In Rhythmic words!
More, what is greatest proof
Of all your greatness,
Giving hope to those whose gift
Is not as yet so great as yours,
Giving them courage so to strive and work
That always they may keep themselves prepared
(If they by sudden chance those beauties see)
To understand their meaning and in chosen words
Give others "radiance" from their "majesty"!

Excerpt from The New York Times Magazine, Feb. 16, '36

Article by E. J. Woolf

● "Men do not always hear the message of the things which surround them," Mr. Masefield said. "The imagination is more prone to be inflamed by the past than by the present. Tradition is the great ally of romance. The motor car as it whirs over long white roads and the airplane as it soars on charted skies are still too much objects of intellectual wonder to stir the imagination. The galleon and the windjammer, even the steamer and the locomotive, have become subjects for poetry, because the passing years have dropped a misty curtain before them and blurred their outlines. The Homeric poet is always blind. He sees with his brain rather than with eyes."

(Continued from page 17)

Auditorium alone. Ernst Bacon, distinguished young pianist and composer who heads the project and directs the Federal Symphony Orchestra, recognizing the large number of extraordinarily fine singers available, has built the current series of chamber music concerts in the California Women's Club primarily about vocal soloists and has put into rehearsal the opera "Fidelio."

Years ago in St. Petersburg, Peter Tschaikowsky gave a Conservatory scholarship to a fourteen-year-old cellist to whom subsequently accrued a long and stirring record of worthy musical association with the fine and great. Today, this cellist is proud to be a part of the Federal Symphony Orchestra. It is led, says he, by a man of unusual ability, of deep and true musical feeling. The way is open to make good music, to continue making it, to hope for progress indefinitely. What else matters?

Security of livelihood for four hundred musicians. To each the dignity and joy of exercising his own specific skill. To the community, music flowing like sunlight into crevices and crannies which were without it before; music solemn and grave, robust, carefree, hilarious, as you will; but music, which like sunlight, can supplant tensions with laughter, doubt and uncertainty with fellowship and good will. Well may San Francisco's little hills laugh and clap their hands, and join with the music project in making a joyful noise!

CLUB SERVICE

BEAUTY SALON

There is no excuse for crepey skin. Vikurna cream will correct this condition in a few days.

THE LEAGUE SHOP

We have many hidden treasures tucked away. Ask to see them when thinking of gifts or bridge prizes.

DINING ROOM

Perfect service of perfect meals at unusually attractive prices.

These departments are maintained for your convenience.

CAREW & ENGLISH

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

[Established 1890]

The Thomas R. Carew Memorial Chapel

SAN FRANCISCO'S MOST BEAUTIFUL ESTABLISHMENT

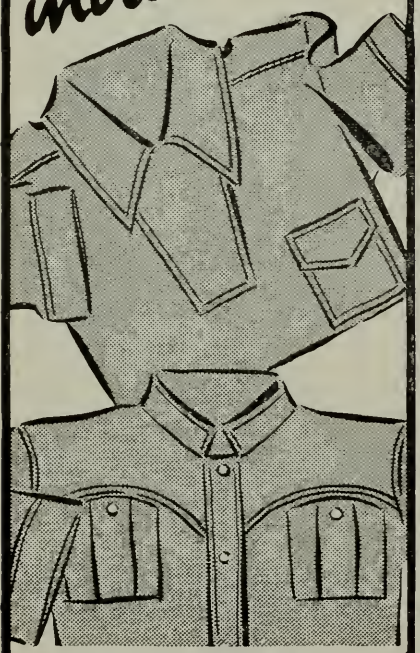
●

Leo V. Carew, *President* Agnes C. Carew, *Secretary*

Masonic *at* Golden Gate Avenue

Telephone Fillmore 2414

ROOS
introducing



SHIRTS
FOR YOUR TAILORED SUIT
OF
PEPPERELL
PEERESS
SHEETING

You know there's no material made in which you would have more confidence as to washability, wear and color-fastness. And the smooth fine weave is lovely to feel and see. It's newest, smartest use is in deeptone shirts to wear with your tailored suit: Navy, Green Raspberry and Chaudron.

$3.95 AND $5.00

Roos Bros

Market at Stockton

(Continued from page 14)

infusion that is such a builder-up in any enterprise: praise, encouragement, the pat on the back—in short, as Mr. Micawber might summarize it, fan mail!

That's one thing the "high brow" program has to get along without, and advertisers who choose that type of broadcast must bear the fact in mind. For the average symphony enthusiast, for instance, will no more think of writing a letter to anyone he or she doesn't know than he or she would think of dropping in at a strange home, uninvited, for breakfast.

What does bring out the response? Recipes, beauty hints, weight reduction, or (O, acquisitive womanhood!) gadgets. Or, let some unfortunate at the miscrophone make an error, let him or her misquote, or omit an important ingredient in a recipe, and the storm breaks, and with it the postman's back!

Perhaps the greatest problem in radio today, at least in the opinion of the present writer, is the problem of a suitable, entertaining program that children will accept and that parents will not condemn. Programs of this sort have been few and far between. The man or woman looking for fame in radio writing might do well to concentrate on this problem. And let it not be deemed beneath anyone's dignity or ability. Can we even begin to visualize the rewards that await the continuity writer who shall create a radio character comparable to Mickey Mouse?

Three-Minute Thrills

● If you enjoy a genuine thrill and high adventure while seated in your easy chair at home, just turn your radio dial to KPO at 8:30 any Tuesday evening. It's all there on the Philip Morris program.

Aided by the Burns Detective Agency, Mr. Philips Lord has sought out people now living who have faced death in strange places and under the most unusual circumstances. These people are present in the studio and tell their stories to you. You live with them their thrilling moments.

For instance, there was the story of a man who actually shook hands with a ghost. Then there was the man who faced a firing squad in Russia and lived to tell about it. There was the man who really found treasure at the end of a treasure hunt, but—that has all been told. There will be another three-minute thrill next Tuesday night on the Philip Morris program. Tune in on KPO at 8:30 p.m. and hear it yourself.

Mil-Du-Spra

● Mil-Du-Spra is the new and successful remedy for mildew on all plants. Sold at the League Shop or from Roberts Co., Burlingame. Remember the Roberts Co. is one of our consistent advertisers.

HATS FOR THE SPRING will bring happiness to all as there is such a diversity of style this season.

A twist in the crown which gives height to women who wish to appear taller, and if too tall the flat crowns are the thing.

Your Hats also Skillfully Remodeled.

RHODA ON THE ROOF
233 Post Street DOuglas 8476

DISTINCTIVE APPAREL AND MILLINERY
Maison Marie
461 Post Street

Mary G. Walsh SPORT CLOTHES EXCLUSIVELY
453 Post Street — San Francisco

The smartest in fur creations, made to your order. . . . Or to be selected from a complete collection.
SCHNEIDER BROS.
455 POST STREET

PARIS LUXURY COSMETICS
The new creed of beauty . . .
At your beauty shop.

Industry and Trade

(Continued from page 13)

if it would be fair to ask them to exercise the ingenuity for which they are famous, to make my job a little easier.

Maybe under a scorching headline reading "Congressional Investigators Cite Industrialist for Fraud"—they might put a little sub-head reading—"According to U. S. Census Records there are some 200,000 industrial concerns in the United States, most of which do business honestly. A few of them advertise what appear to be good values in merchandise, on other pages of this paper."—Such cooperation, if it isn't asking too much, would help many an advertising manager do his job a little more effectively.

Before going on, I want to be sure that nothing that has been said is interpreted as a belief on my part, that advertising is a panacea for all our business ills. Alone it can accomplish nothing. Ahead of advertising come the essentials of any successful enterprise—right company, right product, right market, right sales organization. Every function of the business structure must stand shoulder to shoulder with every other function.

Henry Ewald, one of the country's most successful advertising agents, puts it this way: "No complete business success was ever created by advertising alone. Advertising is an effective tool—but it is only a tool. It is impossible to advertise *successfully* a poorly made piece of merchandise. To succeed, even with the best advertising, the goods must measure up to what the buyer has a right to expect. Next to good product comes proper sales management, with adequate and economical distribution. Advertising comes third, not first, in any well rounded undertaking for business success."

Happily many businesses are qualified to use advertising effectively in meeting this 1936 competitor who jeers at us from the headlines and divides with us the attention that we must have, if we are to do our part in providing jobs that mean *real* social security—to use again this phrase provided for us by the *New Ordeal.*

In closing we might try this fable, in the best fashion of Aesop—

We are like laborers in a vineyard who fell on a series of lean years, who—under the influence of our own grapes, perhaps—harvested faster than we planted, and were forced to rest and take stock of our situation, adding vines here, doing some cultivating there, and spreading a little fertilizer for good measure.

And while we rested we received helpful advice from those who had paused to watch us at our work—the tax collectors, the ministers of the gospel, and the keepers of the records, among others, who were themselves fallen on lean times since with the failure of the grapes and wine there were fewer taxes to collect, fewer sermons to be preached, and very few records any one cared to keep.

And during the common breathing spell these laymen gave us their advice on the assumption that we were too close to our task and could not see the vines for the grapes. Some of the advice was good, and all of it was new and interesting, and the more we listened the more they talked and the more authority they took to themselves, although they had never dug a furrow to our knowledge. In our weakened state we fell under their spell and our eyes became glassy and our limbs cold. The seasons passed like days and the babel of voices rose to a great pitch, some contradicting others, but all sure in their authority. (As a well-known United States Senator said in a speech on Tuesday, "I may be wrong but I'm never in doubt.") When we tried to apply one method to our task we were sharply told it was wrong and that we should try another, that we should tear half our vines from the ground in order that those remaining should be more precious.

And now comes the time when the sun shines warm once more, the soil becomes soft, and the times seems ripe to take up our tasks in earnest. But we have come to be so in awe of the clerks and the ministers on our periphery, of their sharp tongues and their threats, that many of us are afraid to proceed lest we draw down their wrath, forgetting that these critics are self-appointed, that their gennis, such as it is, lies elsewhere than in the vineyard, and that on their vines grow nothing but words, which make sour wine for the long winter nights, on none at all.

And so, a few at a time, we have come to emerge from their spell, to return to our spades and our hoes, and to set about growing grapes while the sun shines, which is our true task. When the harvest is fully resumed our critics will pass and will be called back to the tasks they forsook and for which they had true talent.

And so I say to you, advertising men and women, salesmen, America is the vineyard in which business can cultivate and harvest its crop to full measure if it will cease listening and trembling and set to work. For Advertising is one of its marvelous tools which has not grown rusty. Perhaps, it is even the fertilizer with which the ground is mellowed and made receptive. Let us dig and dig, and let us spread and spread, and forget our fear.

HEAVENLY

MAN TAILORED

SUITS

$19.75

•

Painstaking attention to detail and acute style consciousness distinguish this selection of mannish suits. You must see them!

alma Walker

126 UNIVERSITY AVE., PALO ALTO

Madam Butterfly

who has the strikingly attractive shop at 430 Grant Avenue (between Pine and Bush), is very much alive, keyed to the rhythm of returned prosperity of nineteen thirty-six, with its alluring promise.

● Brocades of lovely design and richest silk . . . jades . . . carved woods and stone . . . ceremonial robes . . . kimonos radiant with the colors of Cathay — lacquers, from goblets and fingerbowls to carved chests . . . camphor wood to remind one of all "the perfumes of Araby."

● Embroideries for intimate wear . . . for the table . . . draperies in silk.

● Robes and wraps made to order. . . . Just look and see this colorful haunt of the smartest people of San Francisco.

Mme Butterfly

He'll be the man of *his own* family

Said this attorney, "I've seen too much life insurance money unwisely spent or wrongly invested.

"When this money is gone, the oldest boy has to become the support of the fatherless family. Often, his ambitions are sacrificed. The needs of his family may even postpone or prevent his marriage.

"That's the why of my Life Insurance Trust. I've made sure my dependents will be lastingly cared for.

"My son can lead his own life. If he ever becomes the man of a family, it will be *his* family . . . not mine!"

A LIFE INSURANCE TRUST *is your guarantee that the life insurance protection you have provided for your family will not fail. Send for the booklet, "Carrying on the Family Income."*

TRUST DEPARTMENT

Wells Fargo Bank and Union Trust Co.

Market at Montgomery
Market at Grant Ave.
SAN FRANCISCO

Established 1852

What Our Advertisers Say

● The following are excerpts from letters about the Advertisers' Show of 1935:

"The Women's City Club is to be congratulated upon the success of its Advertisers' Show, and highly commended for the high standard and splendid character of the exposition."—J. P. RETTENMEYER, *The Samarkand Company.*

●

"It was excellent, and I am sure, in the event it is repeated, you can count on us to support you to the utmost."—R. D. CARPENTER, *I. Magnin & Co.*

●

"We feel that we received unlimited publicity with our booth, which provided us with an excellent opportunity to introduce the new Bell-Brook Cream Spreads."—T. S. SWAN, *Bell-Brook Dairies.*

●

"We appreciate the courtesy and interest shown us by the members and their friends at your recent Advertisers' Show."—LUCIEN W. SIMON, *Simon Brothers.*

●

"The Club is to be complimented in putting over a new idea in such a splendid manner, and our company wishes to express its thanks as a participant."—H. D. LOCKWOOD, *Golden State Company, Ltd.*

●

"I want to express my thanks for your cooperation and tell you that we appreciate what the Women's City Club is doing."—C. E. FISHER, *O'Connor, Moffatt & Co.*

●

"The Advertisers' Show has brought our product to the attention of the Club membership in a way no other method of advertising could."—CHAS. E. TAYLOR, *Philip Morris & Co., Ltd.*

●

"Its success, in my opinion, was apparent by the large attendance it enjoyed and the enthusiastic interest displayed by the members of the Club and their friends. Therefore, may I express my sincere wishes for its continued success?"—DORRIS CRENSHAW, *Wells Fargo Bank & Union Trust Co.*

ALLIED ARTS GUILD
Menlo Park

●

HAND-MADE FURNITURE
HAND-MADE POTTERY
HAND-BLOCKED FABRICS
HAND-WOVEN FABRICS
HAND-WROUGHT METALS
HAND-TOOLED LEATHER

●

Gifts of Distinction,
Antique and Modern

Wicker Furniture—The Modern Vogue
STICK REED FURNITURE
We invite you to call and inspect
the new designs and patterns for
The Sunshine Corner in your Living Room . . .
The Sun Room . . . Sun Porch . . . Patio
ART RATTAN
422 Sutter St., SAN FRANCISCO
East 12th St. and 24th Ave., OAKLAND

Table Linen, Napkins,
Glass and Dish Towels
furnished to
Cafes, Hotels and Clubs

Coats and Gowns
furnished for all classes
of professional
services

GALLAND
MERCANTILE
LAUNDRY COMPANY

●

Eighth and Folsom Streets
SAN FRANCISCO
Telephone MArket 0868

The V. A. D.

● The V.A.D. is still operating and is no more compulsory than it ever was. It is voluntary in every way and so if a contributor of the past chooses to continue her contribution this year there is still an opportunity for her generous impulse. On the other hand, if a member has given to the V.A.D. for the two years, she has completely fulfilled her obligation to the program.

This program as such must continue in force until every member of the years 1933-1934 has responded by personal contribution, for the equity of this way of raising the dues temporarily, and thereby carrying the National League for Woman's Service through the two stormy years of its existence, is dependent on one hundred per cent support. Undoubtedly there are members who are now more able to respond to the V.A.D. than they were two years ago. To these we say: "Join the V.A.D. Roll in the Foyer and render this service to your Club."

Telefonémas

—Feliz idea la de charlar sobre la vida y cultura de las republicas del sur.

—Cómo no! Sabemos algo de Mexico y la America Central pero casi nada de esos países.

—Yo no sabía que Quito es la unica capital del mundo donde los días y las noche son exactamente iguales.

—Naturalmente, está en la linea del Ecuador.

—Ven mañana a mi casa para que leamos más acerca de ésta ciudad da la eterna primavera.

—Bien. Llevaré las revistas de "The National Geographic Magazine" de octubre 1934 y febrero 1935.

—Hasta entonces. Adios!

(Continued from page 15)

of all, the importance of knowing and understanding your organization. Inspire them with spirit; inspire them with confidence; inspire them to work; make them happy, and they in turn will give you 100% cooperation and 100% loyalty. Praise them when praise is due. When they have done a grand job, don't hesitate to go and say, 'You have done a grand job and I'm proud of you.' When you have to tell them the mistakes they have made, if you have praised them for the good they have done you can tell them the other things, and they will take them, and like it.

"The second thing of importance is: KNOW AND UNDERSTAND YOUR CUSTOMER. The capitals are mine, for I feel that in this second point lies the secret of all successful advertising and sales."

She told how her 12-year-old son follows in her footsteps in his embryo printing business. At the top of his February calendar in grand scroll work are the words, "EXCELL PRESS, BRUCE ODLUM," and at the bottom, "We build our business by understanding our customers." Another president in the making.

A recent step in the advertising program of this store carries their policy one step further, "The Customer's Viewpoint" was reinterpreted as "The Smart Woman's Angle," a phrase of pure genius, for who among us does not relish being termed "SMART?" Every few days a new presentation of an original design appears, often in a tiny kerchief or boutonniere, again in a superb gown or wrap. Trifles are a big part of the perfection this store aspires to. And they almost sell themselves, because they are planned to meet the Customer's need and not to dramatize Bonwit-Tellers.

Such a program cannot fail to succeed. It is that something new under the sun which the whole world looks for, and which the man without vision claims does not exist. And after all what could be simpler? Just the eternally-fresh and shining Golden Rule, dusted off and made practical in all the details of a business transaction. Such is the Song of Songs. It will be listened to when minor chords and the melody of Big Business falls on deaf ears.

Radios.... Electricians

The Sign of Service

BYINGTON ELECTRIC CO.

1809 FILLMORE STREET

Phone WAlnut 6000 San Francisco

Electrical Wiring, Fixtures and Repairs

Service from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Ready for Play

A DEVELOPMENT SCHOOL FOR NERVOUS AND RETARDED CHILDREN

THE CEDARS

Ross, Marin County, California

CORA C. MYERS, *Head*

Healthful climate . . . no fog . . . delicate children grow strong and develop latent talents. Open all year.

MONTEZUMA

MOUNTAIN SCHOOL FOR BOYS

• • "THE SCHOOL BEAUTIFUL" • •

GRAMMAR SCHOOL ◆ HIGH SCHOOL
NON-SECTARIAN ◆ NON-MILITARY

Accredited to University of California, Stanford and Leading Eastern Colleges

◆ Illustrated Booklet Upon Request ◆

LOS GATOS, CALIFORNIA

Easter and Spring Cleaning

Brighten up with Clean Curtains, Draperies, Scarfs, Fancy Pillows, etc. — High Class Work

"Special Work to Specialists"

Dry Cleaning as Necessary

Phone for Estimate — No Obligation

JOSEPH A. CALDWELL'S

SUPERIOR

BLANKET AND CURTAIN CLEANING WORKS

HEmlock 1337-8-9 160 Fourteenth St.

Ellis Franklin Country Home & Boarding School

For BOYS *and* GIRLS *of Primary and Grammar School Age*

Combining educational advantages with healthful country life in the pine-clad foothills of the Sierra Nevadas near APPLEGATE, California.

Ideal Climate—Cultured Home Atmosphere—Outdoor Activities—Limited Enrollment—Individual Attention—OPEN ALL YEAR—School Table supplied from our own farm — "SCHOOL RATES from $65 a Month"

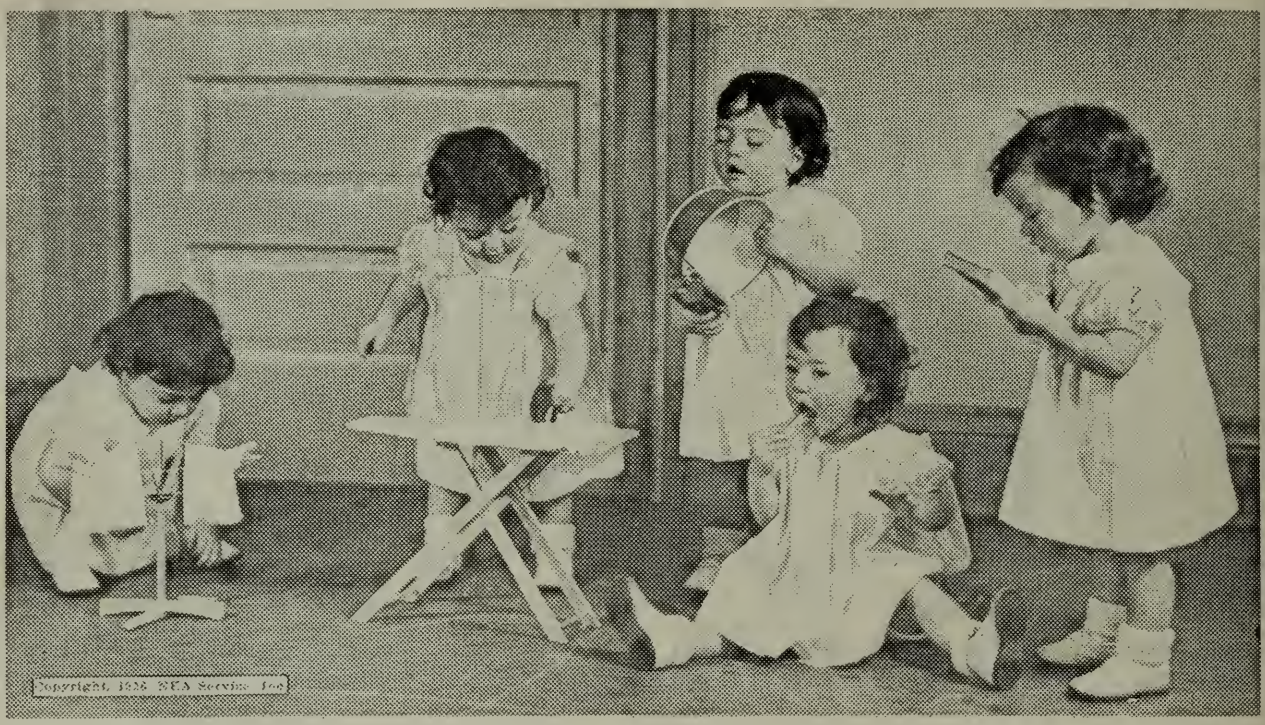
SUMMER CAMP on School Grounds — JUNE 1st to SEPTEMBER 15th

A Square Mile of Woodland — Swimming Pool — Barbecue Pits — Regular Camp Activities

CAMP RATES — $12.50 per Week, $50 per Month

For Reservations address School Folder sent upon request

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Robinson, Directors P.O. Address: Box 186 R.F.D., Colfax, Calif.



WASH DAY IN THE DIONNE NURSERY.

The pictures of the adorable Dionne Quintuplets, the best known and most popular babies in all the world, appear EXCLUSIVELY in The NEWS in the Bay Area. Thousands of women, and men too, have watched with keen interest the growth and development of these lovable youngsters through their photographs in The NEWS. They will soon be celebrating their second birthday. We can't invite you to the party, but you can follow all the activities through the exclusive pictures in The NEWS.

The "Quints" pictures are only one of many exclusive features which make The NEWS the fastest growing newspaper in San Francisco. Interesting society news by Louise Weick, authentic fashion sketches and stories by Theodocia Stavrum, club news and "The Women's Angle" by Ethel Bogardus, "My Day" by Mrs. Roosevelt, tempting food recipes by Martha Lane, intelligent comments on stage and screen by Claude La Belle, music and art activities by Marjory Fisher and Junius Cravens are just a few of the exclusive features which make The NEWS so interesting and so much worth while reading.

Telephone
KEARNY
6700

The San Francisco News

San Francisco's complete, white, Home Newspaper

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

APRIL 1936
VOLUME X • • NUMBER 3
PRICE 15 CENTS A COPY
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
465 POST STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

Women's City Club Calendar, April 1936

TENTH BIRTHDAY PARTY — APRIL 23RD.

Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—Every Tuesday 5:30 to 7:30 p.m.; Every Friday, 5:30 to 9:00 p.m.

CHILDREN'S ART GALLERY — EXHIBIT IN LOBBY

League Bridge—Every Tuesday—Card Room, 2:00 and 7:00 p.m.

APRIL

1—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas, in a course of six lectures, "Treaty Breakers?"	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m.
2—"Philosophy of Life"—Mrs. James Otis Lincoln	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire, presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Ramble—Wild Flower Show, Oakland; Luncheon at Claremont Country Club, 1 p. m.	Meet at Claremont Country Club	
Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman Musical Program, San Francisco Zither Club, assisted by vocal soloist	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m.
3—Drama Reading Group—Mrs. Edgar N. Kierulff, Chairman	*Chinese Room*	2:00 p.m.
8—Spanish Round Table—Senorita Angela Montiel, presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Current Events—"Treaty Breakers?" Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m.
9—"Philosophy of Life"—Mrs. James Otis Lincoln	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire, presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman Speaker: Judge George E. Crothers. Subject: "A Short Review of Current Problems."	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m.
13—Young Members' Luncheon	*Cafeteria*	12:15 p.m.
14—Travel Round Table	*Nat. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
15—Current Events—"Treaty Breakers?" Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m.
16—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire, presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman Speaker: Mr. Howard Stanchfield. Subject: "The Origin and Technique of the Instruments in an Orchestra."	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m.
17—Ramble—Monterey, 3 full days; fee, $20.00. Details at Front Office	*Leave Clubhouse*	10:00 a.m.
Book Review Luncheon—Mrs. Daisy Reed Will review "Propaganda and the News," by Will Irwin.	*Nat. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
20—Health Examinations from April 20th to May 1st, inclusive. (Please register early)	*Appointments at* 4, 5, 7 and 8	p.m.
21—Garden Round Table—Miss Clara Schaeffer, Chairman Speaker: Mr. W. B. Clark, of W. B. Clark Nursery, San Jose. Subject: "Flowering Shrubs and Trees."	*Nat. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
22—Ramble to Mills College	*S. P. Ferry*	9:40 a.m
Current Events—"Treaty Breakers?" Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m
Spanish Round Table—Señorita Angela Montiel	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m
23—TENTH BIRTHDAY PARTY	4:00 to 7:00 p.m.	
24—Ramble to Sonoma. Details at Front Office	*Leave Clubhouse*	9:30 a.m
28—Travel Round Table	*Nat. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m
29—Current Events—"Treaty Breakers?" Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m
30—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire, presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m
Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman Musical Program arranged by Digna Vandenberg, Soprano.	*American Room*	8:00 p.m

MAY CALENDAR

5—National League Players—"Children of the Northern Lights." Tickets to go on sale April 15th. All seats reserved, seventy-five cents, plus tax.	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m
6—Current Events—"Treaty Breakers?" Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m
National League Players—"Children of the Northern Lights." All seats reserved, seventy-five cents, plus tax.	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m
7—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire, presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m
Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman Musical Recital on two pianos—Yeneida Ivanina and Natalie Russell.	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m

Women's City Club Magazine

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

VOLUME X APRIL, 1936 NUMBER 3

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OFFICERS OF THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO

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O'CONNOR, MOFFATT & CO.

Stockton at O'Farrell SUtter 1800

Flowers . . . . .

Never within the remembrance of the current generation of fashionables have flowers had such importance as in the approaching Easter scene. Note, on devastating copies of French originals just received, how Paris designers tack a bouquet here, garnish there with a giddy wreath, scatter entire turbans with blossoms. Go forth, crowned with flowers, and you shall be part of Spring's radiance . . . infinitely chic!

Bouvardia
rosy-tinted clump on large brimmed turquoise crystal straw *$18.50*

Spring Buds
on a taffeta, cocktail hat, peaked and veiled *$8.75*

Daisies
in a chain, demurely veiled in brown on a rough natural straw *$10.00*

Forget-me-nots
and apple blossoms furnish a rough straw, shallow-crowned *$10.00*

Violets
on a navy taffeta sailor, repeat themselves as a boutonniere *$10.00*

MILLINERY SALON
THIRD FLOOR

1926 - 1936

The Spirit That Prompts the Work,

Keynote of the Tenth Anniversary of the Building
of the Women's City Club,

Home of the National League for Woman's Service.

Many Happy Returns of the Day!

April 23rd

Remember

Every Member a Hostess — Every Member in Uniform
A Happy Gathering of All Old Leaguers Who Made the City Club Possible
A Cordial Welcome for Every New Member Who Has Joined Within the Ten Years
Birthday Presents in the Spirit of the Occasion —
New Memberships, Flowers From Members' Gardens, Gifts to the Exchequer

Open House for Members and Their Friends 2 to 7 o'clock
For Further Details See Page 8

Announcements

- BIRTHDAY PARTY — See Page 8 for complete details of Tenth Birthday Party, to be held on April 23rd. (Out of town members who are expecting to attend the Birthday celebration on April 23rd, are urged to make bedroom reservations early.)

- BOOK REVIEW LUNCHEON — April 17th. Mrs. Daisy Reed will review "Propaganda and the News" by Will Irwin. Please make reservations early, as capacity is limited.

- BEAUTY SALON — Tell your friends to try our Beauty Salon — they need not be members, as it is open to the public.

- BEAUTY SALON—The lucky number was 364, and it fell to the lot of Mrs. James Edward Dillon. The second night of the Advertisers' Show, Miss Catherine Allen, drew the ticket from the box which Mrs. Grabow, the Manager of the Beauty Salon, held in her hand, and the suspense of two days was ended.

- BRIDGE LESSONS — Every Tuesday afternoon and evening at 2 and 7 o'clock. Mrs. Lucene Ranson, Room 214. Please make appointments in advance if possible.

- CLUB ROUND TABLE — For Volunteers, every Thursday at noon in the Cafeteria.

- CURRENT EVENTS — Mrs. William Palmer Lucas —six successive lectures, "Treaty Breakers," to start on April 1st. Every Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock, to May 6th.

- DICTION CLASS — Drama Diction Class, conducted by Mrs. Hobart Mears, meets at the Club every Friday morning at 10:30. Members are invited to join. There is no fee.

- DRAMA GROUP — Only one meeting to be held in April, Friday, April 3rd. Chinese Room, tea following.

- DUES — Second notices have just been mailed out. It will simplify our work greatly if members will send in their checks promptly.

- FRENCH ROUND TABLE — Every Thursday in the Mural Room, at 12:15. Mlle. Marie Lemaire, Chairman. Only French spoken.

- GARDEN ROUND TABLE — National Defenders' Room, April 21st, at 12:15. Mr. W. B. Clark, speaker. Please make reservations in advance.

- GLOVE MAKING—Mrs. Earl Tambara, Room No. 208. Every Tuesday and Thursday at 2 o'clock. Three lessons, $1.50.

- GLOBE TROTTERS — Every second and fourth Tuesday.

- HEALTH EXAMINATIONS — Under the Chairmanship of Dr. Ellen Stadtmuller. To be held for two weeks, beginning April 20th. We must have 40 applications or these examinations cannot be held. Please register early, at Executive Office.

- LEAGUE SHOP — Always leads in presenting new and exclusive merchandise. We can display but a small portion of our stock at one time. Ask to see some of our hidden treasures.

- NATIONAL LEAGUE PLAYERS — are to produce CHILDREN OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS on May 5th and 6th at 8 o'clock, in the Auditorium. Tickets, 75c. See page 27 for details.

- NEW MEMBERS — Bring your friends in now while the membership is open. We anticipate a long waiting list during Exposition Year.

- RAMBLES — Four Rambles are planned for April. April 2nd, Oakland Garden Show, with luncheon, at Claremont Country Club; April 17th, three-day trip to Monterey; April 22nd, Mills College for Exhibition of Japanese Art; April 24th, Ramble to Sonoma.

- RESTAURANT — Quiet efficient service, perfectly prepared meals. Our Dining Room should be a source of pride to all Women's City Club members.

- SPANISH ROUND TABLE — Every second and fourth Wednesdays at noon in the Mural Room. Senorita Angela Montiel presiding.

- SWIMMING POOL — These Spring days surely bring the urge to swim. Follow that urge and use the Pool.

- THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS — Mrs. A. P. Black has planned the following programs for April 2nd, Musical Program, San Francisco Zither Club; April 9th, Judge George E. Crothers, "A Short Review of Current Problems"; April 16th, Mr. Howard Stanchfield, "The Origin and Technique of the Instruments in an Orchestra"; April 30th, musical program, arranged by Digna Vandenberg.

- VOLUNTEER SERVICE — Our Advertisers' Show contribution now so that your name will appear on V. A. D. Board in Foyer, before our Tenth Birthday celebration.

- VOLUNTEER SERVICE — Our Advertisers' Show brought out the many phases in Volunteer Service open to our members. If you are not now in the service come into the Executive Office and sign up for one of the departments.

- YOUNG MEMBERS LUNCHEON — Every second Monday in the Cafeteria. All young members are urged to join this group. Luncheon at 12:15.

The hearth in the Lounge of the clubhouse. Memorial gift of Mrs. Leon Guggenhime.

The President's Message

Times beyond counting have we heard and said "What do you want for your birthday?" This age-old question thrills the young and flatters later years. Fortunately for the Women's City Club we are still of the first group and celebrating our Tenth Anniversary at 465 Post street, we anticipate that all ages will share in the gayety of the party that is planned for April twenty-third. As in the mind of a ten-year-old, birthday party and presents go hand in hand. The question "What do you want for your birthday?" carries great import for the Women's City Club at this moment, as every member near and far thinks in terms of gifts. ¶ The ever appropriate gift, always welcome, is that of new membership, and second to that is reinstatement of old members. Presents are synonymous with happiness, and to give happiness to others is one of the truest pleasures in this world of ours. Therefore, new memberships answer the question of what gift we wish for our Birthday, and by bringing this happiness to the Women's City Club, we ever widen the circle of the National League for Woman's Service.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

Editorial

● The Second Advertisers' Show is history. It was interesting for many reasons. Nowhere else could such a setting have been provided. Nowhere else would the thousands who viewed it have had such a personal approach to each exhibit. Nowhere else would contact between advertiser and customer have been so intimate.

Even before the last exhibit on Monday morning was in place, the volunteers at the entrance were beginning to "tick" the visitors who were arriving. From that time on until the closing hour on Tuesday evening members and guests, thousands in number, streamed steadily into the Clubhouse. All were bent on a particular purpose, to see and enjoy the exhibits set up in the Auditorium, Third and Fourth Floors.

For a month past Mr. Hickox, the Advertising Manager of the Women's City Club Magazine, had brought to the Committee the names of exhibitors. Space for the individual set-ups had then been allocated and although no attempt was made to synchronize the whole show (as is done at the Talent Festival) the amazing thing was that each exhibit though distinctive was not inharmonious with its neighbors.

No attempt at program was made, for the exhibitors wanted the opportunity of talking continuously to those who visited their units uninterrupted by set programs, but in the afternoon of the second day, Miss Mary Knight graciously shared with our guests some of her experiences of her recent visit in the Orient. Her talk won special appreciation from the dear little Norwich canary in one of the exhibits, who almost burst his feathered throat in ringing applause.

Purposely we are not editorially mentioning any one exhibitor, for to praise one would mean to enumerate all. The list is printed elsewhere in this magazine so that all who saw the Show can have a reminder of the entertainment and pleasure of March 16 and 17. The Board of Directors, through the staff of the Women's City Club Magazine, takes this opportunity to thank each exhibitor both for the exhibit he set up and for the personnel of the demonstrators he sent to present his case. The Chairman thanks also the sponsors who assured the advertisers of interest in the Show itself.

What remains now to be done? We, the members, have enjoyed the Show which our advertisers have given us. Conversely, the advertisers have appreciated the opportunity of exhibiting in our charming Clubrooms which on no other occasion entertains anything which smacks of the commercial. The Show is past and these firms expect our continuing loyalty throughout the year. When we order from them, as we assuredly will, let us be sure then to tell them that we enjoyed their exhibits, and let us never fail to speak of the advertisements which we shall see each month in 1936 in "our" magazine.

■

● The Scene: Eight Presidents at a luncheon table in the Annex.

The Topic: The future program of the National League for Woman's Service.

The Discussion: Serious, dispassionate, helpful.

The Contributions: Divergent, yet each one constructive.

All at once the editor of the magazine interrupts and asks for a story for the Ten-Year-Anniversary number. The bomb is fired. The comments fly. "We'll all say the same thing," "I can't write," "All I'd say would be of no interest, for it's all past and I don't remember any detail of what happened in my regime," "It's unimportant anyway."

The scene changes. The next luncheon of the same group; a week later.

The persistent, importuning editor is still with them and insists upon an answer. The Presidents choose their topics and the feature stories for April are promised.

This is "how it came to be written" and is the editorial comment on the articles for this issue of particular interest at this time because contributed by each and every president of the National League for Woman's Service of California, since its organization in California in 1917.

■

● Thursday, April 23, has been set aside as the anniversary of the day on which the Women's City Club opened its doors, just ten years ago this month. The President and Board of Directors, past presidents, committee members—past and present, volunteers—past and present are asked to join in making the hours gay and happy. Any member may bring an interested friend just as she did on Opening Day in 1926.

At the noon and dinner hours it is hoped friends will gather in groups if they have been used to volunteering in crews, or around the Club table if they have used the Club merely as individuals. A birthday cake will add to the atmosphere and it is hoped all will plan to take an active part in what promises to be an outstanding event.

No special invitations are to be sent out, but announcements in this issue of the magazine are personal and should be accepted thus by each member. Suggestions from any of the members will be welcomed.

During the hours of the Open House, members will find former officers and Board Members on the Fourth Floor, and refreshments will be served on the Third Floor. Every member and her guests is cordially invited between the hours of 2 and 7 o'clock.

What Next?

By Mrs. Duncan McDuffie
First President (1917-1920)

The history of the Women's City Club is a part of the National League for Woman's Service. These past ten years are but the third chapter in the life commenced by the League in 1917. To understand this last chapter it is necessary to review the first and second; each covers a period of distinctly different character, yet through all runs an unchanging spirit.

The first period is that of the war. The activities of this time are familiar—canteens, information units, detachments in stenography, typing, and clerical work, occupational therapy courses, motor services, cooking groups for canteen supplies, survey and other individual services. One might say in passing that the League began building and furnishing their present Club when it began arranging and furnishing the canteen in the Monadnock and the Presidio Clubs, so unvarying has been the atmosphere of charm and comfort and friendliness created by the Volunteers out of almost nothing.

But perhaps less realized are the gains to the members of the League. Experience in the ready and admirable performance of a great variety of tasks. Opportunity to develop talents often unsuspected by their owners, and perhaps, most important of all, a new awareness of other women.

The members of the League came from every social and economic group, many of them leaving for the first time the special circles in which their lives had been passed. They learned that each woman had her own contribution to make from her own background and training, and that each contribution was necessary to complete the whole. They wore the same uniform, worked together in canteens, kitchens, formed new acquaintances, new likings, new interests, new respects.

When the armistice ended war work and the membership realized that disbanding the League meant destroying all the association of the war years, it was dismayed at such a catastrophe more than any other influence that forced the question into bold relief.

Why not make club rooms for women, as attractive as had been the canteens, giving a common meeting ground for members and an opportunity to carry on volunteer work? The response from hundreds of members encouraged the Board to venture to continue the League and its Volunteer Service, and to organize a self-supporting Club for women. Thus, February, 1919, opened the Second Chapter of the League in the small and charming club rooms at 333 Kearny Street.

The new Club was financed, all work was done by volunteers. The membership continued to show the same variety in occupations and interests, the rooms became overcrowded and larger quarters were inevitable. Even the most daring of the Board had considered an investment of $250,000 as large, but a search for a new location was commenced, only to meet with constant discouragement.

Then the genius which has always guided the League inspired Mrs. Chapman to announce that she had seen the only site suitable to the new venture, that the investment in land and building would be a million dollars and that the members of the League would finance it. They did.

The Third Chapter is the Women's City Club. But the clubhouse would be only a shell, if the same genius of the League did not pervade it as it had pervaded the war work, the canteens, the clubrooms.

The growth of this spirit which still expresses itself in Volunteer Service, in the mutual regard of members, has been due, I believe, to the ideals and courage and sacrifice of one woman who from the first day of organization to this anniversary, has, by her example, steadily held before all of us the ideals on which the League was founded. Marion Leale, presidents, boards and membership owe her a large part of their inspiration. It is this "spirit of the League," continuing into the Women's City Club, which justifies the sacrifice of the many women who through years have spent their thought and time and strength in its different services. It is an example of the best that women can do for women and for their community.

Attitudes

By Mrs. William Palmer Lucas
Second President (1920-1921)

● Last month San Francisco was privileged to have and to hear the message of Mrs. Arthur Brinn, National President of the Council of Jewish Women. We will never forget her attitude toward and her definition of *Peace*. "Peace," she said, "was a way of life," and as one listened one realized that the speaker's attitude toward life, her spiritual consecration to her task was the only way of life that can accomplish Peace. As we look back over the last ten years of program which the National League for Woman's Service has carried on in our Clubhouse, we find that the emphasis has been constantly upon adult education in the ways of thinking, living, and serving. The purpose of our varied programs has been, to use Dr. Richard Cabot's illuminating phrase in his most recent book, to find "the growing edge" from which alone real growth can take place. Those responsible have tried to meet the great and varied interests in the large membership with programs calculated to stimulate thousands of us to ask for what meets our needs—to find "the growing edge" of knowledge.

In the field of international relations, we remember always with affectionate gratitude Mrs. Parker Maddux who stimulated us to think, to keep the vision of our beginnings, our responsibility for our own attitudes toward other nations. We have lived through seventeen years of a bad "Peace." The attitudes of mind and spirit back of the Treaty of Versailles have made constructive peace impossible. In our work together in our Club we have been concerned most with our attitude. Peace *is* a *way of life*, not a matter of treaties or sanctions, neutrality or economic interdependence alone. Dr. Harold G. Moulton, President of the Brookings Institute, says in a recent article "that being scientific is a matter *of spirit* and not of *method*." Our modern world has been possessed by methodology, finding a way of procedure—from "soil mites to the intensity of the cosmic ray" we seek first organization. Something must be done to this old world to make our individual lives secure! We fight to reach goals, like security, sacred treaties, non-aggression pacts, forgetting that all of them are scraps of paper unless real growth in the things of the spirit—understanding, sympathy, courage, honesty, unselfishness, perspective, has taken place in the individual nations made up of millions like you and me.

Our group has not been particularly interested in telling ourselves *what* we should think. We are convinced we must learn *how* to think if we are to serve our times. We are less afraid of words than we were. We have become accustomed to "reds," radicals, conservatives, reactionaries, communists, socialists, Republicans, Progressives, yes, even Democrats. We find some fine minds and spirits seeking shelter, growth, new life, economic and spiritual security and what-not—under these words.

It is interesting to re-read all our old magazines as the writer has just done. You will find real growth in this important matter of attitudes. We have achieved many goals, some rather fine ones, but we have grown in tolerance of mind and spirit. There is not so much fear. We have found that education of mind and spirit has no time limit, no age limit. We see in our discussion groups that calling names solves no problems. All winter we have watched and listened to all nations calling one another "treaty breakers." There are a great many ugly facts in the world situation, but these all rest on attitudes of the human spirit. We are ten years old as an organization, but the things of the spirit for which we stand are as old as recorded Time. Democracy as a National set-up of government is not yet two hundred years old and yet the spirit of democracy is as old as man's dreams. No member of our Club who thinks about it can say that we as an organization have solved all our problems. We have and are carrying heavy burdens as a group, but of one thing we can be sure, we carry them on because of the *spirit* of our membership, the attitudes of our members toward our responsibilities, our loyalty to our contracts, our belief in each other.

For a long time the outstanding objection to democracy, to all types of democratic organizations within the larger structure has been its *ineffectiveness* and it is its greatest defect. "Most people care more for order than for liberty," said a philosopher of our time. As we think of these ten years, we can perhaps be proudest of one outstanding *attitude* of our membership. We have always chosen, however difficult, however trying, however ineffective, some of our methods to preserve our "financial order," to keep the liberty of our democratic organization. We have thought it worth the price.

The Ground Breaking

By Mrs. S. G. Chapman

Third President (1921-1922, 1924-1927)

Instead of a modern story by Mrs. Chapman, who was President when the ground was broken for the Women's City Club, we are reprinting her prophetic words of 1925:

● You have heard of the National League for Woman's Service — the past and the present — of the service which has made it all possible— service of many, not of a few.

You have heard how this great building was financed in six weeks' time, how it rises with every modern equipment to care for our physical needs.

I see us now a great army of women—6000 strong—moving forward into the future with resolute spirit, with service in our hearts, high ideals in our souls, volunteers in a community which needs our help. Such an army should be housed in a dignified manner, for are we not to meet women of our own land, east and west, and bid them welcome, and must we not gather together to talk over our local problems and learn of and from each other?

The future then holds many promises. In reverence we lay the cornerstone of the Women's City Club of San Francisco! Conceived in idealism, moulded in service, cemented in friendship!

■

● This was in 1925. A month later the cornerstone of the Clubhouse was laid and into the box were put historical data, a list of which appears in the next column. Just one year later the Clubhouse itself was builded. Together the Building Committee and the Furnishing Committee were ready to throw open the doors on the eventful day in April, 1926. Ten years ago.

Minutes of Meeting of Wednesday, May 16, 1917, at Woman's Athletic Club.

Chairman, Mrs. Edson, National Organizer, National League for Woman's Service.

Organizer for California, Mrs. Alice McKay Kelly.

Secretary pro tem., Julia George.

Appointed Committee on Organization, Mrs. Tucker, Mrs. Brookings, Miss George.

National League for Woman's Service, State of California, War Records.

Reports 1917, 1918, 1919; Program 1920-1921.

Folders: Explaining Club—

Building Project Luncheon, etc.

"Every Woman's Club"

Closing of Defenders' Clubs

National League (N.Y.) April 30, 1917

"Woman's War Work," San Francisco Examiner. June, 1917

"Buy a Bond," January, 1923.

Calendars: September. 1922 to December. 1922; February, 1923; May, 1923.

Bulletins: November, 1919; September, 1921 to June, 1922; February, 1924; Clavilux, December, 1924.

Questionnaire to classify membership for the Club.

Report of original committee to investigate a building for the National League for Woman's Service.

First report of Manager of Building Project—Marion W. Leale.

Subscription Agreement: Debentures, Post Street Investment Company.

Prospectus, $200,000 issue: Debentures. Women's City Club of San Francisco.

Newspaper account of ground-breaking.

Two pictures of ground-breaking.

Daily paper of Tuesday, May 5, 1925, giving advertisement of Post Street Investment Company Bonds; also news items of the success of first day's sale.

List of Directors and Officers. as of May 15. 1925.

Program of Exercises of Cornerstone Laying. May 14th. 1925.

Form letter of invitation to Cornerstone exercises.

Copies of two letters from Chief of Police. regarding aid in exercises.

Morning papers of Thursday, May 14, 1925. San Francisco, California—Herald, Chronicle, Examiner.

It Did Happen Here

By ELIZABETH H. MOORE
Fourth President (1922-1924)

● In celebrating the ten years of the occupancy of our building in this very swanky block on Post Street, we may well go back in retrospect a bit farther and consider the process by which we arrived here. Having lived through these last lean years when building projects seem to belong to a vanished age, our accomplishment seems nothing short of miraculous.

Naturally the idea of a building of our own grew slowly, and was at first mainly in the shape of wishful thinking. After much serious debate about how useful a part we might be able to play in the civic life of San Francisco and how much we might contribute to the welfare and happiness of our members we decided in the affirmative and then began the search for permanent headquarters. Our thought at first was to take a long lease or buy an old building and remodel it to suit our needs. We spent a tremendous amount of time and energy in going through every district we considered possible, discarding one by one all the buildings submitted. And then one fine day we looked for the first time at a piece of property that we all knew, but had not considered as a possibility—it seemed like reaching for the moon. During all the weeks of search our ideas had been getting more and more ambitious and when this site was proposed at a very momentous meeting of the Board of Directors we were of one mind. This was our site.

Imagine a group of women with only $15,000 in the treasury of their organization, setting out to finance a $640,000 club house, but that is exactly what happened. We proceeded with our small capital to get an option on the lot and then the real work began. There was the whole financial scheme to be worked out and there must be no mistakes. The Board of Directors was made the bond selling committee and in six weeks' time we had sold $215,000 debentures, enough to assure the successful completion of the building project. New members came in by the hundreds and our rooms became a beehive of activity. Every detail of the architect's plans had to be gone over with infinite pains. We soon found out that we would have to give up some of our cherished plans, because we could not stretch our funds beyond a certain point—try as we might. So there was what seemed the endless effort to choose the things most necessary.

It is interesting to note the changes that have taken place in our block since we bought the lot. The Elks Club and the Physicians' Building have been built and with a great deal of smart business moving our way from farther downtown we have never had cause to regret our choice in location — incidentally the real estate value — when such things are again recognized — will be tremendously enhanced.

Although our world has come a dreadful cropper since then we will agree that we did get things done in those mad days of high tide financing. That we have been able to ride out the storm shows that our financial plan was sound. Of that we are proud.

To our members who date back to 133 Kearny Street and all the excitement of that time those are never to be forgotten days—days when enthusiasm and faith and vision created a very concrete thing. It was a vital experience to have been in the midst of it all.

To our members who did not know us when—it is hard to picture those old quarters in Kearny Street. Three floors in an old building in a part of town where one would least expect to find a woman's club, and in rooms that were anything but glamorous, yet the nice, if somewhat dilapidated old furniture and the bright bits of color combined to give the place a certain charm, and there was always that delightful sense of friendliness and spirit of coöperation.

There was the little shop just off the Lounge where all sorts and kinds of things were donated to us for sale or others to be sold on commission, but always managing to look interesting and attractive and, what is more, netting the club a neat sum.

Below was the Cafeteria, a homey sort of place where we took our turns at serving. In fact, practically everything we do now in our big building (except swimming) had its beginning in a small way in the old headquarters.

Our Board of Directors then as now consisted of thirty-one members and I doubt if any group ever worked together more harmoniously. This we remember with pride — that we helped to put an old belief in the discard.

The spirit in which the National League for Women's Service was founded and which in turn founded the Women's City Club was the dominant factor through all those busy days and is the heritage of those who are to follow through.

Gardens

By Mrs. Cleaveland Forbes

Fifth President (1927-1928)

● "Why does a president of a City Club, surrounded by buildings, choose as the title for her article such a subject as Gardens? Does she wish to bring a glimpse through word pictures of the beauty of the country to the town dwellers?" Well may the readers ask these questions. The subject does seem inappropriate as a contribution to the history of such a Club, but not for the Club for which I write, the Women's City Club of San Francisco founded by the National League for Woman's Service. There is something in the word Garden which carries me back to the days before there was a Women's City Club, when women's thought and energy were devoted to making brighter and happier the days of the men who had answered their country's call to help bring peace into the war-torn world.

In the Canteens organized by the National League for Woman's Service, glorious flowers, always fresh and arranged as artistically as for a formal entertainment, were the gift of our gardens.

This Service of providing and of arranging flowers was carried over to our next development, the National League for Woman's Service Club for women at 333 Kearney Street. How our gardens and flowers glorified those comfortable but shabby rooms! In spite of battered containers and vases that leaked, loving Service created arrangements of great beauty. Here we first saw the artistic work of our present President, whose great talent has been a gift to the membership all these years.

Changes again — in 1926 our own Club House was opened. There hidden from the street was the framework for our patio garden, now one of the beauty spots in San Francisco. It comes as a surprise to visitors to San Francisco. "A garden in the heart of a city block, how glorious" is the comment so often heard. Then with pride, some one will say "the unique thing about our garden is that after the pioneering days our garden has been the care of one of our members. Don't you think that the personal service shows in a garden, the flowers seem to respond so quickly."

Step from the patio into the American Room, there again the garden motive is seen. The furnishing committee knew that there is peace and rest in a garden, so they covered the walls with old-time-formal-garden wall paper. The effect is perfect.

With the increased membership, more calls were made upon the Volunteer Service. In no branch of the Service was the demand more constant than upon the group which supplied greenery, flowers and berries for the decoration of our rooms. The gardens of the Peninsula, Marin County and the Bay Region were brought to our rooms. We grew to accepting this Service unthinkingly, took it for granted that we must always have flowers, forgot the work that was behind all this free offering from devoted gardeners. That perhaps some of us who had gardens might do our share did not occur to us. Upon looking through the Magazine of my year 1927, I came accross this notice. "Our flowers for this season are almost gone and we shall miss them, for the flowers in the Club have been a joy to everyone. Many do not know that all our lovely flowers are sent in from private gardens, and it is one of the loveliest services rendered the Club." This applies to 1936 just as it did in 1927. Another paragraph which caught my eye was the account of an evening recital in our auditorium on March 16th and 17th. Then Thomas Wilfred as the console of the Calvilux created scenes of sheer beauty. "Moving forms of color, at one moment as fleeting and evanescent as pastel-shaded phantoms playing hide-and-seek in a twilight mirage" was the description of one writer. To a garden lover came the impression of pastel shaded tulips and spikes of delphinium and many soft, misty flowers swirling round on space. Let this be my reason for mentioning the Clavilux in my tribute to Gardens and the part they play in the Volunteer Service of the National League for Woman's Service.

Hospitality in the Post Street Building

By Fannie Lyne Black

Sixth President (1928-1929)

● A large and growing family requires a spacious home, not only for the comfort and satisfaction of its members, but for the adequate and agreeable entertainment of friendly guests. These were the considerations that carried weight in the plans of the various committees concerned with the construction and furnishing of the building in which the Women's City Club has made its home for the past ten years. Many of our members recall the joy and pride with which we held our first reception in the new rooms on April 12, 1926. Our dream had been happily realized beyond what we had pictured.

We were established in a fine building, in beautiful rooms with charming vistas and furnished in restful and particularly good taste for the use to which the place was to be devoted. Now we were well equipped to receive our friends and extend our hospitality. In order to establish harmony between the personnel and the loveliness of our setting, we chose for the chairman of our hospitality committee, a gracious lady, Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper. It was for her a position of much responsibility and many duties, but through the years whenever she could take her place, she has added charm to each occasion. Our first distinguished guest was a princess, H. R. H. Louise, Crown Princess of Sweden.

It would be of great interest to mention the other notable people entertained not only in that first year, but during all the succeeding years to the present time, but that would not be possible except in a full report.

In the same way from their number and variety, entertainments would be an overwhelming subject. Probably the weekly program, arranged for Thursday evenings, have had the longest existence, for they date back to 1920 in the old Kearny Street building. For some years, very enjoyable Sunday Evenings Musicales were presented fortnightly. These were of a high order, with a different hostess for each occasion, but under the management of Mrs. Leonard Woolams. Our entertainments, being of so many varieties, take place all over the building according to their required setting, but naturally the Auditorium is most frequently used for this purpose.

Our stage curtain, which is unique and unusual, has been greatly admired by our members and by artists interested in theater properties, but it has also excited the curiosity of many visitors and of our newer members as to the manner of its workmanship. A word about its history may be interesting. The curtain was designed and presented to the club by Miss Hildreth Meiere, a distinguished mural painter and designer, in memory of her mother who had been a member of our Board of Directors. It is a tapestry design, the colors being brushed in with a chemical dye on a heavy rep, so that it is flexible and has the effect of a woven tapestry. Aside from its beauty, it has a sentimental value which makes it a treasured part of our Auditorium furnishing.

The Club has aimed throughout its existence to provide activities, educational advantages and entertainments to meet every taste and need of its membership. As to hospitality, its doors have always been open and members and guests have been urged to use it to the fullest extent. Indeed it is a Club which can only be thoroughly enjoyed, as members feel at home in it and engage in its service. The women who make it part of their community life, enjoy its friendliness and comprehend its aims, seldom resign from it. It is as it should be, a center of hospitality not only for its own membership, but for other groups that appreciate pleasant and friendly surroundings for their social gatherings and entertainments.

In 1926 we faced the future with the greatest optimism. We could not visualize the changed conditions that were to come upon us in the intervening years, but the Club has adjusted its activities to meet new situations and has moved bravely forward. It holds a worthy and honorable place in the community. Thousands of women find joy, service and friendliness in its membership. It is pledged to success and it faces the next decade with confidence and courage, trusting in the coöperation and loyalty of all the women who form its organization.

The Service of the Volunteer

By MARION LEALE

Seventh President (1929-1933)

● "Volunteer Service"—words that have been repeated so often that their true meaning has more or less suffered from the familiarity which comes from continuous use. In this instance I have chosen instead to say "The service of the volunteer," for it is of that I would speak.

In the Summer of 1917, in the office of Mason McDuffie, the French windows of which overlooked Union Square, the National League for Woman's Service of California was born. Enrollment blanks were provided by the National Association — detachments of training (typewriting, sewing and others) were set up. Soon the first canteen was opened and named by one of (the gobs) who visited it, the National Defenders' Club. Later nine other such clubs were added to the list. Information booths on city streets sprang up, surveys were made, and everywhere women, in the familiar Hoover aprons with two-peaked cap and National League for Woman's Service band and pin, were answering calls which the Volunteer Service Committee of the organization had pronounced legitimate volunteer services.

Then the armistice. Service to men in uniform, suddenly and without warning no longer necessary, but service to the community, as vital as ever. In this new era which followed, with the self-same spirit that had pervaded its work, the League opened 333 Kearny Street. From these headquarters — 1,500 women carried forward a program which provided service for women in the trying days of demobilization — days emotionally so taxing with their sudden emptiness which came with the cessation of volunteer jobs which had been all-absorbing and which had so mercifully provided busy hands for women whose hearts had ached with the anxieties of war.

"Easy enough all this dramatic service of war," the doubtful said, "but with peace it will die, for there there is no such stimulus." "It is only the dramatic, the appeal of the uniform that has kept these women so steadily at their posts," others said. But despite these prophesies the impossible *did* happen. New and lovelier quarters on Post Street did not change the modest uniform. It was an emblem. It was nobly born. "Noblesse oblige" made it at home in a million-dollar building as it had been in a basement canteen.

The emphasis of the National League for Woman's Service is not on the fact that it is volunteer service as opposed to paid, but rather is it on the service itself of the volunteer. Someone has said "no material force can work a spiritual achievement." The spiritual achievement in this instance is not the 20,000 hours of service each year. It is the mystic thread of continuous life of the servce itself which has run throughout the years. Nothing daunts it. Presidents and Board of Directors come and go, volunteers serve and pass on, policies develop to meet more modern conditions—and still the service of the volunteer goes on. No one is forced into its clutches. Each one volunteers. It is the invisible spirit that has carried this thing we call volunteer service. "The soul occupied with great ideas best performs small duties." The soul of the National League for Woman's Service *is* occupied with great ideas. The duties at hand may be small as the task is measured, but the spirit which guides the volunteer as she performs each act is not small. Wisely she has chosen to serve. She is enrolled among those "whose service is perfect freedom."

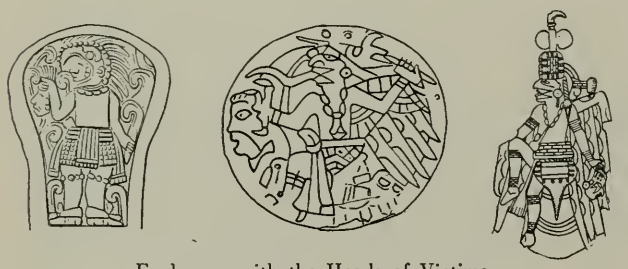
Nearly twenty years of steady, sure devotion to a purpose. Ten years in a home whose hospitable doors fling wide to welcome all who believe in a purposeful life. Anniversaries bid us pause to think what has survived all vicissitudes. What is the essential in our National League for Woman's Service? The service of the volunteer is the answer. It is her spirit that cries "excelsior."

Indian Symbolism

By HERBERT J. SPINDEN

By Courtesy of the Exposition of Indian Tribal Arts, Inc.

● Our actual knowledge of the Toltecs goes back to the twelfth century. After being some time in Yucatan, they conquered Chicen Itza in 1191. The complex of ideas



Eagle-men with the Heads of Victims

Left — Design on a Totonac palmate stone; Vera Cruz, Mexico. Center — Design on a shield forget; Etowah, Georgia. Right — Design on a copper plate; Etowah, Georgia.

which the Toltecs spread abroad seems to have taken definite form in this city, being especially concerned with cults in which eagles and jaguars were the patrons of warriors' societies and in which the plumed serpent was a potent symbol. Originally the resplendent trogan and the rattlesnake had been combined by the Mayas into a grotesque God of Rain. Even in early days, this god had secondary powers in war because he yielded lightning as a weapon. A great Toltec ruler adopted the plumed serpent as his oriflamme and attempted to restore the religion. science, and ethics of the early Mayas. His followers, however, were hopelessly Philistine. The associations of warriors which regarded eagles and jaguars as their helpers may be compared to the European orders of knighthood; they were still powerful among the Aztecs when the Spaniards arrived. In art the Eagles and Jaguars, associated with the Plumed Serpent, whose power was as the storm rack and the lightning flash, were represented in half-animal, half-human forms. These knights believed that after death they would become gods, provided the God of Death could be appeased by human sacrifice. Their ceremonies were involved in cosmic patterns, with special colors, animals, trees, sacrifices, etc., distributed to the four directions of the earth or the six directions of the universe. The sun was their special deity and the symbols of human sacrifice were used by them as motives of decoration. These symbols, joined in series, included shields, lances, knives, hearts, skulls, crossed bones, and severed hands.

The tree-ring calendar by which Dr. Douglass gives dates to Pueblo ruins establishes chronological conformity between the Mexican dates for Toltec activity and the first appearances of Plumed Serpents, Eagles and Mountain Lions, Cosmic Symbols, etc., in the Southwest. The presentday Eagle Dance reproduces quite accurately the accoutrements of the Eagle Warriors in pre-Spanish Mexico.

When we pass to the Mound-building area, the acceptances of Toltec symbolism are still more striking. Indeed, the elements which follow the Mexican mode in subject matter are precisely the ones which dominate the highest art of the Mound-builders. These are humanized eagles as

Designs Dealing with the Apotheosis of Warriors

Above — From a Mound-builder vessel (bones, hands, skulls, shields). Below — From a Mexican vessel (skull, shield, heart, skull, hand, heart, shield, heart, with bones and rays in upper zone).

warriors holding severed heads as they do in Mexico; Plumed and Horned Serpents, which may also be supplied with wings; various cosmic symbols or diagrammatic

representations of the Sun; the world and the universe conveived as having four or six parts; and symbols in series which include shields, lances, skulls, bones, hands, etc. The hands frequently have an eye in the palm, an idea also used in Mexican art. It seems not unlikely that the Toltecs found a way to reach the copper supplies about the Great Lakes by coast-wise trade from northern Vera Cruz.

Survivals and New Growths of Symbolism.—Among the modern Indians of the Eastern Woodlands, the Great

Thunderbird and Lightning Serpent of the Northwest Coast

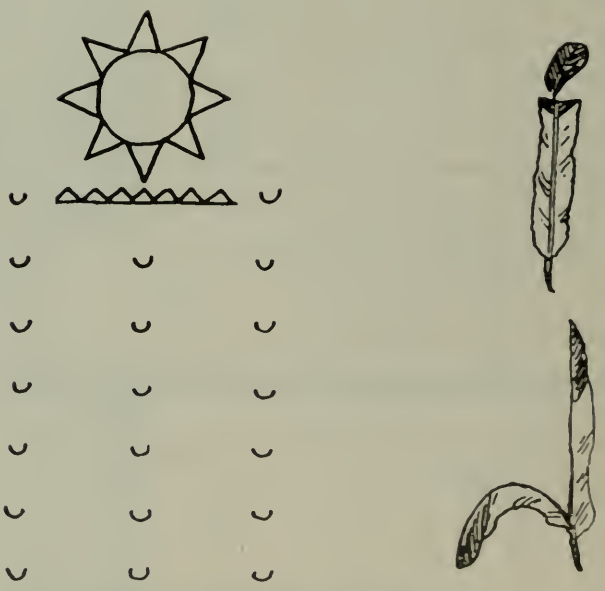
Middle figure — Thunderbird carrying off a whale which he has killed with two lightning serpents. End figures — Designs on harpoons representing two-headed lightning serpents.

Plains, and even of Alaska, there are strong survivals of these symbolic concepts as well as many extensions. The Eagle-man gave rise to the widespread Thunderbird motive. The Horned Snakes and the Underworld Panther deity of the Menomini, for instance, are doubtless divergences from the early suggestions. Military societies are exceedingly important on the Plains, and the scalping ceremony may well go back to Toltec inspiration. In these military societies symbolism is often seen in costume details which are recognized insignia of achievement according to degrees of valor. Buffalo shields in the old days were frequently painted with designs which appeared to warriors in dreams. While some are really personal, others keep close to a vogue in which the Thunderbird, the Whirlwind, the Spider, etc., are the special protectors of warriors. The Spider was of considerable importance in Mexican symbolism, also, and the Whirlwind of the Plains was condensed to the cocoon of a fluttering moth, perhaps derived from the Obsidian Butterfly of the distant south.

On the Northwest Coast the Thunderbird is conceived as a monstrous Eagle-man who flies out over the ocean and kills whales by throwing the Lightning Serpent. This special adaptation of the general Thunderbird motive is distributed from Oregon to Bering Strait, and is especially developed in southern Alaska and British Columbia. The Indians carve Thunderbird heads upon whale-bone clubs, and they engrave on their whale harpoons the picture of the Lightning Serpent.

If space permitted, it would be possible to give the evidence of these diffusions in great detail and trace the modifications which have crept in during the centuries. Also, it would be possible to show that the same general set of ideas spread southward from Mexico till it reached Peru.

Back of this story of symbolical associations with its historical problems, lies the fact of a special American Indian psychology which accounts for acceptances and continuities of designs which have magical purposes. In closing I quote from a recent book of Carleton Beals: "There is something Oriental in the Indian, at least in his patience, his renunciation of too much wordly endeavor; yet there is something more truthful and wholesome in his life than in that of the East. We Americans shut out the roaring tide of life by externals, by living outside our bodies and minds, by conquering nature instead of ourselves; the Oriental escapes the roaring tide of life by shutting out the world, by conquering himself instead of nature. But the Indian lives close to the spirals of nature itself. There is a healthy interpenetration of himself and nature. . . . The American is practical, the Oriental metaphysical, the Indian poetical. We live for action! the



Symbolism on Warrior's Costume, Plains Indians

At the left, above, is the camp-circle of tipis; below is a line of the enemies' horses, while the rows of hoof-prints represent successful horse-stealing raids. The figure at the right is a feather which means that the wearer was wounded in battle, and the lower one that he was first to touch an enemy.

Indian for aesthetics; the Oriental for thought or religious ecstasy. The super race, perhaps, will be that which combines all three successfully."

The symbolism of the American Indian indicates, in a word, his conquest of an imaginative and immaterial universe.

Brooklyn Museum,
Brooklyn, New York.

RHODA ON THE ROOF

HATS

Have you your Hat For Easter? If not, let me show you some of the many smart straws or summer felts suitable for you. • If the lines of your costume and hat correspond, it gives you a clever tout ensemble. • Bring in your Hats to be skillfully remodeled.

RHODA ON THE ROOF
233 POST STREET DOuglas 8476

FOR BIRTHDAY PARTY MENUS
IN THE RESTAURANT
SEE PAGE 22

I Have Been Reading

—DAISY F. REED

KING JASPER; *by Edwin Arlington Robinson;* 1935; The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

THE HURRICANE; *by Charles Nordoff and James Norman Hall;* 1936; Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

● King Jasper; a Poem by Edwin Arlington Robinson. . . . King Jasper is a tragic narrative poem which, in spite of utter tragedy, ends triumphantly. Robert Frost in his essay, introductory to this poem, has this to say of the difference between "grief and grievances" in modern poetry: Robinson "was a prince of heart achers amid countless achers of another part. The sincerity he wrought in was all sad. He asserted the sacred right of poetry to lean its breast to a thorn and sing its dolefullest. . . . There is a solid satisfaction in a sadness that is not just fishing for ministration and consolation."

The sincerity of Robinson's expression makes every word in this long poem significant. There are no blurred images. Each character is symbolic of some force in our contemporary world.

Honoria was the Queen who "would have been royal anywhere," but who could not stand change. She felt the invisible hands at work and knew that change was inevitable, so she took her own life.

Jasper, the King, who rose to power by making use of the intelligence of his friend the inventor. The King was not entirely without greatness of understanding for

"The fears he felt—
—were unsought inept awakenings
Of truth he long had fancied was asleep,
Knowing truth never sleeps."

and of whom his son could say:

"He has said everything
That every other King with a top-hat
And a wrong understanding of the part
That he was given to play, has said no better."

Hebron, the inventor who made possible the "chimneys" and whom the King allowed to die for "lack of means to live."

The son of the inventor, dark, cold, sensual, confident leader of the forces of change.

"Young Hebron has a grievance; and for those
Whose eyes are lighted with a brain on fire,
A grievance is a mission, a religion..."

This young man was, in the end, directly responsible for the death of the King and his son.

The Prince who knew enough to become the husband of Zoë.

Zoë who possessed the "Knife of knowledge" and who "must not die." When tragedy had overcome all the others, she fled alone "upward through the darkness" knowing that

"No God
No Law, no purpose, could have hatched for sport
Out of warm water and slime, a war for life

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To Give Your Home Its New Spring Dress
The Sloane stocks of Decorative Fabrics include innumerable interesting colors, designs and textures that will transform any room at a very small cost.
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That was unnecessary, and far better
Never had been—if man, as we behold him,
Is all it means."

This book was published after the death of the poet and is an expression of Robinson's own matured philosophy.

● The Hurricane; by Nordoff and Hall. . . . There are books one reads just for the unqualified joy of escaping from one's own limitations and perplexities. Of course, such an escape, should it become a habit, is living too vicariously and dare not be endulged in frequently. But a book like "The Hurricane" does literally blow away a few of one's mental cobwebs.

The story has its setting on an islet among the coral atolls of the South Seas. This islet was called Manukura, it was a mere fringe of land rising but a few feet above the sea, inhabited by Polynesians. The tale is told by the medical officer of the Taumotu group to a fellow passenger on the trading schooner which was the only link between these islands and the outside world.

It is a tale of subtle native opposition to the power of a foreign administration. The situation came about by reason of the fact that Teranji, son of the chief of Manukura, had struck a drunken Englishman and was sent to prison for six months. He escaped; was captured and resentenced. This procedure was repeated until Teranji had been in prison five years and had escaped eight times.

After the eighth escape he made his way alone in a canoe a distance of six hundred miles to his native Manukura. Father Paul, the spiritual head of the Islands, picked him up more dead than alive quite near the island and helped him land under cover of darkness. The priest believed, as did everyone else, except the Administrator, that Teranji was a "deeply wronged man."

Then the trial of native cunning against political power began. Nature furnished the solution in the form of a hurricane. The island of Manukura as a habitation for man was destroyed. Teranji became the heroic rescuer. He was finally pardoned by the French government. This in briefest outline is the story.

But it is the manner of the telling that makes this such an adventure for the reader. One literally lives through the inhuman, overwhelming force of the hurricane and at the same time one understands what the narrator meant when he said: "I love these islands. They are barren and inhospitable, . . . but where else is there to be found such beauty, such peace, such remoteness from the world of our times?"

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Books for Easter Gifts for the Children

A First Bible; illustrated by Helen Sewell. An Oxford University Press Book. $2.50.

A Round of Carols; with words and music. Uniform with the *First Bible* and illustrated by Helen Sewell. It contains some beautiful spring songs and Easter carols. $2.

The Little Book About God; Lauren Ford. Many illustrations. $1.50.

Having a Guardian Angel; Morpurgo drawings, words by Cecily Hallack. $1.

Bounce and the Bunnies; Ruth Carroll. The story of a setter puppy and a family of bunnies.

Nicodemus and His Gran'pappy; Inez Hogan. Told and illustrated in three colors with fifty pictures. $1.

The Easter Rabbit's Parade; Lois Lenski. The story ends with a Happy Easter. $1.

Penelope Ellen; Ethel Parton. A story about 1840 girlhood for little girls of the "middle ages."

NEW AND OLDER BOOKS ABOUT CALIFORNIA

California, an Intimate Guide; Aubrey Drury. A book to satisfy anyone's interest in California. $3.50.

Treasure Express; Neill C. Wilson. Epic days of the Wells Fargo. $2.50.

Snow Covered Wagons; Julia C. Altrocchi. An epic poem of the Donner Expedition. $2.50.

My Life on the Frontier; Miguel Otero. 1864-1882. Governor of New Mexico in the early days. New and inexpensive edition. $3.

Gardening in California; Sydney B. Mitchell. A guide for the amateur and also for the more experienced. $2.50.

How to Prune Western Shrubs. A very definite and well illustrated book on the subject. $1.

An Illustrated Manual of Pacific Coast Trees; Howard McMinn. $3.50.

Birds on the Pacific Coast; Willard and Eliot. 56 color plates. $3.50.

To Him — Requiem

—BY EDITH HECHT

Gone too those days of hope and sorrow
While I stand by your bier and weep.
Are you so soon in mystical hereafter,
Or dreamless in your marble sleep?

Gone too those days of hope and sorrow
With strain that hallowed daily bread.
Gone all my joy in sunrise or the morrow,
For I—as well as you—am dead.

PESTEX KILLS

Sow Bugs Snails and Slugs

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Report of Annual Membership Meeting

● The tenth Annual Meeting was held at a luncheon in the Cafeteria on March 12th. The meeting was called to order by our President, Miss Donohoe, under whose able leadership the Club has continued to march forward.

The report of the Finance Committee gave in detail the figures for the year. The need was shown for greater patronage of the various departments of the Club which would, of course, result in increased gross receipts. The Treasurer, in her report, pointed the way to a banner year in 1936 for the National League for Women's Service—new members with attendant initiation fees, a fuller use of all departments, and gifts including those to the V. A. D. from 1933-1934 members still remaining off the list, together with financial gifts which we hope will be given to commemorate ten years in our home—the Women's City Club.

The report of the Executive Secretary told of the many repairs and renewals throughout the clubhouse. The bedroom use was 68½%.

The Library had an active year with 4172 members using this department.

The Restaurant Department had a change in management and is now under the able direction of Mrs. Ashbrook.

Through Miss Burr, the League Shop was able to make unusual purchasing contacts in many parts of the world, enabling it to have many articles for sale which could not be bought elsewhere in this locality.

The activities of the Pool were grouped under the following headings: group swimming, classes, men's guest nights, and special events.

The Beauty Salon's reception room was made more attractive and some new equipment was added.

Reciprocal relations were established with six clubs, two in the United States and four in foreign countries, making quite an addition to our reciprocal club list.

The Club was the recipient of many gifts, too numerous to mention here, but each of which was deeply appreciated.

The Volunteer Service report was excellent, showing more than 7500 volunteers in uniform, with over 20,000 hours of service to their credit. Beside the regular volunteer program in the clubhouse we have had the following outside services: Gray Ladies' Service, delivery of flowers on Shut-In Day, tea service at the San Francisco Museum of Art, and clerical and motor service for the Community Chest.

The Vocational Guidance Bureau continued its splendid work, which is far-reaching in its good results.

(Continued on page 22)

Lois Martin

Unusual Gift Plants for Easter

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What will you plant in your garden this spring?

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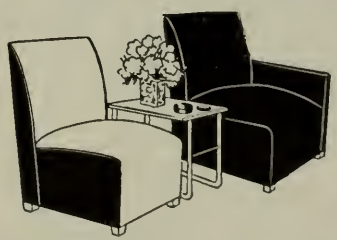

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For your Garden: Saint Francis of Assisi Feeding Shrines. Fashioned in Chestnut Wood with a Tile Inset of Saint Francis feeding the birds . . . Decorated Plant Sticks . . . Unusual Pottery Flower Pots . . .
Glass: New Crystal Cigarette Boxes and Ash Trays . . . Fascinating Lamps with Crystal Bases and Modern Frosted Shades.

THE LEAGUE SHOP

The next time you are at the Club visit the League Shop and see the unusual things now on display.

(Continued from page 21)

The report on Classes and Courses reviewed the many interesting activities covering a broad field of information that took place in the clubhouse during the year. The Round Tables continued to be very popular and Rambles were conducted to many places of interest.

A separate report was devoted to Art, Drama and Music, showing the increased activity in that direction.

The report on Hospitality, Programs and Special Events enumerated an amazing number of interesting affairs that took place during the year. Two of the most outstanding personalities presented were Gertrude Stein, who gave two unusual lectures and John Masefield, who charmed his audience with a delightful reading. Forty Thursday Evening Programs, covering a wide variety of subjects, were given before interested audiences.

Miss Donohoe stressed the importance of our Tenth Birthday Party that we will celebrate on April 23rd, commemorating ten years in our clubhouse and asked for an expression from the membership as to how they would like to observe that day.

Miss Donohoe and the seven past Presidents of the Women's City Club form a committee that is meeting weekly at luncheon discussing Club problems and planning benefits for the future. It is interesting to know that foremost in their discussion is the part the Club will take during the Exposition in 1939.

For this encouraging report we are deeply grateful to Miss Donohoe, whose untiring efforts should prove inspirational to each and every one of us.

As You Sing

When I hear you sing, dear,
we're no longer apart,
for your voice seems to bring
you to me,—so near
that I can almost hear,
in accompanying rhyme,
the beats of my heart
as it keeps in time
to the melody divine
from your lips, as you sing . . .
In two pools of limpid night,
(your eyes—), shines the dawn
to which I am drawn
as a moth is to the light;
all my fibers are taut,
my soul escapes to cling
on your very breath, and swing,
as on a pendulum remote,
to each heavenly note
from your lips, as you sing! . . .

—Angela Aguilar Trigueros.

Just One 'Phone Call Brings Complete Coffee-Satisfaction . . .

How satisfying to secure a superb blend of choicest coffee fresh from the roasting ovens, in the exact steel-cut chaffless grind for your coffee-maker! This is the helpful service rendered by your neighborhood Caswell Coffee Man! Just one order . . . and you'll know that the Caswell Way does bring you more in coffee flavor and aroma in every delicious cupful! Telephone now to the number below for prompt delivery. Your Caswell Coffee Man will also bring you a free coffee measure, showing the exact amount to use for each superb cupful of Caswell's National Crest Coffee!

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To assure your enjoyment of fine wines, be sure to ask for BELVISTA Wines at your dealer's, or at the Club.

RESTAURANT DEPARTMENT

LUNCHEON 90¢ (plus tax)

California Fruit Salad on Romaine
Tomato Bouillon
½ Chicken Saute with Fresh Mushrooms
or
Mixed Grill, Women's City Club
Parsley Buttered New Potatoes
Fresh Garden Peas
Hot Rolls
Creme de Menthe Parfait
Small Cakes
Coffee

DINNER $1.10 (plus tax)

½ Avocado with Crab
Celery Olives
Cream of Fresh Asparagus Soup
Broiled Filet Mignon,
Horseradish Butter
or
½ Chicken Saute, Muzzio
Parisienne Potatoes
Fresh String Beans
Hot Rolls
Meringue Glace with Fresh Strawberry Sauce
Demi-Tasse

•

Reservations in Advance
Cafeteria Open Luncheon and Dinner

"Treaty Breakers"

● Beginning April 1st, Mrs. William Palmer Lucas will conduct a course of six lectures on the subject "Treaty Breakers." Mrs. Lucas will speak on a different nation each lecture, starting with Germany for her first lecture, then Italy, France, Great Britain, Japan, United States.

These lectures will be held on every Wednesday morning from April 1st to May 6th, inclusive. Mrs. Lucas will discuss the world situation from the points of view maintained by these nations. The fee will be the same as her Current Events Lectures, and members are urged to attend, as these last six lectures will be the close of the Current Events for the season.

Drama Reading Group

● Due to the regular day for the Drama Reading Group falling on Good Friday, the date has been changed in April to the 3rd.

On April 3rd, Mrs. Carrol Collupy will direct a group reading of "Victoria Regina," a Dramatic Biography, by Laurence Housman. Those assisting her are Mrs. Ray Ochernal, Mrs. Hobart Mears, Mrs. W. T. Larsen, Miss Frances Hall, Miss Margaret Zane and Mrs. C. W. Carle.

There will be no second meeting in April.

Drama Diction Class

● Under the direction of Mrs. Hobart Mears, who has been one of the leaders in the Drama Reading Group for several years, a Diction Class will be conducted every Friday morning in the Board Room at 10:30 a. m. There is no fee and members interested in the drama will, we feel sure, be delighted to learn of this interesting section.

Birthday Party

● We must comment upon the announcement of the Birthday Party which the President's Message of this month brings to us, and which is planned to celebrate the occasion of our house-warming, ten years ago. It is the event of the month. It cannot be emphasized too strongly, for it is the time for real rejoicing and we shall have a gay time. We are justly proud that the National League for Woman's Service is housed in a building, dignified and adequate for the program which has made it nationally famous, and our hours together on April 23 will have all the emotional tug at our heart strings of the ten-year-ago "Open House" in April, 1926. Open house ten years later, 1936!

Monterey Beer

It is Mild
Refreshing
Relaxing
Nourishing

Be sure and ask for "MONTEREY SUPREME"

THERE IS NO FOOD THAT CHILDREN AND ADULTS RELISH MORE THAN

SAMARKAND ICE CREAM

AS A DESSERT OR AS A REFRESHMENT AFTER AN OUT-DOOR GAME

"Green growing things" — for EASTER from

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STORM—
and she missed the school bus home

Other mothers may want to read what Betty Lou's mother wrote the Safeway family

Safeway
4th and Jackson Streets
Oakland, California

Gentlemen:

One of the kindest things any Safeway employee could do was done for my little daughter.

We live in the country and my little girl takes her lunch to school. We had always told her that if she was in trouble to go to our Safeway store.

This day her lunch was stolen. Then a bad storm came up and the children were dismissed early. But in some way she missed her bus. Betty Lou became confused and didn't report back to her teacher. She went to the Safeway and told the grocer her troubles.

He bought her a lunch and then took his own car and brought her home to us.

He could have phoned—yes—but he knew my husband was not at all well and that I could not drive a car.

Sincerely,
(the mother's signature)
—from an actual letter on file—

THE SELLING of groceries is only *one* part of your Safeway grocer's work.

He strives *first of all* to be a trustworthy neighbor to every family in his community.

This way he makes new friends for his store. And these new friends soon become his regular customers as they learn about the money-saving food values he offers.

How can your Safeway grocer sell the choice foods you want at lower retail prices? The reason is very simple.

He does not work alone. He has joined with *an efficient team* of other skilled food experts.

Safeway buyers in the farming areas, shippers, marketing men, home economists and grocers *cooperate to cut wasteful costs all along the line from farm to your table.*

It is these savings *made in distribution* which permit your Safeway grocer to sell you the choicest foods for less.

It is these savings, too, which make it possible for the Safeway family to pay back to the farmer *a larger share* of every retail food dollar you spend in Safeway stores.

And your Safeway grocer also has his reward. *He earns a better-than-average salary because he is doing a job the people want done.*

★ ★ ★

How much did you spend for food last month? Check up. Then trade at your Safeway grocer's for 30 days and compare your total savings!

SAFEWAY

California Spring Blossom and Wild Flower Association

● The California Spring Blossom and Wild Flower Association will hold its fourteenth annual flower show, April sixteenth, at the Palace Hotel.

The City of St. Francis of Assisi, who bid his brothers "Always save a corner of good soil in the garden for our sisters, the Flowers of the Field," is not without a history of flower shows.

In Spanish California days, every Holy Thursday was a Flower Show day at the Mission de San Francisco de Asis. The rancheros and their families came from all the surrounding countries, to spend the Easter period with the families at the Mission. In addition to food, each family brought its most beautiful blossoms, and many a slip and package of seeds. It was a matter of family pride to have flowers bloom to decorate the church on Holy Thursday, and would be felt a disgrace not to be represented by some lovely blossoms.

The Senoras were so hospitable and kind to visitors that rarely did a vessel arrive from Europe or the East coast without bringing something new in the seed and plant line. When the recipient had raised one season's blossoms she always shared the plants with her friends. So, Holy Thursday came to be a real flower show day, when plants were talked over, advice given and gifts exchanged.

It was in the early fifties that the Merchants Institute opened its "Fair," a display of flowers was always an outstanding feature.

About 1888 a group of flower lovers formed The California State Floral Society, which gave an annual show up to 1906. One of the most beautiful shows San Francisco has ever had was given in the newly opened Ferry Building, in 1901.

In 1923 a group, many of them members of The California State Floral Society, formed a new organization, with the purpose of promoting the cultivation of flowers, the conservation of Native flora, and giving an annual flower show during the Easter Season, in an endeavor to return to San Francisco the joyous days of the old Spanish-California period. This The California Spring Blossom and Wild Flower Association is carrying on, some of its members cultivating the wild flowers with success. The schedule of exhibits has twelve classes this year and the Show promises to be one of unusual beauty, with exhibits from these gardens and wild flowers collected from all parts of the State.

March 29, 1936.

Ramble to Sonoma

● Women's City Club members and their friends will ramble to the Valley of the Moon on Friday, April 24th, to visit some of the interesting and historic points in the vicinity. Luncheon will be served at the Jack London ranch on the open veranda with its commanding panoramic view of the Valley. A pilgrimage will be made around the grounds visiting the cottage known as the "workshop," the charred ruins of the Wolf House and the grave. Charmion London, widow of the novelist and a member of the Women's City Club, and Eliza Shephard, his sister, well known for their hospitality, will greet the Ramblers and conduct them around the Guest Ranch.

In the afternoon several places will be visited; the old Vallejo Home in Sonoma, now a State Monument. The only surviving daughter of the Spanish Commandante, Senora Vallejo Emparan, the custodian, will be the hostess and will explain the treasures now owned by the state. The old Mission, San Francisco de Solano, will be particularly interesting, as will also the Barracks built for the Mexican soldiers in 1836 and later occupied by the first U. S. troops. Mrs. Celeste G. Murphy of Sonoma, who owns this interesting house, will be the guide around this historic spot. In the Blue Wing Gambling Hall and Hotel where Joaquin Murietta made his headquarters, the Sonoma Chamber of Commerce will send representatives to greet the group and present literature containing souvenirs of the day's trip. A Greyhound bus will leave the Women's City Club at 10 a. m. and will return to that point about 5:30 p. m.

Mrs. Walter R. Jones and Miss Stella Huntington will be in charge of the tour and will be assisted by Mrs. John Handy and Miss Georgea Wiseman.

All-inclusive tour (price) $3.50. Reservations may be made before April 17th at the Front Office.

April 2nd, Thursday. Oakland Flower Show, followed by luncheon, Claremont Country Club. Mrs. John Handy, leader.

April 17th, Monterey. Two-day trip. Leave clubhouse Friday morning, April 17th. Luncheon at Brookdale Lodge, visit Big Trees, stay at Hotel San Carlos, Dinner at Sidewalk Cafe. April 18th—Seventeen-Mile Drive. Luncheon at Carmel Highlands, visit Carmel Mission. Tea at Marsh's. Dinner and all night at Hotel San Carlos. Tour of historical spots in and around Monterey. Luncheon at hotel. Return to San Francisco by 6 p. m. Total cost, all inclusive, $20.00.

April 22nd, Wednesday. Mills College for Exhibition of Japanese Art. Miss Stella Hunting, leader.

Further details at Front Office.

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(American or Pimiento)

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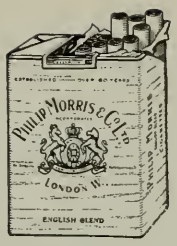

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Conveniently packed in the new round tin of 50 cigarettes *for* thirty-six cents

Amazingly Mild with a New Kind of Mildness

San Francisco Babies and How Their Parents Have Responded to Health Education

—ADELAIDE BROWN, M.D., HEALTH EDITOR

● Revealed in Statistical Study of Immunization in San Francisco, by Dr. H. E. Thelander.

The control and diminuation of cases of disease is the aim of modern health movements.

For the baby:

1—clean milk;
2—intelligent teaching of the mother in its daily care; its
3—protection against diphtheria and small-pox;
4—the check-up of its progress in growth, mental and physical;
5—prevention of rickets and scurvy and diminishing its risks from
6—tuberculosis by control of exposure from animals, and sick adults—a nurse or a loving parent with a chronic cough may be the point of "contact," are the high points in a health program.

The method of encouraging more general use of immunization against diphtheria is well established as valuable. Different cities have tried different methods for increasing the use of this health service. Detroit and Los Angeles have used two.

In Los Angeles the baby centers have been encouraged to teach the mothers the value of immunization against diptheria and recently made a "round-up" by having the Public Health nurse seek out the children under five and at a certain appointed day the automobile of the Board of Health arrived and gave the injections for immunization. The results were excellent. This is what is called a *drive*.

In Detroit under a very energetic Health officer, the medical profession was aroused to urge these sciences. Vaccine material and that for diptheria immunization were furnished provided a card report of the case was made by the doctors to the Health officer. After several years an increase in the service was notable since 1924. In San Francisco all baby health centers have made vaccination and immunization a part of the health protection for the baby from 7 to 12 months of age. This service has been given to each baby with the signed consent of the parent. A quiet steady campaign with these results, brought out a survey by Dr. Huldah Thelander who is the chairman of the Immigration Committee of the San Francisco County Medical Society.

The baby population of San Francisco from birth to one year of age in 1935 was 6.78%. Of these babies 1997 attended well baby centers of the Board of Health. 1719 were with private pediatricians, this 3716 or 87.3% were given health supervision. Immunization and vaccination are part of the well baby service offered at these points. How much is done? Private pediatricians report:

Hospital well baby centers, 95-100%
Federal nursery school, 81.6%
Community Chest nurseries, 76.4%
Child welfare center, 60.8%
Elementary School, 58%
Parochial Elementary, 53%
Parochial High, 36.9%
Parochial Junior High, 33.1%
High Schools and Junior College, 17.7%.

Medical students (California) 66% were Schick positive and very few gave history of immunization.

This work in the baby centers began in 1924 and has been helped by free furnishing of products used. A list of babies served is furnished the Board of Health monthly and the Schick test is given at the end of six months in many cases. These figures, show: 1st—how intelligently the use of this health service has been taught; and 2nd—the confidence of our San Francisco parents in the efficacy of preventive medicine; 3rd—that education has established the demand for this health service, for 88% of our city's babies are in good health. The constant increase in the percent immunized in the younger groups encourages public health workers to value all campaigns for the parents rather than drives or any alarming propaganda to force a demand.

It is up to every general practitioner to spread this gospel of health protection in his families and every public health nurse, social service worker could add this question to her contacts with families where there are children. A re-survey of this type in two or three years should show a 90% successful vaccination and immunization for diphtheria in children under one year of age. 84.6% new are protected.

The value of the Schick test is so great in all cases this should be done six months after the "shots." 96% of the children are Schick negative after the vaccination. This survey teaches that eternal vigilance is the price of protection.

Pediatricians, general and private practitioners, all doctors in schools and baby centers and public health nurses must be alert to keeping a protected clientele. A survey like this should precede a campaign of propaganda by which we arouse people in a panicky way.

All we know should be reviewed by our best leaders in health and be the foundation for a truly valuable campaign on any health project.

National League Players

To Present Three-Act Romantic Comedy May 5th and 6th

● Through special arrangements with the copyright owners of the new stage success, "Children of the Northern Lights," the National League Players will have the honor of presenting this play for the first time in San Francisco.

This will be the first attempt of the Players to present a full evening play. Special scenery, costumes, lighting effects and stage properties will be secured for the production. The costumes and properties will be loaned to the group by the Swedish Society, thus making the production authentic and realistic.

Briefly the story opens with Alex Olson and his widowed mother, Hilda Olson, arriving in a quaint Swedish village on the shores of Lake Siljan. This was the mother's childhood home which she left, with her husband, to go to America, where they became prosperous farmers. Mrs. Olson promised her dying husband that she would bring their son back to Sweden and secure a Swedish wife for him; and that explains their presence.

As soon as they are established as guests in the home of a girlhood friend, Mrs. Olson engages in a marriage campaign with relentless determination; and Anna, her hostess, is drafted as an unwilling accomplice.

All this is most distasteful to Alex and he seeks refuge in the forest. There he meets with a wandering group of Russian Gypsies and spends many pleasant hours in their company, finally falling seriously in love with Nina, a young Gypsy girl. Although they know their love is hopeless, they continue to meet secretly, and fortune favors them in the jealousy of Dushka, a Gypsy girl who is in love with Tarasova, the Gypsy chief.

Dushka overhears a conversation between Lomeja, the witch-like grandmother of the tribe, and Tarasova thereby learning that the chief loves Nina and refuses to consider her, Dushka, for a wife; but far more startling to her is the revelation that Nina is not a real Gypsy. In her twofold anger, Dushka wishes to vent her wrath upon Nina by proclaiming this news to the Gypsy world; but Lomeja tells her it would do far more good to tell the American and his friends, and forthwith sends Dushka to the home of Christina, the weaver, ostensibly to sell silks.

In Christina's home Dushka finds proof of Nina's Swedish ancestry and she makes this fact known to Alex. He in turn tells the glad news to all. Meanwhile, through the assistance of Lomeja and Petrenka, a young Gypsy boy, Nina is brought to Christina's home and there the two sisters are united.

Hilda is overjoyed with Nina as a daughter-in-law, and to the surprise of all, announces her own engagement to Dr. Knute Johnson, a childhood playmate.

While the theme and conversation are typically modern, the author has deftly lent an element of charm to the work by introducing bits of Swedish and Gypsy folk-lore.

For this production both men and women will appear in the cast. Miss Gladys Hall, as Christina; Miss Frances Hall, as Petrenka; Miss Margaret Zane, as Lomeja; Mr. Royal P. Macdonald, as Dr. Knute Johnson; Mr. D. Mason, as Olaf; Mrs. C. W. Carle, as Hilda; Mrs. O. C. Hyde, as Anna; Mrs. W. T. Larsen, as Idnella; Mrs. J. P. Rettenmayer, as Sonia; Miss Flora Chandler, as Ione; Miss Rita Rountree, as Dushka; Mrs. F. B. Haake, as Mrs. Dahl; Mr. Edwin Macdonald, as Chief Tarasova; Miss Esther Mitchell, as Nina; Mr. Fred Enderlin, as Valevitch; Miss M. Carter, as Hilma; Mr. George Odum, as Alex. Dancers and musicians. Complete cast will be announced later.

Reserved seat tickets will go on sale April 15th. We suggest you place your orders early, as two full houses are looked forward to.

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A highly individual service in our Geary Street Slipper Salon during the weeks preceding Easter.

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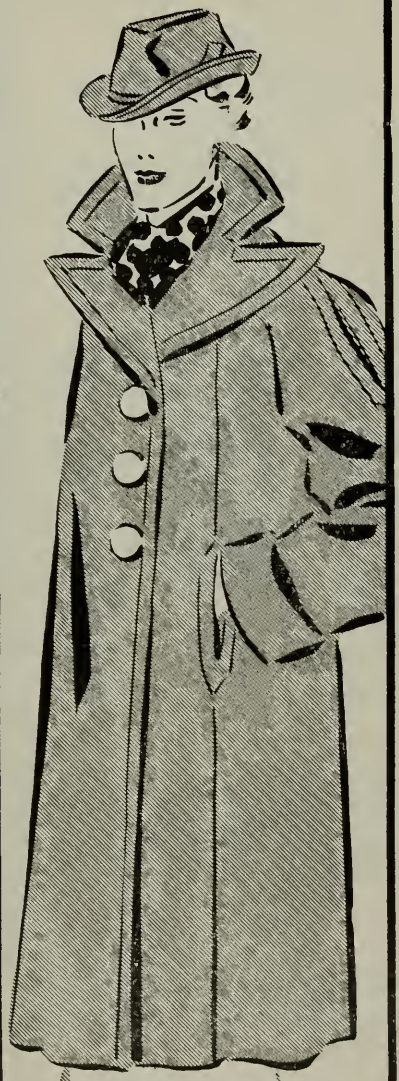

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● Furniture and pottery, glass and metalwork, textiles and wall papers are such familiar things—the surroundings and machinery of daily living—that we often forget that they are for most of us our most immediate and essential means of art expression. In the current Decorative Arts Exhibition at the San Francisco Museum of Art these familiar and ordinary things are displayed as art. Selected from the stores of the city to illustrate principles of design characteristic of our period they include articles of commercial large-scale production as well as examples of fine craft work which have found a commercial outlet.

Model rooms, a large number of furniture arrangements, a garden terrace sheltered by thirty-foot poplars with table set for breakfast, a sun porch, a corner of a nursery, are some of the larger units illustrating sound, simple, practical design dependent on fitness of form to function, on the interesting and appropriate use of materials, and on color, for a beauty that is the expression of our time and our manner of living.

Textiles illustrating contemporary interest in textures and in printed decorative motifs, wall papers modern in feeling, glassware of many countries and types illustrating modern and appropriate use, for utility and decorative effect, of the peculiar properties and beauties of this ancient material, metal work in old and newly-decorated metals, pottery and china and porcelains are all on display. Set in cases, arranged so that color and line have full play, these objects take on a new interest. Certain characteristics appear which they share in common. One of these characteristics is that each object is designed with great regard for the purpose it is to fulfill. For example, a glass vase meant for a flower container is of the deep simple bell shape which serves so well for the arrangement of many kinds of flowers, or a waffle iron has the smooth top easy to keep bright and beautiful in its smooth brilliance of chromium.

This interest in the material and respect for its properties is one of the things on which modern designers insist. Color, too, is much used to enhance design by harmonies and contrasts, and its use in simple ordinary things of use has developed greatly in the last few years to make even our kitchens gayer and brighter.

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During the exhibition frequent special and public lectures will be given on various phases of the decorative arts.

EXHIBITIONS

Decorative Arts Exhibition — through April 30.

Exhibition of Works by Ernest Fiene — through April 30.

Peruvian Paintings by Julia Codesido — through April 30.

Color Reproductions of Paintings by Van Gogh — through April 30.

Prints, Drawings and Paintings by Picasso — through April 20.

Paintings by Georges Braque — through April 20.

Annual Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain — through April 10.

To the National League for Woman's Service

Born of a nation's call, you sprang,
Full grown, to meet cruel needs
Of War. You worked, you wept, you sang
Through days and months of tragic deeds—
You learned THROUGH TEARS to serve.

The weary price of comradeship you paid
Gladly. That blood-red bond
Between man and man was firmly made
By your myriad common tasks well done—
You learned WITH JOY to serve.

Far from ghastly scenes of war, you toiled
Steadily. The bitter pain
From distant muck of battle field was foiled
By your brave hearts. Faith smothered hate insane—
You learned WITH LOVE to serve.

The tumult ceased, and then you saw
The miracle. The old, old magic
Wrought by service, free from selfish flaw,
Bound all who worked together—
You had learned to serve each other!

By that radiant vision, you are held
Closely. Shoulder to shoulder you stand,
Whatever the need, or when, none can foretell
But here the cornerstone of every plan
Is service, service of fellow man—

—JUNE LUCAS
(Mrs. William Palmer Lucas)

(Written upon the occasion of the laying of the cornerstone of the new building of the Women's City Club of San Francisco.)

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- Bowl Shop

Hammon Gallery
- League Shop
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Coral Room
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- W. & J. Sloane
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- Signe Vandevere
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- The Glove Guild
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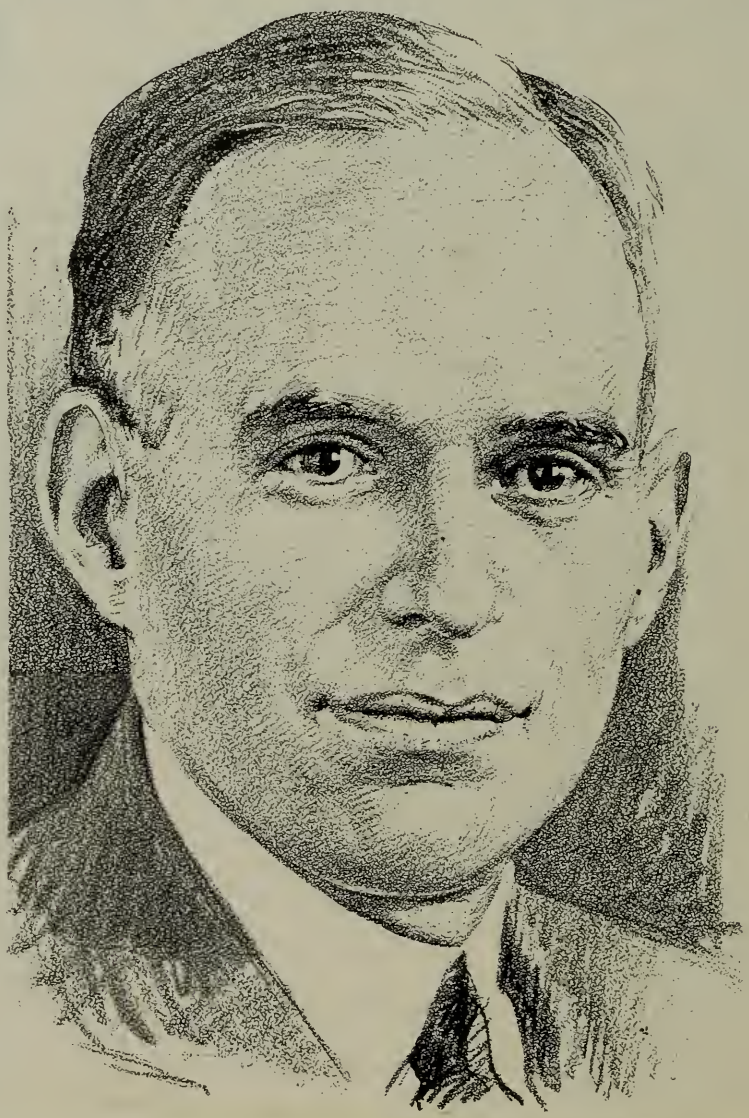

John S. Piper, News Financial Editor

TIME, the Weekly News Magazine, in the Jan. 13th, 1936, issue, says:
"On most dailies outside Chicago and New York, the lot of the financial editor is unenviable. He has to take much of his material second-hand, may have to compete with syndicated columnists on his own page, usually sees his big local stories played on the front page. Only a few financial editors have built up a personal following. Best-established in San Francisco is John Stackhouse Piper of the Scripps - Howard NEWS. Born in Caribou, Me., 39 years ago, he crusaded last year against the realty reorganization racket, oil royalties, 'boiler rooms,' 'bucket shops.' "

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

TRAVEL NUMBER

MAY 1936
VOLUME X • • NUMBER 4
PRICE 15 CENTS A COPY
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
465 POST STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

Women's City Club Calendar, May 1936

Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—Every Tuesday 5:30 to 7:30 p.m.; Every Friday, 5:30 to 9:00 p.m.

CHILDREN'S ART GALLERY — EXHIBIT IN LOBBY

League Bridge—Every Tuesday—Card Room, 2:00 and 7:00 p.m.

MAY—

5—National League Players—"Children of the Northern Lights"..... *Auditorium*.....8:00 p.m.
All seats reserved—75 cents plus tax.

6—Current Events—"Treaty Breakers"—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas..... *Auditorium*.....11:00 a.m.

National League Players—"Children of the Northern Lights"..... *Auditorium*.....8:00 p.m.
All seats reserved—75 cents plus tax.

7—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire Presiding..... *Mural Room*.....12:15 p.m.

Thursday Evening Program..... *Auditorium*.....8:00 p.m.
Musical Recital on Two Pianos—Yeneida Ivanina and Natalie Russell.

8—Book Review Luncheon—Mrs. Daisy Reed—"Arctic Adventure," by Peter Frenchen..... *Natl. Def. Room*.....12:15 p.m.

Drama Reading Group—Mrs. Edgar Kierulff..... *Chinese Room*.....2:00 p.m.

11—Young Members' Luncheon..... *Cafeteria*.....12:15 p.m.

13—Spanish Round Table—Senorita Angela Montiel..... *Mural Room*.....12:15 p.m.

14—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire..... *Mural Room*.....12:15 p.m.

Thursday Evening Program..... *Auditorium*.....8:00 p.m.
Talking Motion Picture, "The New Frontiers," latest electrical development of the Westinghouse Electric Company, under the direction of Mr. Robert Perry.

15—Special Book Review—Mrs. Daisy Reed..... *Board Room*.....11:00 a.m.
"Man the Unknown," by Alexis Carrel (second review of this book by request).

Vocational Information Dinner..... *Natl. Def. Room*.....6:15 p.m.
Speaker: Miss Ethel R. Feineman.
Subject: "New Visions and New Vocations in the Home."

19—Garden Round Table..... *Natl. Def. Room*.....12:15 p.m.
Speaker: Mr. Clyde H. Stocking (Rose Grower of San Jose).
Subject: "Roses and Their Care."

20—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas..... *Auditorium*.....11:00 a.m.

21—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire..... *Mural Room*.....12:15 p.m.

Thursday Evening Program..... *Auditorium*.....8:00 p.m.
The Fireside Singers, under the direction of Mrs. M. E. Blanchard, assisted by an instrumental trio.

22—Drama Reading Group—Mrs. Edgar Kierulff..... *Auditorium*.....2:00 p.m.

27—Spanish Round Table—Senorita Angela Montiel..... *Mural Room*.....12:15 p.m.

28—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire..... *Mural Room*.....12:15 p.m.

Thursday Evening Program..... *Auditorium*.....8:00 p.m.
Speaker: Margaret Gutherie.
Subject: "Women in Recent Literature," a review of some of the late books.

JUNE CALENDAR

JUNE—

3—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas..... *Auditorium*.....11:00 a.m.

4—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire..... *Mural Room*.....12:15 p.m.

Thursday Evening Program..... *Auditorium*.....8:00 p.m.
Speaker: Charles James.
Subject: "Development of Modern Art."

Women's City Club Magazine

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

VOLUME X MAY, 1936 NUMBER 4

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Announcements

● *Book Review Luncheon*—Mrs. Daisy Reed will review "Arctic Adventure" by Peter Frenchen, on May 7th, and on May 15th will give a second review of "Man The Unknown" by Alexis Carrel.

● *Beauty Salon*—Perfectly equipped—efficient operators—open to the public.

● *Bridge Lessons*—Every Tuesday afternoon and evening at 2 and 7 o'clock. Mrs. Lucene Ranson, Room 214. Appointments may be made at Front Office.

● *Club Round Table*—Every Thursday at noon in the Cafeteria. All volunteers are invited to come to this table.

● *Current Events*—May 6th will be the last lecture in Mrs. Lucas' course of "Treaty Breakers." Current Events lectures will be carried on by Mrs. Lucas during May and June: May 20th and June 3rd and 17th.

● *Diction Class*—Drama Diction Class, conducted by Mrs. Hobart Mears, meets at the Club every Friday morning at 10:30 o'clock. All members are invited to join. There is no fee.

● *Drama Group*—Will hold two meetings in May on the 8th and 22nd, under the direction of Mrs. Edgar Kierulff. Tea following.

● *French Round Table*—Every Thursday in the Mural Room at 12:15. Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding. Only French spoken.

● *Garden Round Table*—National Defenders' Room, May 19th. Mr. Clyde H. Stocking will speak on "Roses and Their Care."

● *Glove Making*—Mrs. Earl Tanbara, Room 208. Every Tuesday and Thursday at 2 o'clock; Thursday evenings, 7:30. Three lessons, $1.50. Materials extra.

● *League Shop*—Has many new and interesting articles that will intrigue our summer "vacationites."

● *New Members*—Our membership is still open. Members having friends who are interested in the Club should bring them in now at the beginning of the new fiscal year.

● *Rambles*—Watch Bulletin Boards for announcements.

● *Restaurant*—Ask Mrs. Ashbrook, Manager, about special picnic lunches that can be picked up at the Club on your way out of town for a day in the country.

● *Spanish Round Table* — Every second and fourth Wednesday at noon in the Mural Room. Señorita Angela Montiel presiding.

● *Swimming Pool*—Plan to teach your child to swim before summer vacation. Our instructors are most careful and efficient with children.

● *Thursday Evening Programs*—Mrs. A. P. Black has planned the following programs for May: May 7th—Musical Recital on two pianos, Yeneida Ivanina and Natalie Russell. May 14th—Talking Motion Picture, "The New Frontiers," under direction of Mr. Robert Perry. May 21st—The Fireside Singers, under direction of Mrs. M. E. Blanchard. May 28th—"Woman in Recent Literature," by Margaret Gutherie.

● *Vocational Information Bureau*—Under direction of Miss I. L. Macrae. Miss Ethel R. Feineman will speak on "New Visions and New Vocations in the Home."

● *Volunteer Service*—Volunteers are needed in all departments. Come in and register with the Executive Secretary.

● *Young Members' Luncheon*—Every second Monday in the Cafeteria. Young members are urged to join this group. Luncheon at 12:15.

Editorial

● Travel — Spring fever makes us long for the out-of-doors and away we go on wings of fancy to lands we now and lands we would know. Appropriately, then, we present our travel number. Members have shared with us their experiences on this interesting continent of ours and in lands which touch this vast Pacific, and if we do not then turn the pages to our Magazine Travel Company advertisers whom we know so well, it will be only because duty keeps us at home and we do not even tempt ourselves with inquiries of sailing dates and prices. All of us can, however, take a short ride with our Associated Gas and enjoy the rhododendrons in the Park or the vistas of bridge and bay from vantage point after vantage point, or the site of the Exposition as dredges and barges make land before our very eyes. What a city we own! It is ours to enjoy. Travel, yes; but home again afterwards, refreshed with new outlooks and content with old traditions.

● Errors do creep in each month despite the care which the Magazine Staff continuously exercises. The story in Dr. Brown's column last month was incorrectly set up and, although Dr. Brown herself has explained the mistake in this issue, the editor herewith assumes the responsibility, claiming last-minute hurly-burly due to the Advertiser's Show details as the reason, although not the excuse, for careless proof reading. Please read the corrections on page 28 and if filing the April Magazine kindly append the corrected percentages.

● The National Convention of the Needlework Guild will be held on May 21, 22, and 23 in San Francisco, with headquarters at the Fairmont Hotel. The National Officers will be honored at a reception and musical on Friday night, May 22, and on Saturday afternoon, May 23, at 2 o'clock, the San Francisco school children will participate in a Junior Pageant at the High School of Commerce. All meetings and programs are open to the public. Mrs. Robert Hugh Donaldson, President of the San Francisco Branch, is in charge of arrangements.

● The Magazine goes to print too early to tell the detained story of the Birthday Party. April 20 is the "deadline" for copy, and so, as we write, the air is bristling with excitement. Curtains are away, being cleaned for the party, fresh paint permeates the atmosphere, uniforms are being laundered, the catering department is pulling down extra equipment from top shelves — and April twenty-third is only three days off. But all this is still not *the* party for the ten-year-old, until the presents are told. Unwise to mention one gift until all can be listed. As they are still pouring in and will be for a fortnight (for members have sent word they must first go to their safe deposit boxes), we shall postpone this important news until next month. And at that time we will also tell about the reunion of members and their friends and some of the memories they talked over.

● Memorial Day once again — no sadness here for those who once did serve and now in resurrected life continue on. We all know their faces. We each remember some one of this band of loyal Leaguers, wearing so proudly the crisp uniform with its ribbon, "National League for Woman's Service," and its pin — reward of merit. We have all accepted their service in the past. Ours to carry on! Memorial Day — another dedication to the cause for which they stood. Our hearts lonesome for their kind embrace. Our souls watered by the spirit of their fine example. Our minds refreshed by the knowledge that service counts. Our future gladdened by the task they have left so surely and so unafraid in our safe-keeping.

Songs Celestial

In that fair land envisaged in my dreams,
A shining river flows through fragrant fields
Of flowering asphodel, and lilies pale,
And through the fields, and by the singing stream,
Walk happily our loved ones, gone before,
With faces lifted to a great white throne
Whence comes a Light — ineffable — supreme,
Suffusing all the scene with radiance
Unknown to those who dwell yet on the earth;
While Songs Celestial greet the listening ear
Of those on high, who dwell in Paradise,
And wait our coming to the other shore.

—Mary Ogden Vaughan.
May 30th.

COURTESY OF DOLLAR LINE

Taj Mahal, Agra, India

The President's Message

The inducements to travel leave one quite breathless — literally so when contemplating airline schedules, short, straight lines from here to there, that belie older terms such as "circling the globe." Fascinating as these trips and tours are, and accomplished with amazing ease, they still entail certain forethought. What more valuable passport than membership in the National League for Woman's Service with its privilege of reciprocal clubs abroad! Again — is there a more delightful graduation gift for the young girl who will travel for the first time this year, or for the girl who, having to stay at home, can enjoy our library, book reviews, rambles, round-tables, while leisurely planning future tours?

KATHARINE DONOHOE

Some South American Experiences

By MARION BLACK WAGNER

● Perhaps you would like to know something of a wonderful experience my husband and I had in South America. We sailed from New York in a snow storm and blizzard, rolled and pitched for a couple of days, then stopped at lovely Bermuda. From there eleven delightful days of shipboard fun to Rio de Janeiro. We were all on deck at four-thirty in the morning to see "Rio's diamond necklace," the string of bright sparkling lights that extend for miles along the shoreline, Rio is gorgeous, the most dramatic scenery! The green jagged mountains are immediately in back of the city, and the colorful houses run up and down hills and in and out the valleys. We stopped at Santos, the great coffee port, and drove up that steep road which leads to the plateau some twenty-five hundred feet above sea level, where is located the surprisingly large city of Sao Paulo. Of course we saw the Snake Farm. We were disappointed in Montevideo — they seem to have spent all their money on the beautiful Congressional Palace, where the recent Pan-American Congress was held.

Then on up the wide, muddy Rio de la Plata to Buenos Aires. That fascinating city was our headquarters for five months, so we had a chance to absorb some of its delightful atmosphere. It's a bit of the world. You hear every language on the street. The city of about three million is spread out for miles — absolutely flat, with no hills for relief. But the man-made parks, boulevards, and beautiful buildings make the city interesting. The older buildings are very ornate, using lots of "ginger bread"; the new ones are severely modern, employing much glass and metal. The traffic is terrible, with thousands of taxis, street cars, collectivos and horse-drawn high-wheeled carts. Traffic moves on the left side of the street, most terrifying at first to us. The right of way seems to be achieved by tooting your horn first at an intersection. The noise keeps up all through the night. We went to the horse races at the famous Jockey Club. This is a beautiful place — four courses all parked in the center, and six spectator stands. Opera in Buenos Aires is perfectly thrilling. That gorgeous Colon Theater with its nine tiers of boxes and balconies is in itself an experience. The lowest row of boxes have iron grill work in front, reserved for families in mourning who wish to hear the beautiful music but do not want to be seen. We heard Lily Pons in "Lucia," lovely, of course, and so thrilling to see that emotional audience rise to its feet and shout and clap and throw white roses. We saw Heifetz and Elman receive equally appreciative demonstrations. I loved the dances of the country, the Tango and Ranchéra particularly. We were especially fortunate in attending a National Industrial Exposition and seeing a colorful pageant of the life of the country some fifty years ago. The most beautiful dancing, singing, and then competitive riding by the Gauchos in gala array, lace panties and all.

A bit of local color for the children. Down by the river is a black-bearded, pink-pajamaed man with one of those shoe-blacking straw hats. He has a flock of pigeons, all artifically colored in the most fantastic hues and combinations imaginable, and evidently harmless, for the gayer the birds the prouder they strut. The children love the fancy pigeons and eagerly buy corn and grain (from the pajamaed man) to feed them. On the twenty-fifth of May and the ninth of July, the two main national holidays, the birds were all blue and white, the Argentine colors. There are many holidays in Argentina, national and religious. All activity stops and business houses are closed tight. I mean just that, because the shutters are drawn and the great doors are locked. We had to change our ideas of routine. We never did quite get used to a nine o'clock

dinner, being almost shockingly early. I tried to have dinner at the unheard-of hour of eight o'clock one night in the City Hotel, one of Buenos Aires largest. I found the dining room dark and a few waiters eating over in one corner. I never tried that again. Most stores are closed from twelve until two-thirty, then open until seven in the evening.

It's a gracious way of living, unhurried, and they do take time to be polite. One of our North American friends observed that it takes twice as long to do half as much in any of these Latin American countries. But after all, is the hustle of what we do so terribly important?

There are some fine stores in Buenos Aires, the main one being Harrod's of London. I enjoyed exploring the little specialty shops, also. Every afternoon Calle Florida, where the principal shops are located, is shut off to automobile traffic, and the people parade the middle of the street and stop and gossip with their friends. I longed to have my two little girls with me when we went to the Zoo. For the children there can ride llamas, just as the children here mount ponies. The Zoo, with its marvelous collection of animals, is in a lovely park. There is a puppet show with a shrill steam whistle, beckoning the boys and girls to each new performance. We liked those funny Patagonian hares that were all over the lawns.

I wish I could tell you of our fascinating trips into the back country, and my husband's flying into Patagonia. But I think I shall concentrate on the large adventure of the journey to the famous Iguazu Falls. My traveling companions were two California women whom I chanced to meet so far from home. We started from Buenos Aires in the midst of a particularly glorious sunset. It looked like a fairy city, with its many towers and steeples in silhouette against the red and purple sky. The trip to Puerto Aguirre is a matter of some twelve hundred miles along these wide South American rivers. It is astounding to think we traveled nearly the distance across our country on seven river boats. Each boat was of shallower draft than the last and capable of penetrating farther up the tributary system. We had to go through some rapids that the larger boats could not negotiate. The rivers were quite low; still I had the greatest respect for all that water. The trip, sixteen days from Buenos Aires, is too long and wearing to attract many tourists. The scenery isn't so much the first part — as far as Posadas very flat and miles of mud bank. Then the banks grow steeper and the greenery more dense. It is regular jungle growth, with every sort of vine and fern you can imagine. Lovely air plants and so many beautiful trees we had never seen. The tall bamboo looks like great feathery ferns. There are yellow, pink, and white flowering trees to add some contrast. We stopped at many little ports. It was fascinating to watch them load and unload the various products, sometimes on rowboats, sometimes man after man carrying heavy sacks up steep mud banks. The main product of the Alto Parana is the yerba maté, although they are starting to grow wonderful citrus fruits. We watched people moving. Their household goods consisted of a bed and a few boxes — very simple. Had a whole delegation of soldiers on board one day. The boats are comfortable and an enormous amount of food served, as usual. Puerto Aguirre is near the boundary line of Paraguay, Brazil, and Argentina. We had about an hour's drive from there to the surprisingly nice hotel at the Falls. The Cataratas del Iguazu are always compared with Niagara. I'm not sure of the figures, but I think they are twenty feet higher and almost twice as wide. They are perfectly beautiful in their gorgeous green jungle setting. The old timers said there wasn't as much water as usual. But they were that much more beautiful to me. So many separate falls, like Yosemite's spraying misty Bridal Veil. There are thirty-two falls in all, some of them connected. I suppose we didn't get the impression of the great volume of water, but it was lovely, anyway. We had three days there. The first morning, we walked the main trail to see as many points as we could from the Argentine side. In the afternoon, they took us in little boats right to the brink of the main Falls. I suppose it's perfectly safe, but I had some qualms when I thought of my husband and little girls. Luckily, we had a gay crowd, which helped ease a tense situation. One man said he didn't mind so much if he went over, but he'd hate to have his bottle of citronella broken. We certainly had an idea then of the enormous roar and strength of that great volume of water tumbling over the high cliffs. I wondered what the placid stream up above thought when it found itself hurled into space like that. The second day it poured, so we mainly sat around a lovely big fire. In the afternoon we climbed down to the river below the Falls, a not very easy task, as the going was slippery. We gave many thanks for alpargatas, which are hemp-soled canvas-topped sandals, worn so generally in this country. The third day we crossed the river above the Falls to the Brazil side. We tried to be flip and sing about "Jolly Boating Weather," but one of the party said we should be raising a prayer for those in peril on the deep. The view from the Brazil side is more beautiful. It is higher and you have the full sweep of that gorgeous panorama. We saw flocks of green and brightly-colored parrots, and many brilliant butterflies and big-billed toucans. The begonias, maidenhair fern, and some of the air plants were lovely. There is a huge half-finished hotel, a pet project of some man who fell from political power. It is rather ghost-like. While Brazil has the better side of the Falls, she hasn't the roads to get through her treacherous back country. The rivers are not navigable north of Mendez, so most of the visitors come from the South, as we did. We were particularly fortunate in our company, kindly, interesting Argentine people — two honeymoon couples, some families, and six men, members of the Argentine National Park Commission. These men were of representative Argentine families and positions, and were of such interesting types. They were making their first offi- *(Continued on page 26*

My Friends—New Zealand and Australia

By MARIE D. CASEY

● "Haere Mai!" (Welcome!) lovely New Zealand calls to the travel-minded and like a distant echo strange and alluring Australia chimes in with her aboriginal "Coo-ee!" (Come!)

I warn you! If you once allow yourself to be trapped, as we have been, by this distant beckon, you can never look south across the Pacific without being swallowed up by a mad desire to again venture forth.

From the minute the anchor was hoisted, the whistle was blown, and our friends were blurred into the departing pier, we were ensnared in one of our greatest travel thrills.

First, we fell victims to the charm of the Pacific as we sailed through the Golden Gate and out across the North Temperate Zone into the balmy warmth of tropical waters beneath the Southern Cross. How the fragrant verdure of palm and flower-clad Tahiti and Rarotonga ate into our hearts and hypnotized with their magic!

Before we had time to awaken the equator was far behind, a day was lost, and we had followed the great winged albatross into the South Temperate Zone and had landed in Wellington, New Zealand's capitol, the gateway to amazing scenic splendors that offered no escape from our enchantment.

Days later when we regretfully steamed out of delightful Auckland, we were saturated with memories of snow-clad mountains, colorful lakes, fern-banked streams, seething mud-pools, spouting geysers, glistening terraces, and fantastic caves.

Hundreds of times since New Zealand captivated us have we been haunted by the supernatural magnificence of Waitomo's Glow-Worm Cavern. Often have we longed to glide on the subterranean river through the grotto, that is converted to diamond land by the mystic phosphorescent glow of the billions of tiny glow-worms that cling to the craggy walls and reflect in the silent waters.

We still crave to reënter the grotesquely-sculptured portals of Rotorua's primitive Maori village and listen to the quaint legends and study the age-old customs.

Four days after breaking away from the spell of New Zealand's charm, Sydney's majestic arched bridge appeared upon the horizon, signaling a welcome to glorious Australia, the world's strangest contient.

As we skimmed by the two rocky heads into Sydney's still, mirror-like harbor that cuts into the land with its myriads of finger-like bays, we had a strange premonition. We should never have come! What if the thousand miles of Australia that we were to explore should be even one-tenth as sublime as that harbor, would we not become incurable admirers of that exotic land?

Once down the gangplank we found ourselves not strangers over seven thousand miles from home, but guests whose American accent was the key to hospitality and courtesy at every turn.

Looking back over our visit in that great commonwealth memory's reel begins to unwind. First, lovely Sydney and Melbourne, cities of over a million each, whiz by filled with their fine buildings, beautiful residential sections, countless parks and recreation grounds, and miles of excellent beaches. Next, Canberra, the national capitol, a wonder city in the making, flashes before us and we thrill when we recall that Walter Griffin, an American, planned that garden spot.

After the cities come memories of excursions into the Australian bush, where every bend netted a new surprise, a fern-tree gully, a cascade, a winding stream, a grove of stately eucalypti, the wattle just bursting into bloom, a fleeing kangaroo, or a peaceful flock of merino sheep grazing in a clearing. Memory next brings forth the bush chorus that entertained us en route, the song of the magpie, the mimicry of the exquisite lyre bird, the tinkling notes of the tiny bell bird, the raucous laughter of the saucy kookaburra, and the chatter of the brilliantly-plumed rosella parrot.

Among our choicest memories we find an excursion through the indigo haze of the Blue Mountains to Marvelous Jenolan Caves, an unforgettable trip to Sublime Point, where over a thousand feet below us we beheld more than ten glistening beaches scalloping the coastline, and the afternoon that we spent at Koala Park, fascinated by the lovable little gray "teddy bears" with their beady eyes and comical black rubbery noses.

It is no wonder that after the top of Sydney's bridge sank behind the blue Tasman, and our second glimpse of Auckland faded into the placid Pacific, that we turned homeward by the tropical glories of Suva, Samoa, and Honolulu, fired with the resolve to again journey to those lands that seem extremely remote but, when visited, are really only too short a pleasurable jaunt across the Stepping Stones of the Pacific.

The Open Road

By Mrs. Peter R. Ashley

● Never have I been able to resist the lure of the open road. Always there is the desire to know what is at the other end. I know there must be something romantic, exciting, or mysterious. Very seldom am I disappointed.

When it was suggested that we make our vacation a motor trip, out came maps and plans were made to take to the open road again.

Our first objective being Yellowstone Park, we started northwest, crossing Nevada and Idaho. The end of the third day saw us driving into the Park. One of the most amazing places in the world. With its geysers, like Old Faithful, spouting at regular intervals; its deep, hot, intensely blue Morning Glory Pool; Paint Pots gloriously colored with blue, orchid, henna, red, and yellow, each wildly bubbling in its own particular pot, all in a crater-like basin and over it a mist rising, rainbow colored by the setting sun—this formed a truly breathtaking sight.

Leaving the Park via Cody, we pass Yellowstone Lake, then through Red Canyon, over Sylvan Pass along Shoshone River and across the Big Horn Mountains. In the distance loomed the magnificent Teton Range of Jackson Hole fame, a series of jagged peaks ending in Grand Teton, rising cathedral-like to an altitude of 13,766 feet.

With our route still northeast, we cross the Dakotas, visiting Rushmoor Monument, National Geographic Stratosphere Bowl, and Petrified Forests.

One of the most delightful drives was across Northern Michigan, through virgin forest reserves, a wonderland of woods and wildflowers on Lake Superior. At St. Ignace we took a ferry to cross the Strait of Mackinaw, seeing Lake Michigan from one side of the boat and Lake Huron from the other. After a few days in Detroit, we started on, going through the only tunnel in the world connecting two countries, to arrive at Windsor, Canada. A few hours later we stook awe-struck before Niagara Falls.

At Williamsburg we saw the famous Doctor Locke at work. A pathetic sight, the little village, with its one street, crowded with people of all ages, on crutches, stretchers, and wheel chairs, all going toward the big open tent where the Doctor works, all with the light of hope in their eyes, trusting this noted man to cure them by manipulating their feet.

We found the large Canadian cities very interesting. Toronto was quite American, and Ottawa very English with its beautiful modern Parliament buildings, churches, and libraries. Montreal, a fascinating place built on hills much like our own San Francisco. Quebec, a bit of the Old World, more French than France itself. The Hotel Frontenac, château-like, is high on a cliff overlooking the St. Lawrence River.

At St. Anne de Peaupré we decided to take the trip around Gaspé Peninsula. The Gaspé is as yet undiscovered by tourists — a primitive country, home of hardy fisher folk, a veritable wonderland. One's recollections are of wild and beautiful scenery, miles of fields of white with ox-eye daisies, which the inhabitants call "margrets"; large cone-shaped outdoor ovens; the ever-present sight and smell of drying codfish. And hooked rugs! Thousands of them hanging on lines to attract purchasers.

On the eastern coast is the little town of Percé, named from a great rock, shaped like a battleship, through which the sea has pierced a large opening. Here we chartered a fishing boat and cruised around Bay Chaleur, visiting Bonaventure Island, a bird sanctuary where thousands of birds come to nest and spend the summer.

Leaving Gaspé, we go to Nova Scotia and out to Sydney, Cape Breton Island, the most easterly point in North America, returning by way of Acadia, home of Evangeline, quiet restful country with miles of apple trees. The country from here on becomes more English, although in one day one may hear five different languages spoken.

By crossing the Bay of Fundy we reach St. John, New Brunswick, and here witness the terrifying battle of water between St. John River and the Bay, which is remarkable for its tides, causing the River to raise forty feet at high tide.

All through the Canadian country wild strawberries and blackberries were very plentiful, and when the going got tiresome we could stop and in a short time pick enough for lunch or breakfast.

At St. John we turn westward and arrive at Calais, where we again cross the International Border and find ourselves in Maine, on home soil once more.

New England is full of interest and contrast. Quaint old farm houses, beautiful summer resorts, lakes, and mountains. Blueberries everywhere — how we feasted on blueberry muffins and pies!

Boston — dignified city of historical buildings and background. Plymouth Rock, now in a cage to keep tourists from chipping it into souvenirs. Old Provincetown at the tip of Cape Cod, a haven for *(Continued on page 29*

Up the Yukon River

By Rachel Kurlanzik

● The steamer sailed out of Seattle, along the Inside Passage to Southeastern Alaska, stopping at Ketchikan, Wrangell, and Juneau, the capitol. It then went out on the Gulf of Alaska, with stops at Cordova and Valdez, going close up to Columbia Glacier and along its four-mile front.

In six days we landed at Seward, boarded the weekly train for the interior, stopping at Anchorage for the night. This city is the headquarters of the Alaska Railroad. It did not just grow up. It was laid out on the block pattern with wide streets, and reminds one of Balboa in the Canal Zone. Near Anchorage is the Matanuska Valley. The colonists were still living in tents, but their houses were going up and were to be ready for the winter. Next afternoon we boarded the same train and arrived at Curry, a "palace in the wilderness." The rooms, service, and meals are a credit to Uncle Sam.

The next morning the same train and an auto brought us into McKinley National Park. In the evening the Forest Rangers entertained with pictures of animal life in the park and an account of the first ascent of Mt. McKinley by one who had been in the party. Coming out of the Park we visited the dog kennels. Each husky has his own apartment with a spacious front yard. Their one meal a day consists of belek, tallow, rice, and cornmeal cooked together for hours. Belek or Alaska candy is dried salmon strips.

From the Park we rode on the Brill electric to the end of the line, the Golden Heart of Alaska. Fairbanks is a prosperous town, with restaurants, beauty shops, and a movie with bank night. There is a drug store where people come in for ice cream or sodas. Everyone seems happy, with no desire to go "outside." The Fourth of July is celebrated in March, when the evenings are still dark enough for fireworks. They talk of an Inter-American Highway through Canada, the United States, Mexico, and down to Panama. A short distance from Fairbanks is the Alaska Agricultural and Mining College, which has just been made a university (1935) and is "the farthest north school of higher learning."

From Fairbanks we retraced our way on the train to Nenana, where we boarded the S.S. "Yukon," going down the Tanana River to Tanana and from there up the Yukon River. The S.S. "Yukon" is a stern wheeler like those on our rivers. It is not a luxury liner, but nothing was lacking in service and courtesy. The table and cabin boys were college students on vacation. One of them entertained us with some very clever magic tricks. With fine food prepared by a good cook, the six days on the Yukon were the best of our six weeks. When appreciation was expressed, the reply came, "Why not? You make the pay check come."

From time to time we heard a thump and were sure the boat was striking bottom. We soon learned that the thumps were logs thrown into the furnace. These logs are an important part of the trip. About once a day the boat stops in front of a great pile of wood. The freight clerk gets out with a measuring stick and chalks up several cords of wood (at eight dollars a cord). While the boys put the wood on the boat the passengers get off for a walk. Seldom did we see the woodcutters. Why are they there in solitude? Perhaps they seek quiet, as did Rex Beach when he cut wood and wrote books in his cabin at Rampart.

There were other interesting stops. A blast of the whistle, an answer from the huskies, and every one is out on deck and shore. Mail is delivered or a passenger taken on for this boat is the only means of communication between Fairbanks and Dawson. From the passengers who were "sourdoughs" we heard much about the country. There was the Suffragan Bishop and his wife who were going as far as the Canadian border. At Eagle they got off to make the journey back in their small row boat. They would camp on shore when necessary and the bishop would perform his official duties along the way back to his lodge at Nenana.

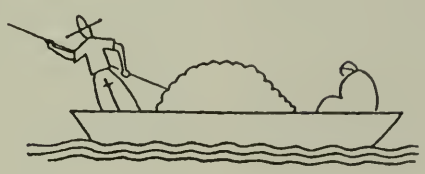
We visited the Mission at Fort Yukon, where the Hudson Bay Company was located until they discovered it was not in Canada. They two days in the Arctic Zone we were up at two o'clock in the morning to see the sun rise in broad daylight. Each passenger was presented with a Life Membership in the Order of the Midnight Sun.

For comedy, there was Purgatory, "where wood and water and air are free." We stopped at Circle City, so called because it was once thought to be on the Arctic Circle. From this town there is a bus to Circle Springs, a popular summer resort.

Finally we were out of "Uncle Sam's Attic" and in Dawson, which is in Canada and not in Alaska as many people think. The great interest here is the Klondike. The rise in gold prices has stimulated mining and dredgers are going over gravel which was dis- *(Continued on page 22*

"Glimpses of Mexico"

By Mrs. Harry B. Allen



● One of the reasons we enjoyed Mexico so tremendously was because of a bit of advice Clara Laughlan gave years ago in a lecture. It was: "When you travel, don't take all of yourself along, leave plenty at home." This is potent advice for Americans in general and Californians in particular. So we tried to leave our mental ruts at home, with their crystalized, atrophied thoughts. We attempted to discard our comparisons, those eternal measuring sticks of "super-colossal" this and "one hundred per cent efficient" that. The men left behind their dependence on hot running water. You will see some exquisite running water in Mexico, but it is not always piped. Americans in droves are appalling, as individuals we are splendid. We must try to melt in with the atmosphere when we travel, for then only can we feel and sense the underlying beauty. Then only can we grasp the sensitive charm of the country which cannot be turned on at the will of our dollar.

Books have been written entitled, "What is a Mexican?" Of course, he is in thousands of differing degrees the mixture of Spanish and Indian, each an individual and no one else like him. There are still thousands of pure Indians and pure Spaniards, but the average Mexican is an intermingling of the two races. The sturdy, placid Indian becomes glorified when he takes on the fire and color of the Spaniard.

If we could only close our eyes from the time we leave California till hours after we are in Mexico, it would be ideal; for the border land is hybrid and sterile. It is neither Mexican nor American.

Mexico is a land of great contrasts. In architecture you find the very old beside the extremely modern, as in Mexico City the Pre-Conquest stands adjoining the stepped-backed skyscraper. Geographically you go to higher elevations than you have ever been before, for the great highways soar up over eleven thousand feet onto the shoulder of Ixtla, the ever snow-clad Sleeping Maiden. Then in a few hours you may drop to Orizaba, on the Vera Cruz side, or to Acapulco on the Pacific. Thus, from the volcanic snows down to the lush jungle of the sea coast, one gets a kaleidoscope cross-section of life, with its variation of tree and plant growth.

In between these two extremes lies the high central plateau, rather dry and the habitat of the maguey, which stretches in blue-green rows for miles and acres in every direction. The drink pulque is drawn from the heart of these century plants, but only at twilight, and age-old chants are sung as the liquid is drawn by suction into the gourd containers. The maize corn waves its green plumes everywhere from North to South and from every terraced hillside. It is the main staple of Mexican life and its design has been woven into their art since the earliest dawn of their civilization. The agriculturists divide the world into the three divisions of the rice eaters, the wheat eaters, and the corn eaters; they maintain that our lives an dcivilizations have been influenced accordingly. The corn deity is indeed a living presence in Mexico.

Even in this central strip, during January, the dry season, some rain falls. But, remarkable as it may seem, they have trained the showers, they say, for it falls invariably at four in the afternoon. These showers give Mexico one of its most delightful qualities, that of seeming at each dawn in a world made anew. The mornings are crystal clear, each leaf shining and the birds singing in joyous chorus. By noon the clouds are banked up in glorious towers on the horizon. These cloud effects are one of the indelible memories of Mexico, for they take on opalescent colorings and shadings. Their shadows enhance the desert scene; they form a background for the cathedral towers and at sunset glow behind "Ixtla" and "Popo" in unbelievable grandeur.

The lover of gardens can revel in every type of flora, many of them known to California gardens — and dozens of others longed for by us. The bougainvilla splashes its color in shadings undreamed of in our gardens. Next in the list of effective backgrounds comes the bignonia, or trumpet vine, often found with azaleas and hibiscus massed below. The white datura hangs its bells in the spray of waterfalls, and the fragrant jasmine twines the columns of the balconies.

At Xochimilco, the floating gardens of Mexico City, the Indians paddle their dugout canoes beside yours and for a few cents laughingly sell you armfuls of spicy carnations, double white violets, tube roses, and brilliant double poppies. The canoes, piled high with flowers and vegetables, are poled daily the sixteen miles into the markets of Mexico City. Each canoe is *(Continued on page 23*

Indian Ritual and Drama

By Leslie Van Ness Denman

"For most of us the thrill that comes from viewing the creations in mass and color of far-off people is really the thrill of new adventure. Talk as much as we will of eternal and absolute standards in use and beauty we know deep in our hearts that here are things we could never have imagined. Through these things we accomplish contacts with ways of thinking and patterns of feeling basically different from those which would develop normally out of the strict terms of our modern life. Here, then, is exploration: leaving our prosaic and practical hearthstones we enter fabulous domains in which men have wrought and fought for ideals which hardly come within the scope of immediate comprehension. Our first reaction is one of wonder, but our second should be an effort to understand. Nor should we accept a pleasurable effect upon our unintelligent nerve ends as an index of understanding. —Spinden.

● The moon makes the Zuni calendar and the months are called "crescents." Six crescents are nameless and are designated as yellow, blue, red, white, variegated or irridescent. These follow the colors of the plumed prayer sticks which are offered at the full of the moon to the gods of the North and of the South—of the East and of the West—to the skies above and to the earth within.

After the New Year, in December, in the month whose ancient name was I-shoh-k'o a-pu-ya-tchun, or "crescent of the conception," there takes place in the pueblo of Zuni the ceremony of the Shalako. In a late winter afternoon the giant courier gods of the rainmakers come down from the mountains across the distant hills to the Zuni "center of the world." At twilight these tall, masked, bird-like beings cross the river by the old traditional trail to the pueblo.

Large groups of silent Indians await their coming. In the stillness and gathering twilight there is an impressive moment as the six Shalako suddenly arise from the river. Each Shalako is accompanied by a group of singers. At first one just catches the murmur of the low song, later it swells into a magnificent chant. For some unknown reason, this solemn little ceremony is strangely moving. The dusk is fraught with witchery, half-sensed potencies seem close about one. The distant hills grow black, the magic of the night grows stronger, the chanting figures become dim white outlines, as its deeping shadows draw them into its folds.

In the pueblo are gathered other gods and half gods and the embodied potencies of nature's forces awaiting the Shalako. Hundreds of costumed dancers, many masked, are associated with them, and, in various houses, participate in their ceremonies.

Beginning in the early evening, in the house of Sayataca, bow priest, in a scene as rich in color and as brilliant as one from the Arabian Nights, he and three other "priests of the masked gods" recite the ancient Myth of Migration. Their masks are lifted back, the tall headdresses surmounting their foreheads. With lowered eyelids, these impassive faces seem strangely oriental. One sits spellbound for nearly six hours listening to the faultless metre of this superb poem.

At midnight, when the moon is overhead, and the dark masses of the heavy walls of the unlighted village stand out in sharp relief against the pools of silver of its plazas, out of narrow passageways, come the calls of the different gods, the clank of tortoise shell rattles, the cry of beast and bird, and then, crossing through the moonlit spaces, all this colorful pantheon of beauty and mysterious power moves to the six houses of the Shalako. One's own world is far away—time does not exist, when only timeless beauty lives.

In the house of the Koyemshi are these sacred clowns of the Zuni. "Named are they, not with the names of men, but with names of mis-meaning." There is P'hlan (Bow Priest—warrior). There is Muiyapona (Wearer of the eyelets of invisibility.) Also there is Itsoposa (the glum or aggrieved). "K'ya lutsi (the Suckling) and Tau'hlashi (old youth), the youngest, are the most willfully important of the nine; always advising others and strutting like a young priest in his first dance, or like unto the youthful warrior made too aged-thinking and self-notioned with early knowing." Without their masks and with feathered wands in their hands, to the quick, fast beat and throb of a deep-toned pottery drum, the Koyemshi dance with an intense concentrated energy. Their song of blessing on the house when they leave, the prayer for the happiness of all those dwelling within, are of a moving loveliness.

In still another house, the Shalako, freed from the giant effigy, in the old traditional black shirt, his legs painted with the yellow of pollen, faces his audience, an audience in itself as beautiful as is the dance. The women a group brilliant as a tropical garden; the men, in black blankets, solid dark masses against the wall, lighted at

the top by the glitter of dark eyes and heads bound with cream and orange bandas. With downcast eyes in a face, as still and remote as that of some old Egyptian head, to the pulse of a rich-toned old drum, he moves in a powerful leaping rhythm, a passionless mask above the unceasing spring of the body. All count of the hours is lost. Nothing I have ever seen has had more poignant appeal than this withdrawn figure—a figure from some unknown and forgotten ritual of an ancient world.

In the six new houses "blessed" by the Shalako there come to them through the night one group after another of these beautiful and compelling creatures from the world of imagination, of myth, and of legend. In the early hours of morning, a sombre chant greets the morning star. After this there follow days and nights of ceremony and dance until on the last day one looks down from the roofs into the plaza upon a vivid shifting scene of a kaleidoscopic blending of color and form. There are times when five groups will dance together—each to its own drum beat and in its own rhythm.

After it is over, one drives back to warmth and sleep on a slick and tricky road of slush and adobe mud, a drive which leaves everyone tense and breathless.

Next morning one questions the truth of one's memory, the experiences just past must have happened in a dream.

To have lived for a time in an unknown world between the shifting values of reality and unreality, to have known the timelessness and the enchantment of an ancient Indian ritual, is to become aware that one should not limit one's efforts to understand to the ideals of any one race.

The philosophical and psychological truths, the aesthetic content which lie within the Indian ceremonies are profound for the relationship of the Indian to the spirit of the universe has integrity.

In July, in the different pueblos on the far away Hopi Mesas there takes place the Niman Katcina, the "home going" Katcina, as it is sometimes called.

At sunrise, on the last day of their ceremony, these glorious masked creatures come silently up from below the cliffs, over the edge of the mesa, into the central plaza of the pueblo. They are painted black; their dance kilts are white, and they carry in their arms watermelons and great sheaves of corn. They have brought to the tribe the fertilizing rains. Now they bring to them the fruits of the fertilized earth. At times I have caught the light and shadow one sees in a forest as the sun played over this black and green and white. All through the days the Katcinas dance with that slow step which stamps itself into the very earth. The sombre low chant fills the plaza with a sense of moisture and of green growing things. It is a song of deep humming, the sound of the wind singing through the trees of some high forest just before the coming of the autumn rains. At sunset the masked dancers go down from the mesa, out into the west over the old trail, and, as the myth says, back to their ancient shrines high up in the distant San Francisco peaks.

There are intervals in these dances when the Katcinas disappear to some remote place on the cliffs below, where no on may approach them. I have sat on the rocks above and listened to a chant which was as a part of the earth itself; so old, it seemed the cry of the ancient spirit of man to the gods he had as yet but dimly dreamed. In Indian ritual and in Indian dance there lives the poet of all ages, the artist of all times.

In November, "after the thunder sleeps," come the great Navaho chants.

The drive up through the mountains to timber line, on a narrow road, the turn from even as much of a road as this into one scarcely wider than a trail, with only the gleam of distant fires as an indication of one's destination, gives a haunting sense of mystery in the approach to one of these magnificient rituals.

In the center of a great circle of branches is an enormous fire. Small fires surround this large one, but close to the circle of branches and trees. Around these smaller fires sit the hundreds of Navahos with their children and babes. Everyone carries blankets and coffee pots, for it is bitter cold during a long night at this altitude.

This Mountain Chant or "sing" is in some remote spot where there may be almost no one outside of the Navahos.

The older head men are courteous to a stranger. More than once I have felt my shoulder touched and turned to find close to me some kindly rugged man trying to tell me that I was too near to a fire and that I might be singed.

Again I have felt something pushed into my hand and turned to look into the eyes of a kindly Navaho woman who was trying to give me a tiny dry apple from her none too plentiful store.

The focus of the ceremonies of the night, of the mind and of the spirit is in that blazing pile of logs. Beyond its light lies the dark silent forest.

The Indians, each with a green twig in his hand, led by several old medicine men, move slowly around the fire in a rhythmic step—not quite a dance. Again and again the circling line sways inwards and downward to the fire, in a movement strangely archaic. At irregular intervals through the long night come the dancers, creatures of fire and flame—vivid, brilliant, and swift. They leap with the fire and fall back to the earth with it as it drops, until dancer and flames are one.

As the first "white dawn" appears in the east, from somewhere outside there is heard the call of the sandhill crane.

A breathless suspense falls upon the crowd: from out of the black shadows of the surrounding forest there steals silently a long line of strange white beings—beings from another world. They are naked but for the breech clout, and painted from head to foot with white clay. Over their shoulders they carry long ropes of fire of the soft inner bark of the cedar tree. *(Continued on page 18*

I Have Been Reading

—DAISY F. REED

DONEGAL FAIRY STORIES; *by Seumas MacManus*, 1932; Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.00.

UNPUBLISHED POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON; *edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi and Alfred Leete Hampson*, 1936; Little, Brown and Company.

THE HISTORY OF EUROPE; three volumes; *by H. A. L. Fisher*, 1935-1936; Houghton Mifflin Company. $12.00.

THE HOUSE IN PARIS; *by Elizabeth Bowen*, 1936; Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

● Donegal Fairy Stories; by Seumas MacManus . . . "It is a humble disciple who dedicates with great reverence this little book to the memory of those Gaelic shamachies who have kept alive for us — through love of country and love of story-telling only — the fine ancient tales of our race, from age to age and from generation to generation."

This dedication by Seumas MacManus, who recently delighted an audience at the City Club, has the appeal of a charm enticing the mind to submit itself to the magic of these tales. Tales "old as the curlew's call" of a "people whose only wealth is mental and spiritual."

There are giants and old hags, princes and princesses, all doing the sort of things fairy-tale people always do. And through all of the tales there runs that slender thread of truth, not about the facts of existence, but about the ideals which give to man his mental strength and serenity. From this point of view, fairy-tales are akin to religion. Perhaps one might call them the religious expression of a very simple child-like people before truth had become crystallized into wisdom. The ability to enjoy fairy-tales may be a test of one's child-like (not childish) quality.

The volume is beautifully printed in large type and charmingly illustrated with black and white drawings.

Orient

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● Unpublished Poems of Emily Dickinson . . . Those to whom poetry is a "vital necessity" will be delighted that there is now available for their enjoyment some hitherto unpublished poetry by Emily Dickinson. It would be super-arrogance for a mere reader to make any claims for her poetry. But to have an unexplored volume of Emily Dickinson in one's hands is an exciting experience worthy of mention.

Many of these poems are the equal of her best work. They were overlooked when the original manuscripts were edited after the poet's death, or have recently been discovered among the Dickinson family papers.

● The History of Europe; by H. A. L. Fisher . . . History is constantly being reïnterpreted, not always successfully, in accordance with changing ideas and methods of approach to what we call facts. The scientific method was the motivating impulse for Wells' *Outline of History*. "For in history, as in the sciences, as the gaps fill in the outline simplifies; as the outlook broadens, the clustering multitude of details dissolves into general laws."

Today the idea rapidly becoming explicit in our approach to social facts is the unification or relating of existing individual differences by means of a common system universally acceptable to mankind. In response to this ideal, H. A. L. Fisher, warden of New College, Oxford, has reïnterpreted European history. He sees history not as a process toward some "predetermined pattern," but a process which takes account of the play of the contingent and the unforeseen."

The Fisher history has from the literary point of view alone a high degree of excellence. It tells the story of the human beings who have lived in the temperate climate of Europe, who have so prospered that its offspring have peopled new continents, and its ideas have contributed to the well-being of the entire world. Every race in Europe has made its distinct contribution to this story, which may be specifically designated as "European Civilization," in order to distinguish it from Chinese or Hindu civilization. In spite of characteristics common to these different contributions, there are also great and unresolved differences in "inheritance of thought and achievement and religious aspirations."

There is no question more vitally relevant to our present-day welfare than how these differences of the nations of Europe can best be organized for the fostering of their common interests and the avoidance of conflict. To see whether or not there is, at present, any way by which such unification may come about is the avowed purpose of this reïnterpretation of history. It is in three volumes, the third of which has just been published.

● The House in Paris; by Elizabeth Bowen . . . The house in Paris is simply the focus from which the diverging incidents of this story proceed. At the focal point is Mme. Fisher, the "witch," the "evil" who dominates the house and all of those who have been its occupants. She was not stupidity evil — she was ruthlessly intelligent, a woman whose "power had never properly used itself" until she had destroyed what she created. As in the case of the American students who lived in the house for whom she took no responsibility yet knew everything they did.

The story opens with two children who were passing through Paris on their way someplace else. They met in Mme. Fisher's house. Both children were deeply interested in their own personalities. The boy Leopold, "over-understood," had come to meet his mother whom he had never seen. There was some unexplained mystery about his relation to his mother. That mystery was overemphasized for both children by the very atmosphere of this house and the old lady ill in the darkened room upstairs.

The mystery is revealed in the second part of the book. This mystery involved Mme. Fisher's only daughter, Naome, who loved more than all else her own pain. It also involved Karen, member of a charming English family, one of the students, and Max, a French-English-Jew, the only man in the house. Through the insidious influence of Mme. Fisher, these two fell in love with one another and, still under the spell of her evil, their love turned to dust. But the affair did not end with the death of Max by his own hand, for Leopold was the "afterwards."

During the one day that Leopold passed in this house, his child-like qualities protected him from undue harm at the hands of the bed-ridden old woman. "Naturally, I regret it. If you were less a child, I could enjoy more fully my short time of being alive again — I am dying too early." But what Leopold was, both actually and potentially, was due to her.

One does not like any of the characters in this book. Nevertheless, they are real people. The most outstanding characteristic of Miss Bowen's writing is her extraordinary ability to convey the emotional quality of her incidents.

The Museum Library

● Current art periodicals, reference books in many fields of art, and works on all phases of contemporary art and artists may be used by the public in the Museum Library. The Library is open from 2 to 5 and from 7 to 10 daily, except Friday evening, Saturday and Sunday afternoon and evening.

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(Continued from page 15)

As they move into the circle of branches, this fiery rope is rolled into glowing balls and thrown to the four directions.

Slender branches of dry wood are converted into torches and there follows the most stunning and thrilling fire dance.

These beautiful lithe young runners encircle the flames in a wild race. They sweep each other's backs with their fiery torches. The cry of the sandhill crane comes from a runner as he flashes by. The flames in the center leap to the skies, the leaping figures flash in and out of the red and yellow light, always against the mystery of the night and the sombre forest, until the ritual and its dramatic beauty clutches at the heart.

Suddenly there is silence. the last p-r-r-r-t of the sandhill crane comes from a distance, the strange white spirits from some dim half world—not quite human as yet—have gone back into the mystery of the forest from which they came.

Silently we pull our belongings together, our blankets and our coffee pots: the sleeping babes and the sleepy children are gathered up and carried to the wagons. We wend our way slowly back to the road in wagons, on horseback, and in a car or two. Without words, we leave in the "yellow dawn" and take our way down through the trees and out into the scarlet dawn of the desert from which we had started.

In the unknown of that night at timberline one had again that intuitive apprehension of the borderline of shifting values, between the known and that which is but dimly sensed.

A Polynesian myth says "that a god only becomes a god at the moment when he assumes form."

These ceremonials that I have given such a very slight sketch of are in remote places, two of them occur at difficult seasons of the year.

There is yet another very interesting ceremony where in a short time one may see many more lovely dances than it is possible to do except in the course of years and of many trips. I speak of the Inter-Tribal Ceremony at Gallup, New Mexico. in August. Here one does not see rituals which have a religious significance—one would not wish to do so—but one does see dances, old and traditional, which have a very great beauty.

Some twenty or twenty-two tribes are represented. Thousands of the Indians come in, some from over five hundred miles away, and these great crowds add a striking and colorful background to the dances and games they give to us.

The Navahos arrive from long distances. Each night as they move across the desert they camp and hold a so-called "squaw dance." Usually we all go to the last one which is the night before the Ceremonial—as a rule it is out from Gallup ten to fifteen miles. The young men sing for this dance, all night; a strange, fascinating music is this chorus. At a distance the desert lives in it; one hears all of the night sounds one listens to when alone on the desert.

The ceremonial lasts three days, and with it is connected a large exposition of a most fascinating and extremely worthwhile exhibit of Indian arts and crafts.

Visitors come from all over the world and from the different parts of this country to see these dances. Many of us, both white and Indian, have met there for years. It is interesting and enlightening.

In the afternoon there are the Indian sports and races.

At night there are the dances. At this

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hour there are no lights but those of three great bonfires.

From the distance one hears the throb and the beat of many drums, each in its own rhythm. The Indians come in tribe by tribe in the most gorgeous procession of color and primitive music. They arrive from unlighted spaces into the light of the fires. There is nothing in the dance that I know of which can equal the thrill in the dramatic dance of the American Indian. It has its roots in sources as old as the human race.

Their body is their stage and well they understand the aesthetics of it. They come to us painted and costumed in the old ways, subtle, at times savage—gay—and sombre—but always beautiful, for the Indian himself is a poet and an artist unerring in his sense of color and form.

As they pass between the waiting audience and the fires, the excitement mounts with the wild lilt of that rhythm of the drums and the chants. Each group to the time of its own drum, dances its song and sings its dance.

On they come; the gay lilt and swing of the Hopi Butterfly dance, the slow beautiful posturing of the eagle dancers and of certain of the war dancers, the low sombre melody of a war song against the perfect and irresistible rhythm of the fast sideway's step of the Zunis, the Sia Crow dancers, shining and black, hopping as in a corn field. Then some lovely ancient thing from Cochiti—followed by the Hoop dancers from Taos. Groups of an exquisite quiet form from the Rio Grande pueblos, are significant in their contrast to the Indians from the plains, these arrogant, strutting, powerfully built Kiowas, feathered like the ancient Mayas, and fully as magnificent.

The dance of the Apaches is savage and bold. The rhythm is sharply staccato. Every quick movement of their big bodies and every switch of the head and of the strange masks is in angles, and always, as an Indian said to me, "they trot and trot and trot." It is a superb dance and of a serious intent. The Indians themselves love it. There are details of costume reminiscent of the warriors of the ancient Mayas. In the music are haunting suggestions of a part of some old Inca chants still surviving, which I recently heard on a record. Within the month I have been told by the Kiowas a number of fascinating legends and myths connected with this Apache dance.

Here then, in Indian ritual are things which are beautiful and true—they are also good in the sense that they seek a harmony of the Indian with the forces of nature with which he believes himself to be one. With prayer, in song and in the dance, he binds his life and his spirit with the moving spirit of that cosmos which he knows.

Drama Days in May

● May 8th—"Call It a Day", a gay and delightful play by Dodie Smith, concerning the happenings in an English family, during one day—will be interpreted for the Drama Reading Group by Miss Peggy Bethers, guest reader.

Miss Bethers has had stock and radio experience in New York and wide experience in theatrical groups in San Francisco. She is charming and delightful and gives to play interpretation these same qualities; beautiful diction, a well-modulated voice, her characters move with ease and grace.

We are indeed fortunate to have Miss Bethers, and we do bespeak a delightful afternoon.

May 22nd—"Intimate Glimpses of the Theater"—an informal talk by Mrs. Henry T. Veazie, a graduate of the University of California. Mrs. Veazie began her career with Margaret Anglin and thence to New York; Shakespearean plays with Marlowe and Southern, a staff member of the Theater Guild for the last five years. She has recently returned to California, and besides directing plays in the bay region, will teach at U. C. during the summer session.

With such a background of actual stage experience and co-director with Rollo Peters, and an intimate and personal acquaintance with critics, playrights, actors and actresses, the "discoverer" of Burgess Meredith, it presages a delightful, interesting and an inspirational afternoon to drama lovers.

These two meetings will close the season of the Drama Reading Group. We will have our usual half hour of chatter over the teacups and an opportunity to meet our two guests. We do hope Club members will avail themselves of one or both of these days, May 8th and May 22nd.

Vocational Information Bureau

● "New Visions and New Vocations in the Home" is the intriguing topic chosen for the informal dinner meeting under the auspices of the Vocational Information Bureau to be held on Friday, May 15 at 6:15 p.m. Our leader will be Miss Ethel R. Feineman, Executive Director of the Institute of Practical Art. Miss Fieneman was well known to us as Resident Director of the Emanu-El Sisterhood. We are happy to welcome her in her new capacity, and look forward to a most interesting meeting.

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—GWEN CASH

● One hundred and fifty years ago John Meares, British adventurer, sea captain, and incorrigible liar, landed at Nookta, an Indian village on the West Coast of Vancouver Island. He was among the first in a world rush to trade for sea otter skins, following disclosures made by Captain Cook in "Third Voyage," published in 1784.

Meares found he had reached an island as large as the country of Switzerland and in parts as mountainous. Covered with trackless forests, at that time unexplored, it was the home of some of the finest tribes of totem pole Indians.

Today Vancouver Island, though still little explored in the north, is a mecca for travelers from all parts of the world. Famed for retired colonels, golf courses, fishing, Indian curries, British private schools, English china, Scotch tweeds, haggis, bulb farms, old-world gardens, the board "a" and antique shops, it's as much like England as a corner of Gloucestershire or maybe Dorset.

A highway runs for one hundred and ninety miles along the four hundred of its eastern coast. Victoria, capital of British Columbia, has grown in sprawling, leisurely, picturesque fashion on its most southerly harbor, and there are miles on miles of winding byways, enchanting as English lanes to explore, in its vicinity. Also, a hostelry, "The Empress," known as one of the famous hotels of the world.

But when Meares fraternized with Marquinna, chief of the Nookta tribe, the totem pole Indians were lords of the land. I mean this quite literally. For totem poles were the heraldic crests of the B.C. Indian chiefs, and those of noble blood.

Just as a ducal family of England might boast a dozen quarterings, so the chiefs of B.C. their totem poles, which in symbolic carving, richly colored, showed their descent and intermarriages.

The rest of that tribal society was composed of commoners and slaves. These slaves were prisoners of war and could be sold at will.

Houses of the totem pole Indians then, and for many years following, were communal. Rather like great stables with two rows of horse boxes, one for each family, and an aisle down the middle for cooking fires; they were fantastically and gorgeously decorated with great painted carvings, artistically conceived and magnificently executed. The Provincial Museum at Victoria has an excellent collection of these carvings and totem poles and there are also interesting if somewhat weather-worn totem

poles in the gardens at Government House, Victoria.

Each tribe — the Nookta, the Salish, the Sooke, or the Cowichan — claimed their own particular secret societies, dramas, dances, masques, and taboos, handed down from noble family to noble family throughout the ages.

The violation of taboos was, in fact still is, the basis of most of their drama. Supernatural, legendary magic and symbolism, that of their religion. Now, of course, commingled with Christian teaching. Idolatry was not part of it.

Forbidden Plateau, home of the famed "red snow," one hundred and fifty miles up the Island Highway from Victoria, was for years guarded by Indian taboos and has only lately been explored.

In so brief an article it is, of course, impossible to do more than whet the appetite for information on island Indians. But Diamond Jenness, authority on the subject, has some excellent pages on them in his "The Indians of Canada," and is now engaged in further research work on Vancouver Island preparatory to another volume.

Since the days when the west coast of Vancouver Island was the eldorado of buccaneering adventurers greedy for otter skins to sell at fabulous prices to slant eyed mandarins across the purple blue Pacific, the island has been the scene of many a colorful drama.

By 1810 the sea otter were exhausted and for years the Indians left unmolested. In 1843 officers of the Hudson's Bay Fur Trading Company founded Victoria and many an early pioneer intermarried with the native nobility.

Later it was a crown colony with a governor sent out from London and much of the pomp and pageantry of the British Court in its own small way. Upon the Confederation of Canada and the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway it became part of the province of British Columbia.

San Francisco — at Daybreak

The sleeping city sprawls below my feet
And spreads into the waters of the Bay,
While background houses climb her hilly streets
To greet the dawning harbinger of Day.

Deserted lie those active, rushing marts
As she is silent: slumbering away
Like wearied lioness in secret lair apart,
Or regal, soaring bird of prey:
Now prone, outstretched, on hidden lofty nest
Oblivious to savage predatory fray:
So in her calm, deceptive rest —
How beautiful she seems, awaiting day!

—Edith Hecht.

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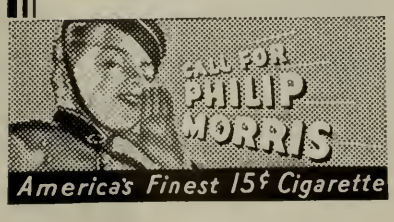

(Continued from page 12)

carded in the big days. Great changes have been made in underground mining. The original method was to melt the frozen gravels with steam. About twenty years ago the cost of production was reduced by using hot water and now they use cold water under pressure.

We went to the cabin where Robert Service lived and wrote. The price of admission to a weekly movie is one dollar, but then a quarter is the smallest coin used. The same ancient picture could be seen in Fairbanks for sixty cents and in Skagway for forty, the prices varying as the distance from the States.

Perishables are expensive. Lettuce is twenty-five cents a head and plums thirty-five cents a pound. But one could get dinner anywhere for seventy five cents or a dollar, which is quite reasonable.

Two days in Dawson and then the S.S. "Casca," a sister boat of the "Yukon." These are the last of the great fleet which sailed the Yukon in the days before the railroads came. The superintendent of the Canadian Mounted Police was on the boat and told what was being done for the Eskimos. When going through White Horse Rapids, the boat had to hold on to a cable. In four days we were at White Horse, where we took a train going along Lake Bennett and paralleling the trail of '98. At Summit, two flags mark the national boundary and we were on American soil again.

In Skagway we stayed at the Pullen House. Mrs. Pullen has a museum and can tell much of gold rush days and of Soapy Smith. We saw the sights with Martin Itzen in the bus which he brought to California in 1934. He has built a house on the pier with portholes looking out on Lynn Canal. He says his wife likes to travel and thinks she is taking a trip.

Then another steamer for Seattle, stopping for a dance in Chilkoot Barracks, at Sitka, and also at several places we had been to on our way in. This time in Ketchikan the salmon were going up stream. They are conservative and prefer making their way dangerously over the rocks instead of up the runway built for them. The towns on the panhandle, like all others in Alaska, are truly American. How different from the towns of yesterday on the coasts of Mexico and Central America!

The Golden Legend

● Time has laid his hand upon my heart, gently, not smiting it. But as a harper lays his open palm upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.

—Longfellow.

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Notice to Members

● Do you know that a note of introduction given to your out-of-town friends will permit them to use the facilities of the Clubhouse Rest-rooms, Check-rooms, and Restaurant Department? This will afford a great convenience while vacation shopping in San Francisco.

Lectures

● The San Francisco Museum of Art is happy to announce two lectures by Mr. Paul T. Frankl, which we feel will be of especial interest to you—"How to Decorate in the Modern Manner," to be given Wednesday evening, April 15, at 8 o'clock, and "Color Design and Texture in Modern Decorating," to be given Sunday afternoon, April 19, at 3 o'clock. These lectures are free to the public. They will be illustrated by Mr. Frankl during his talk and will find further illustration in the large decorative Art's Exhibition now showing at the Museum.

(Continued from page 13)

named, the larger ones having arches of flowers over the bow, the name spelled in brilliant marigolds. The small canoes have their names carved on the sides. Can you imagine a more charming name in Spanish than this? "My love lies weeping?" or this "My heart is in the hills, though my feet stand in the stream?" The smallest one of all was facetiously entitled "The Normandie." On Sunday and fete days the canals under the tall water willows are crowded with the canopy covered canoes, holding whole families, some singing, some playing the guitar, others cooking their meal over charcoal. These canals are all that remain of the huge lake which surrounded Mexico City when Montezuma reigned. But the flower grower lives a life unchanged by the four centuries which have passed since Cortez conquered with his armored Spaniards and his cannon.

Each city is individual and if we could only capture a moment from each to bring home, what a delight to take them at will, as from a jewel case to relive again!

Guanajuto with her high flung golden alters. Guadalajara, truly meaning Eternal Spring. Taxcos terraced streets recalled the beauties of Taormina. At Cuernavaca, we swam under yellow orchids, while at Urupan, the abundance of the streams through the pine forests led us on to paths of delight. The markets of Oaxaca left us entranced and longing for a trailer. Acapulco held the thrill of a crocodile hunt. The mellow food which rivals the southern cooking of our own New Orleans is found in every home and most hotels. Orizaba, midst her gardenias, stands foremost in this art as the gulf adds its variety to an already over ample menu. Mazatlan, our last love of all, bent her cocoanut palms over white cresting surf as we swam that final February day.

Mexico has been called the land of answered prayers, because the Mexican asks for so little. You leave Mexico rather humbled by their gentle joy of living unhampered by our elaborate and demanding comforts. Their elemental simple life leaves time for siestas as well as fiestas. The richness of their past gives a heritage as varied as all Europe. The native Indian customs persists along with those the conquestadors brought from Spain. The white iris blooms in our gardens because the Moors originally brought it to Spain to place on their graves. From there it crossed to Mexico and carried on foot by the Franciscan Friars to our California Missions.

The Mexicans sing eternally as they work. I think the two sounds which typify Mexico most and which I will never forget, for I can hear them always, are the soft voices of the women singing in the shadows of the patio, and the accompanying sound of the gentle pat, pat of their palms as they form the tortilla—the bread of Mexico.

Buenas días, mis Señoras.

A Letter From the Philadelphia Women's City Club

● My dear Fellow Club Women:

Philadelphia is to have the pleasure of being host to several large conventions this summer. You of the San Francisco Women's City Club have been so kind in past years in relations of reciprocity, we would be happy to entertain your members in the same capacity.

Our clubhouse is located in the center city section, but we are fortunate in having both inside and garden lunch rooms. On hot days, we are sure you too would enjoy sharing them with us for all three meals or a refreshing cup of tea. Two floors are given over to bedrooms and if there are any vacant we rent them to our sister club members. Do trust you will visit us if you are here for any of the many meetings.

Very sincerely yours,
(Dr.) Ella D. Kilgus,
President.
(Miss) M. Alice Weir.
Chairman, Reciprocal Relations.

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Institute of Practical Arts

● Of three-fold service to the women of San Francisco is the Institute of Practical Arts to be opened May 4 at 300 Page street by Emanu-El Sisterhood, with the cooperation of the Y. W. C. A.

The household employer, who, for a number of years, has despairingly asked, "Where can I get really well-trained household employes?" may well give three cheers and her hearty support to the eight-week, intensive course offered by the Institute to household employees.

Housewives who wish to learn the scientific methods, that speed up and ease their manifold tasks, may elect courses at the Institute with subjects varying from modern psychology, as related to child rearing, to the delicate nuances of flower arrangement; from food preparation to correct table-setting for all forms of entertaining; and from time budgets and labor short-cuts about the house to how to market most advantageously.

The third service to San Francisco women — and most important of all in the broad sociological sense—is the creation, through the household employee course, of a new vocation for ambitious and intelligent women; that of *certificated household employee.*

Years ago the establishment of nurses' training schools raised that profession from conditions of poor pay, inhumanly long hours and equivocal status to its present excellent place among vocations. Now the Institute of Practical Arts hopes to achieve precisely the same ends in the field of household employment.

Students of the household employee course of the Institute will work under graduate home economics instructors. They will be taught the scientific approach to every problem of home-making, with consequent increase not only of efficiency but of respect for their own vocation.

Those who successfully complete the intensive eight-week course will be awarded certificates of proficiency. First positions will be obtained for graduates by the placement committee of the Institute.

"Household employment, raised to the plane of a career or vocation, can solve the unemployment problem for many women who formerly worked outside the home," Miss Ethel R. Feineman, executive director, pointed out. "In this field alone, demand for trained workers considerably exceeds supply."

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Tipping in England and in America

Reprinted from The Landmark, the Monthly Magazine of the English Speaking Union.

—BY NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR

● No word of three letters is more potent to stir the imagination, titillate the heartstrings, and awaken suspense than "Tip." It conjures up images of money gained: at the races, on the stock exchange, or, more often, purely as a gift. In the latter sense, the one now to be considered, it is defined by the *Pocket Oxford Dictionary* as "money of arbitrary amount bestowed as additional recompense on waiter or driver or another's servant or the like or given to schoolboy, etc." How eloquent is the final etc.! It seems to cover the history of tipping.

The tip probably had its origin as a means of securing or of strengthening loyalty: the monarch gave grants of money or land; the great lord of the Middle Ages distributed largesse. In Tudor times the gifts given by, and to, the sovereign on New Year's Day were of importance, as anyone can testify who has ever looked into those fascinating volumes, *The Letters and Papers of Henry VIII.* King Henry must have been set up for a year by the number of shirts he received made by the ladies of his Court. Tipping began in America almost as soon as white men appeared: John Smith and the Pilgrim Fathers immediately gave gifts to the Indians. Sir William Johnson, the picturesque Irishman who was Indian Commissioner in New York during the mid-eighteenth century, was continually asking for presents for the redskins. Montcalm on more than one occasion prevented frenzied Indians from slaughtering prisoners by promises of gifts which were to be costly for his king. The line here between the tip and what is commonly called in America "graft" is a narrow one. Recent trials upon both sides of the Atlantic, which have disclosed the price paid to the police by those breaking the law, are still vivid.

In the New York of my boyhood one of the elephants in Central Park Zoo was named Tip; he had a voracious appetite for buns, peanuts, and other delicacies—in his case assuredly an "additional recompense." The custom of tipping has thus been prevalent in the English-speaking world for centuries. Now and again indignant persons write to the newspapers demanding an end to the practice, but it continues a hardy perennial. My opinion is that, with the gradual standardization

(Continued on page 27)

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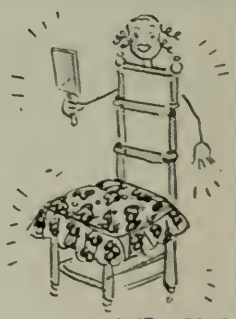

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(Continued from page 9)

cial visit. Iguazu is the second great National Park. It's a blessing it will be kept for the people in its "lindo" natural state. We were sorry not to go to Ascuncion, the capitol of Paraguay. People said it was in a bad state. Windows in all the public buildings broken, and no money for repairs. The Chaco war took too much of the government's funds. We had a few hours at El Dorado, a colony of about eight thousand people. It is only eight years old, is self-supporting. The jungle has had to be cut away. The days of pioneering are not over. It's a shame we didn't have places like this for people to go to in our time of depression. The main product is maté. We saw it growing, cut and picked. I have never seen such gorgeous poinsettias, and I from Southern California. They put ours to shame. And bananas and pineapples, gardenias and citrus, all growing together. Everything seems to thrive. The soil is marvelously fertile and, as they have about six feet of rain a year, there's no need to irrigate. The colonists at El Dorado are mostly German, thrifty and neat. I liked the picturesque village with all the German signs. Victoria, another colony now starting, is mostly English.

Our homeward journey was by the West Coast of South America. We spent six days going from Buenos Aires to Santiago de Chile. We went way south by the Chilean Lakes. There we found beautiful scenery, snow-capped mountains and lots of water, comparable to Switzerland. It took two days by Argentine railroad, then three days by boat, bus, and horse to Osorno, Chile, where we took the Chilean National Railway north. We actually crossed the Andes on horseback on a little trail through the snow. Southern Chile is so like California with the brown hills, eucalyptus, and acacia. We felt right at home. Sanitago is a beautiful city in a lovely mountain setting. The cities of the West Coast are interesting. We were especially intrigued with Lima. It is so individual and has such beautiful buildings, with the old carved wooden balconies and lovely iron grillwork. We took on a cargo of cotton, sugar, bananas, coffee, copper, silver, Panama hats, and ivory nuts. The stop at Manta in Northern Ecuador will long be remembered. The lighters there are all picturesque sailboats. We saw them start out from shore in the stiff breeze, and marveled at the skill of the men who could manage those huge sails and maneuver the boats alongside our ship. Near Manta is Monte Cristi, where such fine hats are made. Do you know that tons of ivory nuts are shipped from Ecuador every year, principally to France, to make buttons and buckles?

We were proud to be Americans when we went through the Panama Canal. Everything seemed so quiet and orderly to us, after all the chatter and shouting at the other ports. We marveled at the wonderful engineering feat, and also at the well-kept, beautifully-green area on either side of the Canal.

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(Continued from page 25)

of life throughout the world, tipping is commoner in the United States than it used to be, for, until a few years ago, the average American without doubt considered tipping more widespread in Europe.

To understand divergencies in practice between America and England the fundamental outlook of the two nations towards society should be considered. Although both are democracies in spirit, in one country there are theoretically no class distinctions, while in the other there are still noblemen and commoners. A few years ago a waitress in a hotel in the Middle West addressed one of my academic colleagues, who had been wont to dine there and was returning after the long vacation, with the words, "How are you, Grif?" This would scarcely have occurred in a provincial hotel in England, at any rate before a stranger. The pioneer spirit of helpfulness between individuals dies hard in America, and there are many places where people will take an infinite amount of trouble for another and be injured by the suggestion of recompense. Of course, many such places exist also in England, but there is, perhaps, more of an idea that certain services are to be rewarded, at least with a few coppers. The distinction is a nice one, but it exists. American hospitality, frequently remarked upon by British visitors, has its origin in pioneer helpfulness, the British adaptation of which is amusingly portrayed by Noel Coward in his recent one-act play, *Hands Across the Sea.*

As a schoolboy I looked forward eagerly to visiting my godfather, an American graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge University, because he nearly always gave me a substantial tip. In this I was distinguished among my friends; the custom of tipping schoolboys is not common in America, but even here one must generalize carefully, for there are many families wherein British traditions survive.

Travellers from Britain have remarked often upon the large size of tips in America, due in part to the comparative absence of copper money (coppers in the United States represent an English halfpenny and are fractions of five cents—twopence halfpenny—rather than being, like the English penny, fractions of twenty-five cents — a shilling) and in part to the social insecurity of the self-made who wish to display "class." An aristocracy of some kind is inevitable in human society; the ideal in America is that of brains or ability, but in practice there is rather an aristocracy of wealth. Splurge on the part of the self-made is not peculiar to America, but in England it is more controlled by the acknowledgment of class distinctions, the fact that a person can pass into a superior

(Continued on page 29)

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—Entendido: cuando quieres que vayamos?
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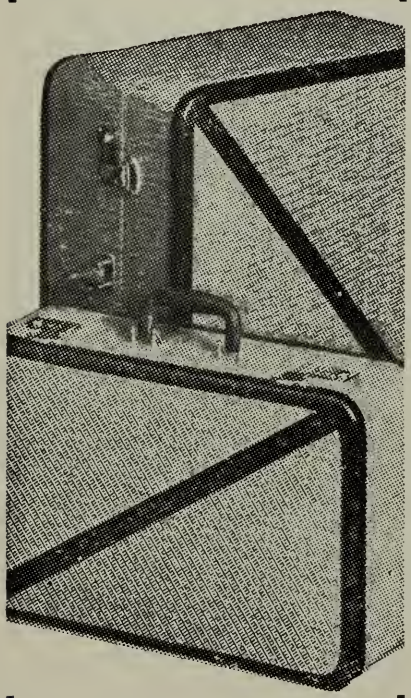

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★The Baby's Health Rights

How Parents and Community Furnish Them

★To correct statistics in Health Article published in April, 1936.

● Immunization against diphtheria has been done in all Baby Health Centers since 1924, in San Francisco. Private physicians have urged this service for all babies from 7 months to 12 months of age. This, with vaccination against small-pox has been taught and advocated.

How successfully? 6,178 babies were born in or moved to San Francisco from birth to 1 year in 1935. Of these 1,997 attended the Board of Health well baby centers, 1,680 were under private physicians. 1,719 were in well baby centers at Children's Hospital, Mount Zion, Mary's Help, St. Mary's Oak Street Well Baby Center, and University of California and Stanford Hospitals. Thus, stated more clearly, 5,396 babies out of 6,178 were under health supervision, or 87.3% of our baby population. Of this number 82.7% were vaccinated and immunized.

Contrast this with young adults (medical students — 66% were unprotected against diphtheria, they have to be vaccinated to enter our colleges). In the Community Chest nurseries and federal nursery schools, children from 2 years to 6 or 8 years—79% were protected, and in well baby centers 1 to 12 months—95-100%. This shows the value of steady education over a long period of public health work.

These figures collected by Dr. H. E. Thelander and presented to the San Francisco County Medical School are very instructive and were considered too valuable to be in any way mis-quoted. Hence this repetition.

Adelaide Brown,
Health Editor.

Thursday Evening Program

● Miss Margaret Guthrie, who will give the Thursday Evening Program on May 28th, is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin and by profession a librarian, with many years of instruction in college and public library fields. She is also a lecturer and leader in discussion groups in current literature and has been in San Francisco for some years. Miss Guthrie is available to groups in the Bay Region.

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• ROBES and PAJAMAS made in a skillful manner for type models — the tall figure or the petite — the slender or rounded figure, for both men and women, in Oriental silks, at 430 Grant Avenue.

Madam Butterfly

(Continued from page 27)

class, assuming a different set of standards. The scarcity of copper money is undoubtedly responsible for the tip to railway porters being larger in the United States than in England. American railway stations in the important cities are invariably more extensive than in England, and porters have much farther to carry luggage; therefore a tip of from fifteen to twenty-five cents a parcel is not exorbitant, though larger than the threepence common in England. Moreover, the prevalence of the system of checking luggage means that Americans carry less by hand; they are also more given to carrying their own bags, another survival of the independent spirit of early days.

In American restaurants and hotels the ten per cent standard usual in Europe prevails. The rarity of coppers makes the minimum tip in America larger than in England; it is scarcely possible to leave less than ten cents in an American restaurant, whereas threepence, or even twopence, is not uncommon in England after a small order. The minimum tip upon American dining cars is higher than in restaurants: negro waiters expect from fifteen to twenty-five cents. Porters on Pullman cars are tipped in proportion to their services; the cost of tourist sleeping cars is less than for standard cars, so that the tip may be a trifle less. A porter on a chair car expects anywhere from ten cents to a quarter, and a sleeping car porter, from a quarter to fifty cents a night, according to the length of the overnight journey. On long journeys there are buffet meals provided for those who wish to save the expense of meals in the dining car. American hotels have no servant exactly corresponding to the responsible porter of English hostelries, who expects a gratuity in proportion to his service.

Visitors to country houses are supposed to tip much as in England: a dollar to those who look after the guest during a week-end. American servants are inclined to expect tips in accordance with the supposed economic status of a guest, thus a business man would be supposed to give more than a teacher. In some American households hostesses ask their guests not to give gratuities. There are comparatively few establishments large enough for a man servant to be told off to look after guests, where the servant so designated would expect the equivalent of ten shillings to a pound a week. Shooting and fishing do not involve the tipping of so many attendants as in Britain, largely because there is no driven game.

The threepence given to a London taxi driver after an ordinary journey corresponds to ten cents in New York; for longer trips the ten per cent rule is followed. In smaller towns, taxis, as in England, are often owned by their drivers and are without meters.

In whichever direction he sails, the transatlantic traveller need find no difficulty about tipping; in England there are more people to expect gratuities, but the minimum is less. When it comes to the percentage upon restaurant and hotel bills the practice is similar in both countries.

(Continued from page 13)

artists. Salem of witch fame.

Then New York! A visit to Radio City, marvel of beauty and engineering; here we witnessed a national broadcast in action.

Washington our next objective, where we took time to visit The White House, Capitol, new Federal Buildings, monuments, etc., and spend a day at beautiful Mt. Vernon and Arlington.

Time is getting short so we go on through the lovely Shenandoah Valley to The Endless Caverns, which make us think of Yellowstone Park upside down.

Through Kentucky — always something beautiful, interesting and historical to all, but space does not permit description.

On ever westward—St. Louis, Denver, Salt Lake—Home! to cool foggy San Francisco, with a glorious trip, now a "picture hung on memory's wall."

—Mrs. Peter R. Ashley.

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Summer Camp

● The directors of the Ellis Franklin Summer Camp suggest that while you enjoy your favorite type of vacation this summer you send your children to Camp Ellis Franklin, where you will be assured they will have a thoroughly delightful outing, made up of activities that especially appeal to children, and all under the most careful supervision.

Camp Ellis Franklin opens June 1 in the beautiful grounds of the Ellis Franklin Boarding School, in the Sierra Nevada foothills just beyond Applegate. This attractive estate comprises a square mile of pine-clad slopes where you child can count on all the fun that can be crowded into the long summer vacation days.

There is a camp for boys and one for girls, from 6 to 14 years of age, each offering opportunities for real "camping out" with all the thrill of outdoor cookery and sleeping in the open.

Wholesome adventure awaits your children here. They will enjoy the fun of life in the great outdoors shared with other children; the sport of a swim in the clear pool and then a lazy sun bath beside it; horseback riding over country trails; hikes along wooded hillsides where interesting bird, plant and tree life abound; suppers cooked at the barbecue pits; and then in the evening the unforgettable companionship of the campfire where each child is encouraged to take part in the Evening Hour program.

The Girls' Camp is located near the main buildings; the Boys' Camp in a glen at some distance from the main house. Children are grouped according to age and are all under the continuous watchful care of competent counselors. A doctor is on call and a nurse in residence.

Staff members are chosen for their ability and fitness to work with children and they become pals of the young guests, hence their supervision is never irksome. The directors, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Robinson, are well-known in the Bay Cities.

The elevation of 2200 feet with its warm, dry atmosphere provides a healthful change for children from the lower altitudes, and the camp program is adjusted to the strength, needs and interests of the individual child.

The Camp advertisement, elsewhere in this magazine, gives the detail of activities at Camp Ellis Franklin and the Directors will be glad to correspond with interested parents, and cordially invite those who can do so to visit the Camp. The beauty of its site is most appealing and will aid in your decision to make your child happy by reserving his accommodations for the 1936 summer vacation at Camp Ellis Franklin.

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Swimming Wall-Flowers Become Mermaids

—ALDWYTH R. ARATA

● When Mrs. Madison's challenging article on "Swimming Pool Wall-Flowers" appeared in the Club Magazine, it made a few of us readers decide that swimming was one of THE important things in life. The years roll by so quickly that it is appalling to recall just when one first remarked, "Next year I shall certainly take swimming lessons."

Anyway, the Club's offer was so generous and so encouraging that three-wall-flowers of the swimming pool began that January course, which was to transform them into mermaids — two members determined to surprise their families, and the other acting on the doctor's orders.

With the aid and the challenge of a diligent instructor, these three neophytes first faced the awe-inspiring task of learning the crawl, then the back stroke, and latest the side stroke — that is, the last to date, but probably far from the end! For it seems there are many strokes, and much practice needed to grow strong fins on a mermaid — or to make competent swimmers out of us mortals.

There is such a delight in the discovery that one can keep afloat under self power in the water and such an exhilirating feeling of good health after an hour in the pool, that the only wonder is why did we never before make the plunge. May our Club be responsible for many more wall-flowers' becoming mermaids — a mixed metaphor, we admit, but descriptive nevertheless.

What You Should Know About the Swimming Pool

Now that the special classes and combination offers are over for the winter months, you may still avail yourself of other privileges in learning to swim and enjoy the pool. Bring your friends, or families. Keep this data for future reference:

HOURS: Monday through Thursday, 9:30 a.m. to 7:15 p.m.; Friday, 9:30 a.m. to 9:00 p.m.; Saturday, 9:00 a.m. to 4:45 p.m.

PRICES: Single swim for members, 30 cents; guests, 40 cents; boys under 12, girls under 18, 30 cents; ten-swim tickets for members, $2.50; members' daughters under 18, sons under 12, $2.25; guest children, $2.50 (including Girl Scouts).

PRIVATE LESSONS: An instructor is on duty whenever the Pool is open, and appointments may be made for single lessons or a ticket may be bought giving purchaser six half-hour or twelve fifteen-minute lessons within three months. Members and members' children, $4; guests, $6. Admission extra.

PRIVILEGES: Members may bring women and children guests to swim at any time. A member may obtain at the Pool Office a guest card giving a woman or child the privilege of swimming ten times unaccompanied by a member, or arranging for lessons. Fee for issuing card, 25 cents.

MEN'S GUEST NIGHTS: On Tuesday evenings, 5:30 to 7:15 p.m., and Friday evenings, 5:30 to 9:00 p.m., men guests may swim in the Pool. They must be personally accompanied by a member.

GROUPS: Members bringing groups of any size to swim are requested to arrange with the Pool Office in advance. The Pool can be kept open for private parties after the regular closing hour on certain evenings on guarantee of at least $5. Sponsored organizations whose members wish to swim regularly either as individuals or in groups, who can use 100 admissions in ten weeks, may make arrangements for special rates.

LOCKERS are for rent in the swimming department. Small, 25 cents a month, $1.25 for six months; full length, 50 cents a month, $2.75 for six months.

Swimmers are required to use Club suits.

A Member Writes

TO THE EDITOR,
Women's City Club Magazine,
465 Post Street,
San Francisco, California.

Dear Madam:

Though Spring is here, and Summer just yonder waving palm branches at us from every beach, there is yet time for the vast membership of the League to accomplish a great work — to *design* and advocate and use bathing suits that are both more modest than and equally attractive as those now sold exclusively.

I am positive that hundreds of thousands of women the country over have given up swimming and playing around healthfully in the water because time, sickness, physical contours, or possibly an old-fashioned sense of modesty, prevents their donning the only available — at least permissible — costume.

I am not just an elderly spinster with a grouch. For a lifetime I have worn trousers, and as a girl I shocked the conservative souls by refusing to wear stockings on the beach! I am for any fine advance that makes for beauty or comfort. I am firmly convinced that both of these ends would be furthered if those of us *who so wished* could buy and wear without ridicule snappy, less revealing swim suits.

"Heigh-ho! Antediluvian!" I hear you yawn. But the same breeze brings to me the cry of the multitude longing for the health-giving joy of surf and sand who inarticulately await courageous leadership.

Yours very truly,
LAURA ANNA COTTON.

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Ellis Franklin Summer Camp Opens June 1st, 1936

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Camp Season from June 1st to Sept. 15th. Children may enter at any time during season.

RATES: $12.50 per Week — $50 per Month. For Folders and Reservations Address Mr. or Mrs. Charles Robinson, Directors, Box 186 R. F. D., Colfax, Calif.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

ARTS AND TECHNIQUE NUMBER

JUNE 1936
VOLUME X • • NUMBER 5
PRICE 15 CENTS A COPY
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
465 POST STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

Women's City Club Calendar, June 1936

Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—Every Tuesday 5:30 to 7:30 p.m.: Every Friday, 5:30 to 9 p.m.

League Bridge—Every Tuesday—Card Room 2 and 7 p.m.

CURRENT EVENTS LECTURES—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas
Every Wednesday Morning in June at 11 a.m.

JUNE—

3—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas Round Table discussion following.	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m.
4—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman Speaker: Mr. Charles James. Subject: Development of Modern Art.	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m.
6—Ramble—Big Basin—2 days—fee, $9.00	*Leave Clubhouse*	10:00 a.m.
8—Young Members' Luncheon	*Cafeteria*	12:15 p.m.
9—Book Review Dinner—77c per plate Speaker: Mrs. Daisy Reed. Subject: "Man the Unknown," by Alexis Carrel. (Review will start at 6:45 sharp.)	*Natl. Def. Room*	6:00 p.m.
10—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas Round Table discussion following.	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m.
Spanish Round Table. Senorita Angela Montiel	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
11—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman Speaker: Mr. Edouard Strauss. Subject: Lecture with illustrations of the German Lied.	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m.
16—Garden Round Table—Ramble to Hayward See page 22 for details.	*Leave Clubhouse*	10:00 a.m.
17—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas Round Table discussion following.	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m.
18—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman Speaker: Mr. Edgar Rowe. Subject: The Chain Store Method of Merchandising.	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m.
19—Book Review Luncheon—Mrs. Daisy Reed "Finland—The New Nation," by Agnes Rothery. "Sweden—The Middle Way," by Marquis W. Childs.	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
21—Ramble—Fiesta at San Juan Bautista. Fee, $5.00	*Leave Clubhouse*	8:00 a.m.
24—Spanish Round Table—Senorita Angela Montiel	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas Round Table discussion following.	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m.
25—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman Evening of Song arranged by Mr. J. Whitcomb Nash.	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m.

JULY CALENDAR

JULY—

2—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman Speaker: Mrs. Grace Sutton Powell. Subject: Present-day Home Planning.	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m.

Women's City Club Magazine

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

VOLUME X JUNE, 1936 NUMBER 5

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Wasted Effort

The teddybear is waiting for a drink of genuine Shasta Water but he is going to be fooled; and so it is with many who imagine that all water in siphons is Shasta Water.

There is *only one* Shasta Mineral Water from Shasta Springs and it is so labeled. If it is *not* so labeled, it is *not* Shasta Water.

Look for the label and don't be fooled.

Announcements

● When you order your new Culbertson do it through the Club Library. Contract bridge complete by Ely Culbertson. $2.00. (The gold book of bidding and play; official 1936 final.) "The most complete book of bridge ever published." If you want verbal assistance with this book, consult Mrs. Ranson, our bridge instructor, she is ready to give instruction on the new "asking bids." Mrs. Ransom may be found in Room No. 214 every Tuesday afternoon at 2 and every Tuesday evening at 7 p. m.

● *Swimming Pool*—Do you know that you may have swimming pool guest cards issued to friends, women or children, desiring to have the privilege of swimming in our pool or taking lessons? The instructors have been kept unusually busy these days teaching children how to take care of themselves in the water, before they start off on vacation. Come into the gallery of the Pool some day and see for yourself how expertly our instructors handle children, especially the tiny tots.

● *Book Review Luncheon* will be held on the third Friday, June 19th, this month. Mrs. Daisy Reed is planning to review two books—"Finland—The New Nation" by Agnes Rothery and "Sweden—The Middle Way" by Marquis W. Childs. Members are asked to make reservations well in advance, as the popularity of these reviews and the limited capacity of the National Defender's Room make this precaution imperative.

● *Book Review Dinner*—At the request of our members who are in the business world, who feel that because the reviews have been given in the daytime they have missed a rare opportunity, Mrs. Reed will repeat the successful review of "Man the Unknown" by Alexis Carrel at a dinner meeting on Tuesday evening, June 9th, at 6 o'clock. Dinner will be 77 cents per plate and reservations must be made in advance. Should this evening book review prove as popular as the luncheon meetings, it will be continued as a regular monthly activity.

● Before going on vacation, make an appointment with Mrs. Grabow, Manager of the Beauty Salon, and have her tell you about the many preparations which she carries just for the purpose of preserving your complexion through the long hot summer days, in the mountains or at the lake or seashore.

● Volunteer Round Tables will continue every Thursday at noon throughout the summer months. Plan to drop in some Thursday and talk with the Chairman, Mrs. E. A. Thompson, whether or not you are enrolled in the Volunteer Service.

● French and Spanish Round Tables and classes will continue as usual during the summer months.

● Mrs. William Palmer Lucas has decided to have Current Event Lectures every Wednesday in June—June 3rd, 10th, 17th and 24th. The season will then close until September.

● With the last meeting of the Drama Reading Group, held on May 22nd, this section will be discontinued until Fall. However, the committee will be working hard during the summer months, on plans for an interesting new season.

● *Glove Making*—Ever growing interest and larger classes prove the practicability of making one's own gloves, to say nothing of the pride one takes in displaying one's own handiwork.

● *League Shop*—Summer brings many new gadgets for the garden—new pottery for the summer home—new tricks for making the picnic season comfortable with compact luncheon sets, non-breakable dishes, attractive table cloths, napkins, etc. Drop into the League Shop and ask to see them.

● Many of your friends who are staying at home this summer will enjoy a membership in the Club. The Swimming Pool alone will keep the younger members of the family happy and long vacation days can be pleasurably broken with a luncheon or dinner at the Club, and perhaps a swim or a show afterwards.

● Young Members' Round Table will continue throughout the summer and while many of our younger members are on vacation those who are staying at home are urged to enlist their services, so that plans for the Fall season may be carried on as usual.

● *Volunteer Service*—A change of job is often a vacation, and to substitute in a Club department during the next few months will bring stimulating experience. Members who have free time are asked to enroll with Mrs. Thompson, Chairman of Volunteers.

● If you belong to an organization which on occasion needs the use of larger rooms for lectures, or to a group which holds dances, dinner and luncheon meetings during the year, but has no rooms of its own, suggest your own Women's City Club, for the excellence of its service is unsurpassed.

● Vocational Information Bureau—The informal dinner meetings under the auspices of the Vocational Information Bureau will be discontinued during the months of June and July. Due notice will be given of opening meeting.

(Announcements continued on page 22)

The Birthday Cake

The President's Message

The May magazine joined the conspiracy of travel and demonstrated once again the diversity of our membership in their choice of and reactions to, journeys near and far. ¶ This month, arts and avocations are gathered for perusal, hoping perhaps to arouse interest in other members who, vacationing at home, may welcome suggestion of a new idea—plus summer's leisure. An unsuspected talent may be discovered. It is only by seeking ideas old and new that we gather inspiration in our planning, for, if we take our Talent Festival by the forelock—we shall enjoy the making of our gift as much as the giving. ¶ An activity peculiarly our own and an important event of the Club calendar—the Talent Festival, challenges ingenuity of ideas, perfection of execution, while a gift from every member, assures the success co-operation always brings.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

If you go to the mountains — collect pine cones, large or small. . . . In the valley — watch for lavender, ask for it. . . . Later — pepper berries and unusual material for "winter bouquets." . . . Flower seeds neatly packeted and marked from your own collection. . . . Conserves, jams, jellies, as the season progresses. . . . Produce: honey, nuts, dairy products. . . . Bulbs, roots and plants. . . . Cut out colored illustrations from magazines, for paste work. . . . Boxes to be covered or painted for candies, etc. . . . Materials for doll's dresses. . . . Odds and ends of tapestry — wools and knitting yarn.

Editorial

● Woven through the stories of this issue of the WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE is the joy which comes with the satisfaction of the creative instinct. Be it weaving, bookbinding, modeling, tapestry, dancing—in every instance the writer has glowed with a feeling of accomplishment due to her very own efforts, her very own brain, as well as to her deft fingers. The inspiration thus given us sends us forth to the vacation months with the yearn to follow the suit of these more talented friends, even though our finished product may not be so exquisite in the eyes of others.

* * * * *

● Further on is a word picture of the Birthday Party. To the reader who did not join the thousand members on that day in the Clubhouse, we can only say, "We are sorry for you." To the reader who was there, in words of which *she* will get the full import, "Wasn't it fun!" Never before has the membership felt so thoroughly at home. It was a private tea on an enlarged scale, and the birthday lady, the National League for Woman's Service, radiated a smiling heart as she received bonds and moneys and flowers and cake and all the things that went to make up the "party" to which our President, Miss Donohoe, had invited us the month before. The best part of it all is that the gifts are still arriving! Safe deposit boxes are necessary and valuable, but sometimes they delay proceedings; and in this instance the bonds which are locked away continue to be brought out and sent to the Tenth Anniversary Fund. When reading the statistics, remember that the Birthday Fund is not yet closed, and that next month's MAGAZINE will carry the later story.

* * * * *

● Youth and its first Exposition! 1914 was a long time ago, and we "olders" are inclined to forget that the excitement of the Panama-Pacific Exposition rouses no responsive chord of memory in our young friends' minds. 1939 will burst upon young eyes with a new meaning. Its visitors from afar will bring new experiences and introduce new contacts. At that time our daughters will want to bring guests to their own Clubhouse. They will want to feel "in it," to be a part of the service group which the Exposition officials will have officially recognized. After a busy day on the Exposition grounds, they will want to bring a new-found friend from the East to the quiet tea-hour in the Lounge of their own Women's City Club. What more delightful graduation present to these young friends than the right of membership? Graduation presents should be lasting. Those of our own that lasted had double meaning. A membership in the National League for Woman's Service has every requisite for the "perfect gift."

And then there is the still younger girl who, because she is not yet eighteen, is now debarred, but who is eligible for the waiting list. Installment payments on her initiation fee now, before the waiting list (which the Exposition will undoubtedly bring) shall close against her, will put her foot in the door, and the final payment will later turn the trick so that she will be ahead of those who have waited until they have found that "everybody was doing it."

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● To give a guest card to a friend who arrives at our doorstep while we are away vacationing is rewarded by enthusiastic appreciation on the part of our guest and a glowing sense of hospitality to us who have thus opened the doors of the Women's City Club to a visitor.

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● Gifts to the National League for Woman's Service for the tenth year in our Clubhouse have already reached a very high figure and promises made prophecy still more to come. Bonds returned, $16,200; cash donations, $430. As some of the cash was anonymously dropped at the feet of the Motor Girl and Canteen Worker on the birthday cake, donors cannot here be listed. Bonds, however, are more easily traceable and the list as the MAGAZINE goes to press is as follows:

Miss Elizabeth Achard	$ 100.00
Miss Annie Alexander	500.00
Mrs. John Bakewell	200.00
Miss Anna W. Beaver	100.00
Mrs. M. H. Esberg	500.00
Miss Mary Eyre	100.00
Mrs. Perry Eyre	100.00
Mrs. James L. Flood	5,000.00
Mr. James Flood	3,000.00
Dr. Mary Glover	100.00
Mrs. S. M. Haslett	500.00
Miss Marion Huntington	700.00
Miss Fidelia Jewett (in memoriam)	300.00
Mrs. Agnes Lane Leonard	200.00
Mrs. John B. Levison	100.00
Dr. Lillian J. Martin	100.00
Mrs. Nannie A. Meyerfeld	1,000.00
Mrs. J. W. Mitchell	100.00
Miss Mabel L. Pierce	900.00
Miss Esther Phillips	100.00
Mrs. Ruth Reed	100.00
Mrs. M. C. Sloss	300.00
Mrs. Sigmund Stern	1,000.00
Mrs. L. Strassburger	200.00
Miss Frances Taylor	900.00
	$16,200.00

The Birthday Party

The Faithful Thursday Crew

● The "Ohs" and "Ahs" of delight had by noon time of April twenty-third, become a chorus, as members surged into the foyer of the Women's City Club to be greeted by newly gayly-frescoed walls, delightfully modern and yet appropriate to a building celebrating its tenth anniversary. Continuously one is reminded of the flexibility of the clubhouse as redecoration takes place, and the new venetian blinds in the American Room evidence of the *old* use of this modern feature which appeared in the early American homes and therefore now rightfully belongs in our Historical Room.

The luncheon hour on this "day of days" found new and old friends greeting one another. The Defenders Clubs relived, and the canteens became vivid pictures as volunteers of those days gathered again at the call of their chairmen.

The spirit of volunteer service with Mrs. Thompson and her twenty-five volunteers in uniform presiding throughout the day, kept everyone informed and happy, from early morn until after the dinner hour. The decorations "from basement to roof" came from home gardens of members across the Bay and down the Peninsula, and Miss Burr and her committee found plenty to do before the opening hour was officially declared, as these blossoms were placed artistically in room and hall.

Mrs. W. B. Hamilton presided at a table in the Main Dining Room, where eighteen members from the Monadnock Canteen sat, and at another table Mrs. Perry Eyre, of the Menlo Park Canteen, presided for eighteen of that Defender's Club group. In another corner sixteen members from the Berkeley Defender's Club sat, with Mrs. Hart North and Mrs. A. M. Meads presiding, while in the Defender's Room, forty-three members of the Presidio Defender's Club were present, with Mrs. M. C. Sloss, their beloved leader, presiding. Mrs. Sloss spoke informally and most delightfully of the history of the canteen days gone by and of the promise of the Exposition days to come. The Palo Alto Defender's Club, still active in the work for the Community were absent because of the Rummage Sale that day at Palo Alto, but they sent a large quantity of lovely flowers and greens which Miss Burr used most artistically.

Other groups seen at noon and at the dinner hour included: Magazine Group, presided over by Mrs. Marie Hicks Davidson; House Guests; Librarians, Miss Stella Huntington presiding; Library Volunteers; French Group, Mlle. Marie Lemair presiding; Magazine Addressing Group, Mrs. Robert W. Foyle presiding; Thursday Cafeteria Group, Mrs. H. K. Shaw presiding; Business Women's Group, Mrs. John Eshelman presiding; Drama Reading Group, Mrs. E. N. Kierulff presiding; Current Events, Mrs. William Palmer Lucas presiding.

While all these groups reminisced and lived in the past of happy memories (happy despite the tragedies of war which caused the service) the modern volunteer was at her station, mute evidence that the National League for Woman's Service was alive and poignant still. Faithfully behind the counter in the cafeteria, Mrs. Shaw and "her" crew of Thursday volunteers presided at the steam table at noon, and Miss Lurman and her crew of former Monday night volunteers presided at night, while everywhere in Auditorium, Dining Room and Lounge, volunteers in uniform flitted colorfully about, busy making the member-guests feel at home and waited upon comfortably.

A large birthday cake, masterpiece of the baker's art, workmanship of Chef Weiler *(Continued on page 23*

The Record of the League of Nations

By Mrs. William Palmer Lucas

"The tumult and the shouting dies
The Captains and the Kings depart.
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice
A humble and a contrite heart."

"The Italians have conquered Ethiopia"—"They have annexed Ethiopia, and they now defy the council of the League of Nations"—So run the headlines of our press. Is the League alive or dead?

The first fact which confronts us is that the League did not *prevent the war* breaking out.

The second fact is that the League was unable to stop the Italians when once the war was on.

Why was the Italian dictator allowed to fight, thereby breaking four treaties: The Covenant of the League, the Kellogg Pact, the Italo-Ethiopian Treaty of 1928 and the Tripartite Treaty of 1906, which is still valid under the League Covenant? It was extremely embarrassing and humiliating to the League. Geneva had set up the machinery for handling such a dispute when Mussolini abruptedly launched his military machine. Italy, a member of the League, took the law into her own hands and now the world is wondering how much is left of the law.

For fifteen years the League had given an immense amount of time and trouble to the problem of the *prevention of war*. One finds the debates on the Geneva Protocol filled with the subject. The minutes of the Preparatory Committee for the Disarmament Conference as well as the meetings of the Council and the Assembly continually emphasize the question. In 1930 the Assembly of the League approved a "Model Treaty for Strengthening the Means to Prevent War." This treaty pledged its members to accept certain actions taken by the Council for the prevention of war, and if this treaty had been signed and observed by members, the Council could have acted at an early stage of the Italo-Ethiopian dispute. Many experts advised "a naval demonstration" on the part of the Mediterranean powers in the region of the Suez Canal or the Indian Ocean as a check to Italy's landing of troops on the edge of Ethiopia. But no one moved—for eight months the Council of the League discussed the dispute, but there was no action. Arguments flew back and forth. Italy is a Great Power—threats were neither desirable nor practicable. If you threaten, you must back up your threat, and that might easily precipitate the war you were trying to prevent. One particular reason why the Council or the Assembly of the League could not set up a special demonstration as a threat to Italy, such as a naval demonstration in the neighborhood of Italy's army of invasion, was because of the attitude of France. Laval was the head of the French Government and French opinion was more favorable to Italy than to the League. France did not wish to become involved with Italy, and the general attitude was to leave it to Geneva or to Great Britain alone and not to France. It takes courage on the part of statesmen and peoples to invite the displeasure of some Great Power.

Another reason given against taking preventive measures against Italy was that it would have been a blow to Italian prestige and Italy is one of the Great Powers. We say a great deal about the saving of "*face*" when we discuss a Far Eastern Power. The word "prestige" is just as powerful in the West. You can not threaten or force a Great Power *in public*, without tearing down that sense of responsibility for world affairs, without which the political system of the world cannot exist. The responsibility of a Great Power comes from the greatness of its place in the scheme of things. No Great Power will accept rebuke *publicly* from powers of smaller or lesser station in the world. Psychologically I suppose that was the *root* reason why no preventive measures were instituted against Italy by Geneva or by any other Power.

Great Britain came the nearest when she acted alone and sent her warships to the Eastern Mediterranean, but it failed to stop Mussolini. The Italian transports slipped by under the very noses of the British warships, went into the Suez Canal, saluted more British warships in the Red Sea, and dumped their soldiers in Eritrea. To be sure, the ships carrying supplies and ammunition to the *Ethiopians* went safely by the Italian warships, which might have stopped them for carrying contraband of war!

With the actual war in progress in Ethiopia, the League took certain steps to stop the Italian campaign, and it took them quickly. In ten days four steps were announced: "(1) The prohibition of the export of arms, ammunition and implements of war. (2) The prohibition of loans, credits, issues of or subscriptions to 'shares or other capital flotations for any public authority, person or corporation in Italian territory.' (3) The prohibition of the importation of Italian goods. (4) An embargo on certain exports to Italy, including *(Continued on page 20*

Hand Bookbinding as a Hobby

By Peter Fahey

● Hand bookbinding as a hobby enriches life through contact with a rich and historic tradition. The Asyrians and Babylonians were among the first to desire a protection for their recorded word. With the evolution of manuscripts and books, a variety of materials were used that best fitted the form of the particular period. They fulfilled the important function of preservation for books that were prized either for their rarity, sacred quality or costliness. With these developments the desire for beauty, ever present in man found expression.

Throughout the monasteries of Europe and England binding went hand in hand with the art of the illuminated manuscripts. The monks, who were the literati, established binding as an art, and evolved a technique widely used today.

The invention of printing drew handbinding from the seclusion of the monasteries into a wider field of artisans. Their work reached a degree of excellence during the sixteenth century when morocco leather was introduced and delicately cut tools were used. Grolier, the first collector of bindings, stimulated activity and today his bindings are valued for their quality of design, materials, and workmanship.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries such prominent masters as Le Gascon, Derome and Roger Payne created individual and distinctive work. Then the machine age wrought havoc with binding as an art until William Morris and Cobden-Sanderson dedicated themselves with loving enthusiasm to the beauty of the book. Their ideals of work and beauty have the greatest constructive influence for the artist-binder of today.

This romantic tradition inspires the bibliophile or artist to create bindings that will measure up to the standards of the art of hand bookbinding. It is a work well worthy of the finest efforts. Hand bookbinding as a hobby has sound creative and economical foundations. It provides the opportunity to experiment with texture, color, and form. The design may be a bit of beauty in harmony with the author and printer of the book. If the book has the qualities worthy of preservation, it demands the complement of hand binding. The economy of preserving a fine book with excellent workmanship and the best of materials is unquestionable. By hand is the only way to attain the desired characteristics of fine binding—the machine age glorification notwithstanding.

For the bibliophile this hobby heightens his appreciation for the practical merits and essential qualities of a handbound book. He learns that attentive care and good workmanship must go into every step that builds the book into a harmonious whole. He meets the problems of resistance of materials, of durability, of proper functioning. He achieves a distinctive design that develops organically. He builds a library which expresses his aesthetic feeling.

As a hobby bookbinding unfolds new understanding of materials. Leather is one of the choicest—attractive in color, pleasing in texture and quality. Working with it is one of the most delightful parts of binding. Other interesting materials—paper, silk and gold leaf—provide study. Perhaps it is the challenge as well as the charming qualities of these things that arouse a desire to use them.

The use of materials necessitates tools. The beauty of tools gives a distinct pleasure. Training the mind and hand in a nice dexterity of skill unfolds a sense of power—of conquest. This growth in skill has a decided tonic effect, too.

As a hobby bookbinding has countless ramifications. Types of leather, vellum, silks, wood and hand woven cloth furnish interesting mediums for expression. Designs may be worked in metals, inlay, modeling, painting, embroidery or carving. Since each book is distinctly individual the above factors offer the creative worker vast possibilities.

So bookbinding as a hobby provides a most gratifying outlet for the creative spirit. A spirit identical with that which animates the art of painting, sculpture and architecture. There is the joy of creating with the elements of beauty.—form, color, texture, space and line.

The hobby of bookbinding contributes to a rich background of study and travel in Europe. The museums and libraries abound with valuable examples of the art. New horizons of aesthetic enjoyment and appreciation unfold.

Each country has outstanding artists of the book doing beautiful work. Either studying with them or contacting them in their ateliers is an experience of highest value. After time and effort so well invested, the bookbinder returns to his studio with renewed vigor and high ideals for the creating of the ideal bind- *(Continued on page 25*

Flower Arrangement

By CAROLYN JULIAN

● When grandma was young, flower arrangement was regarded as something the maid or even one of the children could undertake. It was a chore, a duty requiring no particular skill. One simply took a vase or bowl, filled it at the tap, cut off the stems of the flowers to make them of equal length, and put them in the water. Any care was directed towards seeing no water spilled in the process. The flowers merely filled a space on the dining table, mantel, or sideboard. No one ever intentionally tried to carry out any principles of design.

A more discriminating interest in flower arrangement has been manifesting itself in recent years. Flower and garden club shows devote much space to "artistic arrangements," florist shops vie with each other in exotic window displays featuring containers as well as the blossoms in lovely arrangements.

The modern home maker quick to see and imitate new trends in decoration, is awakening to the fact that there is such a thing as a relation between flowers and their containers, as well as color harmony, balance, form and rhythm in the arrangement itself.

Take the matter of color harmony. Present day decorators have cut loose from the hampering opinion that colorful bouquets of mixed flowers are vulgar, poor taste. She may use two, three, yes a dozen colors and varieties if it suits her fancy. In choosing these she does not forget the container, the color of which is a part of her combination, nor does she neglect a reckoning with the background against which the arrangement will be placed.

To illustrate, she might gather a few calendulas ranging from pale yellow to deep gold and gorgeous burnt orange, these will be the center of interest. To these she might add, some pale creamy yellow marguerites, three or four stalks of apricot gladiolas, tipped with coral, and for a note of contrast some bright blue corn flowers. Such simple flowers wouldn't need a "stylish" container, an old green ginger jar would do nicely, especially if the background were a copper tray. This would be attractive for a buffet in an informal dining room or breakfast nook.

The principle of balance applies to the disposition of flowers in the container as well as to the color. To illustrate: The calendulas being intense in color and fairly large might be placed at the base of the composition, towards the center, with two flowers quite low, coming over the edge of the jar. The marguerites, lighter in form and color, might be massed on either side of the calendulas with irregular sprays, one or two of which might droop slightly, following the line of the container. The gladiolas are for height. Place them at the back, cutting the stalks so the blossoms lowest down are on a level with the heads of the flowers already in the jar. The stalks should be of unequal length, being careful to make one longer than the others. The corn flowers, contrasting so pleasingly with shades of yellow, should be placed last. Mass half a dozen on the right of the calendulas, with three or four on the left side, slightly higher, to establish the balance in color as well as composition.

The principle designers call "form" is frequently brought out in formal arrangements. To illustrate, one might use low rose bowls of blue glass as containers for bright orange marigolds banked in almost sculptured arrangement, repeating the lines of the container.

Some flower arrangements stress color harmony, some impress with the charm of their form or composition, and still others illustrate what we might call rhythm, that pleasing rise and fall of the eye in following the sweeping lines of an arrangement. A jar of eucalyptus buds and branches, or a bowl of Darwin tulips with foliage is an example of this quality.

The "don'ts" of flower arrangement can be headed with the plea, don't crowd too many flowers in the same container. When flowers are crowded one loses the appreciation of the beauty of form of individual blossoms.

Don't cram the stems in at one time, but place each flower singly, it takes longer, but pays for the extra effort.

Don't use ornate containers, the involved coloring or shape of which detract from the beauty of the flowers themselves. Simple containers of glass, pottery or metal that hold plenty of water will be found the most practical as well as decorative.

Avoid crossing the stems, thus making angles not pleasing in the arrangement.

Don't combine flowers that "kill" each other in form or coloring, for instance marigolds and La France roses.

There is almost no limit to the *(Continued on page 27*

Photography as a Hobby

By Martha J. Belvel

● Almost everyone has a camera of some description which is occasionally taken out and loaded with films—usually by a druggist where the films are bought. When we have taken the roll of films, it is left somewhere to be developed and printed. We anxiously await the receipt of our finished prints, look at them eagerly, and put them away in an album to laugh over in future years. This is about all the pleasure most of us enjoy from that wonderful invention, the camera, and the fascinating processes of development of negatives and the making of prints.

Instead of leaving your films to be developed and printed by someone else, if you would learn to do them yourself—and it is easy to do—I think it would lead you to want to know more about photography, which repays its followers so richly for the time spent in its pursuit.

Many people believe this to be a very expensive hobby. It can be made so, but not necessarily. For a beginner, a box Brownie is a very efficient camera if used within its limitations. Some of the most beautiful photographs I have ever seen were made with a Brownie camera. If it is not possible for you to have your own dark-room, join a club where for a very moderate fee you will have the use of all necessary equipment. San Francisco is a recognized photographic center, and we are fortunate in having one of the largest, and the second oldest, camera club in the United States, the California Camera Club. It is a non-profit organization devoted to the advancement of amateur photography.

After "playing around" with your camera for a while, you will probably decide to specialize in some one branch of photography. It may be portraiture that intrigues you, and you will enjoy making pictures of your family and friends. All kinds of home portraits can be taken now by the use of flood-lights that screw into any ordinary light socket. They are inexpensive and burn for several hours. Gone are the days of the blinding flash-lights and the smoke-filled room. Or, daylight, filtered through a curtain, with a little practice can be used to secure beautiful effects.

You may prefer what is called pictorial work. Here again we San Franciscans are fortunate, for where could one find more possibilities for pictures! There is the ocean, the beach, the rapidly disappearing sand-dunes, the bay and its bridges and boats. Every holiday will find you exploring some new quarter — Fisherman's Wharf or Hunter's Point.

If you are interested in natural science, you will find another use for your camera. At this time of the year you might start a collection of wild flower pictures. There are always trees, clouds, birds, rocks and animals for you to take. This branch of camera work is most interesting to boys and girls. If a boy has a microscope he will enjoy making lantern slides of spiders' legs, butterfly wings, etc., which he enlarges through his microscope and then photographs. Doctors are using photography more and more as a means of recording cases, especially moving pictures, which opens *(Continued on page 24*

Words from a Weaver

By MERCY S. NUTTING

● Please, tell us something about your weaving. Goodness, what a large order! Where shall I begin? There is retrospect, anticipation and doing it and then with completion of fabric there is the gift-giving.

A very long time ago there was a little, yellow-haired girl who had a kitten to play with and a swing to dally with and a great-uncle to tag along after, through the long warm days of a New England summer. One of the adventures of that summer was a day when the child discovered the seek-no-further apple tree and experienced the sweetness of its yellow fruit. And on the same day she found blue blossoms along a little brook and learned that flax made linen thread and all about *how* it was made.

A visit to the old house in the woods where great-grandmother lived was an event surely; but when great-grandmother made the big spinning wheel revolve with her foot and pulled the fibers of flax from her distaff and made the thread, that was miracle, never to be forgotten. And then the child with the odd nickname of Merty-Jane saw thread, like that just spun, held in its place on a piece of furniture called a loom and the same great-grandmother used her hands and feet on shuttle and treadle to make real cloth. The dear great-uncle stood with the small hand held in his rough, bigger hand and stated very clearly, "Your great-grandmother is almost a hundred years old and you have seen her spin and weave, today."

The summer passed and years slipped away. Another picture followed this one. An express package delivered in California revealed an old bedspread made of white flax thread and indigo-dyed woolen and a note to say that the flax and the wool and the weaving were from that old farm in the place once named by Indians, Long Plain. So runs the retrospect.

By a series of happy accidentals a loom came next and the curiosity to see if one could really do work like that great-grandmother. The public library offered a text on Colonial Weaving Patterns.

When time has been sent out of mind in the discard, by-paths open to slacken the speed of endeavor. One's first job: does one ever forget it? In the smallest state in the union, what should be done with Saturday leisure? As clear as blue sky comes the picture of stone walls piled without mortar, autumn mud and fallen chestnut leaves and the small white house of Weaver Rose, the queer old hermit. Long grey hair and beard unkempt, too evidently in need of soap and water to be sought for himself, ungracious and sharp eyed, he could and did sell a sample of his weaving craft of the size to cover a sofa pillow. The price paid included the right to look over the pile of his samples and he told their romantic names — church-windows, bachelor's fancy, snow-ball, fortune's-wheel or rose-of-sharon. Was poverty or penury the key to that pitiful picture of brother and sister slaving to make beauty, and jealous of sharing; dependent on custom and resentful of customers? Why should such a memory linger? Long years it lay unnoticed till Mrs. Atwater's book quoted Weaver Rose to illustrate a method of notation for patterns and give credit for knowledge bartered (not given), between fellow craftsmen. Pity without admiration is the regard of those who remember poor Weaver Rose, the last of his kind in New England. Was this glimpse a link in the chain that has made glamour for weaving?

There followed happy hours choosing the pattern to be threaded through the reed and heddles in the technique of warping. The struggle of that first warping seemed everlasting. Threads tangled and twisted and broke with all the perversity of inanimate objects handled with ignorant misunderstanding. When the warp was evenly stretched, it was time to wind woof on the shuttles. Slowly at first, with care to keep even the edges, then skill that grew and quickened the movements with rhythm, precision and blending of color, alternate tabby and pattern swinging one's body to treadle and shuttle throw over or under the warp threads, beating the woof into place, over and over again, till proudly one could measure the yardage. Creation, achievement, production; these are the words one should choose to tell to another the feeling, the rejoicing of cutting and pulling this tangible something won from the chaos of threadings that once were only blue flowers painting the meadows and wool on old sheep baaing to their lambs on the hillsides.

When this has lifted one's spirit, soon it will drop with a thud as "how long did it take you to do it?" comes knelling into one's ears. Cuddle one's pride with this answer, "The craft-hobby isn't a race-track creature and the clock may be stopped or left to tick without limit." Fold up the treasure and wrap it devoutly for now with affectionate meaning has come the gift-giving.

Joy? Yes, joy in touching, creating and giving, and feeling that reaches expression through singing.

Pueblo Women as Historians

By Alice P. Goodwin

● Try to explain the lure of Arizona and New Mexico; of those far-stretching, semi-arid miles roughly lumped under the term "Southwest," and you find yourself speaking of ruins, but thinking of mystery, of Indian culture, and what it is all about. What manner of aborigine built the great houses of Mesa Verde and Chaco Canyon? Was he brother of the man who lived in caves, or burrowed in the earth, leaving his bones, artifacts and hearth-fires all under ground? Even the casual traveller feels the tease of these questions, and stumbles over ruined walls, and peers into half-excavated kivas asking: "How old is this—where did these people come from—where go?"

Mimbres Food Bowls

As he talks he picks up sherds—small bits of old pottery. These fragments litter the ground, stick out of the mud of crumbling walls, form the basis of trash heaps. Often they are bright in color, and show bits of fine design; it is impossible not to finger them. The traveller looks them over; tosses them away. And as he does so he is throwing aside the best answer to his question.

For these ruins that dot the southwest—it is roughly estimated that there are about fifty thousand of them—whether they be earth pits or well-established walls of stone and mud, were all built by people of pueblo stock; house-building folk who were primarily agriculturists and so loth to change location—not nomad Indians. But ruins can, at best, yield but little evidence. Mud bricks or stones, a few timbers, fragments of sandals, a handful of artifacts—except in the major monuments this is about all that can be hoped for — with the exception of the sherds. To build a picture of the life of these people, (their growth and changes, their migrations) the archæologist must go back to these bits of shattered clay dishes, made by the Indian women, and thrown on the trash heap when broken. Also the sherds are guide posts to the archeologist. Often they are all that is seen on the surface to mark the location of a village.

Women were the potters. The theory goes that they stumbled on the use of clay: used it first to chink their rude baskets, then found—as it hardened in their cooking fires—that they could use it without the basket foundation. The early dishes were thick and crude, but women are emulous of each other, and form and texture soon developed. By the time the pre-historic builders evolved above ground into the slab house period their women were making hard, thin, well-fired pottery, gray in color. Then followed what is known as the "classic period" of pottery: roughly the first thousand years of the Christian era. Pueblo groups developed individualities, established cultural symbols, experimented with the tempering of clays, invented paints and glazes. The result was a bewildering variety, marked by a thread of unity, but with sectional differences. The next five hundred years showed a decadence—less care for form, designs somewhat slip-shod. Why? Well, what could happen? Wars, pestilence, drouth. Something that made life difficult and fearful, and that drove the herds to and fro. Here, at last, is some data for a picture: a shadowy picture, but at least an outline shaping out of the nebula.

Not that pottery furnishes dates. The tree-ring calendar, worked out from the growth rings in the old timbers, is responsible for any dates prior to the Spanish days; but as regards a time sequence, priorities of occupation, the sherds give the only known data. For though women try to out-do each other, they are also conservatives. When one type of pottery was in vogue no self-respecting pueblo woman could tolerate another. One paste or glaze might last for several generations; perhaps a shorter time, or longer, but eventually a new idea worked in, and the old was abandoned. A stratigraphic cut through a deep trash heap shows the layers of change. Since different localities developed difference in color, paste and design, dishes were traded, copied. The picture grows kaleidoscopic, baffling. But it is a picture. Lying at length on a trash heap and picking sherds at random one can say: "The brown woman *(Continued on page 28*

What the Modern Dance Can Do for You

By Lenore Peters Job

● The unrelenting excitements of our modern life make excessive demands on our brains and bodies that were originally designed for simpler modes of living, thereby creating a constant need for stabilizing influences. It is with this in mind that I chose my subject.

We often hear this said: "Oh, I love dancing, it makes you so graceful, it gives you poise and it's such fun!"

It does! It does! and it is! I say. But is that all?

Golf, tennis, swimming and other sports also make for grace and poise and they are certainly a lot of fun. Wherein, then does the particular value of dancing lie?

Everybody recognizes the importance of that other element in our makeup besides the physical. It is called by various names, the soul, the mind, the spirit, the imagination. Whatever we call it it is the thing that makes you particularly you and too often it is like a bird held unwillingly captive in a cage. The process of letting it out we call expression. The self wants expression we say.

What dancing can do for you is to serve as the means for that expression. It can open the door of the cage and let the spirit soar!

Now many people find their spirits soaring very happily in the tennis courts and the golf courses and feel no further need. But deep in a vast number of hearts I believe, there is a longing, most often unacknowledged, for some sort of artistic expression.

The harried human race turns to the arts for consolation! The artist tells the story of his life through his art. All true art is the expression of life.

The art of dancing is as old as the race and more than any other holds for every human being a valid and logical means of expression. The reason is simple. It is because the medium of expression is the body itself. In dancing even the least gifted person can obtain a real satisfaction and give forth a real beauty from the crudest beginnings. Through the study of dancing the very bonds that have kept the spirit imprisoned become the means of its release.

it also works the other way, for while you are being trained to express your spirit through the dance you are at the same time giving your body an excellent advantage toward health and normal activity.

The dance in the beginning of time was a very important part of people's lives. Men danced their joys and sorrows, expressed their adoration of God, in the form of dancing. As civilization moved on the dance gradually became relegated to the theatre, a thing apart from life. to be viewed as entertainment and from this has come the attitude of frivolity toward the art that so many people still hold. The modern dance, so called for want of a better name, has restored the dance to the people as an expression of life.

If many of you, taking up the study of dancing, got no further in expressing yourselves than the achievement of a graceful, generous swing of the leg in walking, or a correct posture, you would have gained much to add to the beauty of your lives. Too many of us are content to look on at the arts. Why not participate?

It seems such a pity that everybody does not feel the necessity to dance. To cast off all taboos such as "too old," "too fat," "too tall," "too thin," and at least find out what the full value of his natural endowments are. I sometimes like to indulge in a very happy vision of a future when all children will be taught the principles of dancing as soon as they can walk, when dancing will be recognized as our natural heritage which it truly is.

But the here and now of it is that nobody should be denied the privilege of dancing. The combination of hard work and utter relaxation in the training for the dance today offers an ideal contrast to the wear and tear on nerve and tissue of everyday life in our modern world. Everyone can participate in some degree in these benefits.

The physical aspects of the dance, however, are generally accepted. It is the dance as a magistrate bringing the warring body and spirit into peaceful union that I should like to emphasize.

Here is an automobile. It has a body, shiny, shapely. comfortable. It has an engine full of force to make it go. But until someone puts a foot on the clutch allowing the power of the engine to connect with the wheels of the car, the body will not go, and does not fulfill its purpose. Dancing teaches us to release a clutch somewhere in our makeup thereby putting the brain and body in harmonious motion and permitting the spirit to go for a joyride!

I Have Been Reading

—DAISY F. REED

LIBERALISM AND SOCIAL ACTION; *by John Dewey,* 1935; G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

SPARKENBROKE; *by Charles Morgan,* 1936; The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

SOUTH RIDING; *by Winifred Holtby,* 1936; The Macmillan Company. $2.50. Reviewed by Virginia Mysell.

● Liberalism and Social Action; by John Dewey...There are many who might be "Liberal" if they knew where Liberalism was going or for what it stood. The liberal is too often one who sits on the fence and does nothing. He takes this position not because he is innately vacillating, but because he cannot think the idea through for himself and he cannot find a leader in whom he has confidence. For this reason many of those with a liberal slant have lost confidence in the validity of this position.

Probably the most intelligently effective voice in America is that of John Dewey. He has recently defined his own economic and political position in a very important little book entitled "Liberalism and Social Action." This volume, made up of three lectures delivered under the Page Barbour Foundation at the University of Virginia, gives a clear-cut statement of the direction and the method of procedure for a "revitalized" liberalism.

The book begins with a condensed history of liberalism from the time of John Locke to our own day. The author finds the ideas for which the liberal has stood during the era of expanding industrialism irrelevant to the present situation.

In briefest outline the statement of what Mr. Dewey finds relevant to the situation today is as follows: liberalism is committed to the liberation of the individual to the end that the law of life may be the realization of each individual's capacities; economic security is a prerequisite if individuals are to share in and contribute to cultural resources—in other words, that material security is not an end but a means to a way of life.

Our insecurity is the outcome of institutions and arrangements that are within human control; there are two methods of bringing about a change in institutions, either by the use of violence or by the use of intelligence. The procedure of the liberal must be by the method of freed intelligence, since violence breeds violence and is generated by the failure to bring issues into the open and consider them dispassionately.

The method of intelligence requires that the first object of "renascent liberalism" be education. This must be directed not alone toward the changing of ideas, but also toward "effective action," for liberals are weakest on the side of organized action.

The high point of the book is the author's view of "intelligence as a social asset" since intelligence is in reality the cumulative effort of multitudes of co-operating individuals. This point of view falls directly into line with the scientific method.

The method of intelligence is the rule in material production; the lag in our mental and social patterns must be taken up so that the method of intelligence and scientific experimentation becomes the rule in human relations.

This same and common sense point of view enlists confidence. We hope Mr. Dewey will write more on the subject suggesting more specifically the problems for "effective action."

● Sparkenbroke; by Charles Morgan... The source from which "The Fountain" issued, will, until it is exhausted, be of great importance to the reader for whom the intuitive is a natural mode of perception. (It seems also to have its importance for the mere reader of stories since "The Fountain" was for a long period a best seller.) That the source is not exhausted is proven by Charles Morgan's new book "Sparkenbroke."

The author has simply moved from the contemplative, the theme of The Fountain, to the point of view in Sparkenbroke, of life as a continuity, that the "womb and the grave do not divide." Life is a reality in which there are "neither divisions nor aspects," in which "all art has the same subject; all love is for the same being and all deaths are the same birth."

It is impossible to give an adequate impression of the story created for the purpose of conveying this idea. Whatever one might say would merely touch its most superficial aspect for the character "Sparkenbroke" is the idea conceived by Morgan. There is, however, a sentence in the book that may be used as a measure for his character: "The key to every man is his supreme want." Sparkenbroke's supreme want was for the "visitation," the "intimations of immortality." His desire was to make the curtain go up so that the walls of the world might become transparent and ultimately to pass through them. Love and poetry made the walls transparent and death was the passing through.

Mary, who could not have been named otherwise, was the one person who had for Sparkenbroke the "quality of absolution and renewal." His love for her was a fulfilment, a completion of his imagination. "For love is what you imagine it to be" and "there is no *(Continued on page 19*

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Baby Hygiene Committee

Radio Talk Given in March, 1936, by Mrs. Francis Carroll, President of the Baby Hygiene Committee

By Adelaide Brown, Health Editor

● The Baby Hygiene Committee is an organization of women sponsored by the San Francisco Branch of the American Association of University Women. It is a regular section of this branch of the Association.

The Committee conducts the Children's Health Center located at 754 Oak Street, where it carries on a program of health education for children from birth to school age. In this work the Baby Hygiene Committee is supported by Community Chest funds and is a member agency of the Chest.

The Baby Hygiene Committee has been in existence over twenty-five years. While the projects it has carried on have changed from time to time, the aims and purposes of the Committee have continued the same —those of providing free public health education, especially for women and children, and of maintaining a demonstration center for developing projects in this field.

A glance at the activities of the Baby Hygiene Committee will indicate the part it has had in the development of public health education.

The first project which the women who organized the Baby Hygiene Committee undertook in 1909, was to secure certified milk for babies placed in foster homes by the Associated Charities. In connection with this activity they established a center for instruction of foster mothers in the care and feeding of infants boarded with them. The value of this center was so appreciated by the community that requests came from neighbors and friends for a center where *they* might receive the same instruction and education for the care of their own children. In response to this request, the Baby Hygiene Committee organized in 1910 the first well baby center in this part of the country. This was the beginning of a health education program for mothers and infants and of health supervision for the well baby in San Francisco.

The Children's Health Center of the Baby Hygiene Committee was so successful a demonstration of this type of program, that in 1917 the San Francisco Department of Public Health sought their cooperation in establishing well baby centers in outlying districts under the Board of Health. Baby Hygiene Committee doctors and volunteers first staffed these centers as volunteers. They were developed on the same plan as the Children's Health Center. Today health education and supervision of well infants is a widely established activity of our Public Health Department programs.

In 1918-1919 the Children's Bureau in Washington sponsored a nation-wide Children's Year Program. In cooperation with this program the Children's Health Center of the Baby Hygiene Committee served as a demonstration well baby center for the State of California, and as a model on which well baby centers in other communities throughout the State were later established.

Following naturally the work with infants, came the realization that there was need of a new program especially adapted to the run-about child—that is the child between 18 months and school age. Run-about conferences were first established in 1919. They provided periodic physical examinations and general health instruction and guidance. In 1920 dental examinations and the teaching of dental hygiene were added to the program. Then followed posture classes and later child health guidance. A study made in the Children's Health Center's posture classes by their staff furnished the material for two leaflets, "Good Posture for Babies" and "Runabouts." These leaflets are published by the Bureau of Child Hygiene of the California State Department of Public Health and are used in health centers throughout the State. In 1924 another project incorporated into the Child Health Program of the Baby Hygiene Committee was that of vaccination against smallpox and immunization against diphtheria. The parents were taught the need for and value of such protection for their children. The children were then given this service as part of the regular routine of the Health Center. In 1928 the Schick-test to determine immunity to diphtheria was added to complete the immunization program.

The effectiveness of widely established health education programs and immunization programs throughout the city by both the Department of Health and private agencies may be realized from these significant figures furnished by the Board of Health. In the ten years from 1925 to 1935, in San Francisco, the infant death rate per 1000 live births has declined from 54 in 1925 to 35 in 1935, or 35%. The number of cases of diphtheria has declined from 623 in 1925 to 46 in 1935. The number of cases of smallpox has declined from 205 in 1925 to 0 in 1935.

(Continued in July)

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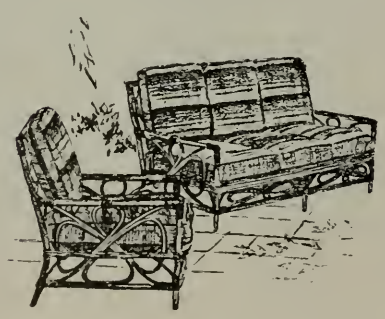

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(Continued from page 17)

failure except failure of the imagination."

The story hinges on the conflicts in the imagination of the artist—struggles to keep his imagination free from poison—to keep it free from division against itself. The artist triumphed and the walls went down. "A man must be content to die when the form of his life has been completed."

● South Riding; by Winifred Holtby; reviewed by Virginia Mysell . . . "South Riding" brings to mind a Gothic tapestry, for we gain vision from this book, and see before us the whole clear plan of an English rural community, catching the ideas which make up its fabric. Over there lies Maythorpe Hall, crumbling to ruin, the home of the Carnes of Maythorpe for five hundred years. It is the old order passing. Carne of Maythorpe "had lived deep-rooted in the soil, having never shrunk from life," he had married above him, his wife was now mad, and his child of tainted stock. He had learned the price that must be paid, while the new generation cries out its philosophy, "Take what you want—and pay for it. Give us courage to act, not endure." Against this a life's experience answers, "the price is almost too heavy and must be carried with enduring patience, which in itself calls for the greatest courage." It is the old, old struggle to achieve that perfect balance of life, stated by the ancients, "Live, and let live."

In the County Council, where they meet, the life and character of Carne is pitted against Astell and Snaith. As Carne lives by instinct, Astell, the theorist, the Socialist, lives by an idea, Snaith by motivation; Snaith, who was responsible more than any other person for changing the face of South Riding with his water power, his works, his railways, yet whose life was fecund and frustrated; "a dapper grey little mouse of a man, secret and subtle" tearing away at every opportunity the traditional landscape and life that Carne of Maythorpe clung to, which meant his very life, deep-rooted as he was there.

Sarah Burton, Head Mistress of the Kiplington High School, taught the modern philosophy; she was the daughter of a Yorkshire blacksmith, a graduate of Leeds, post-graduate of Oxford, such was her hard won career which brought her back now, searching for intelligence hidden behind squalor and poverty to give to it its opportunity. Carne of Maythorpe, she knew his type, she thought: aristocrat, conservative, vindicator of tradition against progress. In three years, however, she had a deeper vision. "Yes, perhaps he was reactionary, unimaginative, selfish, arrogant, prejudiced, he may have been all of these, but he was much more. He was courageous and kind and honest. He was in dealing with people, the gentlest of men. He never ran away from failure. In the end it's not politics or opinions, it's those fundamental things that count, the things of the spirit." Thus did Alderman Mrs. Beddows characterize her greatest friend Carne of Maythorpe. Let not the youthful modern leaders forget these older, deeper, courageous values—and Sarah Burton knew it to be true. Mrs. Beddows, whose smile was encouragement, whose reproof was gentle and whose manner was always half-teasing and affectionate, was that grand old girl whose life touched and helped so many. She alone could bring the two worlds together, the old order and the new, tradition and progress; for she had lived seventy-two full years, but her spirit was that of twenty summers.

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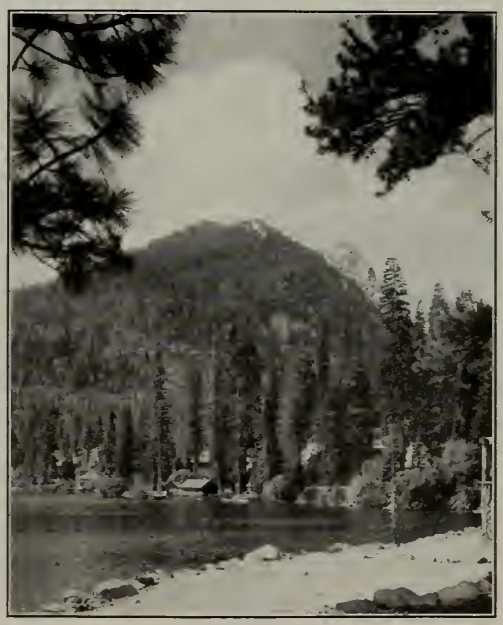

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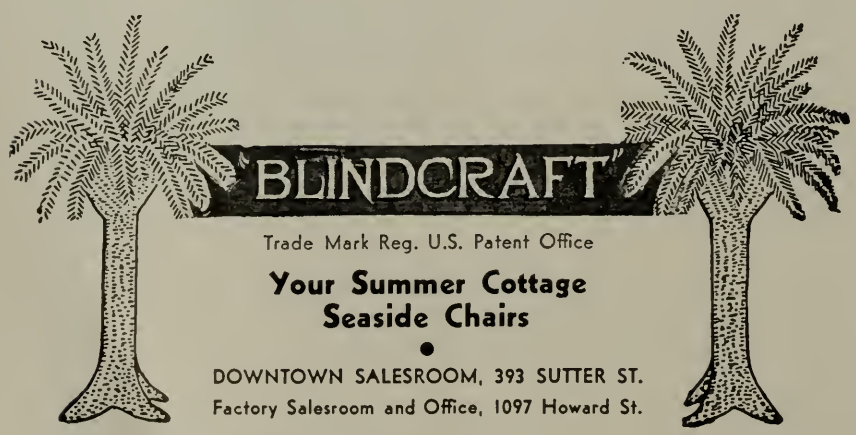

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(Continued from page 10)

transport animals, rubber, bauxite, aluminum, iron ore, chromium, manganese, nickel, tungsten and certain other key minerals, together with tin and tin ore." This sounds final and comprehensive as far as the *League* was concerned. But alas! these ideas had to be mulled over by all the various governments and their replies awaited and classified for commiteee study.

While we discussed the crisis here and asked impatiently for action by the League, the various government members of the League registered their reactions to the *four* measures submitted to them—we look in vain for any unanimity among the States. Four took no action at all and in doing so admitted that they felt themselves obliged to go back on their obligations to the League. Fifty States accepted and acted upon the first measure—forty-seven on the second measure—forty-three on the third measure and forty-five on the fourth. These groups included all the more prominent members of the League.

Switzerland's action caused the most trouble. They did not prohibit the import of goods from Italy because of the possible route through Austria, but Switzerland *did* prevent any transfer of funds from Italian exports and promised to keep the total value of imports from and exports to Italy down to the 1934 level.

We look back now upon the tragic story of the conquest of Ethiopia. The League of Nations tried to enforce the economic sanctions against Italy. The Italian people did not apparently resent the cost of the war. Italy was able to win the territory in spite of climate and physical hazards. The military resistance of the Ethiopians was as strong as the unequal circumstances permitted. It was always courageous. Ethiopia was a member of the League of Nations. She failed to receive protection from invasion and assistance when the fight was on. The League of Nations Covenant must now be revised. The Covenant must throw overboard the Treaty of Versailles and get its house in order. President Wilson repeatedly declared that the only real sanction is the organized public opinion of the world. The people of the world accepted the organization of the League of Nations as the practical method of achieving *security* from war. The peoples of the world do not want war. The present set up of the League of Nations has failed to give that security. War "as an instrument of national policy" is still the only effective (?) procedure! The League of Nations has failed psychologically as well as practically. It has failed to express the public opinion of the world in this instance. That means reorganization of the League, a reorganization which will make possible the membership of the United States. Senor

Madariaga, Chairman of the Committee of Five, Spain's most brilliant statesman, said these words at Geneva only this week—"The world is a unit, but it has not yet learned to act as a unit." The League of Nations must be a League of Nations, not a policeman dressed up in a French uniform, or a British uniform, but a League of all the Nations, slowly learning the art of collective thinking and planning which alone can lead to collective security. . . .

Petit-Points and Tapestries

—BERTI BAAR-FROHMAN

● The Home Industry in Austria has created works of art since many generations and this artcraft has been appreciated by the whole cultural world. A special branch of this industry is the justly renowned petit point embroidery (petit point and Gobelin).

Frequently the question has been raised, why exactly the Austrian women seem particularly fitted to do this very intricate work, but you will understand, when you consider that there are in Austria hundreds, yes, thousands of families, who for centuries past have created artistic products. For this reason the artistic proclivity in Austria has descended from mother to daughter. Add to this an unusually developed understanding for color and shading, an innate artistic perception and a high degree of esthetic taste.

All this, combined with a perfect technique, whereof the mastery is indispensable for this complicated form of workmanship, is responsible for these fine productions, which have found friends and connoisseurs the world over.

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On one single side of a bag, measuring 5 by 6½ inches, you will often find up to 450 shades of color employed, which have been prepared for the final work in a separate workroom. The foundation for the shading as well as for the process of embroidery itself is the "color sheet" which, magnified five times, reproduces the model for shades and stitches. The creation of the printing or tinting, which is the essential part of the process and as difficult to do as the embroidery itself, is placed in the hands of gifted artists, who likewise have to acquire the practice and experience of years for this especial branch of artcraft.

Whoever wants to investigate the origin of the Petitpoints Industry will find interesting developments. In the beginning a simple technique was content with the reproduction of simple floral arrangements, ornamental designs and simple landscapes. Slowly after a gradual mastery of a continuously more intri- *(Continued on page 27*

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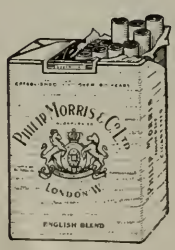

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Announcements

(Continued from page 5)

● National League Players have discontinued their classes for the season. Much creditable comment has been heard of their fine performance "Children of the Northern Lights," which was given in May.

● *Ramblers* — During your summer wanderings, should you visit some unusual place of interest, that you think our Ramblers would also like to visit, please make a note of the rates, accommodations, etc., and send or bring it in to the Executive Office.

● Will out-of-town members as well as city members who have gardens bring flowers to the club when they are in town? It need not be an enormous bouquet or one cumbersome to carry — we would be most grateful for flowers enough to fill one or two bowls.

● *Garden Round Table* — June 16th. The garden group will ramble to Hayward to visit the California School of Gardening for Women and will have the pleasure of viewing the beautiful English gardens of Miss Maud M. Gibson; the Demoto Nursery may also be visited. Members are asked to make their reservations by June 12th. The group will meet at the Clubhouse at 10 a.m. and each person is asked to bring a box lunch.

Any members wishing to drive over to Hayward in their own cars and who are willing to take extra passengers may register at the Executive Office, so that arrangements can be made to fill the cars. Expenses will be shared. If going by S.P., the fare will be 77 cents. Ramble fee 25 cents.

● Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman of the Thursday Evening Programs, announces the following diversified group of programs for June: June 4th, Mr. Charles James, who will talk on "The Development of Modern Art." June 11th, Mr. Edouard Strauss will lecture with illustrations of the German Lied. June 18th, Mr. Edgar Rowe, whose subject will be "The Chain Store Method of Merchandising," and June 25th an Evening of Song, arranged by Mr. James Whitcomb Nash.

● Miss Stella Huntington has planned two rambles for June — one to the Big Basin, an overnight trip, on June 6th and 7th: and one to the Fiesta at San Juan Bautista, on June 21st. See page 26 for full details.

● On Thursday evening, June 11th, Mr. Edouard Strauss will give a lecture with illustrations of the German Lied. Mr. Strauss, teacher of voice, is an opera singer of much experience—he sang with Grand Opera in Berlin and came to the United States with a German Grand Opera Company. He possesses a fine baritone voice.

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(Continued from page 9)

seemed carried about as on an Aladdin's carpet. First we would see it on the Third Floor, then in the Auditorium and again on the Fourth Floor. Like a goddess, the image of the Women's City Club, its two figures (the volunteer in regulation colored uniform and the motor-corps girl in her khaki, cleverly modeled by Miss Una Herring) received offerings on this her anniversary. The listing on page 8 tells this part of the story.

In the afternoon, Miss Donohoe presided in the Auditorium, where, through the kindness of Mrs. Stine Leis, the Russian Orchestra graciously gave a half hour of music, and later in the afternoon Miss Margaret Tilly, with pleasing charm as well as professional ability entertained at a well-chosen piano recital in the Lounge. After these concerts tea and punch was served by our friends, the volunteers, to all who came, and the little individual cakes with the lighted candles was an added touch that delighted "the ten year olds."

No lounge and library in any club surpasses our very own for homely atmosphere. No occasion has made this note more noticeable. Everyone felt at home that day, everyone was at ease.

During the dinner hour the three Lindemans sisters in their authentic Mexican costumes strolled through the Dining Room. Their modest grace personified the folk songs they sang and the soft guitar sounded the note of tropical scenes and lazy easy days of manana.

Mañana? Yes tomorrow may come, but today is over. Today, April twenty-third, the tenth anniversary party, cannot be taken from us. Its success, its happiness at greeting old and new friends in service is in our memory forever.

New Compound Fights Mildew

—ELMER A. ROBERTS
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● This is the time of year to look out for mildew, one of the dreaded foes of the garden. The application of sulphur, while somewhat effective, has never been quite satisfactory, as it leaves discoloration of plant and foliage.

The product which best fills this need has been found and has been given a two-year test. It is a compound of palustrex-copper resinate 20 per cent, marketed under the trade name of Mil-Du-Spra, and is now for sale in the stores and nurseries. It is a pine-oil solution which mixes readily with water and carries the copper into the leaves and body of the plant and then quickly evaporates, leaving the copper content in the leaf to combat the mildew spores as they appear.

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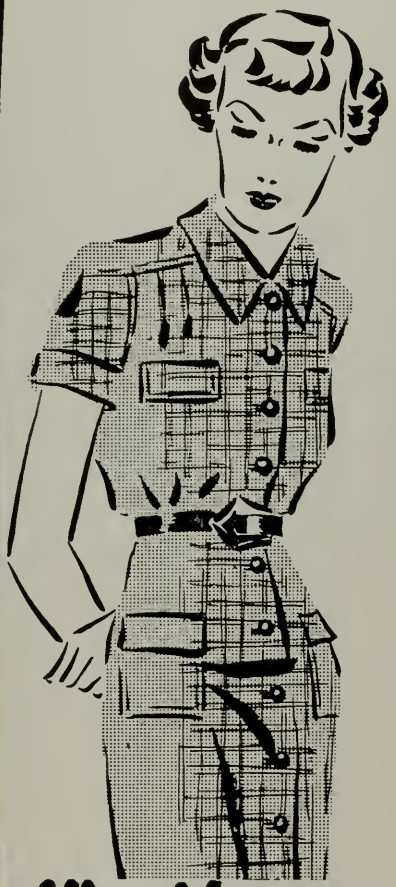

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(Continued from page 13)

up still another field for the camera user.

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As you progress, you will be experimenting with new printing processes, studying rules of composition, and developing the ability to criticize your own work and that of others. You will be making new friends, getting out into the open air, learning to see more beauty in Nature, and will find yourself a happier human being.

Swimming Pool

● Summer is here and with it the lure of the sea shore, the lovely blue mountain lakes of California, the rivers with their warm beaches. Are "*YOU*" ready to dive in, to try out a speedy crawl and relax to a restful side stroke, or are you going to sit and watch, repeating that oft-made resolution "I really must learn to swim before next summer."

No matter which class you may belong to, where can you find a better place than the crystal clear pool of your Club to get in tune for your vacation?

CLASSES

This year for the first time we are planning classes for members and their friends during the summer. Please sign up in advance. If we are assured of enough swimmers for two groups in intermediate swimming and diving we shall have one class on Wednesday at 11 o'clock and one on Thursday at the same hour, starting June 17th and 18th. These classes will meet over a period of eleven weeks ending August 27th, registrants being entitled to attend any six lessons.

Members $1.50. Guests $3.00 (admission extra).

HOURS: Monday through Thursday, 9:30 a.m. to 7:15 p.m.; Friday, 9:30 a.m. to 9:00 p.m.; Saturday, 9:00 a.m. to 4:45 p.m.

PRICES: Single swim for members, 30 cents; guests, 40 cents; boys under 12, girls under 18, 30 cents; ten-swim tickets for members, $2.50; members' daughters under 18, sons under 12, $2.25; guest children, $2.50 (Including Girl Scouts).

PRIVATE LESSONS: An instructor is on duty whenever the Pool is open, and appointments may be made for single lessons or a ticket may be bought giving purchaser six half-hour or twelve fifteen-minute lessons within three months. Members and members' children, $4; guests, $6. Admission extra.

Guide to Shops and Service

Learn to make your own hand-stitched gloves. Lessons at Women's City Club, Tuesday and Thursday afternoons

● For individual instruction Telephone GArfield 8400

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At your beauty shop.

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The Sun Room . . . Sun Porch . . . Patio

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Lost

● In or near the Clubhouse Tuesday evening, May 19, two rings. The Executive Office will appreciate any information leading to their recovery. Reward.

(Continued from page 11)

ing. This study increases sensitiveness to the aesthetic values in all art. There is the inspiration to join in the maintenance of a great and historic tradition.

The following quotations carry a message worth while. William Morris said: "If you have to flog yourself into doing work for the mere sake of your wages, the work is bound to suffer. Don't forget that art, if it means anything beyond sheer honest work well done, means the craftman's pleasure in following his craft, and the unaccountable quality that gets into his work thereby."

Cobden-Sanderson wrote: "My binding I wish indeed to be beautiful, but I still more wish it to be a sign and symbol of good social work, and of the spirit in which all work should be done."

Wiemeler, the modern handbinder, teaches, "Aesthetic spirit in bookbinding does not manifest itself only in decoration. It must sustain the humblest effort in respect to the least detail, if the whole is to be convincing. Beauty satisfactory to both the intellect and sense cannot be achieved either by the preliminary design, or by the skillful finish at the last minute; it must be there throughout the progress of the work."

Sleep Well

● Sleeping equipment is just as vital and important to health as good food. From the following chart we can appreciate the amount of time spent in sleeping:

If you are now 20, you will sleep 16 years, 8 months, 3 days and 8 hours; if you are now 25, you will sleep 15 years; if you are now 30, you will sleep 13 years, 4 months, 1 day and 16 hours; If you are now 35, you will sleep 11 years, 8 months, 3 days and 8 hours; If you are now 40, you will sleep 10 years; if you are now 45, you will sleep 8 years, 4 months, 1 day and 16 hours; if you are now 50, you will sleep 6 years, 8 months, 3 days and 8 hours; if you are now 55, you will sleep 5 years; if you are now 60, you will sleep 3 years, 4 months, 1 day and 16 hours; if you are now 65, you will sleep 1 year, 8 months, 3 days and 8 hours.

To fill the requirements of sleeping comfort, The Vogue Bedding Co., a smart new shop, has recently been opened at 349 Sutter Street which specializes in all types of bedding equipment, including box springs, mattresses, studio couches, pillows, comforters and boudoir chairs. You will find here specialists who have had many years of experience in the field of scientific sleeping requirements. The next time you are downtown make it a point to drop in and see this unusual shop devoted entirely to sleeping comfort. Remember The Vogue Bedding Co. at 349 Sutter Street.

SPORTSWEAR of CHARACTER

The same individuality and good taste that characterizes an Alma Walker gown, is found in the complete selection of sportswear. Whether you seek a swimming suit or a dressy sharkskin, the Peninsula's smartest shop is equipped to satisfy your love of nice things. Prices are quite moderate.

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In the captivating shop of Madame Butterfly are hundreds of worth-while suggestions. Distinctive objects of art, carefully selected from markets of the Far East.

Preference Chests in Cloissone, with four compartments for cigarettes. . . . Or small Cinnebar Cigarette Containers embellished with deep carvings of Chinese Court Scenes and Floral settings, in rich colors of old rose, red, and green; some with inlays of jade. . . . Match Boxes, with insets of semi-precious stones.

Yards and yards of shimmering silken fabrics to be made up to order. For honeymooners . . . and other travelers . . . luxurious silken pajamas with matching outer robe (charming in a Pullman corridor) and for the bridegroom the greatest variety of brocaded or striped pajamas. Everyone who is trousseau-minded should visit

Madam Butterfly
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For more than 50 years, increasing thousands of coffee-lovers have discovered that Caswell's home-delivery coffee-service assures superior coffee-enjoyment.

The Caswell Coffee Man brings you a choice blend of finest aged and cured coffees . . . fresh from the roasting ovens . . . in the exact, steel-cut, chaffless grind for your particular brewing process.

That's why Caswell's always excels in richer, more delicious coffee flavor and aroma. Try it and see! Call the Caswell Coffee Man at the number below for prompt service.

Caswell's NATIONAL CREST Coffee

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Call SUtter 6654
642 Harrison St.

OAKLAND:
Call HIgate 1017
1150 Twenty-Eighth Street

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Institute of International Relations

Mills College, California,
June 23-July 3, 1936.

For teachers, educational executives, religious and social workers, librarians, civic and service club members, labor leaders, university and college students and others who may be interested,—

A ten-day intensive course of study in significant aspects of contemporary international relations,—

Classes and round tables where men and women may exchange ideas with able thinkers on social problems.

On Wednesday evenings a dinner meeting will replace the regular evening address in order that members who wish may attend concerts given by the distinguished Pro Arte String Quartet of Belgium.

LECTURE COURSES

1. Pacific Affairs
   Dr. George Blakeslee
   Dr. Y. Y. Tsu
2. Ethical Aspects of War and Peace
   Dr. Elbert Russell
3. International Economic Relations
   Dr. Carl Landauer
4. European Relations
   Mr. Alden G. Alley
5. American Legislation and World Peace
   Miss Dorothy Detzer
6. World Organization
   Mr. Felix Morley
   Mon. Pierre Lanux

ROUND TABLES

1. What Traditional American Policies Should be Abandoned or Revised
   Miss Dorothy Detzer
   Mr. Felix Morley
2. What Is National Security
   Lt. Cmdr. Stewart Bryant
   Others to be announced
3. Communism, Fascism, Democracy
   Dr. Carl Landauer
   Mr. Alden G. Alley
4. Pacific Affairs
   Mrs. Alfred McLaughlin
   Dr. George Blakeslee
   Dr. Y. Y. Tsu
5. The Need for National Expansion
   To be announced
6. Spiritual and Ethical Aspects of War and Peace
   Dr. Elbert Russell
   Dr. Howard Brinton

EVENING ADDRESSES

In addition to the regular lecture courses mentioned above there will be a series of evening addresses on problems of immediate international importance.

Serve the delicious
SLOE GIN COCKTAIL

One part Lyons Dry Vermouth, two parts Lyons Sloe Gin—shake with ice.

LYONS SLOE GIN

Rambles

JUNE — JULY — AUGUST

June 5 and 6: Big Basin. Overnight trip. All inclusive fee (except picnic luncheon first day), $9.00.

June 21: Fiesta at San Juan Bautista. Historical pageant, barbecue, "Twight of the Dona" a musical drama. All inclusive fee, $5.00.

July 18 and 19—Mother Lode. Columbia, Sonora, Angels Camp, San Andreas and other historic points.

August 7, 8 and 9: "Old Spanish Days," Santa Barbara. Santa Barbara, Montecito, Carmel, Seventeen Mile Drive, etc.

August 28, 29 and 30: Redwood Highway. As far north as Eureka.

December 24, 25, 26 and 27: Christmas in Yosemite. Three nights at Ahwahnee with all the Christmas festivities, including the world-famous Bracebridge Dinner. All inclusive fee, $65.00.

All trips are made by Greyhound Chartered Busses. Reservations are limited on all of these trips and immediate registration is advised. A deposit will hold a place for you for a short time.

(Continued from page 12)

possibilities of mixed flower arrangements. Some combinations are especially good, for instance, lavender dahlias with pale yellow gladiolas, La France roses with ageratum or delphinum, zinnias, snap dragons and coreopsis, white stock, geum and corn flowers.

Many prefer arrangements of a single color. If this plan fits your room best by all means follow it. Still for real adventuring in decorating experiment with the common flowers from your garden, crimson, magenta, creamy yellow, with a dash of purple or intense blue for contrast, and you'll have a decoration to light up the plainest room. Make your flower arrangements individual, expressing your interpretation of simple rules of design and you'll find yourself creating beauty, which is a real art.

(Continued from page 21)

cate technique, which succeeded eventually in reproducing the subtlest paintings, a cautious approach was started toward the reproduction of more or less difficult works of art of the old masters.

When we contemplate today these magnificent re-creations of irreplacable chefs-d'oevre of the Antique or Renaissance, our eyes delight in the marvelous reproduction of costly wonders and we don't cease to study the detail, which can only be seen during long contemplation. One is able to reproduce in miniature form the most intricate weaves; the minutest workmanship (up to 3200 stitches per inch) can recreate works of the most difficult masters (scenes by Teniers, Breughel, van de Borgh, etc.), and whosoever loves those exquisitely beautiful floral paintings of the old Netherland masters like Huysum, etc., will voice his unqualified approval of their reproduction in petit points.

Nowadays one combines the designs of landscape and floral decoration (Watteau and Boucher) and can master perfectly those glorious symphonies in color. I have several such designs on display, among them one of the rarest in silk, called "Apollo."

In one day the industry of petit points has reached its climax.

Viennese petit point bags, chairs and bench covers, wall hangings, bedspreads, table covers, runners, etc., are being sent to the Americas, England and her Dominions, Germany, France, the Nordic States, Italy and Japan.

In Austria about 30,000 are employed by this industry and the workers are not only recruited from the ranks of the professional embroiderers, but about 40% come from the formerly well-to-do bourgeois class, officers, state employees.

The Discovery *of* America

A housewife from Europe finds in her neighborhood grocery here a reason for our national progress

(quoted from "Thy Country, 'Tis of Thee," an article in The Ladies' Home Journal, Nov., 1935)

". . . The European housewife undertakes a daily shopping ordeal.

"The butcher gives her good meat only if she . . . regards with indignation what he cuts.

"The baker is far away, in another street, and the bread is fresh only if . . . hand-picked.

"Vegetables and meat are never found in the same shop . . . fruits must be sought in separate establishments. Milk, eggs and butter have homes of their own. Except on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays everything . . . is stale.

"The merchant and customer dislike each other . . .

"In America a thousand conveniences make life easier. The graciousness of the seller is echoed by the buyer.

"This unique freedom . . . based on mutual respect . . . is a comforting sign of the true democracy of this country."

YOUR Safeway grocer belongs to a *business family* which pioneered the modern grocery.

To make your shopping easy, he daily gathers under one roof fine foods of all kinds. His standards of courtesy, cleanliness, and convenient store arrangement are followed by other grocers.

Even more important to you, your Safeway grocer has developed a more efficient, less costly method of distributing food.

Because he works with a *team* of buyers, shippers, marketmen and home economists, he has been able to cut down wasteful costs that used to come *in between* farm and store.

This way he can sell his foods at lower retail prices. And his customers can afford *more* of the choice foods they want.

This increased sales volume, in turn, makes it possible for your Safeway grocer to pay farmers a larger share of each retail food dollar spent at his store.

As an individual storeman, your Safeway grocer could not make the money-savings which help both consumers and producers.

He works with a business family to do better a job the people want done—*and because he knows the people reward men who do what the public wants.*

• • •

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GIFTS FOR THE JUNE BRIDE

Balinese Brasses — Antique Textiles — Imported Glass

Flower Bowls — Crystal Lamps from Holland

■

THE LEAGUE SHOP

(Continued from page 15)

who made this lived and died before Columbus and his crew tracked the Atlantic," or, "this woman may have seen Coronado; perhaps offered him seeds from this same bowl."

For if one tolerates day-dreaming—and wide, unflecked skies, and long red mesas foster rambling thoughts—there are times when one feels very near these dead women. Perhaps one's exploring fingers turn up a small clay image; animal or bird. It is, perchance, a fetish — propitiation of the Powers. One wonders as to the fear or problem that guided the potter's fingers. Sickness, death, love, hunger, enemies—what was troubling? Or one may chance on a miniature bowl, a child's toy, but craftily fashioned. Motherhood smiling from pre-historic mists.

In one instance the pottery scraps indicate the existence of a towering personality. In the Mimbres pueblo—abandoned before the Spaniards came — are found bowls and fragments so daring and brilliant in design that one is incredulous of his own eyesight. In all other pueblo decoration, no matter how varied and ingenius, there yet runs a ritual of conventional treatment. But in the Mimbres pottery whimsical and naturalistic designs emerged. Fishes, insects, birds, mythical creatures, ceremonials—all treated with superb exuberance of imagination, and bewildering nicety of geometrical form. As Dr. Alfred V. Kidder says ("An Introduction to the Study of Southwestern Archeology,"

p. 103): "In such an instance as this, one is almost forced to see the influence of some forgotten individual genius, whose work so stimulated her contemporaries and successors as to result in the founding of a local school or tradition in pottery design."

A feminist examining what is known as the sherd library at the Rockerfeller Museum of Anthropology in Santa Fe might call it a tribute to women—women in industry. For here is a long room lined with steel cases. In these cases are drawers labeled by location numbers, and containing sherds from different southwestern ruins. Why? Because the archeologist of the future will know much more about his subject than does his confrere of the present; new data is arrived at constantly. He will be in a much better position to peer under the veil. But he will be hampered by lack of knowledge as to the location of the smaller sites, and of what they may have contained. Only the major ruins can be preserved—thousands of small sites are being built over and plowed under. So this record in the steel cases is indispensable to fill out the pattern; to map migrations and interweavings.

Yes, the Pueblo women were certainly the historians of the pre-historic Southwest.

National League Library Service

● *Do remember that a book is always a most appropriate gift for your young friends who are graduating from schools and colleges. Then also remember that you can place all your book orders with the Club Library.*

Mexican Interlude; Joseph Henry Jackson. $2.00. The long awaited account of Mr. Jackson's trip to Mexico.

San Felice; Vincent Sheean. $2.50. A novel by the author of Personal History.

Further Range; Robert Frost. $2.50. His first volume of poems since 1928.

The O'Brien collection of best short stories for 1936. $2.50. An always popular collection.

Now that you have seen the Van Gogh paintings, don't you want to own Vincent Van Gogh by Meier-Graefe. $1.49. The Catalogue by Barr, $2.50, or Lust for Life by Stone, in either the $2.50 edition or the $5.00.

My Life and Work; Dr. Adolf Lorenz. $3.50. The autobiography of the famous orthopedic surgeon.

A Letter From Pontus; John Masefield. $1.75. A new volume, chiefly short poems with two narratives. If you were among the fortunate group to hear him read, you will not want to miss the pleasure of owning this little volume.

If you failed to read Honey in the Horn, which has just received a Pulitzer award, when it was first published, you will want a copy now. $2.50.

For the young members of your family there is now available in one volume for the first time, all the Mowgil Stories by Rudyard Kipling. It is illustrated by Kurt Wiese and the price is only $2.50.

WHEN YOU ENTERTAIN AT THE CLUB OR AT YOUR HOME HAVE

SAMARKAND ICE CREAM

FOR DESSERT. IT WILL BE ENJOYED AND APPRECIATED

Monterey Beer

It is Mild
Refreshing
Relaxing
Nourishing

Be sure and ask for "MONTEREY SUPREME"

Ask for CASPERSON'S EGGS

Every egg is candled and guaranteed fresh

Sold by Independent Grocers

NEEDLEWORK GUILD SECTION

Members of the National League for Woman's Service have formed a section of the Needlework Guild in memory of Mrs. John Leale. Members are invited to bring their thimbles on the first Thursday of each month, when they will sew from 10:30 to 4:00 o'clock, with luncheon in the Cafeteria. The first meeting will be held Thursday, June 4.

JUDGMENT CAN NOT BE BEQUEATHED

You can leave life insurance and other property to your family . . . but you cannot bequeath them your *business judgment.*

Statistics reveal with what tragic speed estates are often dissipated by inexperienced heirs. Why not guard *your* loved ones against this danger now by setting up a

LIFE INSURANCE TRUST

A Life Insurance Trust perpetuates your business judgment. It empowers the bank to collect and invest the proceeds of your life insurance . . pay regular, worry-free income to your wife and children . . and finally distribute the principal according to your wishes. The cost of this service is small. The benefits in sound management are great. Write or call for the booklet, "Carrying On the Family Income."

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S. F. Museum of Art

JUNE CALENDAR

● Survey of Landscape Painting From the Primitives Through the Nineteenth Century — June 2 through June 31.

Exhibition of Japanese Paintings, Prints, and Screens — through June 15.

Exhibition of Watercolors by George Post — through June 15.

Exhibition of Sculpture and Paintings by Jean Helion and Henry Moore — through June 15.

Lectures given Wednesday evenings at 8 and on Sunday afternoons at 3.

The "Survey of Landscape Painting From the Primitives Through the Nineteenth Century" is the most comprehensive view of this favorite art field ever presented on the Coast. Gathered from all parts of both East and West by the San Francisco Museum of Art, and containing many of the world's greatest masterpieces.

The earliest picture is Albert Bouts' *Madonna and Child*, painted in the early sixteenth century, when landscape was used only as a back-drop for religious scenes. From this point the exhibition proceeds through the Dutch, Italian, French, English and American developments into the pure landscape of the nineteenth century.

Particularly appropriate is it that this should follow immediately upon the Van Gogh Exhibition at the Legion of Honor.

Van Gogh is seen among his contemporary impressionists as well as in relation to his Dutch forebears and the whole past of landscape art. Renoir, Sisley, Cezanne, Monet, Pissarro, Degas, and others of that group which discovered new glories in color, light, and design.

The world-famous "Man With a Hoe" by Millet shares honors in the Barbizon group with the enormously popular "Dance of the Nymphs" by Corot. Both of these are from the W. H. Crocker collection. Courbet, Delacroix, Claude Lorrain, and many earlier masters give a full history of the French school. Italian landscape is shown by a glorious view of the "Santa Maria della Salute" by Canaletto and by work of Zuccarelli, Magnasco and Bassano. Frans Hals' "Family Group in a Landscape" is one of many fine examples of the Dutch school, including works by Nicholas Maes, Quentin Matsys, Adam Elsheimer, and Van de Velde. The mastery of Thomas Gainsborough, most famed of English landscape painters, is seen in a fine example of his work along with paintings by Constable, Cotman, Richard Wilson, and Bonington.

Especial attention is given to the American landscape painters. James Hicks represents our own "primitive" period, which developed through Doughty, Moran, Inness, Blakelock, and includes such Californians as Keith, Welch, Rix, and Yelland.

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Fallen Leaf Lake

● Fallen Leaf Lake, according to an old Washoe Indian legend, was formed to force the Bad Spirit to go around it, allowing the good Indian to proceed on in peace. We feel that there is still some of that same charm about Fallen Leaf. The rush and bustle go around and leave Fallen Leaf undisturbed.

At Fallen Leaf Lodge the cabins are of various sizes and are set along the shore and among the trees and on the ledge above the Lake. Each location has its own advantage. In one place the chipmunks and birds will make friends easily — in another the fisherman may catch a good-sized trout from his own cabin porch. Every effort is made to insure the maximum amount of privacy and quiet to those in the cabins.

When meal time comes, the guests all meet in the large dining room. Good food is an essential factor at any time, but on vacations it becomes of paramount importance. Those on special diets are given particular consideration.

After dinner the guests gather in the lobby, on the porches, or by the landing, watching the sunset colors. The one who has been to Mt. Tallac that day tells of his trip — a hard climb in places, but well worth while, for the view from Tallac is unsurpassed. Another who has just returned from an overnight stay at Lake of the Woods Camp relates his adventures. One does not forget the beauty of moonlight on Pyramid Peak and its reflection in Lake of the Woods. One party is planning to go to Virginia City in the morning. They will have a day rich in historical landmarks, filled with the pastel coloring of Nevada desert and hills.

After night falls, the bridge tables fill in the lobby and others sit by the camp fire. A group of gay young people drive up the road, bound for the bright lights of a night club on Lake Tahoe. There is sophisticated amusement for those who want it. And the one who wishes to just sit watching the stars may do so.

Flowers, trees, and the names of birds are vital subjects and the front page headlines of the newspapers lose their force. Around Fallen Leaf Lake the buildings blend into the surrounding country. Dozens of private summer homes are built on shore and hillside, sheltered and hidden among the green. Happily, the summer colony has chosen to maintain natural beauty and seclusion. In our Sierra Nevada mountains are many lovely places, but none are easier to reach or more full of congenial people than Fallen Leaf.

Vagabondia Lodge

● Unique among resorts in the Tahoe region is Vagabondia Lodge on the Broackway road, accommodating about 30 guests, it is more on the order of a select mountain club than the usual hotel. Directly on the shores of Lake Tahoe, it has 700 feet of private beach. It is conveniently located to various points of interest between the Tavern and Broackway golf courses.

The moderate rates are in keeping with the times, an informal homey atmosphere prevails, where people of discrimination will find a place of charm and delightful restfulness.

FOR SALE or LEASE

Near Woodside, San Mateo County, small three-acre estate, with beautiful lawn, roses, running creek, lake, etc.

Quiet and restful, beautifully furnished home with electric refrigerator, electric range, electric heat, grand piano, etc.

Rent $150.00, including gardener. Will sell.

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Accredited to University of California, Stanford and Leading Eastern Colleges
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LOS GATOS, CALIFORNIA

Ellis Franklin Summer Camp Opens June 1st, 1936

In the foothills of the Sierra Nevadas near APPLEGATE, California. Camps for Boys and Girls in the beautiful grounds of the Ellis Franklin School. Swimming — Sun Bathing — Horseback Riding — Hikes Along Wooded Foothill Trails — Nature Study Exploration Trips—Prospecting for Gold in the Land of the '49ers — Outdoor Suppers Cooked at the Barbecue Pits — Birthday Parties — Song and Story Hour Around the Evening Camp Fire — Amateur Theatricals.

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The above is only a partial list of the many interesting and entertaining features to be found in The News every day. These features coupled with the straightforward reporting of news have made The News the favorite newspaper of smart San Francisco women.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

JULY 1936

VOLUME X - - NUMBER 6

PRICE 15 CENTS A COPY

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

465 POST STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

Women's City Club Calendar, July 1936

Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool — Every Tuesday, 5:30 to 7:30 p.m.; every Friday, 5:30 to 9:00 p.m.

League Bridge — Every Tuesday — Card Room, 2:00 and 7:00 p.m.

JULY

2—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding ..... *Mural Room* ..... 12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, chairman ..... *Auditorium* ..... 8:00 p.m.
Speaker: Mrs. Grace Sutton Powell.
Subject: "Present-Day Home-Planning" (illustrated lecture).

8—Tea in Honor of Senator Gerald P. Nye of North Dakota ..... *Auditorium* ..... 3:30 p.m.

9—Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, chairman ..... *Auditorium* ..... 8:00 p.m.
Program of Contemporary Chamber Music, presented by Grace Deming Sime and Ensemble.

13—Young Members' Luncheon—Mrs. James Sheehan presiding ..... *Cafeteria* ..... 12:15 p.m.

16—Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, chairman ..... *Auditorium* ..... 8:00 p.m.
Speaker: Mr. Claude A. Shull.
Subject: "Society's Stake in the Motion Picture."

17-18-19—Ramble—Redwood Highway (3 days; fee. $26.00) ..... *Leave Clubhouse* ..... 8:00 a.m.

23—Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, chairman ..... *Auditorium* ..... 8:00 p.m.
Speaker: Dr. C. W. Young of Stanford University.
Subject: "How Should the League of Nations Be Strengthened?"

26—Ramble to Open-Air Symphony, Woodland Theatre, Hillsborough ..... *Details at Front Office*

30—Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, chairman ..... *Auditorium* ..... 8:00 p.m.
Motion Picture Travel Talk.

AUGUST

2-9—Ramble to Southern California (8 days) ..... *Details at Front Office*

6—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding ..... *Mural Room* ..... 12:15 p.m.

Women's City Club Magazine

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

VOLUME X JULY, 1936 NUMBER 6

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LOOKING FORWARD

Schedule of Future Numbers
of
the Women's City Club Magazine

●

August . . . . . Fall Programs

September . . . Creative Talent

October . . . . . The Talent Festival

November . . . The Bay Bridge and
San Francisco

Announcements

● While the maid goes on her vacation, the Club stands ready to fill the gap. It is easy to entertain out-of-town guests at dinner or luncheon or arrange for residence in one of the newly-furbished bedrooms.

● The Young Members Group has decided to work on the Club scrap book each second Monday, which is the day of its luncheon. There is a great deal of work to be done, so please do come in and join this group. Mrs. James Sheehan is in charge, and the work will be done on the second floor from one o'clock to four.

● The following activities will be discontinued during the month of July:

Book Review Luncheon
Book Review Dinner
Contract Bridge
Current Events
Drama Reading Group
French Round Table and French Classes
Travel Round Tables
National League Players

Please watch calendar for opening dates.

● Volunteer Round Table Luncheons will continue every Thursday at noon. Come in and join Mrs. Thompson, Chairman of Volunteers, one one of these days and she will let you know where you can fill in during the Summer months. We shall need many substitutes.

● The Tea given in our Beauty Salon on June 16 brought scores of interested members and their friends, many of whom had really not known how perfectly equipped this department is. We hope that many more of our members will appreciate the excellent service that our Beauty Salon is prepared to give.

● On Wednesday, July 8, Senator Gerald P. Nye, of North Dakota, will be the guest of honor at tea in the Clubhouse. Mrs. William Palmer Lucas will preside. Senator Nye, as Chairman of the Senate Munitions Investigation Committee, is well equipped to discuss the pertinent subject of munition manufacture and will speak informally at the tea hour. Tea service, 35 cents.

● Each day brings new members into the Club, some of whom have been on the Waiting List for years but, because of unsettled conditions, put off joining. Now that a "lift" is being definitely felt, they, together with entirely new applicants, are hastening to have their memberships accepted. Perhaps the coming Exposition is an added impetus.

● Glove-making Classes will continue throughout the summer months, with Mrs. Tanbara in charge.

● Young Members' Round Table will meet every second Monday, as usual, during the summer months. After lunch, work will be done on the historical scrap book they are preparing of our Club records.

● Especially attractive luncheons are being planned by the Dining Room for those of our members who are spending their vacations in town this year. Don't forget us when you are shopping, or when you are showing visiting guests the high points in San Francisco.

● There are three definite Rambles now planned for July and August, but we have had so many suggestions that we are sure before July is over several others will be announced on the Bulletin Boards. Please watch for them. July 17, a trip is planned for the Redwood Highway over three days; July 26, a Ramble to the Philharmonic open-air concert, Woodland Theatre, Hillsborough; August 3, a trip to San Diego over eight days, returning via Santa Barbara for the Fiesta. Details, fee, etc., will be found on page 24. Please register at the Front Office.

● Swimming parties including men guests may be arranged for any Tuesday or Friday evening (see calendar for hours). Why not come early some summer evening and plan to eat in the Club Dining Room after the swim?

● Members wishing to take books away for vacation reading may have two 14-day books, renewable at time of borrowing, or three 14-day books by paying five cents for the third book. This would eliminate having to send in a note for renewal if books are used for more than two weeks.

● Announcement has been made that the Pro Arte Quartet of Brussels will have two concerts at Stanford University on the evenings of July 10 and 14.

● Have you seen our new spun aluminum and reed salad bowls, cheese trays, sandwich trays, etc., in the League Shop? So stunning for buffet service on the patio or veranda during vacation days.

● When members are in the building and expect guests, it is imperative that they inform the Front Office where they may be found. The switchboard operators cannot take time to locate members unless they have left instructions.

Hammon Gallery

The President's Message

Not from a sense of retrospection nor even conceit do we again indulge in historical reference. ¶ With the increasing wisdom of its eighteen years, the National League for Woman's Service is conscious of and justly proud of its growing tradition. Therefore, we devote another number of the magazine to our own story, urging our members as well as our guests to understand more fully that spirit which translates itself into the hospitality and charm that permeates Four Sixty-five Post Street. ¶ Well posted on the history of the organization as well as points of interest within the building, we rouse the interest of prospective members or guests, whether the tour be personally conducted or a leisurely discussion from any of vacation's distant vantage points. ¶ Looking forward: In 1939 every San Franciscan and every Californian will be hostess and guide; therefore, with great hope for our organization and with many plans, we urge you to begin within your Club to cultivate those qualifications that, coupled with the ideal of Volunteer Service, will assure the National League for Woman's Service its place in The Golden Gate International Exposition.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

Women in Architectural Arts

Reprinted from the New York Times
February 23, 1936

● Woman's invasion of the field of architecture and its allied arts — scupture, mural painting, interior decoration. and landscape architecture — has won formal recognition in the current exhibition of the Architectural League of New York. Two years ago the league opened its membership to women; now, as members, they are exhibiting for the first time.

Eleven women are listed among the league's members; they were taken in because the league, after forty-eight years of existence, concluded that women could contribute much towards its objective of full collaboration among the artists. Thus the league ceased to be an organization composed exclusively of men; and an old tradition was discarded.

The women members receive no special consideration because of their sex; indeed, they object to any sugestion of differentiation. Hildreth Meière. mural painter, whose work may be seen in many churches. office and government buildings, summed up the attitude of the women members recently when it was proposed that they have an exclusive showing of their work. Why, she inquired, not have an exhibition of the work of all the baldheaded members, and another of all those having red hair? These distinctions were just as valid as those of sex, she asserted.

The women mural painters now in the league are Miss Meière and Lillian Gaertner Palmedo. Miss Meière — who, incidentally, has been proposed for vice-president of the league — painted the murals in the lobby and main banking room of the building at 1 Wall Street, executed the three large plaques on the outside of the Music Hall at Rockefeller Center, and the murals in St. Bartholomew's Church. She has completed eight mosaics for the State Capitol at Lincoln, Neb., and decorated the rotunda of the National Academy of Sciences at Washington. Mrs. Palmedo's mural decorations may be seen in numerous clubs, hotels, and office buildings.

Needle Pointers

From Mrs. Edward Schofield Travers, Who Paints With Her Needle and Thread.

By Courtesy of House Beautiful

● The members of their little parish on the Hudson are devoted and generous to their friend, Mrs. Edward Schofield Travers, who is the wife of the rector at Rhinebeck. New York. Mrs. Travers boasts that the wife of a clergyman can find a use for anything, although skeins of beautifully colored wool, left over from needlepoint. almost baffled her.

She began making her own needlepoint patterns. because designed pieces are very expensive. and working them herself, of course for her friends. The result was needlepoint pictures—individual and entirely personal to each who receives one, because Mrs. Travers designs every picture especially for that particular friend.

For Mrs. Vincent Astor she made a knitting bag. On it she painted with her needle the Astor garden in bloom with pink. blue and yellow flowers, with a border of French blue and gray.

Almost all of her pieces have humor—a rare quality in needlepoint. The two landscapes in wool, done for Miss Laura Delano, are of her house in winter, with the Catskills and the Hudson in the background; the other, Miss Delano's house in summer. The companion piece to these two was done in 1932 when building prices were so prohibitive that Miss Delano felt sure she would never have anything but her land. In Mrs. Travers' picture, the road is laid, the grounds finished. and the house is coming down on wings over a rainbow of hope—a picture that turned out to be a prophecy! They are framed in dark blue or black glass.

A sofa pillow commemorates the engagement of Virginia and Thatcher on December 17, 1932. Thatcher complained so bitterly at the length of time it took him to accomplish this feat that Mrs. Travers in her congratulatory picture has stitched Cupid outside of 1115 Fifth Avenue, wearing mittens and forced to build a bonfire during his vigil.

Unlike most needlepoint designers. Mrs. Travers paints her complete pattern on paper, in minute detail, and then works in freehand on the canvas. When she makes designs for other people to work. however, she draws a sketch on paper, and a design on the working canvas, too. Of course, the advantage of water-color sketch is that it gives you at once a picture of what the finished work will look like.

Mrs. Travers, moreover, acknowledges limitations neither of pattern nor medium. Often, within one frame, she will tell a complete story. For example, the sampler that she made for her daughter *(Continued on page 30*

Editorial

● In recent public appearances of the Volunteer Service of the National League for Woman's Service, many questions have been asked: How do you do it? How long have you done it? Where do you do it? Recent visitors to the Clubhouse from foreign shores and from Eastern states have asked questions. What is the background of this unique service? Members and Volunteers have many times been embarrassed as they have found themselves unable to give exact information.

To the President has come the idea that we devote at this time one issue of the Magazine to a recital of the purpose, history and functioning of the National League for Woman's Service of California, housed in its Post Street Clubhouse—and so the July number takes this form.

We have reprinted stories by Mrs. M. C. Sloss and Mrs. Marie Hicks Davidson, historical sketches. Miss Chilton and Miss Mysell have touched some of the highlights of the present Clubhouse. The latter is no attempt to tell a complete tale. To write of each room in detail would be impossible within the small compass of the Magazine, but this sketch will enthuse us all to learn at first hand other facts which are of like interest and which are omitted here only because of lack of space. With the summer upon us and guests coming in on each packet and by each train, this Historical Issue will be ready reference for us all.

* * * *

Mrs. William Denman, who has been editing the pages devoted for the past seven issues to Indian articles, brings us this month a story of special interest. Mrs. Denman brings to us San Franciscans the first "scoop" of an idea for the Exposition, an idea which thrills us all with expectation and curiosity, more and more as we of the West learn of Indian culture either by personal visits to this land of history, or by stories shared with us by those who have visited these first Americans.

* * * *

Such flattering response has come to the editorial staff of the Women's City Club Magazine that they share with you their plans for the future and invite your further coöperation. Splendid contributions have been sent voluntarily in the past few months and many have been printed. The Editor knows the wealth of material the membership provides.

The next few issues will run as follows: August—Fall Program Planning; September and October—The Talent Festival; November—The Bay Bridge and San Francisco. Have you a pertinent story or an interesting travel experience to relate?

* * * *

The Talent Festival in October! Summer ahead with lazy days on the porch and under the trees. Needle and thimble and knitting-needle at hand, while some kind friend reads aloud. Or else a tramp along the seashore with the flotsam enticing us on and on, flotsam which can be used so ingeniously for the Talent Festival gifts we are later to make. So many ways at hand the next two months to use the creative instinct we were all given, and to use it now for a cause we all love. Service converted later into cash. Every contribution to the Talent Festival finds a ready buyer. Have you contributed to the Festival each year, or have you forgotten to make anything until, "I'm so sorry, it's too late now." The success of the 1936 Talent Festival is in the making. This is a word to the wise.

* * * *

Miss Mysell speaks of the curtain in the Auditorium designed by Hildreth Meière and executed at the Herter Studios under Miss Meière's personal supervision. It seems appropriate at this time to reprint a story from the New York *Times* which tells of the honor which has come to Miss Meière in her election to the Architectural League of New York. We in California eagerly follow the career of this talented San Franciscan as she climbs the ladder of success through the medium of her extraordinary talent.

* * * *

The tea in the Beauty Salon on June 16, under the chairmanship of Miss Virginia Chilton, was a distinct success. Members came who did not know that the Club operated this unit on the Lower Main Floor: friends gathered to make suggestions for its betterment: and all who came enjoyed the friendliness of the atmosphere and appreciated the eagerness of the management to render the type of expert service which the club demands from each of its departments. With the summer "tan" and the need of "permanents" and the latest vogue in color symphonies in the field of cosmetics, the spot-light attention in this direction was particularly appropriate. The tea is past, but the service continues and "invites."

National Defenders' Clubs of California

By Mrs. M. C. Sloss

● The Women's City Club of San Francisco may be said to be a fruition of the spirit of *all* the National Defenders' Clubs of Northern California, for all ten led, more or less directly to San Francisco headquarters. Clubs, or canteens, which most effectually resulted in the motivation which culminated in the determination to found the City Club where the National Defenders' Clubs under the Monadnock Building, at Oakland, Berkeley, Inyo County, Marin County, Napa, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, San Jose, and the San Francisco Presidio, No. 5.

The story of any one of these, in the last analysis, is much like the stories of canteens all over the country during the war. They were havens for homesick men, thrown into service with little preparation, and for the "regulars" of army and navy as they passed through to the front lines. Each canteen had its own problems, its own gallant but pathetic little jokes and jocularity, its own distinguishing features of furniture and setting. But the underlying fact was the same the country over. Women had banded together in emergency. Solidarity became a fact without previous training.

The National League for Woman's Service was organized in Washington, D.C., in January of 1917. It was organized in San Francisco in June of the same year and opened its first canteen the following September. The National League reserved to itself the entire internal operation of National Defenders' Clubs and the first to be instituted was under the Monadnock Building, Market Street, near Third, San Francisco. The success of this was such that others quickly followed and they blossomed over the state in response to the need.

The Monadnock Building covers a considerable area, for it is one of San Francisco's largest office buildings and the canteen occupied the entire floor under the sidewalk. The rooms were bright and cheery as physical things could make them. The workers wore uniforms, alike in form, that a standard might prevail, but different in color, all attractively gay, as far removed from the habit of a hospital as could be devised. Pianos, writing desks, easy chairs, billiard tables, phonographs, and books made the canteens homelike and the men crowded the spacious lounges in such numbers that there could be no question as to their popularity. This, the first, was typical of the nine which followed.

Volunteer Service, which followed in the wake of the National Defenders Clubs, flourished sturdily in San Francisco, the women working in shifts with a minimum of duplicated energy. Whether it was due to superior executives or unusual temperaments of the individuals, the fact remains that Volunteer eSrvice has been particularly outstanding in its success in California. The National Defenders' Club of the Monadnock Building was opened in September two weeks after the National League for Woman's Service had been asked by the War Department to equip and manage a club. It began with a staff of 350 members and kept open from 8 o'clock each morning to 11:30 at night. The committee in charge consisted of Mrs. George S. Sperry, Mrs. William B. Hamilton, Misses Fannie and May Friedlander, Mrs. Anna Voorhies Bishop, Miss Laura Taylor, Mrs. Charles Deering, Miss Edith Leale, Mrs. George Garrett, and Mrs. F. H. Henshaw. A year after its opening the monthly atendance was 65,000. It closed in June of 1919.

To enumerate the number of meals served, the regiments of men cheered, or the gallons of coffee brewed, were to review the work of almost any canteen in or near a military center.

The big fact was that in all and any one the women thus mobilized found the joy of service, learned that working together in amity and with a minimum of waste effort was not a male perogative and that doing her bit for her nation was by way of discharging her obligation to humanity. In fact, many until that time were unaware they owed such a debt.

The National Defenders' Club "No. 5," under the leadership of Mrs. M. C. Sloss, chairman, and Mrs. J. J. Gottlob, vice-chairman, was established near the Presidio in March 1918 in response to a request from the War Camp Community Service. Chairmen of the other clubs were: Miss Clara Taft, Oakland; Mrs. S. M. Marks, Berkeley; Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, County Chairman, with Mrs. James Sharp at the head of the Defenders' Club, Palo Alto; Mrs. William Jones, San Jose.

With the Armistice the Clubs, all of which had done yeoman service, closed, one by one. In San Francisco the women who had been drawn together in the fellowship of national service dreamed of continuing in the name of peace. *(Continued on page 27*

History of the Women's City Club

By Marie Hicks Davidson

Reprint from the Women's City Club Magazine
November Issue, 1930

● This number of the Women's City Club Magazine is by way of answer to a question which has been asked so often that it is almost a legend with an interrogation mark after it.

"How did you do it?" Meaning, the City Club. The physical aspect of the City Club excites admiration and exclamation. But the spiritual values, the intangibles, so arrest the attention of the visitor that the almost invariable question is "How?" Not "Why?" Nor "When?" The answers to those are apparent. Why and when? The War, primarily. But "How" is another story.

So, at this time, when the Club is celebrating a Harvest Festival, a garnering of Talent, it is meet that the history, the Epic, be presented. For the Club is, after all, but an aggregate of talent, an epitome of the urge and the instinct to serve, a preservation and perpetuation of a beautiful thing which flowered and in its flowering became conscious that it was too beautiful to die.

Early in the summer that the National League for Woman's Service moved into the City Club, a princess of Sweden visited San Francisco and in the course of her entertainment was brought to the City Club where Volunteer Service waited upon her. She was one of the first to ask the now standardized question, "How did you do it?"

Since then many men and women of many countries and professions have passed under the arch on which is inscribed the letters "465 Post Street," and all have evinced the same eager and inquiring interest.

It is an impersonal history, this log of the City Club, with names and titles kept as much in the background as is possible in an institution which functions through bureaus and committees.

It was the privilege of this writer, the present editor of the Women's City Club Magazine, away back in 1917, when she was a reporter and the National League for Woman's Service was but a few weeks old in San Francisco, to be sent by her newspaper to interview the women who were mobilizing. She went to a loft at the corner of Sutter and Stockton streets, and asked the "officer of the day," who, as it happened, was Miss Marion Leale, now president of the City Club, for a list of names of those who were in the forefront of the organization.

"But we do not want names published, if you please. We are all for one and one for all. We are just the women of America, the women of San Francisco."

"But a newspaper story is no good without names," said the persistent reporter. "Committees and groups, now. Won't you tell me the personnel of your several committees? I cannot go back to my office and say, 'A group of women and girls are gathered at such and such a place making bandages and woolen helmets.' It may be cricket, but it isn't journalism."

The result of the verbal tilt was a complete rout for the reporter. The only names she had for her "story" were of the women whom she knew by sight.

So, down the years, the policy has remained. The cause is infinitely greater than any personality. The army is more important than the general, and the thing for which the army stands is the greatest of all in the final analysis.

Of course there were heroines, women whose selflessness should be sung by a modern Homer. But they wouldn't want it so. That is part of their gallantry. Some have since died. One, especially, may be said to have fallen in battle. She was Mrs. George Sperry, whose name is written into history of the canteen under the Monadnock building, San Francisco. Others have moved on to other interests and subsequent enthusiasms, coming but occasionally to the City Club, the old stamping ground, to join in Club festivals, as the annual Fire Lighting, or anniversaries dear to their individual recollections.

Most of the original group is still active. New workers are assimilated so gradually that the process is imperceptible. But a comparison of, say, a Volunteer platoon of last year and this will reveal many new names. That is as it should be, say the founders of the City Club. That is what Rupert Brooke suggested when he sang of the sweet sleep in Flanders Field if others pick up the torch.

When the Magazine of the City Club was launched in February of 1927, it contained this foreword:

"The Women's City Club is one of the victories of 1918, the year of Peace. The story of how it came to be built, of the patriotism of the women who founded the National Defenders' Clubs, of the translation of those institutions, after they had served their purpose magnificently, into a center for women, of the inspiration and daring which eventually impelled this same group to erect an enduring monument, of, for and by women, is one of the thrilling climaxes of San Francisco's participation in the war."

Strange. Strange and curiously fascinating is the idea that work cements associations and friendships so much more securely than play. It seems to etch more deeply into the soul's resistance to things ephemeral.

The Clubhouse

By Virginia Chilton and Virginia Mysell

● *The Portal.* Our summer guests of 1936 —through this portal we bid you welcome, and in this house we offer you repose and delight. The entrance to the Women's City Club is a beautiful hand-carved teakwood door and archway—the gift of an anonymous friend. "When our Clubhouse was opened in the spring of 1926, it seemed fitting that our first honored guest through this portal should be a royal princess, H. R. H. Louise, Crown Princess of Sweden. Not alone because of our pride in being able to offer hospitality to one of such rank and distinction, but because we delighted in honoring the woman whose gracious and democratic spirit responded so thrillingly to the ideals and spirit of our own most democratic organization." (Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper.) And to all women of this same spirit we extend today, as always, our pleasurable greeting. A peep into our Guest Book reveals quite an impressive roster of distinguished men and women in many fields of endeavor, and it is most interesting to read here the names of those who have passed through this door. They have signed:

Louise—July 21, 1926.

Victoria Powell, London, England: "A miracle among clubs."

May Robson: "God meant us all to be happy."

John D. Barry: "The things women are doing nowadays!"

Hugh Walpole, Picadilly, London.

The Portal.

Mary Austin (her Indian symbols signifying "a pool of fresh water, a tree of shelter, a shrine dedicated to the welfare of the city").

Sushama Tagore, Calcutta, India: "For universal sisterhood."

Jane Adams, Hull House.

Archibald Flower, Stratford Upon Avon, England: "The play's the thing."

Florence Flower, Stratford Upon Avon, England.

Guy Bates Post, New York City: "I'm the only male present. I like it."

Ada Galsworthy, Bury, Sussex, England: "A most delightful afternoon."

John Galsworthy, Bury, Sussex, England.

F. L. Liu, Canton, China: "Within four seas we are all brothers."—Confucius.

Amelia Earhart, Rye, N. Y.: "With appreciation of being with her own sex exclusively."

Grand Duchess Marie, April 26, 1932.

Maria Christina Marconi, Rome 24X, 1932.

Francis Lederer: "World Peace."

John Masefield.

And many more, including Ruth Draper, Elsie Janis, Bernardino Molinari, Ossip Gabrilowitch, Ruth Bryan Owen, Will Durant, Lowell Thomas, Carl Sandberg, Ernest Dimnet, Thornton Wilder, Sinclair Lewis, Mei Lan-Fang, Margaret Anglin, Jane Cowl, Ethel Barrymore.

The Auditorium and the Foyer. On the stage of our Auditorium have stood many of this galaxy of famous people, bringing to us their high messages. And as the curtain falls at the end of each recital, we respond with satisfaction to the beautiful closure which the Hildreth Meière curtain always creates. This handsome curtain, a gift of the family of the late Mrs. Ernest Meière, a board member of an early régime, was designed by Miss Hildreth Meière and painted under her supervision at the Herter Looms.

The murals recently transforming the lower Foyer have been designed and executed by Eugene West, formerly of the Allied Arts. Mr. West was brought to the Club by Miss Edith Mitchell, who was responsible for much of the original decorating of the Clubhouse, and who today has been recalled for further decoration.

Many are the scenes which have been presented in our Auditorium, but perhaps of them all the "Book Mart" is each year one of those rare days when a true spirit is caught, the spirit of the "old book stalls on the Seine." "Here we enter into a reflective mood, meet old friends in print—half-forgotten memories—amongst the many first editions and hundreds of current books that crowd the book-stalls. Here is the Flower Market, the soft glow of lamps—the fragrance of chestnuts and hot bread—old Paris on the Seine." (Mrs. Harry B. Allen.)

The American Room and the Garden. The American flag which hangs in the cor-

Stackpole Fountain.

The American Room.

Willis Polk Vista.

ridor at the entrance to the American Room was purchased by ten-cent pieces assembled by enlisted boys at the Canteen. It hearkens back to the "war days" and the founding of the National League spirit. Now in peace the flag hangs at the doorway of a quiet room, a room which symbolizes the American spirit of truth and honor upon which this nation was founded. In this room have been received representatives from every corner of the globe in the spirit of America, in the spirit of peace. Receptions have been held in the American Room of the Women's City Club to a long list of world representatives—an English journalist, a Persian minister, European royalty, an East Indian teacher, a Japanese educator, a Scandinavian feminist—so the list goes on. But the most colorful of all we shall remember as that extended to Mei Lan-Fang, the great Chinese actor. Wearing the brilliant robes of the Oriental stage, this eastern artist received all introductions through an interpreter in a manner formal yet gracious, with the simplicity of greatness, exemplifying the age-old culture of the East. Rather symbolic is the picture, this brilliant, Oriental figure set in a room of early America, the two meeting in all their purity of style —his robes against the simple, floral, gracious beauty of this room. As you sit enjoying this beautifully proportioned room you should know the history of some of its pieces. The design of the floral wall panels is dated 1797. This paper is a colored wood block from Rixheim, Alsace. One thousand five hundred forty hand blocks are required in the printing of this special design. "El Dorado" is the name of this design. The "dolphin" armchairs are original pieces from New Orleans. The clock is an antique piece. entirely made by hand. "The name on the dial, 'Bennett Edwards,' is the name of the merchant jeweler who originally sold it. The clock was made by William Edwards, his brother, about 1790. The Bennetts were long a family of English clock makers. Bennett and William's grandfather made clocks as early as 1719. After him are six generations of clock makers, until 1849, when the manufacturing of clocks by machinery forced the retirement of the small clock makers." (Madame Olivier.) The little early-American writing desk and crystal lamp on one of the tables were the gift of Mrs. Allen H. Babcock, one of the founders of the Club. These pieces come from the donor's New England home at Narragansett Pier, Rhode Island.

Step from the American Room out into the patio where you find the fountain by

Hammon Gallery.

Ralph Stackpole, the gift of Mrs. Marcus S. Koshland. Here the motive is modern in keeping with the city which pulses on all sides of this quiet garden spot—there is nothing more quickening to the spirit than the discovery of a courtyard garden behind the city walls. Stepping back again into the American Room, how beautifully this room blends with the garden, its walls paneled in "old-time formal garden wall paper." The effect is indeed one of peace, restfulness and perfection.

The Hammon Gallery. The friendly welcome that our Clubhouse extends to its members and guests is felt as we step out of the elevator at the Fourth Floor and into the Hammon Gallery, with its beautiful stained-glass windows at either end of the well-proportioned corridor. The fancifully designed landscape which faces the west was given from a fund raised while we still occupied the old quarters at 333 Kearny Street and is in memory of Mrs. Franc Pierce Hammon, then a member of the Board of Directors. The Echo Window, to the east, repeats in part the design of the first, and was the gift of Miss Persis Coleman.

The Library and Lounge. From the Hammon Gallery we may go directly into the Library and make our choice from among the many standard works and current books. You will notice that many of the books bear the nameplate, "Hilda R. Nuthall Fund." This is an endowment given to our Library by Mrs. Rosenstock, in memory of her daughter, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuthall, who was Chairman of the Library Committee from the beginning of the organization until her death. We are proud to have on our shelves several fine collections of special subjects assembled by our members, as well as a group of books written and published by our author members. The large oak table, which holds copies of all the leading magazines, was the gift of Mrs. D. S. Lisberger, who, during the war, was a devoted worker at the National Defenders' Club of the Presidio.

The beautiful vistas, seen through the arches into the Lounge, are an expression of the genius of Willis Polk, who designed our Clubhouse. It is difficult to make comparisons in beauty, but perhaps we never enjoy these vistas more than at Christmastime, when we catch a glimpse of the stately tree, set as though in a perfect oval frame.

The Lounge is replete with pleasant memories and interesting historical points. At a meeting in the Palace Hotel to announce completion of the financial plans for the new building, Mr. Paul Sinsheimer remarked that the Women's City Club, which was about to be built, would be the "hearthstone of the city." From this suggestion came the exquisitely carved fire-

(Continued on page 25)

The Hearthstone.

A Presentation of Indian Cultures and Their Arts

Suggested for the Golden Gate International Exposition

By Leslie Van Ness Denman

● The plan suggested is a dramatic and historic presentation of the various archaic, ancient, barbaric, and feudalistic Indian cultures of the Americas, leading up to and focused upon the survivals today in their arts and crafts, their dance and ceremony. The historical presentation would be the background; the foreground, the living silversmiths, beadworkers, rug makers, weavers, potters, basket makers, painters, singers, and dancers.

These arts and crafts have their roots and their being in the prehistoric worlds of the American continents. They have a future economic value. Archæology, anthropology is "news" today. Every new discovery from a prehistoric site is given a prominent place in the daily newspapers and in the magazines. In a very realistic sense, the public digs with the expert searchers in the Mayan ruins of Central America and in the tombs of the Egyptian kings. This public will turn the gate stiles to visit the proposed Indian presentation. From the first finely-fabricated spearpoint discovered in the backbone of a prehistoric American animal, extinct milleniums before King "Tut," to the skull recently dug up from undisturbed Pleistocene ground in California, believed to be of some 30,000 years ago, it is "news." Man is curious about himself.

If the purpose of an exposition is to increase the sum of human knowledge, to lay the foundations for increased economic good, to create more understanding social relations, and to present opportunities for a development of trade, the idea herein suggested is valid. It will stimulate the imagination and release its creative powers through a deeper and wider comprehension of social values, the sciences and the arts — the whole leading toward a potential integration of ideas which shall assume a concrete form, a form which shall have a constructive and dynamic power of growth, thus contributing to the cultural relations and living values of humanity itself.

Among other themes involved in the exposition are transportation and the history of man in the Americas, with the tale of his coming to the western coast.

From these great ancient American civilizations which had a knowledge of government, a superb architecture, beautiful arts and crafts of an exquisite workmanship, some knowledge of surgery and a scientific understanding of the calendar, but did not know the wheel, the progress of transportation may be outlined up to the recent discovery by airplane of their cities now buried in the jungle.

The history of man's development, as it is being made known by recent archæological research and anthropological study, is adding to the world's store of knowledge of man as a whole. A study of Indian cultures makes for a synthesis of the history of man. In the Americas is shown his slow march toward civilization, as it is exemplified by the first agricultural efforts in the cultivation of maize or Indian corn which made possible his leaving the old unsettled hunting life. At the end of that march, the maize he gave to the so-called "old world" constitutes some forty per cent of the world's grain production. Today we have just as vital a picture of the hunter becoming a settled human being, this time through the United States government's introduction of the reindeer in Alaska. In one generation, the Eskimo turned from his precarious life as a hunter to the more settled existence which follows a secure food supply.

In the minds of people the world over there lingers the memory of the Panama Pacific Exposition of 1915, and, along with it, the definitely expressed hope and desire that the coming Exposition of 1939 will be an even more glorious accomplishment. The world came to us then as the great war in Europe closed the gates to the European countries. It is a curious turn of events that the situation seems on the verge of repeating itself. Unhappy as it is to contemplate, the possibility of even more terrible wars cannot be ignored.

Is not the present moment, in more than one way, the time for us, on this coast, to make a gesture of coöperation and generous understanding to the peoples and natives of the western hemisphere? Why should we not show an appreciation and a gracious recognition of the bonds of the ancient heritage we share?

In all of the Americas there still survive great bodies of the Indian races unmixed. Their blood is through the present populations, stronger in some countries than in others. In certain parts of the United States is a widespread of infusion of Indian blood. People who have but one-eighth of this blood call themselves Indians with a very genuine pride. We might express a comprehension of what these original American races were, of what they contributed in the arts and sciences to our civilization, and of that which their survivors still contribute.

Would not the suggested idea of an Indian presentation of the Americas help to bind these countries together in their related pasts, as well as to establish a basis for present friendships and future trade? It would unquestionably have economic values in stimulating interest in and markets for the many beautiful old arts, as well as the new ones, which would materially aid innumerable peoples in their income-producing factors.

The flamboyant setting in which the 1939 Exposition will be placed is a challenge to the creative imagination, provocative to our minds and to our spirits. We cannot believe it is to be "just another exposition." It would be a desecration to have merely a conventional and commonplace achievement with the opportunity it offers for new roads of enchantment and knowledge to all who come within its gates. It calls for some fresh showing of human history which may bring about a new alignment of ideas; for some ideal, beautiful in conception, bold in its execution, rich in its possibilities of inspiration.

There lies in the history back of us the romance which lured the adventurers here to the then so-called "new world." Why might not the Exposition continue the tale of that search for adventure and gold in those unknown civilizations with a continuing search into their mystery and beauty for understanding and knowledge? The same magic which once drew men like a magnet lives yet, and men still search for the treasures of these same civilizations. Today the old adventure may once more contain the same thrill and the same excitement of new and creative ideas.

While America thrills to the story of the emigration from Europe to our east coast which imposed its civilization on the two continents, with proper showmanship, there is equal and yet untold and fresher romance in the story of the successive waves of emigration to the west coast. These begin, it is believed, with man following the mastodon for his food, tenting, clothing, and ivory implements, from Central Asia through Siberia, then Alaska and down as far south, at least, as the La Brea oil pits of Los Angeles. Then follows somewhat similar ethnic stocks spreading east to the Atlantic and south to Tierra del Fuego. Similarities of certain cultural incidents between the Alaska coast and Panamanian Indians support the theory that the huge sea-going canoes still existing in Alaska made the voyage to Panama, where there are common tribal artifacts not found in the intervening areas.

It would seem, in an Exposition having transportation as one of its major themes, these racial and tribal transportations of civilizations from one continent to the other have a relevant place.

Outstanding among the arts of the Indian is the dance. In an historical study of the drama of the Indian dance and Indian ceremony of the Americas would be needed every resource of modern technique in the way of lighting and background, in order to create that illusion of beauty in the varying moods which dwell in the natural setting of desert and mesa, of forest and plain. It lies in the sunlight of the desert, in the light of fires at night in the forest, in the distant mesas at dawn and at sunset. Such a picture in historic sequence of ritual and dance has never before been attempted.

It is entirely possible to recreate something of the ancient magic of the past. There might even be given to us in a prologue to the dance a glimpse into the mystery of pre-history, should the Magician of the Caverne des Trois Freres in France, the "Deer Dancer" of a lost world, dance once more with his brother of today, the Deer Dancer of the Pueblos.

If done with authority and knowledge, with the aid of an informed producer and a great musician, the mood could be recreated within which there would take place and live for all time that dramatic beauty which is the heritage of the Americas. It would be a unique and fresh approach to the ancient history of the dance and its never-failing lure. Things survive in the culture of the American Indian that are lost elsewhere, things which should be permitted to make their contribution to the history of art before it becomes too late.

A cycle of the dramatic dances of the American Indian could bring to the Exposition an interest world-wide in its scope. To sit through the days and nights of certain Indian rituals is to turn back the pages of history, to see once more vibrant with life the ancient "Deer Dancer" of the French caves and to glimpse something of the early Greek mysteries.

Authoritative knowledge could recreate dances and ceremonies of Central and South American countries, many of which still exist. Within the knowledge of the Indian of today in the United States, from the northwest coast to Oklahoma, there are exciting survivals of the ceremonies of this continent, some of which I have seen, as I have also seen many very lovely old dances which can be and are done beautifully at the present time.

There are accurate and clear accounts of the old ceremonies in the records of the Spanish writers immediately after the Conquest. In architecture, in sculpture and sculptured frieze, in polychrome, in bas-relief, in paintings and in glyphs, there exist the needed pictorial details.

Such a study could only be made with the intelligent and understanding coöperation of the Indians themselves. They would not give to us any ceremony or dance which has still a religious significance, neither would we wish for them to do so.

But, if the Indians felt a study was to be done with a sincere intention as well as with authority, beauty, and dignity, in order to give to the white world something of the real culture that has been and still is theirs, I have no doubt of their coöperation and understanding assistance. They would have to be first wisely and honestly approached by those in whom they have confidence.

The Indian artists who would *(Continued on page 31*

Notes on China and the Pacific Area

By Mrs. William Palmer Lucas

● When the Institute of Pacific Relations holds its Sixth Conference in the Yosemite National Park from August 15th to August 29th, the basis for its discussion of Pacific Problems may have changed radically. There is a continuously rapid change of balance in the Powers with interests in the Pacific, and to orientate any Power's position in this changing order presents almost unsurmountable difficulties. The advantages which a detailed study of any given area of the world's surface bring are apparent. A great mass of information is brought forth and the political, economic, educational, spiritual, and what-you-will trends noted, and attempts to evaluate made, but the greatest significance of such study rests in the word *changing*. We have used the phrase "*permanent Peace*" ever since the great war ended and the machinery of the League of Nations was set up, and we have had no Peace! If the phrase had been "Changing Peace," we might have come nearer to the World's desire.

On June 17, 1913, a man whom England called her greatest social reformer died—Canon Barnett, the founder of Toynbee Hall in London's Whitechapel. His last words were these: "The progress of the whole world depends on how Christianity is presented to the Chinese." Today these words have great significance. Of course, Barnett was thinking of Christianity in its broadest sense, in the representations of our Western Civilization. Today the situation becomes increasingly difficult. The twenty-five years have seen Japan become a World Power with markets everywhere. China, India, and Japan have changed and developed their economic life, and the relation of Western Powers to those changes has both economic and political implications.

China moves in *pieces* as yet. Her starving rural life extending over her vast land is slowly changing. The industrialization of the edges of China grows deeper. Is a road all that is needed between these forces? Kagawa would say that the Nanking Government must foster the development of rural coöperatives. The city and country must work together for the benefit of both. The Nanking Government has definite plans for the reconstruction of China and it would seem as though the greater obstacles to the fulfillment of these plans lay outside of China. The open door as a Western political policy has brought to and kept in China foreign powers whose interests may be in conflict with China's plans. Canton's plan to resist the invasion of Japan did not meet with the approval of Nanking and as Chiang Kae-Shek, head of the Nanking Government, wisely said, "Unless the Nation acts as a unit only disaster can result." Japan continues to extend her so-called "Autonomous" areas. Nanking has not acceded to the three demands which Japan has made the primary conditions of what the Japanese call "The Chino-Japanese Coöperation": (1) Suppression by China of all anti-Japanese propaganda and activities. (2) Recognition of "Manchukuo." (3) Acceptance by China of Japanese coöperation in suppressing communism in China.

The last point worries China, because neither Canton nor Nanking understand what is meant by it. Japan may be demanding consent to send its troops anywhere in China if Japan decides she is in need of "communist suppression." Just how the Japanese foreign office can insist upon point (3) and not get into unpleasant relations with the Soviet Union, it is difficult to imagine. The Soviet Union is growing in strength and the industrialization of the Soviet Far East will have an effect upon the Soviet Pacific trade. So China stands, the keystone of the arch in the East. China as a government, the China of the Treaties, the China of the headlines — what is she? Nanking plus Canton, or Nanking minus Canton? Nanking plus Peiping? Someone reported that officials of the Chinese Government of Nanking said their dignity can only last another six months and that dignity depends upon how ready the Chinese army is to fight.

One keen observer of the struggle for government going on in China gives the following points which sum up and pull together these "generalities" I have discussed so briefly:

"(1) It is obvious that there is going on in China a struggle between several new social and economic groups and one or two old ones. The lines of development are warped and distorted by economic and political factors over which *China* has no control. The old agrarian society is in a pathological condition: The new industrial society is suffering from acute malnutrition.

"(2) In China today a new form of society is emerging which will be as different from our highly industrialized democracies as the old bureaucratic agrarian society was different from medieval Europe.

"(3) A constitution defining the political forms of this society may be *written* anytime, but the real constitution will grow up in the hsien (a county), the point where policies, if they are to be *(Continued on page 25*

Reciprocal Relations

CLUBS ABROAD

Berlin, Germany; American Women's Club; No. 5 Bellevue Strasse, W. G.
Brisbane, Australia; Brisbane Women's Club; National Mutual Bldgs., Queen St.
Copenhagen, Denmark; American Women's Club of Denmark; c/o Miss Dorothy Larsen, Vodroffsvej 2-A.
Dunedin, New Zealand; Otago Women's Club; Stuart Street.
Edinburgh, Scotland; The Caledonian Club; 13-14 Charlotte Square.
Glasgow, Scotland; The Lady Artists' Club; No. 5 Blytheswood Square.
The Hague, Holland; American Women's Club; 92 Noordeinde.
Hamburg, Germany; The American Women's Club; c/o American Consulate.
London, England; American Women's Club; 46 Grosvenor St., W. 1.
London, England; The Pioneer Club; 12 Cavendish Square, W. 1.
London, England; The Halcyon Club; 13-14 Cork Street.
Madrid, Spain; Lyceum Club; S. Marcos No. 44.
Mexico City, D. F.; Internacional De Myjeres; Luis Moya No. 12.
Montreal, Canada; The Themis Club; 1336 Sherbrook St., W.
Nelson, New Zealand; Nelson Women's Club.
Shanghai, China; The American Women's Club; 113 Bubbling Well Road.
Stockholm, Sweden; The American Women's Club; Grand Hotel.
Sydney, Australia; Women's Club; 77 King St.
Vancouver, B. C.; The Georgian Club; 543 Seymour St.
Vienna, Austria; The American Women's Club; Mahlestrasse, 6, Bristol Hotel.
Wellington, N. Z.; The Pioneer Club; Lambton Quay, Wellington.
Zurich, Switzerland; The American Women's Club; 65 Laverterstrasse.

CLUBS IN THE UNITED STATES

Akron, Ohio; Women's City Club; 30 South High Street.
Boston, Massachusetts; Women's City Club; 40 Beacon Street.
Chicago, Illinois; Chicago Women's Club; 72 East Eleventh Street.
Chicago, Illinois; Women's City Club; Tower Building, 9th Floor.
Cleveland, Ohio; Women's City Club; 1826 East Thirteenth Street.
Detroit, Michigan; Women's City Club; 2110 Park Avenue.
Grand Rapids, Michigan; Women's City Club; 254 East Fulton Street.
Indianapolis, Ind.; Indianapolis Propylaeum; 1410 North Delaware Street.
Kansas City, Mo.; Women's City Club; 1111 Grand Avenue.
Lincoln, Neb.; Women's Club.
Little Rock, Arkansas; Little Rock Women's City Club.
Milwaukee, Wis.; City Club of Milwaukee; 710 North Plankinton.
New York City. N. Y.; Women's City Club; 22 Park Avenue.
New York City, N. Y.; American Women's Club; 353 West Fifty-Seventh Street.
Philadelphia, Pa.; Women's City Club; 1622 Locust Street.
Pittsburgh, Pa.; Women's City Club; William Penn Hotel.
Providence, R.I.; Providence Plantations Club; 77 Franklin Street.
St. Louis, Mo.; The Town Club; 1120-22 Locust Street.
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Washington, D. C.; Women's City Club; 736 Jackson Street.

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I Have Been Reading

—DAISY F. REED

A Modern Reader: *by Walter Lippman and Allan Nevins.* Heath Publishing Company. $2.00.

Why Keep Them Alive?; *by Paul de Kruif,* 1936. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.00.

Wake Up and Live: *by Dorothea Brande,* 1936. Simon and Schuster. $1.75.

To the Mountain; *by Bradford Smith,* 1936; The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

● A Modern Reader — Essays on Present-Day Life and Culture; selected and edited by Walter Lippman and Allan Nevins. . . . Reviewed by Mrs. William Palmer Lucas. . . . The collection of 82 essays upon present-day economics, politics, social life and culture has been offered, as the Editors say, as supplementary reading to the fundamental groundwork in the classical literature upon these subjects. One cannot grapple with present-day ideas in politics without some knowledge of Aristotle, of Plato, of John Locke and John Mill. In economics there must be some thoughtful knowledge of Adam Smith, Ricardo, Karl Marx and Bagehot. In science, of course, we lean upon Darwin, Huxley, and Spencer. In aesthetics and criticism, Coleridge, Hazlitt, and Mathew Arnold are absolutely essential. With this warning, we open a Modern Reader with avidity. Here we find the best essays on the Changing Political World, the Changing Economic World, and the Changing Social World. Bryce, Dewey, H. G. Wells, Laski, Norman Thomas, Beard, Aldous Huxley, Sir Arthur Salter, J. M. Keynes are some of the names which challenge us. The section on War and the World Order begins with Graham Wallas and ends with Newton D. Baker. Science, Religion and Morals, Education, Literature, Art, are all discussed from the viewpoint of our Modern World by those whose honesty, clarity, and beauty of expression have won the respect and ad-

miration of our day. The closing section is on "America, Past and Present." An appendix giving a splendid modern Booklist on the subject matters discussed in the Essays is of the utmost value to the reader. The book is a most timely contribution to the reference shelf of any student of our modern world.

● Why Keep Them Alive?; by Paul de Kruif. . . . Paul de Kruif's not always accurate, so the scientists say, presentation of facts, and his over-emotional, sensational manner of presenting them will, for many readers, belittle the importance of what the author has to say.

The questions raised in this book need to be asked, but a more intelligent and a more critical approach would have made greater their provocative value. In spite of these defects, I still think the book worth reading if the reader keeps his emotional equilibrium.

The argument, summarized briefly, is as follows: Medical-scientific research has found abundant means by which health can be sustained. Our economic order is making a mockery of this life-giving science, since it allots these benefits to the few who can afford them. Children are starving in the midst of too much food; sick when doctors have almost no patients, and physically defective in sight of empty hospitals. What is to be done about it? Are dollars more important than the lives of men, women, and children? The answer is: science should be owned by humanity.

The thesis of the book is: If great numbers of human beings are to suffer all their lives from the effects of under-nourishment and poverty, why not deprive them of all food and let them die in childhood? Why keep them alive? One may be inclined to question whether or not this thesis is the logical conclusion resulting from de Kruif's argument.

● Wake Up and Live; by Dorothea Brande. . . . Another handbook for successful living. This is a sincere presentation of the author's personal experience. She presents the formula, by which she altered every aspect, every attitude and relation of her life.

Mrs. Brande believes that many of us are "victims of a Will to Fail; that unless we see this in time and take action against it we die without accomplishing our intentions; that there is a way of counteracting that Will which gives results that seem like magic." The talisman is, "Act as if it were impossible to fail."

The author makes many fruitful suggestions for those who would escape from futility to unhampered activity. Among the best of these suggestions is that of putting the imagination at the service of the reason and the will so that the imagination becomes a mature creative faculty. "When once you have seen imaginatively what your scope should be, both as an individual and as a member of a group, a society, or a partnership, you are ready to teach, discipline, and exercise yourself till you reach your state of maximum effectiveness."

Of course, no one formula works for everybody. It is not so easy as that. But, having a desire for more purposeful living, one might find a clew to his own formula in such a book as this one.

● To the Mountain; by Bradford Smith. . . . This is an excellently written, dramatic portrayal of the fate of a people who straddle two cultures that are incommensurate in value and ways of thought. Bradford Smith, Professor of English in St. Paul's University at Tokyo, knows at first hand the tragic problems confronting Japanese youth. The author contrasts vividly the love of these young people for the peace and beauty of their country with the turmoil and frustration in their lives.

The story is that of two young Japanese who loved one another. The girl, Kimi-San, had been sold by her parents to a house of prostitution in the Yoshiwara of Tokyo. "You are going away from us for a long time, eldest daughter. It is, unfortunately, our poverty which sends you. But you will be well treated and you will have good food and warm clothes. We are grateful to you for fulfilling your duty to your family."

The young man, Shigeo, son of a well-to-do business man, was a student at the University. He had reached the place where he was "beginning to see his country, the city as he knew it, in a new light as the fantastic and misshapen dream of those who had seen surfaces abroad and brought them back home, like the insane plastered fronts on this very street which hid but could not disguise the honest wooden faces of simple buildings. To dissent was to be unpatriotic, strange, dangerous minded — what was the good of a slavish materialism slavishly copied — a flimsy covering for a void? What could he himself hope to do that would justify his own ideals of the worthwhile and the enduring?

Their story is tender and pitiful. In his love for Kimi-San, the "beginning and the end were written: to have her was impossible, not to have her led to one certain and irreversible way."

After spending the night together at an inn they climbed to the crater on the mountain. "By this act, Shigeo redeemed himself from all the hesitancies that had been unworthy of him, and the intangible fire that was his spirit, clouded by doubt and inaction, was now to be made clean."

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The Purposeful Life Within the League

● To claim prophetic power would make one a laughing stock, and yet building for the future is the justification of much that we do in the present. Some of us follow and take life as it comes to us; some of us lead, and try to mould the life of the group to whom we owe allegiance so that it may be purposeful and effective. And so it has happened that considerable thought has been given to the future of the National League for Woman's Service to see just where this organization of ours is heading, to decide whether or not the compass course now being steered leads to the port for which we set sail or whether the winds and currents have borne us adrift.

San Franciscans had seen three catastrophies — earthquake, fire, war. It was not a wonder, therefore, that those of vision realized what a permanent central file for service would mean to any community. This was the first reason for our Clubhouse. Secondly, granted that service would be the purpose for our existence, a secondary result would be the mingling of many minds (minds trained differently yet trained to think) so that women of all sects and all political creeds would continue to respect each other's point of view and would learn arguments which were foreign to their own personal thoughts. This intermingling of minds the war service had accomplished. Business woman, professional, leisure woman: Jew, Gentile, Catholic, Christian Scientist: republican, democrat, socialist—rubbed elbows in a common cause. Valuable understandings resulted. Why discontinue this education which had been so pleasing to all, and which had meant so much to the government and to the community life itself? Thirdly, hospitality was still the slogan of the West, for the pioneer spirit was here preserved. Where in this western state could a democratic group offer hospitality so that the visitor might find the California woman of home, of office joining in a common welcome in this far-flung state beyond the Rockies?

These three reasons — a continuous file steadily training for greater efficiency, a democracy leading to better understanding among women of all walks of life, a hospitality center maintained by the highest type of hostess — these brought about the incorporation of the National League for Woman's Service of California in 1919.

It must continue democratic, non-sectarian and non-political, and future members must be conscious that they are joining, not a club in the ordinary sense of the word, but rather the National League for Woman's Service — whose purpose and ideals

(Continued on page 27)

RHODA ON THE ROOF

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Open-Air Symphony Concerts to Be Presented in Hillsborough's Woodland Theatre

By Constance H. Alexander

● With a series of four open-air symphony concerts scheduled for the consecutive Sunday afternoons of July 19 and 26, and August 2 and 9, Hillsborough's Woodland Theatre will draw the spotlight of public interest and play an important part in California summertime musical activities.

Again guest conductors of distinction will be featured and again the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, which is recognized as a highly-sensitized, flexible and responsive instrument, will serve as the medium through which the visiting batonists will reveal their conductorial art.

For the opening concert, The Philharmonic Society has been most fortunate in securing Ernest Ansermet, celebrated Swiss conductor. Musically, Ansermet studied first with Denereaz at Lausanne, and later counterpoint with Ernest Bloch at Geneva. As Chef d'Orchestra, he made several tours of the United States, South America, and of such European cities as London, Paris, Monte Carlo, with Diaghileff's Ballets Russes. A specialist in Russian music and in the modern repertoire as musical director of the Ballets Russes, Ansermet is nevertheless well known for his interpretations of the classic symphonic literature. As symphonic conductor, he has been heard with the Berlin Philharmonic, with the Royal Philharmonic Society in London and Liverpool, and in the larger cities of Switzerland

The second concert of the series will find Willem Van den Burg occupying the podium. Born at The Hague, Holland, Van den Burg acquired his musical education at the Royale Conservatorium at The Hague and at the Ecole de Music in Paris. Although still in his early thirties, he has already established heimself as a violoncellist of the first rank and also as a gifted orchestral director. In 1926, Van den Burg was engaged by Leopold Stokowski as solo 'cellist of the Philadelphia Orchestra, a post which he held for nine years. While in Philadelphia, he mastered the art of conducting under the guidance of Fritz Reiner at the Curtis Institute. Last year he resigned from the Philadelphia Orchestra to accept his present positions of assistant conductor and principal 'cellist of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra.

The appearance of America's most popular baritone, Richard Bonelli, as soloist, will lend an operatic touch to this program. Distinguished in every field of vocal activity —opera, concert, oratorio, radio, and movietone—Bonelli is one of the great singers of the day. His engagement to sing leading roles with the Chicago Civic Opera Company followed a series of unbroken triumphs scored in the major opera houses abroad. Today, Bonelli is one of the Metropolitan Opera Company's most valuable members. Music lovers hereabouts know Bonelli through his brilliant performances with the San Francisco Opera Company.

A dashing personality, an impeccable musician of brilliant and versatile talents — that is Eugene Goossens, the young British conductor, who appears at the Woodland Theatre in the Philharmonic Society's final two concerts. Educated in the Royal College of Music, London, Goossens had performed at the desks of Sir Thomas Beecham's Opera Company, Covent Garden, of the Halle Orchestra in Manchester, and of the London Symphony Orchestra before coming to America in 1923. Since that time he has led the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, and has been invited to appear as guest conductor with the Boston, New York Philharmonic, Philadelphia, San Francisco, and Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestras. Since October, 1931, Goossens has been the head of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra and every spring conducts as well the famous Cincinnati May Festivals. One of the outstanding modern composers, Goossens is also a gifted pianist and a brilliant violinist.

As since their inception eleven years ago, the Philharmonic concerts will be managed by Mrs. Leonora Wood Armsby. An excellent musician in her own right, a woman with keen executive ability, vision, ideals, poise, and tact, plus the gift of making friends wherever she goes, she has proven a sagacious leader and is firmly established in the affection of thousands of persons both in the musical and social life of San Francisco and the Peninsula.

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National League for Woman's Service Organizes Section of Needlework Guild

• On June 9, 1894, forty-two years ago, San Francisco organized a Branch of the Needlework Guild of America. On June 4, 1936, the National League for Woman's Service formed a Section of this Branch in memory of one of the Guild's beloved leaders, the only western National Vice-President and President of the San Francisco Branch for four of America's most difficult years, those of 1918, 1919, 1920, and 1921, Mrs. John Leale.

The Needlework Guild of America collects and distributes new garments to hospitals, homes, and regular charitable organizations. They also make special collections for distribution during local or national disasters. In the case of hospitals, these garments are given to the convalescent outgoing patients who have insufficient clothing. They are also distributed to the sick or destitute through relief associations, organized charities, and missions. All sects and creeds are recognized, both in the collection and the distribution. Men, women, and children of all nationalities may join. The fee for membership is the annual contribution of two or more new articles of wearing apparel or household linen, or a donation of money — no amount is specified. A section donates 110 or more garments and at least one money member.

With such a goal before the new Section, our Section plans to do group sewing, charging each member twenty-five cents per month for the purchase of materials wholesale.

Recalling the tribute of the Needlework Guild's national president, Mrs. Preston, to our volunteers who served at the Fairmont during the May Convention, when she said that our uniforms in their delicate pastel shades were like a beautiful bouquet when she entered the hotel lobby, where they served as information, registration, and general aids, our group has voted to make night gowns of maize, pink, and pale green crepe. The scraps later will be utilized in making coverlets for infants.

There were thirty-two present at our first meeting, which was held at the Club on Thursday, June 4, sewing from 10:30 in the morning until 4:00 in the afternoon. At noon we adjourned for a cafeteria luncheon, when we had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Robert Hugh Donaldson, chairman of California and President of San Francisco

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Branch, outline the scope of the Guild's activities, stressing the fact that the old ladies in the various homes wanted dainty, gay garments, particularly nightgowns, and that the old-fashioned flannelette affairs were taboo.

Among those present were: Miss Catherine Allen, Mrs. Walter Anderson, Mrs. Mary E. Burke, Miss Dorcas Burtchaell, Mrs. A. G. Brownlee, Mrs. Mabel Bar, Mrs. G. W. Coleman, Mrs. J. E. Doidge, Mrs. W. R. Douglas, Mrs. E. G. Dunn, Mrs. R. H. Donaldson, Miss Katharine Donohoe, Miss Stella Huntington, Mrs. R. Jacobson, Miss Marion Leale, Miss Edith Leale, Mrs. Bruce Lloyd, Miss Isabelle Moore, Mrs. Anna J. McClintock, Mrs. Randolph Madison, Mrs. Myrna Montgomery, Mrs. B. F. Nourse, Miss Edna Osborn, Mrs. Victor Petry, Mrs. S. M. Ray, Mrs. C. E. Remington, Mrs. W. B. Ryder, Mrs. Albert Stephens, Mrs. E. A. Thompson, and Miss Ward. Miss Edith Bristol of the *Call-Bulletin* and Miss Hazel Holley of the *Examiner* came to luncheon.

Members of the Women's City Club will be welcomed most cordially. Won't you join and help us to again go "over the top"? We will meet the first Thursday of each month, sewing from ten-thirty to four, with a friendly cafeteria round table luncheon during the noon hour. The fee is 25 cents per month, and the requirements are your own scissors and thimbles, or crochet hook if you prefer to do hand work. Perhaps you do not care to sew? If so, you will still be very welcome, for we must have money members too! Our Section must turn in some money and the more we have on hand, the more material we can purchase and the greater number of garments we can make. Then, too, we would enjoy having you drop in for a visit, either in the work rooms or at luncheon, for we want every member of the Women's City Club to join our National League for Woman's Service Section of the Needlework Guild.

Two bolts of gay pink crepe were cut into dainty gowns at the first meeting; four more, two each of pale green and maize, will be waiting on July second. There will be work for everyone. Each will be asked to make her own choice so that she will excel in her work. We want the work as well as the number to be one hundred per cent perfect. Two of the group will serve as Inspectors to insure this. They are Miss Catherine Allen and Miss Isabelle Moore. The Section Directors will be chosen in October when the garments are turned in, and those offices will be competitive — the number of hours of service will decide to whom the honors will be given. A careful check on this service will be made by Mrs. Thompson, as the hours will also be counted for the volunteer service of the Club.

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Rambles

● San Diego Exposition and the Santa Barbara Fiesta: But a few months remain before the close of the Exposition at San Diego, and in response to inquiries about a Ramble "to the fair," an eight-day trip—going down and returning on the Daylight Limited—has been arranged to leave Sunday, August 2nd, and return Sunday, August 9th. There will be sightseeing trips in and about Los Angeles, San Diego and the Exposition, Coronado and Tijuana, Santa Barbara and the picturesque Spanish fiesta will be included. The price is moderate and full details may be obtained at the Front Office. Because of the demand for hotel accommodations both in San Diego and Santa Barbara, deposits must be paid on reservations by July 18th.

The Ramble to the Mother Lode has been postponed from July 18th and 19th to October 17th and 18th, when the weather will be cooler in the valley. Our member, Mrs. W. F. C. Zimmermann, who is so familiar with the history of the Mother Lode, will accompany the party, and re-telling the famous stories of Brete Harte and Mark Twain, again bring back the colorful life of the old ghost towns.

The Redwood Highway Ramble has been advanced to July 17th, 18th and 19th. Leaving the Clubhouse at 8:30 a. m. Friday, July 17th, by chartered bus, the party will motor through the redwood country to Ukiah for luncheon, then on to Benbow Inn, where they will spend two nights. The second day they will drive north to Eureka and have luncheon at the Inn. Sunday morning they will leave Benbow for the return, stopping for luncheon again at Ukiah and reaching San Francisco at 5:30 o'clock. Price $26. Please make reservations at once.

Swimming Pool

HOURS: Monday through Thursday, 9:30 a.m. to 7:15 p.m.; Friday, 9:30 a.m. to 9:00 p.m.; Saturday, 9:00 a.m. to 4:45 p.m.

PRICES: Single swim for members, 30 cents; guests, 40 cents; boys under 12, girls under 18, 30 cents; ten-swim tickets for members, $2.50; members' daughters under 18, sons under 12, $2.25; guest children, $2.50 (including Girl Scouts).

PRIVATE LESSONS: An instructor is on duty whenever the Pool is open, and appointments may be made for single lessons or a ticket may be bought giving purchaser six half-hour or twelve fifteen-minute lessons within three months. Members and members' children, $4; guests, $6. Admission extra.

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Madam Butterfly

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(Continued from page 13)

place, the gift of Mrs. Leon Guggenhime, in memory of the boys who had lost their lives in the war. It is here that every autumn is held the annual firelighting, to welcome home returning members and to renew again the pledges of peacetime aid to the community, and friendship and hospitality for all who enter our doors.

Directly opposite the fireplace is a portrait of Mrs. Herbert Hoover, a charter member of the Club, painted by Peter Ilyin and presented by him as an expression of the admiration that he holds for American womanhood, whose ideals of democracy and service, he felt, were so well exemplified by this organization.

Another interesting picture in this room is the autographed photograph of H. R. H. Louise, Crown Princess of Sweden, which was sent to Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper, who, as Chairman of the Hospitality Committee, arranged for the entertainment of our first distinguished visitor in the new Clubhouse.

The Board Room and the Card Room. Also on the Fourth Floor are the Card Room and the Board Room, where the Directors hold their meetings. This room has recently been refurnished by Miss Edith Mitchell in a semi-modern style which demonstrates the plasticity of the architectural design of the building.

The Dining Floor. On the Dining Floor we find the beautiful idealization of Western girlhood, "Helen," which was painted by Mateo Sandona and given by him to the Club.

Theodore Wores has loaned us two of his characteristic scenes, which also hang in the Dining Room. The one of the old San Francisco lupine hills is of especial interest, since it shows a spot on 33rd Avenue, now changed beyond recall.

We could go on indefinitely remembering friends through their gifts or loans to the Clubhouse, but this is just an exemplification of the many beautiful things that our building holds, as an expression of the thought and interest of its members and their fellow San Franciscans.

Some Notes on China and the Pacific Area

(Continued from page 16)

effective, must be applied."

Behind Nanking, behind Canton, behind Peiping, the *Chinas* we talk of, are the *Chinese people.* The odds *may* be against Chiang Kai-Shek, but they are not against a people who are strong enough to suffer for the accomplishment of a better social order.

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(Continued from page 10)

It was a timid dream at first. Would they be as selfless and methodical without the excitement of emergency? Was it a peak reached only in time of great stress, this orderly and useful regimentation in which they had served?

Well, it was worth a fair trial, for it was a valuable thing, this Volunteer Service. Women would work for women instead of men uprooted from their natural surroundings.

Naturally, the physical requirements would not be quite the same. They would provide clubrooms for professional and business women, for any woman who cared to take advantage of the attractions offered and conform to simple regulations.

The closing of "No. 5" and Monadnock Building Canteen then became the nucleus around which revolved the transformation of clubs for men into a club for women. The locale chosen was 333 Kearny Street, and it is safe to assume that those inspired "squatters" of 333 Kearny were singing under their breath as they moved in, the song they had heard the soldiers sing a thousand times, "Where Do We Go From Here?"

We have gone straight ahead, following the logical line, which has not been one of least resistance, but one which has hewed to accomplishment.

(Continued from page 20)

are unchanging in fundamentals, though flexible in adaptation. These future members must be willing to give and *thus* receive. Conscious of this, the present régime is initiating in November a festival in the Clubhouse which will give every member an opportunity to serve. Once each year each member will bring to her National League for Woman's Service as her gift the product of her talent. From the exhibition of these gifts each member will appreciate what her fellow club members may do and the waiting list will interest women of real talent who will find a stimulus at least once a year for their creative ability.

Most important of all, the unity of the National eLague for Woman's Service will be cemented in a bond of common interest — a valuable result — for in peace time the opportunity for service is not always concrete and the occasions for mutual appreciation of talents are rare. This playtime together in the Clubhouse will bring an intimacy which unfortunately is often made impossible in the daily whirl of city life when the visit to the Clubhouse is left for "manana."

From the membership then which continues the standard of the charter list, strong leaders will come forward, women who will protect the service program so that it will not be abused, women who will develop the hospitality program so that better understanding among women of the world will be fostered.

The future of the Women's City Club of San Francisco is radiant. Volunteer Service is our very soul; hospitality and the democratic sharing of common experiences is our vocation; creative talent is our avocation. We continue our course with faith in our purpose and with the feeling that membership in the National League for Woman's Service is a privilege which we well may covet, for opportunity lies ahead and intelligence seizes it.

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By Adelaide Brown, Health Editor

PART II

● Through the close coöperation of the Department of Public Health and the Baby Hygiene Committee, another project of great value to a health program was developed for the child of school age. This project was the Cardiac Diagnostic Center for School Children, established in 1928. Funds were available for the Baby Hygiene Committee to purchase the proper equipment for efficient cardiac work. The equipment was set up and the demonstration conducted at the Children's Health Center. To this diagnostic center, school children with possible heart disorders were sent by school physicians for examination and diagnosis. With the aid of this work, school doctors were then able to refer these children to the proper place for the required care or treatment. This demonstration proved to fill so successfully a real need that the Department of Public Health now conducts the Cardiac Diagnostic Center in its own building as part of the school health program. The original equipment and personnel for this work has been turned over to them by the Baby Hygiene Committee.

The mother as well as the child figured in the program of the Baby Hygiene Committee. In 1919 attention was given to the establishment of pre-natal instruction for expectant mothers. A program of group conferences was followed in providing this instruction. Also a program of post-natal service was included in the work of the Baby Hygiene Committee. In coöperation with doctors and hospitals wishing this service, the Health Center's nurse visited the mother of a new baby on her return home from the hospital. The nurse gave the mother instruction and demonstration in general care, dressing and bathing of the infant and in the proper method to prepare the formula for bottle babies. These services were discontinued by the Baby Hygiene Committee as hospitals incorporated them into their programs.

Two years ago the Children's Health Center moved to its present location at 754 Oak Street. The headquarters are a large, sunny flat easily accessible from most parts of the city. There is at the Center's disposal an enclosed back yard where the children may play outdoors while waiting for their examinations. In these headquarters the Baby Hygiene Committee carries on a busy program of health education for the well child. Any child who is ill or needs special medical attention is referred to a private doctor or to a clinic for such care.

On the staff of the Baby Hygiene Committee are ten doctors and a dentist—all women who *volunteer* their services. The clerical work, registering and recording are also done by volunteer workers. The paid staff includes a public health nurse who is on duty full time, a physical therapist who conducts the posture class, and a psychologist who does the guidance and habit-training work in the runabout conference. The executive officers of the committee are also volunteers—women interested in carrying on and developing health education programs and demonstrations.

In the present program there are three well-baby conferences a week at the Children's Health Center. These are staffed by six doctors, two of whom are assigned to each day. In these well-baby conferences, health supervision of the child from early infancy to eighteen months of age is given. The mother is guided in the feeding of the child, and in habit training. During this period, the child is given immunization against diphtheria and vaccination against smallpox. This is followed after a prescribed length of time by the Schick test to determine the effectiveness of the immunization against diphtheria.

In the Monday afternoon well-baby conference, a somewhat different plan of behavior-guidance is being followed. The two doctors work together on this plan. One of them directs the feeding and general health supervision, and the other, who is a trained and experienced psychologist as well as physician, directs the child-guidance work. She confers with the mother of the infant as young as three months of age on habit training and behavior problems, which might arise later. The mother is taught the importance of early, proper habit training in preventing the occurence of behavior problems.

At the age of eighteen months the babies are graduated from the well-baby conference, if they have been in regular attendance for six months or more. In the spring a graduation party is given for these eighteen-month-old graduates. At this party they are presented with diplomas of graduation from the well-baby conference. Thereafter they are registered in the runabout conference, and their health supervision

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and guidance is continued there until they enter school.

The separation of the runabout child at 18 months of age from the infant, for the purpose of health supervision and guidance, is felt to be *most important*. At this age the child is reaching a stage of development quite different from the infant. This naturally requires a somewhat different program of education and supervision. The child is rapidly taking his place in regular family life. His feeding habits and diet more nearly approach those of the family. He is walking at this age and developing posture habits, which must be watched. His teeth need regular examination and proper habits of dental hygiene must be taught. He is talking, and in every way is engaging in more of the family's activities. He is also reaching the stage where contacts with children of his own age are of great benefit to him.

To meet these particular needs of the runabout child, a varied program is carried on for him at the Children's Health Center. This runabout conference is held once a week, on Wednesday afternoon. A staff of three doctors conduct periodic physical examinations and diet supervision. Any child who may be registered in the runabout conference and has not had vaccination and immunization for the Schick test, is given this service as part of the program. The physical therapist conducts the posture work. She examines each child and teaches the mother the value of good posture and exercises by which it may be developed in the child. The dental hygienist examines the teeth of the child, makes any recommendations for treatment which may be necessary, teaches the mother the importance of avoiding habits such as thumb sucking, and teaches her the proper way to brush and care for the child's teeth. The psychologist gives a series of talks on child behavior and guidance and on the relations of parents to children. Each talk is followed by a group discussion in which the mothers participate. The psychologist also has private conferences with mothers wishing guidance on particular behavior problems they have to deal with.

While the mothers are attending the talks on child guidance, the child has an opportunity to associate with other children his own age. In our playroom and back yard, a volunteer, trained and experienced in nursery school work, and several assistants supervise the play of these children.

With this program the Baby Hygiene Committee continues to carry on its long-established policy of health education for mothers and children and to conduct a demonstration center where new activities in this work may be developed.

The crop of babies is always new, and *adult education* is the only type which fits mothers for their job.

THE HIGH COST of LIVING—

"Elimination of the middleman . . . . . will help not only the farmer but the man who consumes the farmer's products."

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT

There can be no more important question than the high cost of living necessities.

"Recently experts in the agricultural department have figured that nearly 50 per cent of the price for agricultural products paid by the consumer goes into the pockets, not of the farmer, but of various middlemen . . .

"It is probable that over half of what is thus paid to middlemen is needless, can be saved by wise business methods . . . and can therefore be returned to the farmer and the consumer.

"Everything possible must be done to eliminate any middleman whose function does not tend to increase the cheapness of distribution . . ."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT at Chicago, Aug. 6, 1912

THEODORE ROOSEVELT lived close to the people. Three years after he spoke the words quoted above, a young groceryman set out to pioneer in the West this idea the elder Roosevelt urged.

This man, founder of Safeway stores, took on the same job your Safeway grocer works at today.

What is that job? It's to get foods from farm to market with smaller in-between expense . . . by eliminating such middlemen as do not contribute to the cheapness of distribution.

That job is to lower retail prices. That job is also to pay back to the farmer a larger share of each retail food dollar.

A grocer working alone is helpless to accomplish these things. He is at the mercy of middlemen who sell him food.

And it is *because* your Safeway grocer could not get far with this job alone that he has partners to help him.

Safeway buyers in the farming districts, expert shippers, warehousemen, home economists, marketmen—all work toward the same goal your Safeway grocer works for. To cut down waste. To eliminate such middlemen as needlessly boost the cost of food.

Through the work of this Safeway family, money is saved. So your Safeway grocer can offer you good food at prices regularly low.

And so nearly 80 cents of every food dollar you spend in his store can now be returned to the farmer, to processors and transporters. *This is far more than producers used to get before the Safeway idea was developed.*

* * *

How much did you spend for food last month? Check up. Then trade at your neighborhood Safeway grocer's for 30 days and compare your total savings!

SAFEWAY

Entire ad. copyright Safeway Stores, Inc.

(Continued from page 8)

Jane on her 21st birthday, is designed so that a series of episodes in medallions making up the life of Jane are bound together by a border and an intertwined design. In the first episode, a stork is flying over the smoky horizon of Pittsburgh, with the baby. The clock on the spire of Trinity, her father's church, in the distance, marks the hour of her arrival.

The next chapter is her life at school, with the motto of Dobbs Ferry topping the scene. Following this is her business career as secretary to Mr. Astor, and a glimpse of her life at home on the Hudson. In the corners of the sampler are motifs which symbolize her interests—books, sports, music and homemaking. Underneath runs her mother's Shakespearean comment. "The great comfort I have had of thee." It is a charming piece, of rare quality.

The pleasure these samplers, knitting bags, backgammon boards have given to her friends is so great that her friends in turn urge their friends to be immortalized by Mrs. Travers' needle. She does this portraiture on order now, and the completed needlepoint or the design on canvas, for someone else to work on. She still uses left-over wools. And she still loves to use them.

Excerpts From Talk at Hunter College

By Chase Going Woodhouse

Director Women's Institute Professional Relations

REPRINT JOURNAL A. A. U. W.

● Since its establishment in 1929, the Institute of Women's Professional Relations has endeavored to place before the young women in college and the women in business or a profession indications of the job situation as they could be caught in our whirlwind economic system.

The first thing which all of us interested in women's work must remember is that jobs have social and economic settings. They are not isolated phenomena, something in and of themselves. This is the first lesson the Institute has learned concerning women's work.

We are convinced that the young woman who would be a real success must think not solely in terms of women's work, of women's problems, but in terms of community problems. There are no purely women's problems. True, in the recent past married women, for example, have been and still are being dismissed from employment. The old cry, "Women's place is in the home," has regained its volume and echoes through editorials and private pronouncements. Women must meet this attack; but they must remember that it is not enough to back the woman on the job. Her dismissal or the threat of dismissal is but the symptom of a more profound dislocation; it is the result of the frantic efforts of a community panic-stricken in the face of wholesale depression. Fight for the right of women to work, we must; but still more important is the necessity to think, plan, and work for the elimination of unemployment and for the prevention of another such cycle of years as we have just passed through.

Women then must consider themselves as a group, and more and more, as individuals, permanent members of the work-a-day world. They must take an active part in our economic reorganization if they wish a world where they will find suitable work.

If a college education is to equip a young woman for the world today it must provide her with two things—(1) ability to recognize and willingness to face social problems, and tools to enable her to cooperate as an intelligent citizen in attacking them, and (2) ability to adjust. The colleges must turn out young women capable not only of finding a niche for themselves in the working world, but of helping to solve its problems. Today democracy and feminism will be saved together or go down together. Women have the choice: intelligent participation in public affairs or the loss of all their hard-won economic gains.

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Fortunately for this woman, her husband's life insurance had been carefully conserved . . . *in trust.* And now, though the income alone was not enough to cover this special expense, the bank as trustee was able to meet this emergency promptly with funds from the principal.

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SAN FRANCISCO

Established 1852

A Presentation of Indian Cultures and Their Arts

(Continued from page 15)

represent the living arts and crafts at the Exposition would also be the dancers, musicians, and singers. Out of such a group, with some possible additions, could be created "The History of the Indian Dance."

There could also be presented the games of the Indian, many of which are still extant. The children have a variety of amusements of their own. These games may be divided into two general classes, those of chance and the games of dexterity.

A most valuable and interesting study in ethno-botany is entirely possible.

There is no wild corn cob. Some thousands of years ago, scientists, like Luther Burbank, but probably also priests, cross-bred the wild stocks until they developed the present ear of corn. So also with the potato, particularly the "Irish" potato, whose original home is in Peru.

The Indians taught men to smoke. Tobacco comes next in importance to corn among their gifts to the world. These are but three of the many fruits and vegetables, the use of which the Indian taught the white man.

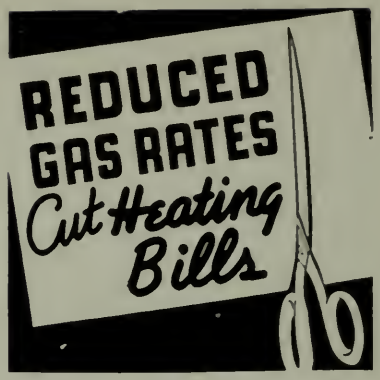
Indian gardens, showing the Indians' contribution in foods to the white civilizations, his contribution in fruits and vegetables, plants, herbs, and medicine, could be made most beautiful with the rare ornamental trees and shrubs from Peru and the other countries of the Americas.

* * * *

One can hear the cry of the old world of the Americas, demanding to be understood in its higher aspects, to explain its strange, exotic beauty and that sophisticated, yet primitive, quality which still lives in the art of the Indian of today.

One has only to listen to an ancient chant in the pueblos to know that some of it has never died. The wail of the flute in the hands of a superb and feathered Kiowa echoes the call from this earlier world. One feels the pulse of the ancient Indians in the dash and fire of the dance of the Plains. One catches the ancient magic in the drum call which lures the deer to the hunter.

Like the "Six Characters in Search of an Author" of Pirandello, the spirit of the Americas is in search of a creator! Will not the Exposition undertake the role for so exciting a group of characters as are here in search of an author?



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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

August 1936

VOLUME X • • NUMBER 7

PRICE 15 CENTS A COPY

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

465 POST STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

Women's City Club Calendar, August 1936

Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool — Every Tuesday, 5:30 to 7:30 p.m.; every Friday, 5:30 to 9:00 p.m.

League Bridge — Every Tuesday — Card Room, 2:00 and 7:00 p.m.

AUGUST

6—Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, chairman ..... *Auditorium* ..... 8:00 p.m.
Speaker: Mrs. Helena Whitney Cass.
Subject: "Living in Australia."

10—Young Members' Luncheon—Mrs. James Sheehan presiding ..... *Cafeteria* ..... 12:15 p.m.

12—Spanish Round Table—Señorita Angela Montiel presiding ..... *Mural Room* ..... 12:15 p.m.

13—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire, presiding ..... *Mural Room* ..... 12:15 p.m.

Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, chairman ..... *Auditorium* ..... 8:00 p.m.
Speaker: Mr. Ted C. Reindollar.
Subject: "The 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition."

14—Ramble to Lake Tahoe ..... *Leave Clubhouse* ..... 8:00 a.m.

20—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire, presiding ..... *Mural Room* ..... 12:15 p.m.

Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, chairman ..... *Auditorium* ..... 8:00 p.m.
Dance Group arranged by Marie von Sabern assisted by Julia Lopes, dramatic reader.

26—Spanish Round Table—Señorita Angela Montiel presiding ..... *Mural Room* ..... 12:15 p.m.

27—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire, presiding ..... *Mural Room* ..... 12:15 p.m.

Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, chairman ..... *Auditorium* ..... 8:00 p.m.
Speaker: Helen C. Lewis.
Subject: "Storytelling—the Oldest Art."

SEPTEMBER

1—Color Class Exhibition ..... *Auditorium* ..... 11 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Preliminary lecture. Miss Wana Derge, instructor; no fee ..... *Auditorium* ..... 2:00 p.m.

3—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire, presiding ..... *Mural Room* ..... 12:15 p.m.

Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, chairman ..... *Auditorium* ..... 8:00 p.m.
Speaker: Helen Van Cleave Park.
Subject: "The Modern Trend in House Decoration."

Women's City Club Magazine

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

VOLUME X AUGUST, 1936 NUMBER 7

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Announcements

● Members and guests are asked to bear with us during this time of general refurbishing throughout the clubhouse. We know that occasionally there is inconvenience especially when painting is under way.

● Thursday Evening Programs. Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman of Thursday Evening Programs, announces Mrs. Helena Whitney Cass, for August 6th. Mrs. Cass's subject will be "Living in Australia." August 13th will bring Mr. Ted C. Reindollar, whose subject will be "The 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition." August 20th program by Marie von Sabern. dance group assisted by Julia Lopes, dramatic reader. August 27th, "Storytelling, the Oldest Art" by Miss Helen C. Lewis.

● Our Catering Department is bringing some of the "hidden secrets" of its success out into the open these days. The display in the showcase on the main floor is merely a suggestion of what it has to offer.

● Volunteer Service. Read the announcement of language Round Tables on page 15 in the magazine. This will grow into an interesting Volunteer Service during Exposition days.

● Announcements for the resumption of the following activities after their vacation period will be made in next month's magazine: Book Review Luncheon. Book Review Dinner, Contract Bridge, Current Events, Drama Reading Groups, Travel Round Tables, Garden Round Table, National League Service.

● Glove Making Classes. After a short vacation, Mrs. Tanbara will resume her glove making classes. The first class to start on August 4th.

● Color Classes. Color Classes under the instruction of Wana Derge will be started on September 15th. An exhibit and preliminary talk will be given in the Auditorium on September 1st with exhibit from 11 a. m. to 9 p. m. Talk at 2. This exhibit is open to the public. There is no fee.

● Swimming Pool. Do you know that the Pool can be kept open for private parties after the regular closing hours on certain evenings each week? If you would like to arrange a private swimming party ask Mrs. Parker about this service. Pool will be closed for ten days beginning September 7th.

● Rambles. The Ramble on October 17th and 18th to the Mother Lode country is proving popular, so please register early. Details at Front Office.

● League Shop. Have you seen the lovely hand-blocked linen smocks and aprons on display in the League Shop or have you browsed through the many "bargains" at appreciably reduced prices on the mezzanine?

● Mrs. Julia Easley is planning another course of ten lectures on Real Property and Probate to begin the first week in September, with Round Table discussions following at luncheon time. Interested members are asked to register during August, as we must have at least ten persons in the group before classes can be formed. This course is of great advantage to the laymen and acquaints one with salient points in the law many times not understood by property owners. If you are a property owner or interested in an estate, it will be of inestimable value to you in managing your affairs. Please register at Front Office. 10 lectures—members, $3.50; non-members, $5.00.

● Beauty Salon Specials. Think how nice it would be to know that at all times, whatever the occasion, you are perfectly groomed, every hair glistening and in place, hands always in perfect condition. The Beauty Salon offers you this service in two special combinations at a fixed price. You may come in and have a shampoo, finger-wave and manicure, with a reset and touch-up manicure one week later, for $2.00. This assures you freedom from worry at all times about your appearance, and in the long run cuts down on your bill for "personal maintenance." The other combination is hair cut, shampoo and finger wave, with reset one week later, also $2.00.

● Ramble to Lake Tahoe — August 14th, by bus. Bus will leave Clubhouse at 8 o'clock a. m. Luncheon at Sacramento; arrive Tahoe Tavern 4:30. Friday and Saturday night at Tahoe Tavern, with tour around Lake Tahoe Saturday. Leave 8 o'clock Sunday morning; luncheon at Sacramento; return to San Francisco 4:30. $26.00 will cover all expenses.

● Volunteer Round Tables, under the chairmanship of Mrs. E. A. Thompson continue each Thursday at noon in the Cafeteria. It is interesting to note that members formerly in the Volunteer Service. but now living out of town, drop into the Club whenever possible on Thursday, just to hear the news, which proves the saying true "once a volunteer, always a volunteer."

● New memberships are being completed daily and we find in many instances the new member wishes to become identified with this organization well in advance of Exposition days. It is forethought on their part not to be barred by a Waiting List at a later date. We feel that this is just the beginning of the rush for memberships that will within a short time be at a premium.

● Dues. 1935-1936 membership cards (green) are now being called in. All members not holding their 1936-1937 (yellow) card will be considered delinquent by August 1st. Cards (signed by members) must be presented in the elevator.

Club Notes

● After nine years with the Club, first as Assistant and later as Executive Secretary, Miss Edna Osborn has resigned. As she leaves us our good wishes follow her, and we believe that whatever work she undertakes will be benefited by her kindly service with the National League for Woman's Service. As she is a member with us, we shall look forward to seeing her often in the clubhouse.

THE VISION OF 1939!

● A membership of 7,500, a waiting list of 1,000; every bedroom occupied and would-be guests turned sadly away.

With this a probability, it would be well for those who can, to join the National League for Woman's Service right now, and for those who are not yet of age, to put their names on the waiting list immediately so that when their eighteenth birthday does arrive, they will be invited to join.

This vision of popularity of the Women's City Club is not absurd. It is based on logical premises and the experiences of past exposition cities. After an exhilarating day on the Exposition Grounds weary feet will wend their way to the Women's City Club and the cup of tea at the hands of the smiling volunteer will there give new strength to the worn traveler who is going out again later to see the lights of the city and the bridges she's heard so much about.

When these days come, is your friend going to be among those who say to you accusingly "Why didn't you remind me to join? I just put it off and now I can't get in!"

● Young Members Round Table. Every second Monday, Mrs. James Sheehan in charge. These round tables meet in the Cafeteria at noon for luncheons and afterwards work on the Club scrap book. We will need some new ideas in compiling this book which will be an historical record of the Club from canteen days and of great value in years to come. Young members who do not remember canteen days will enjoy this work more than they can know, because it will give them the opportunity to absorb as they work on these past records, the real spirit and purpose of the National League for Woman's Service.

● Library Service during vacation. We will repeat our announcement of last month that members wishing to take books away on vacation may have two 14-day books, renewable at time of borrowing, or three 14-day books by paying five cents extra for the third book. This eliminates sending a note for renewal of books during vacation days.

● The hermit needs no rules for the conduct of life—he makes his own as he goes along, but community life brings laws so that individual freedom may be preserved by restraint demanded of all alike. Homes function an individuals but clubhouses are communities, and house rules for the protection of the individual are necessary evils in the latter. When a member pays her dues for certain privileges, she has a right to ask that those privileges be preserved for her. She has a right to say to the public "You cannot use my library and my lounge or my dining room without my permission." And so because the public comes to the second floor of the Women's City Club the only way we have of preserving this home of ours for our friends and ourselves is to ask those who belong to prove the fact each time they come. But some will say "Why should I show my card to an elevator operator when he knows me perfectly well?" Answer "Because he may have known you last year perfectly well and still does, but does he know that you have paid your dues this year. Besides that does everyone else in the elevator know you too, or does some one accuse your elevator operator of "playing favorites?" It is not always easy to carry one's club card. Some day we'll be able to afford the second floor for ourselves and then we'll check in at the front door but until that golden day the showing of our cards is a very little price to pay for preserving our privileges for those of us to whom they really belong. Will you cooperate by conforming agreeably to this rule no matter who you may be?

* * * *

EXCERPTS FROM THE HOUSE RULES

MEMBERSHIP CARDS AND PASSES

(1) Membership cards must be shown upon leaving elevators at third and fourth floors and at other times upon request. If a membership card is lost, a new one may be secured at the Room Secretary's desk on the first floor, upon the payment of fifty cents.

(2) Passes may be obtained at the Room Secretary's desk and must be surrendered to the operator upon leaving the elevator.

(3) All visitors to bedroom floors (be they members or guests) must obtain each time a special pass from the Room Secretary.

(4) Membership cards are not transferable. Any violation of this rule shall be reported to the President.

MAIL

● Mail will be forwarded to a member's address as found in the membership file, unless written instructions to the contrary are left with the Room Secretary.

© Courtesy of Pan American Airways Company.

The China Clipper—A Modern Messenger to the Orient.

The President's Message

A rude awakening of Summer's reveries comes with this number, proclaiming once again Club activities and, as courses and classes find their place upon the calendar, we look forward and plan for Autumn. ¶ October first brings the Fire-lighting ceremony followed shortly by the 7th Talent Festival on Wednesday and Thursday, the 7th and 8th. This year the festival will again combine all talents from needlework and food that for the past three years have occupied two separate events. ¶ Thus we shall anticipate the festivities of November when all San Franciscans will join in the history-making event of the Bay Bridge dedication. Surely we can take our cue from this event and cross our bridges figuratively toward a promising season of varied activities and growing membership—for it is only by our combined efforts that difficulties can be surmounted and united interest develop a program worthy of the National League for Woman's Service.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

The Talent Festival
October 7-8

INGENUITY

By Eunice Shaw

● New ideas! Even the utility articles such as pot holders, dish-towels, silence cloths for card tables came in for their share of creative talent at the last Talent Festival. Everything that was neatly done, that had a use, that didn't cost too much, that served for home use or as a gift found ready buyers. This year we are starting work early enough to develop new ideas, to make duplicates of articles which groups can work on. The Committee solicits your help and welcomes any and all suggestions which may be developed before October seventh.

If you saw the other Festivals, then you know from experience what we are trying to say. You realize how quickly everything which was attractive and ingenious sold and how quickly anything "different" anything really novel could have been sold over and over again. So bring in your gift early if you are willing that we duplicate it and if it is something that can be duplicated.

S O S JAMS AND JELLIES

By Christina S. Madison

● As the Chairman of the Jam and Jelly Booth for last year's Talent Festival I am sending out an S O S call for the Homemakers of our Club to start in now making delicious sweets for our sixth annual festival.

Won't you make one or two extra glasses of either jam or jelly—or both, so that we may have enough of the homemade products to fill the demand as well as add to our treasury? And won't you keep this list as a guide as to the type for which there is the greatest demand?

First of all—currant (both red and black) jelly; next blackberry jelly, then cranberry jelly and sauce. The unusual marmalade mixtures—that is the combination of grapefruit and oranges; oranges and carrots; or a mixture of pineapple; plain orange marmalade comes last. Apple and crabapple sell well, though in this also, the combination of the two fruits is in greater demand. Jams should be thick and may be made of blackberries, strawberries, raspberries, youngberries, apricot or peach or the various combinations.

Pickles and relishes; the chow chows, bread and butter type, watermelon rind, chili sauce and all the delightful homemade condiments are popular.

Canned fruits and vegetables are more difficult to sell, but are of course acceptable.

Remember too, please, that the glasses must be clean. The tops covered with a firm coating of paraffin, and either the regulation tops or coverings of cellophane, or paper securely tied, or pasted. As with these, so with the dainty handwork, we want them representative of the Club and thus in good condition.

ATTENTION, GARDENERS

By Clara M. Schaeffer

● This year the garden section should serve a two-fold purpose—add to the success of the Talent Festival and do its share in the program of beautifying San Francisco for the Golden Gate International Exposition in 1939. Many of the garden groups are planning to make ours a "City of Fuchsias" in 1939 as they grow so wonderfully well in our climate and soil. We can help in this splendid plan. Start cuttings now if you have not already done so.

So let's look thru our gardens and see what we can find to contribute—perhaps we have plants or rooted cuttings of some particularly fine geraniums or fuchsias we started last spring, or there may be campanulas or other perennials which really need dividing this fall, or seeds of some of our favorites we would like to share, or bulbs which have increased. Window boxes and potted plants can be used to such advantage where a larger garden is impossible and herbs potted in brightly colored pots for kitchen use are so practical. Plants for any of these purposes should have a ready sale. Wherever possible label plants and cuttings. All plants in pots should be rooted; cuttings (or slips) should be sold as such. So remember your gardening talent in planning contributions to the Talent Festival.

Editorial

AN INVITATION

● "Are you enjoying the present magazine? Have you suggestions for its improvement? Do you remember to tell the advertisers that you appreciate what they are giving you, and that it is they who provide the wherewithal? Are you longing for any special features which do not appear?" These and myriad other questions pop into the Editor's mind each month as she longs to reach each reader personally to ask how the magazine can be improved and how the seven thousand who read can best be satisfied. Reader's interest is our purpose, club news is our object. The membership embraces women of every talent. There is nothing the magazine cannot do. The Editor invites comment. Tell her the things about this magazine which you have told others behind her back—She will be encouraged by your comments, accepting criticism or praise in the spirit in which it is offered for this is your magazine, not hers.

* * * *

A POETRY CONTEST

● It is some years since the Women's City Club Magazine has sponsored a Poetry Contest. The bridges provide a theme. The Board of Directors of the League now asks for competitive poems, with the bridges the theme.

The contest will close October 1st. The committee of judges will be announced in the next issue of the magazine and their judgment will be final. The prize will be a book bought by the Club at the suggestion of the winner; cost five dollars. The winning poem will be featured in the November number of the magazine.

Entries should be sent in a sealed envelope. on outside of which appears name of poem with writer's name and address. All poems should be typewritten.

A PROGRAM

● The last section of structural steel of the West Bay span is in place on the Bay Bridge, the Golden Gate Bridge is well along. the ground is awaiting the Golden Gate Exposition and architectural plans are announced for one of the most comprehensive exhibitions of all times. In the last issue of the Women's City Club magazine. the idea of "the presentation of Indian cultures and their arts" was suggested by Mrs. Denman. Since then this idea has taken root and will undoubtedly grow healthily. This is but one of the many assurances that the forthcoming Exposition will be worthy of our best cooperative efforts. To this end our President has turned our faces down the path of service which the National League for Woman's Service is uniquely equipped to do.

To find a group of seven thousand women ready at hand to be of service rather than to ask for favors was startling to some of the Directors who did not know us, but to others it was no surprise. We chose Information because information in its broadest sense is second nature to us. We have been trained to answer questions accurately as well as to serve as a hospitality center all these seventeen years of our existence as an organization.

We have had a vocational information bureau and we have had volunteer units which have threaded the warp and the woof of the community life. and our reciprocal clubs far-flung abroad have brought us a particular fund of facts which we have stored away like the clever squirrel for the time of use later. That time will be 1939.

And then to make our service all the more valuable, Miss Donohoe has conceived the idea of telling all this to the visitor in words she understands. Those of us who have struggled with a few nouns supplemented by wide and misunderstood gesticulations when in a foreign city we have tried to get information can best get the full import of what this language idea will mean to the visitors to the Fair and how the National League for Woman's Service unit of the Golden Gate Exposition. if it is allowed us, will bring at least one feature of novelty to an already unique program.

On another page is the coupon which is for the reader's use. An exciting time is ahead when foreign visitors from reciprocal clubs shall visit our clubhouse. In our own home we shall practically demonstrate cordial international relations. No one can afford to be tongue tied then. Three years is not too much for preparation. Language classes for beginners will soon start and round table conversations will be arranged for those farther advanced.

Flower and Object Arrangement

By Wana Derge

● Would you make flower arrangements that bring a light to the eye, a smile to the lips, a lift to the heart? Would you make flower arrangements that have the reserve, the distinction, the fineness of the products the world acknowledges as masterpieces?

Then you must needs combine your colors so that every color makes every other outstandingly lovely. You need to choose the elements of form, your flowers and container and accessories, so that each will be made more interesting by the rest—the proper variety of sizes and shapes and quantities and proportions. Then you will need to combine them in such a way that you see the arrangement as a whole with a worthy center of interest, subordination, and a fine sense of balance and rhythm. Every flower and stem and leaf and every space between will play a definite part as an element of color and form.

While you are intent upon so organizing the elements of color and form you have at your command, delightful and ingenious combinations will come into being and you will become convinced that the recipe for originality is to cease striving for it, and to know that while operating in obedience to principles, it (originality) slips in. It is when the mechanism is right, when the structure, center of interest, balance, etc., are right, that the message comes over big—the message of joy, fancy, distinction, harmony, sheer loveliness, what you will. Your arrangements will be not adaptations of Japanese or Victorian, but American—not imitations of your neighbor's or Podesta's work but your own—modern insofar as modern means of the present consciousness—of all time insofar as they are intrinsically fine.

As with flowers, so it is with all the objects which compose your home or business surroundings—so it is with commercial design and display. If you would paint pictures with oil or with objects, you will conform to these same principles.

These principles are very definite, very provable and very understandable. We no longer need grope about in the old belief that all this must be felt in a mysterious way open to only the so-called talented few.

For those who do not yet know the principles we are presenting here at the Club a study course on Tuesday afternoons beginning September 15th. There will be seven lessons on color and the other main things we all need to know. These will include demonstrations and individual student experience. These will be followed by and are prerequisite to seven lessons on flower arrangement—an actual working course.

The public is invited to an exhibit of pictures painted with objects and flowers by the Wana Derge Alumnae in the Auditorium September 1st, from 11 a.m. to 9 p.m., with a talk at 2 o'clock.

Safeguarding Peace in the Western Hemisphere

By Mabel Vernon

Director, Peoples Mandate Committee in the Western Hemisphere

● An exceptional opportunity for constructive peace action is offered in the Pan American Peace Conference which will meet in Buenos Aires in late November or early December, 1936. The Committee for the Peoples Mandate to End War looks for concrete results from this Conference, and is directing its campaign toward that end.

This extraordinary session of members of the Pan American Union was initiated by President Roosevelt. In a letter to heads of the Latin American Republics last January, he stated that this is the time "to safeguard the maintenance of peace on the Western Hemisphere." In discussing ways in which this is to be done, he suggested in his letter, "the prompt ratification of all the inter-American peace instruments already negotiated, the amendment of existing peace instruments in such manner as experience has demonstrated to be most necessary, or perhaps the creation by common accord of new instruments of peace additional to those already formulated."

The Peoples Mandate to Governments to End War was launched last September on the birthday of the late Jane Addams. It is now being circulated in 50 countries. When completed, it is to be presented to the governments of the world, requesting direct action on its stipulations. They are:

> We the people are determined to end war. War settles no problems. War brings economic disaster, needless suffering and death to us and our children.
>
> To meet the present threat of complete world chaos we demand that our Government having renounced war in the Kellogg-Briand Pact:
>
> Stop immediately all increase of armaments and of armed forces.
>
> Use existing machinery for peaceful settlement of present conflicts.
>
> Secure a world treaty for immediate reduction of arms as a step toward complete world disarmament.
>
> Secure international agreements founded on recognition of world interdependence to end the economic anarchy which breeds war.

The Committee for the Mandate in the Western Hemisphere is headed by Dr. Mary E. Woolley, President of Mount Holyoke College, with Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt as Honorary Chairman. Among the members of the Executive Committee are Grace Abbott, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Ellen F. Pendleton, Lillian D. Wald, Mrs. Gerard Swope, and Miss Anne Martin.

Public opinion, wide reaching and vividly expressed, can shape the outcome of such a conference as the Inter-American Peace Parley. We are working to use the Peoples Mandate to direct public opinion upon the Conference in such a way that concrete results will be certain. Work of securing five million signatures to present to the Conference is now under way in all the United States and throughout the Latin American republics. Eighty thousand signatures have already been received from Argentina. The mandate has already been signed by one million people in the Western Hemisphere.

Demonstrations of popular feeling will attend the campaign to impress the fact that the people no longer petition but now demand that governments abandon war. The month before the Buenos Aires Conference, a Flying Caravan will carry speakers to the principal parts of the United States, travel down the eastern coast of South America, and climax its tour with presentation of the Mandate to the Conference. Effort is being made to have several distinguished aviators take part. A committee of distinguished women of the Pan American republics will be organized to arrange presentation of the Mandate in Buenos Aires and to work for action by the Conference.

The Peoples Mandate Committee is working to secure definite action by the coming Conference on the points covered by the Mandate. Feeling that it would be impossible to deal adequately in a conference of limited duration with all the subjects now included in the agenda, we are sending word to members of the Mandate Committee in the Latin American republics to urge their governments to concentrate on disarmament, improved peace machinery, and closer economic relations.

We urge an Inter-American treaty for *immediate reduction of arms*. The draft agenda calls for consideration of "*Limitation* of Armaments." We ask, not for limitation, but for reduction as a step toward complete world disarmament. The Western Hemisphere can set the example to the rest of the world, and no example could be more valuable at this time of unsettled world conditions. This is an opportunity for the Americas to demonstrate that we not only sign treaties denouncing war, but keep them by ridding ourselves of the instruments of war.

We urge that existing peace machinery be used *under all circumstances* *(Continued on page 23*

Indian Painters

By Leslie Van Ness Denman

THE HYMN OF THE KOURETES.

Io, Kouros most Great. I give thee hail, Kronian, Lord of all that is wet and gleaming. thou art come at the head of thy Daimones. To Dikte for the Year, Oh, march and rejoice in the dance and song,

That we make thee with harps and pipes mingled together.

Io, Kouros most Great, I give thee hail, Kronian, Lord of all that is wet and gleaming, thou art come at the head of thy Daimones. To Dikte for the Year, Oh, march and rejoice in the dance and song,

For here the shielded Nurturers took thee, a child immortal, from Rhea, and with noise of beating feet hid thee away.

Io, Kouros most Great, I give thee hail, Kronian, Lord of all that is wet and gleaming, thou art come at the head of thy Daimones. To Dikte for the Year, Oh, march and rejoice in the dance and song,

To us also leap for full jars and leap for fleecy flocks, and leap for fields of fruit, and for lives to bring increase.

Io, Kouros most Great, I give thee hail, Kronian, Lord of all that is wet and gleaming, thou art come at the head of thy Daimones. To Dikte for the Year. Oh, march and rejoice in the dance and song.

● Zeus, an old sky and rain god, whose weapon was the thunderbolt, was born on one of the mountain peaks of Crete, "they say" as is added to all statements of legendary facts in the myths of the Apaches.

In the remote seaport town of Palaiastro there was found this ritual hymn commemorating the birth of the infant Zeus. The hymn itself embodies very early material, a primitive material which goes back to the beginnings of Greek religion. The Kouretes are the young men of the tribe in a tribal initiation. They are the attendants of the gods. When the young men of a tribe "dance out the mysteries" they become holy, they are half divine in themselves. To the Greeks the god and the dance were not quite conceived of as separate — as something apart.

This is equally true of the ritual dance of the American Indian. The mask he wears is holy; it partakes of the nature of the god it represents. The paint on his body. the color and form of his costume, whatever he may carry in his hands. are all a part of the idea he wishes to express; of the desire in his heart for the powers or the good he invokes.

He. also, gives hail to the gods "of all that is wet and gleaming" and "with noise of beating feet" he leaps for his fields of corn, leaps for fleecy flocks, leaps that the tribe may be fruitful, leaps for life and for its fulfilment.

In an exalted state he is aware of a vital force within himself, of a deepening and an increasing of life, of potencies which he feels both within and beyond himself. This strength of which he is conscious of being possessed is not differentiated from the powers he invokes from without. When it is a collective group experience, it becomes a highly charged dynamic force. Here the idea invoked from the imagination moves over into the realm of what is called magic.

The Indian gives the field within which this force becomes a creative agency various names.

The Iroquois use the term *Orenda*, — a power to do things, impersonal, as it is not entirely confined to man, yet through which his personality is expressed, akin to natural force yet with an element beyond the horizon of human consciousness.

In the *Wa kon'da* of the Omaha Indians, life runs through all forms of life, animate and inanimate. The "elan vital" he feels through his own inner being exists in all things. Always he is aware of a continuity of life between the known and the unknown, between that which is seen and that which is veiled from sight.

The Omaha rite of the first initiation of the child on the fourth day after birth is a beautiful ritual. It is an introduction of the child to the universe. All of nature is called upon to receive this young, new-born thing, to

make this new life a part of their life, to take it and care for it.

"Ho! Ye Sun, Moon, Stars, all ye
that move in the heavens.
I bid you hear me!
Into your midst has come a new life.
Consent ye, I implore!
Make its path smooth, that it may
reach the brow of the first hill!"

Between the fourth and the sixth year, comes the second ceremony, again to make the child a part of the cosmos and to initiate it into the tribe. It comes "after the first thunder in the spring time, when the grass is well up and the birds singing and the first meadow lark has come." One of the songs stresses the depth of the relationship between "man and all of nature";

"In this place has the truth been
declared to you,
Now therefore arise! go forth in its
strength."

Later there is another ceremony, once more to place the child in the universe. It is called Dhi-ku-win-ke. "Turning the Child". The priest turns the child completely around, carries the child to the east of the fire, to the south, to the west, to the north, to the east again:

"Turned by the winds goes the one
I send yonder.
Yonder he goes who is whirled by
the wind,
Goes where the four hills of life
and the four winds are standing,
There in the midst of the winds do
I send him,
Into the midst of the winds standing
there."
(The Thunder Rolls.)

Then the name of the child is pronounced — (up to this time there has been only a cradle name).

"Ye hills, grass, trees — ye creep-
ing things both great and small —
I bid you hear! This child has thrown
away his cradle name. Hi-e."

It ends with an invocation to the fire, that old, old god of the ancients:

"Ye flames, ye flames, O come!
O haste ye flames to come.
Come speedily to help me."

And so, to the child has been called "fire", which is "a giver of life", if not life itself.

In the "Turning" ceremony the child is placed among the elements which mean life, that are life. It is thus the child has "accomplished the Thunders".

In *Wa kon'da* is a "participation mystique"—there exists a "spiritualized unity behind the visible differentiations of thought"

It is this spiritualized unity which lies behind the initiations of the Indian, and is to him a profound and enriching experience. One can not consider his art except in connection with his rituals wherein are expressed the spirit of his belief and his faith. Myth and legend, ritual and drama, and the power of the elemental forces are imbedded in the dance and ceremony of the American Indian.

He dances his prayer for life — that the rain may come, that the earth may be fruitful, that the tribe may prosper. This prayer is danced to the pulsing throb of the drums and of deep throated chants, with an unbelievable wealth of imaginative beauty and imagery. The great ceremonies of the Corn are gorgeous ritualistic dramas. It is all of this pageant which the Indian paints.

The earliest paintings of the Indians are the crude pictographs scratched all over North America on the rocks and on canyon walls. Almost out of sight, in an out of the way part of the Petrified Forest, and stumbled upon by accident, is a curious pictograph of masked figures, undoubtedly ritualistic. In their hands they carry what look like branches of flowering yucca. One branch is raised to the sky, the other dropped toward the earth.

It was difficult to believe one's eyes when, a month later, on a hot summer's night, the last night of the full of the moon, in a scene strangely reminiscent of the ancient Greek mysteries, these same wands, covered with flower forms like the yucca, but of the white down from the breasts of eagles, were raised to the heavens in a prayer to the Sky Father, then swept back to the ground in prayer to the Earth Mother, "The Lady of Wild Things" of early Greece.

As the Corn Maidens lifted their wands of yucca bells to the Sky god, the moonlight turned them into sprays of shimmering silver blossoms from a shadowy world. When they bent low before the fire, again sweeping the wands down to Mother Earth, the flames ran up through the silver, turning those unearthly yucca buds into scarlet flowers.

To the wail of flutes through the long hours of the night, the moon and the fire, in alternate rhythms of silver and flame, created a haunting beauty which held in its magic spell the still and silent watchers on the roofs. Said an Indian standing near, "It makes you homesick, but you don't know what for".

In the invocation to the gods "of all that is wet and gleaming" in this Indian pueblo, *(Continued on page 20*

The Summer's Challenge

By Mrs. William Palmer Lucas

Mills College, the scene of the recent Institute of International Relations.

● The World has no intention of taking a holiday. We close schools, end our programs for the year and hope for a summer vacation from world affairs but alas, problems and predicaments the world over keep us with one eye on the headlines while we try with the other eye to drive the Ford over a mountain road where sunset splashes unbelievable colors and forms across the western sky! Indeed this summer affords new and challenging backgrounds for study of the world situation and from California to Maine, from Wisconsin to Carolina, groups of people are meeting in institutes and conferences to study, to discuss, to exchange views, to gather facts, to relate trends, and to *strengthen their hearts* as one delegate to the recent Institute of International Relations at Mills College said at a closing session. The writer had hoped to give all of this space to telling about that particular Institute but while we were in session there, such significant happenings crowded the press that we must go on with the marching events.

During the Republican convention, the news of the nature of the new Soviet Constitution broke; the most amazing and momentous foreign news during a gravely critical year. There was little space the press could give to it at the time. Our own political conventions quite naturally came first. But as the reception of the new constitution of the Soviet Republic comes through more fully, one finds that Soviet Russia is to join the world of political democracies. If this constitution is put into practice as it is drawn up, the Soviet Republic will establish a political democracy *around*, or shall we say *within* the present Marxian Economic system.

Briefly, "it gives universal suffrage to all citizens over 18 years of age; the secret ballot, a parliament to be the supreme body of the nation with full power to initiate and adopt laws; freedom of spech, press, assemblage and religion; no political discrimination for sex, race, social origin, religious beliefs, previous activities or property holdings; equal rights to women in all branches of economic, cultural and political life; protection guaranteed for such private property as homes, household furnishings, etc., etc."

"It declares that the means of production, distribution, commerce and finance are owned and controlled by the state; the position of the collective farms, as a basic Socialist institution is outlined in the declaration that their property belongs to them "eternally"; private farming under state direction is permitted—also private sale of products on the condition that it does not involve any profit from or exploitation of a third party, thus not violating the fundamental of Socialism that to the producer alone belongs the *(Continued on page 24*

In Anticipation of 1939

Ability to greet visitors to the Exposition by speaking to them in their own language is being made possible by courses and round tables at the Club this fall. For details read below.

Prises a l'improviste? Pas nous!

Parmi les nombreux services que notre Club sera appelé à rendre aux étrangers visitant l'Exposition de 1939, celui de service I'interpréte sera certainement l'un des plus appréciés. Beaucoup de nous comprennent et parlent le Français mais manquent de pratique.

Joignons une de nos classes—

Matin..... Après..... midi..... Soir.....

Instruction elementairé, intermediaire advancée — Nous avons le choix.

Remplissons des maintenant l'application ci-jointe et faisons la parvenir à notre Club an plus tôt.

Un' Opportunitá!

In attesa delle attività dell 'Esposizione Internazionale del Golden Gate nel 1939.

Apprendiamo un nuovo idioma!

Miglioriamo le nostre cognizioni!

Godiamo il piacere della conversazione!

Le classi incominceranno (15 agosto. 20 settembre, etc.).

Principianti.

Progrediti.

Tavole rotonde da conversazione.

Mattina — Pomeriggio — Sera.

Favorite riempire modulo e spedire al Club.

Ueberrascht—nicht wir

Die Weltausstellung in 1939 wird an unseren Klub viele Anforderungen stellen.

Zu den wichtigsten Aufgaben wird wohl die Bereitstellung von Uebersetzern (Dolmetschern) gehoeren.

Viele von uns verstehen und sprechen deutsch; es fehlt uns aber die Uebung. Lasst uns deshalb zu einer Klasse zusammentreten, damit wir wieder Uebung im Gebrauch der deutschen Sprache erhalten.

Una Oportunidad

Al acercarse la Exposición de la Puerta de Oro. nosotras que no tenemos la ocasión de viajar podemos al fin realizar nuestra querida ambición a aprender una lengua extranjera con la oportunidad de hablar esta idioma con un nativo del pais en que se habla.

Se necesitarán los intérpretes para nuestras visitadores de lejos y el Club se queda listo para ofrecer este servicio. No es demasiado temprano en este mismo instante principiar a prepararse para esta necesidad. Tenga la bondad de firmar el papel de aplicación y devolverlo al Club tan pronto como es posible.

Las clases se empecerán el fin de agosto.

Principiantes—Avanzados—Conversación.

Classes por la mañana. por la tarde. y por la noche.

Man erwartet unsere Hilfe bei der "Golden Gate International Exposition 1939"

Lernt eine neue Sprache!
Bereichert Eure Kenntnisse!
Habt Freude an der Unterhaltung in fremder Sprache!
Der Unterricht beginnt fur Anfanger:
Der Unterricht beginnt fur Fortgeschrittene:
Zusammenkunfte zum Zwecke der Unterhaltung:

Morgens ☐ Nachmittags ☐ Abends ☐

Name.....

Addresse.....

Fernsprecher.....

Bitte fullen Sie den Vordruck aus und ubersenden Sie ihn dem Klub.

Aplicación

Nombre.....

Dirección.....

Teléfono.....

Instrucción:

Elemental ☐ Intermedia ☐ Avanzada ☐

Conversación ☐

Las Mañanas ☐ Las Tardes ☐ Las Noches ☐

L'Application

Le Nom.....

Addressé.....

Telephone.....

Instruction:

Elementairé ☐ Intermediaire ☐ Advancée ☐

Conversation:

Matin ☐ Après Midi ☐ Sóir ☐

Domanda

Nome.....

Indirizzo.....

Telefono.....

Istruzione:

Elementare ☐ Intermedia ☐ Progredita ☐

Conversazione:

Mattina ☐ Pomeriggio ☐ Sera ☐

Fill out and return your coupon to the Executive Office at the Club as soon as possible.

I Have Been Reading

By Daisy F. Reed

Theodore Parker—Yankee Crusader; *by Henry Steele Commager*, 1935. Little, Brown, and Company. $3.00. Reviewed by Virginia Mysell.

Sanfelice; *by Vincent Sheean*, 1936. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Salar—the Salmon; *by Henry Williamson*, 1936. Little, Brown, and Company. $2.50.

• "Theodore Parker — Yankee Crusader" by Henry Steele Commager. . . . The prologue of the American nation ended with the turn of the nineteenth century. In this brave new setting there followed America's Renaissance. Boston was the Athens of this New World with a galaxy of great names hovering over it, each with its individual cause. It was a stirring hour, and leading the nation forth was the stirring character, Theodore Parker.

From the beginning, the portrait, "Theodore Parker," is true, fundamental and complete. The first American Parker came to the Bay Colony in 1635. Theodore's grandfather commanded the militia that April morning when Major Pitcairn marched his redcoats down the Concord road and into Lexington village; and tradition credits to the Captain those ringing words: "If they mean to have a war, let it begin here." And so it was near Lexington village that Theodore Parker came to be born in the year 1810, and in the simplicity and beauty of New England communal life he was reared.

"Theodore Parker" is the portrait of the intellectual and spiritual growth of a Man. Theodore Parker was a genius in feeling, accepting and expressing the vital force both mentally and emotionally. His biographer writes of him, "he could not leave life alone, but must go out and embrace it." And so his life unfolds for us with beautiful growth and fruition, his steps always leading definitely and fearlessly towards the fulfillment of his life's mission, as a genius living and working breathlessly.

From Lexington Common where his lust for learning began we follow Parker as student and teacher, through Harvard Divinity School (where his classmates remember him for his inexhaustible energy in study, reading, coaching—his exuberance of spirit), graduating a vastly learned young man, but without as yet a definite point of view. Then Theodore Parker, preacher, his own parish at West Roxbury, where he promised himself "to preach nothing as religion that I have not experienced inwardly and made my own." Theodore Parker, transcendentalist, here his entrance into a circle of friends all interested in the new way, that famous nucleus led by Emerson and Channing: "there never was a more realistic, a more practical group than these high flying souls of Concord and Boston . . . all of them trying to penetrate to reality, to truth, and confident that the truth would make them free . . . preaching the Divinity of Man, that Man should come to know himself directly, not through the media of Church, books or society . . . Emerson's clarion call ringing out, "in the soul then let redemption be sought" . . . knowing the great fundamental truth which defied proof and transcended experience, that the Kingdom and the Power and the Glory lay within." But this great and glorious truth met and clashed on all sides with orthodoxy—Theodore Parker was of the orthodoxy—yet he firmly clung to the truth in the face of his position; he not only clung to it, but defended it openly and abroad. The Church defied him, but Boston called him, and he wrote, "I feel that I have a great work to do, I think I shall not fail." He now preached to the largest parish in all America. He was thirty-five.

In the following five years the full flower of Parker's genius unfolded. Emerson in seclusion at Concord was always the inspired master of transcendentalism, but Parker filled with the great conviction and in his grasp a genius' fund of learning. Parker could give the prose of Emerson's poetry, the proof of his conclusions. Where Emerson converted by a spiritual miracle, Parker convinced by argument. And Theodore Parker turned scholar-lecturer and reformer, speaking over the land from Boston to the Mississippi, interpreting social conditions in the light of transcendentalism. He taught that "There is an interrelationship between all social problems, you cannot touch an open wound without irritating the entire nervous system of society." *(Continued on next page*

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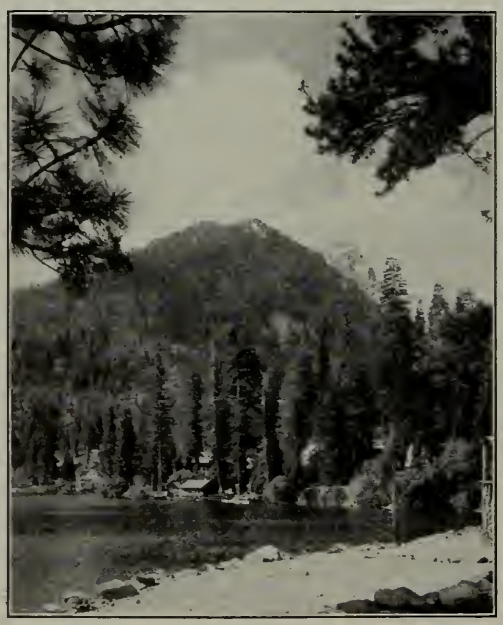

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And then that unobtrusive phrase which Parker liked so well and used insistently until it caught the eye of a young lawyer at the Bar of Illinois, "The government of all, by all and for all, is a Democracy."

Theodore Parker lived in an age of faith and hope. He knew that reason would triumph over unreason. Yet he fought madly on now against that greatest of all wrongs, slavery, blazing the way for the great Emancipator. Emerson might teach an attitude of sublime prudence, but Parker was part of the evolutionary process, his work of reform in harmony with the plan of the Universe. The work was worthwhile, it was glorious.

● Sanfelice; by Vincent Sheean. In this recently published book the author of "Personal History" makes use of fiction to portray pictorially his idea of the "accelerations" of history. In other words, the theme of the novel is "revolution," specifically it is the Jacobin revolution which took place in Naples in 1799; but there is also a general aspect of the theme which is expressed by one of the Jacobin leaders about to be executed after the return of the Bourbons. (Personal History seems to have culminated in this idea.) The idea as expressed by the Jacobin is: "Revolution is eternal; it is the lifting of more and more people to the surface of life; it is the one continuous movement of mankind, and there has never been, and likely will never be any other. We have failed. That is all. But that is our fault. And the revolution has not failed. Those who come after us will know better than we did. They will learn from everything—even from our deaths."

The choice by the author of the revolutionary episode of 1799 is very significant for it followed very closely in time both the American and French revolutions. Furthermore Naples was a fertile field for the growth of the idea of Liberty, Fraternity and Equality since it was ruled by one of the most tyrannical and dissolute of all the Bourbons.

The historical characters of the story are vividly and significantly portrayed, among these are Lord Nelson, and Lord and Lady Hamilton. But the fictionized characters Sanfelice and her lover Fernando Ferri are without reality, they are merely lay-figures created to serve a purpose. They do illustrate well enough the fact that many revolutionaries are serving only their own egos or, as in the case of Sanfelice, do nothing, understand nothing of the cause, merely make use of a drawing room, accessible to the followers of liberal ideas, in which to carry on a personal love affair. The author makes it apparent that these people do have an effect, particularly if they happen to belong to the upper class, quite out of proportion to their real value

as creators of new institutions for they become victims (potential martyrs) "caught between the past and the future."

However, the book would be far more significant if the victims, when they were beheaded, had shed red blood in place of sawdust.

● Salar—the Salmon; by Henry Williamson. Salar is a story scientifically exact and at the same time artistically beautiful. It is the result of painstaking observation enhanced by subtle and sympathetic awareness of the life process of those creatures whose world is the water. I know of no other book, except perhaps Moby Dick, that treats the non-human world with such respect for its own values as does this life story of the salmon.

The story has all the elements of human drama with none of the tragedy resulting from self determination. "In the sea was rich feeding; and when they were grown big, in surfiture of physical life the unconscious lust for a fuller or spiritual life led them back along the undersea paths they now traveled as smolts, to where ancestral memory became personal memory—to where the river currents frayed away in the tidal rhythms of the sea. The returning salmon thinks with its whole body." Every act of each individual fish was a part of the "everlasting action of its racial immortality."

The hero of the story is Salar, the Leaper; he is a five year old cock fish who has during his seasons in the sea escaped his predatory enemies the porpoise, the shark, the ray and many others. When the story begins Salar is lying in the Island Race waiting for the tide to take him into the river; on his back are the lice for whom he is a "benevolent and inanimate cosmos." While waiting a lamprey fastens itself upon Salar to suck out his life; after many unsuccessful attempts to rid himself of the torturer, another and different kind of lamprey who preyed upon the first lamprey, killed it and freed Salar. Finally the tides carried the fish into the river and the rains came and the fish leapt in the river.

The journey up the river is an Odyssey related by a master of the art of story telling. The following illustrates the author's ability as an artist-naturalist: "Every moment the salmon, through the linked nerve cells down his sides was adjusting himself automatically to the different flumes and countering swirls which were as vibrations or little shocks; rock and stone echoes in fluid motion about him. He did not need the sense of sight."

The adventurous journey ended in the Fireplay Pool where Salar shed his milt over the eggs deposited in the gravel by Gralaks. "His milt flowed from him—millions of invisible organisms wriggling in the water. Some of them found eggs, into the skins of which they bored, desperate for security. Those which were successful in finding the liquid within were lost in the creation of new life, the rest drifted away."

Spent with weariness, caught in a drying stream, a prey to vegetable fungus "Other forms of life were claiming that which Salar had assembled and used for a racial purpose of which he knew nothing. Salar was nearly empty of self"—having fulfilled his life purpose, he died and the "spate washed all away to the sea."

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Lift up thy flaming chalice to the sky
Wherein pale tassels softly lie
In ecstacy of birth and life
Rimmed in by scarlet curtains.

Is it impious challenge to the Sun
Or feverish worship? When day is done
Soft petals droop in slumber
To wake again and then at last
To ope no more as one sweet drop of blood
Falls on the desert sand.

M. P. D.

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(Continued from page 13)

in the masked dancers of a forgotten people on the rocks of the Petrified Forest, in the Greek hymn of the Kouretes, the same ancient prayer is danced and chanted.

In the awareness of the conscious—in the depths of the racial unconscious are stored such memories as these and the Indian paints the meaning of his life as he understands it.

The aesthetic of Indian art, its color and its forms are found nowhere else in the world. Its decorative quality, its infinite variety of designs, its symbolism, its very essence, is characteristic of the spirit of his race.

If the function of art is to unify and to express a great human experience—to make it visible in form and color—then Indian art takes its place beside the other great arts of the world.

His faith and his passions are one with the changing seasons. "Time was to the primitive man always a colored varied thing with festivals of spring and harvest for purple patches, but through the calendar of moon and sun it became also a recurrent rhythmical pattern". The same pattern runs through his paintings. In highly stylized natural forms, in vital design and symbol, he paints the lightning, the water and the seed, the clouds and the rainbow, the sun and the rain. On his baskets he makes of the desert whirlwind a thing of a dynamic rhythm, and on his bowls he paints the butterflies and dragonflies of the spring and of the wet places.

He sees the pageant of his dances with the fresh perceptions of the primitive. A well known Italian critic once said to me in speaking of certain Indian paintings, that they were the first true primitives since the Siennese. Walter Pach says the Indian has that infinitely precious thing, "the instinctive rendering of things seen".

The Hopi Indian, on his far away mesas, gives to us the Katcinas, those beautiful masked dancers from the half-world.

One may call them deified potencies, essences of the forces of nature, spirits of ancestors, and still the story is not told. These brilliant creatures of myth and legend *are* potencies, projections of the spirit of man, and in them are embodied in symbol and color and form the Indian's beliefs and ideas, his visions and his dreams.

They return from the mountain forests and from the deserts, from red walled canyons, from the rivers and the springs, bringing back to him their gifts of life and of laughter, but also of disciplines, and invariably of the moisture from the high places. They come carrying in their hands the fruits of the earth, the six colors of the corn, and tender sprouting shoots of the young bean and corn plants. They bring fertility to the tribe and beauty of body.

The "Mother of All" is but another name for the Goddess of germs—the Corn Mother—and for the various lovely forms of the Corn Maidens.

The faces of the Lalakonti mana (maidens) are painted golden with the crushed petals of sunflowers.

There is a potency who dances with the tribe in spirit, unseen by the dancers, invisible to the mortal eye: "he dances that the young men may be handsome."

Eagle dancers, superb sky and thunder birds, are, "they say," related to the Aztec Eagle Warriors. Pookon is an ancient war god. (The priest of the Snake clan at Mishongovi wears an ancient knitted war bonnet, resembling that of Pookon.)

The He-he-a is a very old Katcina. He comes in many different guises—he can be, and at times is, savage and bold, and, again, he is a ribald though sacred clown. In March he comes as a part of the ceremony of the Monsters. This strange and interesting group disciplines the children, the dominating Katcina is the startling figure of Masa-u-u, a god of fire and death, a god of the earth's surface. He seems to be an old nature god. He-he-a himself is extremely primitive when he wears the sheepskin. Mootska, a Hopi painter, has caught this barbaric quality.

Outstanding of the Hopi painters are Fred Kabotie and then Otis Polelonema.

Fred Kabotie paints certain of the Hopi Katcina ceremonies. The ritual of the New Fire Ceremony is a solemn initiation of the young men of the tribe. The high-masked dancer of Otis Polelonema belongs to the ceremony of the Niman Katcina, when the Humis Katcinas return over the western trail to their home in the San Francisco Peaks.

Kabotie has recently painted the murals on the walls of the new tower in the Grand Canyon. This is an excellent piece of work, well related to the form and space of the tower room. The painting tells the legend of the Snake Youth and the Antelope Maid.

In another realm is the beautiful Greek figure of the leader of the Antelope Clan in the Snake Dance at Walpi, the Asperger. He is a stranger, who comes from another land. Through him there is some link with the ancient and forgotten past. He is an unforgetable figure as he comes quietly into the Sacred Plaza at the head of the Antelope Clan in the Snake Dance and stands before the Kisi, a cottonwood, tipi-like bower under which are kept the rattlesnakes. He calls down into the mythical Sipapu—the abode of the ancestors—in a voice as if from unconscious inner depths within himself, four archaic words, possibly names of ancient ancestral shrines.

The savage-looking Snake priests then enter the plaza with a martial stride and clank. The two slowly swaying lines of Antelope priests and Snake priests face each other and chant; a low sombre chant, like a faintly-heard approching storm, still far away.

It is an hour or two of enchantment to sit outside the Antelope kiva in a hot August night, just before dawn, on the day of the Snake dance, listening to the low songs of the priests in the kiva beneath. Over the desert, far below, from a horizon "beyond the beyond" the light begins to come in a glow of topaz and saffron. Then waves of purple and a lemon yellow—of crimson and sapphire—break over that strange first glow. Suddenly it is day; the night has vanished.

Once, before the race on the morning of the Snake Dance, which starts just as the sun comes up over the horizon, we drove to the second mesa through a crashing thunder storm. As the sun rose, across the stormy black sky to the west, there was flung the double rainbow of dawn. In the east, through the storm, was a sunrise of so brilliant a crimson that the color was reflected in vivid glowing light on the black clouds against which hung the beauty of the rainbow.

In the Rio Grande pueblo group of painters is Awatsireh, of the Pueblo of San Ildefonso, one of the first young painters who in Santa Fe, about fifteen years ago, suddenly began to paint many of their dances in clear, pure water colors. The fresh spontaneity of their work had an instant appeal to all who saw it.

These men had little consciousness of themselves as individual painters. They painted as they danced—they expressed a love of beauty and the life of the tribe. Awatsireh painted the animal dances and the young goat herder, with his delightfully decorative goats. He painted the black and white Kos-a-a, those gay satirical clowns who are also sacred, and whose form and precision in their dance have an intriguing "chic". Sometimes the tall horns of the striped headdress are tipped with peach blossoms.

From Zia on the Jemez river come two fine artists. Heniate Galvan, and Ma-pe-wi. Heniate Galvan does a lovely freehand drawing in earth colors and in black and white of symbolic forms, often intended for pottery designs.

Ma-pe-wi records with an exquisite delicacy the various phases of the life of his people. His decorative, symbolic compositions have a great beauty. He catches the fast movement of the dances. The Crow Dancer, the Buffalo Dancer, the blue Comanche War Dancer of Zia, all have the highly charged vitality of the dance itself.

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teacher, the work which is being done in the school at Santa Fe is outstanding. Her methods of teaching are an astonishing revelation of what may be done for the young Indian. Here they are being given a sympathetic and intelligent comprehension of the roots of Indian art in relation to all art. An unhampered understanding of his own past, releases his mind from confusion and doubt, into a clearer world of aesthetic values. It makes it possible for him to go back with frank appreciation to the rich tribal sources for the fundamental truths which lie within his own art.

This group of Indian boys and girls is tapping the well of creative inspiration stored through the ages within the spirit of their race.

The painters of the Plains Indians present an entirely different outlook in their work. The powerful. warlike Kiowa tribe came originally from the head of the Missouri and Yellowstone. Today their Agency is at Anadarko, in Oklahoma, and with them are the Kiowa-Apache and the Comanche. The arts of the Kiowas have beauty as well as a distinctive tribal design, in which there is a subtlety, dash, and a curious sophisticated primitiveness.

In the Kiowa group are Tsa-to-ke, Asah, Auchiah, Mopope, Hokeah. The work of each of these Indians differs from the others. All of these men are dancers, as well as painters.

The Plains Indian paints the drama of man in action and in deed. The Sun Dance was the test of man's courage, of his fortitude, of his valor as a warrior. An Arapaho may paint today the agony of the "captivity" of the Sun Dance in a formal decorative pattern, but originally it was a cruel ordeal. A Kiowa paints a Buffalo Medicine dance—primitive and savage in mood—sophisticated in composition.

Auchiah has a sense and knowledge of the traditions of his tribe and of their old ways and forms. His "Funeral" is sombre and moving. Asah paints a duel—a game of chance—a wild Apache dance. He himself is a rare exponent of this dance. Mopope paints well the spirit of the dance and himself as a dancer.

Tsa-to-ke has an unusual sense of design. His work is rich in symbolic and psychological implications. He has an unfailing understanding of composition and color, and a technical skill unexcelled by any Indian artist. Through all his work is the profound and compelling mood of the Indian who ruled the plains in the past—of his savage power and personal freedom. The paintings of Tsa-to-ke convey as do those of no other painter the drama, the pathos, and sombre tragedy of the Indian.

James Sweezy, an Arapaho, paints the quiet withdrawn mood of a religious ritual, in a tipi at night, on the plains.

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In the Indian of the plains, man, the individual, as a conqueror, as a warrior, and as a hero, was a dominating idea. In the pueblos it is different. The individual is not the dominant, it is the tribe which expresses the group culture—not any one person.

The ritual of the pueblo Indian binds

the passions of man, creates a form within which his spirit abides; the ego, the individual is not stressed. In certain customs and ceremonies of the plains an ecstasy was sought, passions were released, and man told the tale of his individual prowess.

But through all Indian art the truths of the spirit are expressed in beauty. The "spirit of the forms" which is in the ancient Greek hymn of the Kouretes is in these lines from the Mountain Chant of the Navaho:

"Reared within the Mountains!
Lord of the Mountains!
Young Man!
Chieftan!
I have made your sacrifice.
I have prepared a smoke for you.
Restore all for me in beauty.
Make beautiful all that is before me.
Make beautiful all that is behind me.
Make beautiful my words.
It is finished in beauty.
It is finished in beauty.
It is finished in beauty.
It is finished in beauty.

(Continued from page 11)

to secure peaceful settlement of conflicts.

The American Republics have developed a far-reaching system for pacific settlement. The Gondra Treaty, providing commissions of inquiry, the General Convention of Conciliation, the Treaty of Arbitration, and the Anti-War Pact adopted at Montevideo, which includes a procedure of conciliation, constitute extensive peace machinery. We are therefore not asking for *additional* instruments. It is apparent that failure of some governments to ratify treaties that have been negotiated is a weakness in the present machinery. However, action by the Conference is not needed to remedy this defect. The Mandate Committee is working now to secure before the Conference convenes action by all governments that have not yet ratified the Inter-American peace instruments.

Men and women of noble purpose all over the world are hoping and praying that reason and justice will prevail and make real the dream of peace on earth. We feel the Americas have a double responsibility —a duty to ourselves and to the world at large, to take such steps as will assure our own safety from embroilment in wars and to set for the world an example of sincere effort to lay the foundations of peace between ourselves. We of the Americas, isolated as we are from the rest of the world and its entanglements, have a unique opportunity to profit by the mistakes of past years and devise new methods of insuring world peace.

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(Continued from page 14)

profits of what is produced.

"The new Soviet parliament will be geographically representative rather than the present scheme by trades and professions."

This note of the main outlines is quoted from the "Chronicle of World Affairs," published by the League of Nations at Geneva.

While the Mills Institute was in session, Leon Blum's first days as Premier of France's new People's Front Government filled the headlines. At the opening night of the Institute the delegates were thrilled by M. Pierre de Lanux, who had come directly and quickly from Leon Blum's very office, where just twelve days before he had put into English Mr. Blum's first speech over a world radio hookup. Mr. Lanux is a disciple of the great Briand and believes that the League of Nations must be slowly but surely revised and perfected until it is an effective world organization for peace. His plea for patient work within the present League structure, his ardent denunciation of European leaders who had left the League because of its weaknesses instead of standing by and helping to make it right, made a deep impression upon all delegates. While not a member of the Socialist party in France, he applauded the *process* by which the Radical Socialists, the Socialists and Communists had found a common ground upon which to stand to force changes in the administration and social evils of the past decade. The foreign policy will still be sympathetic to League of Nations revision sought by the Baldwin Government at Geneva. One wishes that real reforms could take place in the foreign offices of both England and France! It might then be easier to reform the League!

Sanctions were removed from Italy undoubtedly for the reason Sir Anthony Eden stated, that to save Ethiopia now would mean war in the Mediterranean. War in the Mediterranean might easily mean a conflagration among the Moslem peoples of the entire area. England has pledged herself that the League shall go on. Well, one cannot imagine the League going on without England, but collective action must become more than an aim. It must be an immediate practice. One of the gravest questions of this summer is whether the League of Nations can go on when composed of governments of such totally divergent character. It is a new challenge. Today a workable League must find its collective action with Soviet Russia, with dictatorships like Germany and Italy, with free democracies, with constitutional monarchies. This conflict, this controversy over ideas must become a revaluing process if we are to emerge with a workable world organization.

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Hand-Embroidered Lingerie in all sizes and flattering colors in lovely Chinese brocaded crêpe. Nightgowns in sets of four pieces: the panties, the bra, gown, and the slip . . . or each can be bought separately.

In the captivating shop of Madame Butterfly are hundreds of worth-while suggestions for both men and women, carefully selected from markets of the Far East.

Madam Butterfly

430 Grant Avenue

On June 6th Dr. Y. Y. Tsu sailed from Shanghai. When he made his opening talk at the Mills Institute, his country had broken out into civil war, and over the question whether war should be declared *at once* upon Japan. Dr. Tsu was gravely apprehensive. He is a Christian, a professor of sociology in his university at Shanghai, a strong supporter of the Nanking Government and Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek. How sadly he accepted what seemed to him the inevitable civil war—and the only answer to Japan which seemed possible to him was the answer only armament can give—that peace-loving China must fight if she is to save her country for China. Peace any other way seemed to him impossible and Western civilization gave Dr. Tsu many examples for China to follow. He feared a peaceable solution was impossible.

Against that dark picture came Miss Dorothy Detzer, the National Secretary for the Women's International League, a truly constructive pacifist who seeks by the most intelligent means, by the use of legislative enactment, by economic foresight and wise cooperation, by breaking the back of war by breaking the back of conscription of wealth, of men, of materials, by refusing to consent to the war method in any situation to bring lasting peace. To her "*impossible* was, in the words of Mirabeau, a *blockhead* of a word". She not only stirred up the delegates, she stirred them on by practical organization suggestions urging a united front by all who honestly desire no more war. Sixteen millions of dollars were spent last year by our Government for practice ammunition. Fifteen millions of dollars for our whole State Department, our department for peace.

So there are no peaceful holidays—but a world challenging our most expert knowledge, our most intelligent consecration to prevent its destruction. The institutes in session throughout our land have thousands of young people in attendance who want to know how they can prevent that war which, if it comes, will take their all. Pacific pressure by economic sanctions? Behold Ethiopia. Non-resistance? And there is China. The League of Nations must find "the something more" needed to prevent war. The summer's challenge seems to be to find a United Front in this matter of War or Peace. As Kathleen Norris said at the opening of the Conference, there will be no peace while fear dominates our thinking. Cooperation, collective action, collective security cannot rest upon fear of others. Fear breeds war. Understanding of the other country is a great part of that "something more" to bring peace in our world.

A sign in a public park in Spain reads:

"To the Wayfarer:

"Ye who pass by and would raise your hand against me, harken ere you harm me. I am the heat of your hearth on the cold winter nights; the friendly shade screening you from the summer sun; and my fruits are refreshing draughts quenching your thirst as you journey on.

"I am the beam that holds your house, the board of your table, the bed on which you lie, and the timber that builds your boat. I am the handle of your hoe, the door of your homestead, the wood of your cradle, and the shell of your coffin.

"I am the bread of kindness and the flower of beauty. Ye who pass by listen to my prayer: Harm me not."

From the "Garden Club Bulletin".

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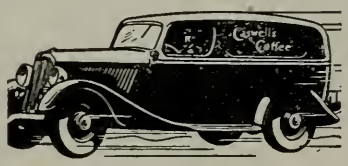

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San Francisco Museum of Art

● The San Francisco Museum of Art resumes its active season with the formal opening, July 27th at eight thirty, of the exhibition of Abstract Art from the Museum of Modern Art in New York. This is the most important exhibition from the point of view of education in contemporary art that the Museum has held. It presents a thorough and systematic survey of all phases of abstract art expression, illustrating adequately relationships, sources and influences, so that the layman and art student has for the first time an opportunity to gain some insight into this somewhat puzzling contemporary phase of artistic endeavor.

Here in the United States, and especially on the West Coast, occasional examples of abstract art have been hardly more than curiosities, usually regarded mistrustfully as freakish experiments or even jokes. Meanwhile, groups of serious, conscientious artists in all countries have been quietly working away at the task of creating a new art expression to interpret our times.

In a period when it has become customary to represent so much of our knowledge in the form of graphs and diagrams, when engineers present so many ideas that affect our lives by intricate plans, when physicists and chemists commonly resort to complex arrangements of lines and planes to portray the processes of commercial manufacture, it is not surprising that art also should give part of its activity to abstractions.

Abstract art, a vigorous, original, vital phase of contemporary artistic creation exists, and continues to flourish in all countries. It has become a commonplace of our daily experience in innumerable ways—in the lines of our automobiles, in the style of our kitchen fittings, in our illustration and advertising. Yet it still remains a little puzzling in painting and sculpture. This exhibition will be very helpful in learning to understand it, for representative and important works by such artists as Picasso, Braque, Gris, Leger and many others, as well as examples of architecture, furniture, typography, theatre arts, films and photography, will illustrate many phases of the movement and its influences. Free lectures and gallery talks to aid in appreciation and understanding will be held regularly on Sunday and Monday afternoons at 3 and on Wednesday and Thursday evenings at 8 during the exhibition, which closes August 23rd.

On view during August in also the 15th International Water Color exhibition of the Chicago Art Institute. Representative recent works by outstanding artists in watercolor of Europe and America compose the one hundred and thirty-three items in the exhibition. Included are five artists active in San Francisco invited by Dr. Robert Harshe of the Art Institute for this exhibition. They are: Wolfgang Carlberg, Robert B. Howard, Adeline Kent, Maurice Logan, George Post.

The exhibition of paintings by Auguste Renoir remains on view through August fifteenth, together with selected works by the leading French Impressionists. Paintings, watercolors and prints by Lyonel Feininger will be on view at the end of the month.

The San Francisco Chamber Music Series

● This season three of the five world's most celebrated Quartets are available for San Francisco.

The Kolisch is coming West in the early Fall. The Roth Quartet and the Budapest will be coming in the Spring. Of the appearance of the Roth Quartet held in November, 1935, Marjory Fisher wrote in The News—"A Concert of the kind one dreams about but rarely dares hope to hear was given in the Community Playhouse last night by the Roth String Quartet. It can be described only in superlative terms. For it was as nearly perfect as human is apt to be."

We feel strongly that these three quartets should be presented in San Francisco this winter, and so are urging prompt replies from all those interested. Six hundred season subscriptions must be in before August 1st, in order to book them.

We would appreciate having from you names of persons who might become subscribers and to whom you feel a letter of explanation should be mailed.

We are certain that there is an audience of six hundred people in San Francisco to whom these ensembles would bring incalculable pleasure, and we must reach this number soon, in order to schedule the Quartets.

The committee working to bring these concerts to San Francisco include: Mrs. Hans Barkan, Alice W. Carr, Mrs. Barnaby Conrad, Mrs. Walter W. Boardman, Marion Delaney, Mrs. Ed. F. Glaser, Edith Livermore and Mrs. Thomas A. Driscoll.

San Francisco

(Reprinted from *Westward*)

Had I a song half brave enough to sing her,
Whose ringing streets ran bravely to the sea:

Had I a heart half high enough to bring her
To bend her heart to me.

To sing walled heights with orchard petals sifting,
Magnolias, creamy pale as slave girl's ears,
And reaches where gull-jeweled mists run drifting
By piers on shining piers.

Of lusty pride, of high and lovely laughter,
Of friendship taking both a stranger's hands—
And of the whispering charm that echoes after,
Calling in alien lands:

Or sing her with her ships between her fingers,
Sudden against the armor of the sun
To swell the crystal chant that drowns and lingers
Song and her tides in one.

—*Theodosia Teel Goodman.*

Excerpts from House Rules

RECEPTION OF GUESTS

● All guests shall await their hostesses in the First Floor Arcade. Privileges of the Clubhouse are not extended to visitors without guest cards unless the guest is accompanied by a member or upon the specific request of the member recorded at the Front Office.

MESSAGES AND TELEPHONE CALLS

● No paging is allowed in the Club. Members expecting callers must notify the Front Office. Members expecting telephone messages must notify the telephone operator.

LOST AND FOUND ARTICLES

● Articles found in the Clubhouse will be taken to the Check Room. If unclaimed after sixty days they will be sold.

CHECKING AND PERSONAL PROPERTY

● (1) A check room for the convenience of members is provided on the fourth floor. No checking shall be allowed elsewhere.

(2) The Club is not responsible for the safekeeping of any articles in the Check Room.

(3) No wraps, hats or coats shall be left on chairs or in dressing rooms.

(4) In case a check is lost, description of the article checked must be given and the property will be delivered upon the signing of a receipt.

Monterey Beer

It is Mild
Refreshing
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MEMBERS, ATTENTION!

The San Francisco Academy of Physical Culture, on the Lower Main Floor of the Club, takes pleasure in offering to the officers and members of the Women's City Club a two-week course of physical instructions without charge or obligation. This course will consist of REDUCING, BODY BUILDING, KEEPING FIT. Members may participate in regular classes now being conducted in the gymnasium. The classes will start on August 15, and run through September 15. Telephone Mr. H. F. Howard, Director, GArfield 8666, for your enrollment.

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"THERE CAN BE NONE BETTER"

Institute of Pacific Relations to Hold Conference in Yosemite

By John H. Oakie

• The Institute of Pacific Relations will hold its sixth biennial conference at the Ahwahnee Hotel, in Yosemite Valley, from the fifteenth to the twenty-ninth of August, inclusive, bringing together prominent social scientists and statesmen from all of the nations of the Pacific area. The Institute, climaxing ten years of fruitful activity in the field of international relations, again dedicates its conference to a more complete understanding of the underlying causes of conflict between nations. The conference itself will bring together illustrious personages from all over the world and will be remembered as much for its social brilliance as for the importance of its proceedings. The limited membership and the detailed agenda have great potentialities for an outstandingly successful conference.

The Institute, an international organization, was founded in 1925 at the close of a conference convened at Honolulu by a group of Hawaiian residents and attended by representatives from China, Japan, Korea, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Philippines and the United States. Its expressed purpose a fuller knowledge of the peoples of the Pacific, their problems and interrelationships, its activity revolved, from the beginning, around the conviction that international relations can be improved only as the underlying causes of conflict are understood. The Institute of Pacific Relations is primarily concerned with achieving this understanding and has no political program in any of its member nations. Through continuous discussion activity, supported by scientific research, and cooperation with the League of Nations and other international research organizations, the founders of the Institute established it on a firm foundation in the heart of the Pacific basin. Interest in the new organization grew by leaps and bounds until it was able to bring into the Institute picture, representatives of European powers that have possessions in the Pacific. In 1936 the Institute cannot begin to satisfy the requests of those who want to attend its conferences.

After ten years of active participation in the affairs of the Pacific basin, one finds the Institute having made many valuable contributions to the amassed information on the Orient and its relationship to the United States. It publishes the Far Eastern Survey, Pacific Affairs, data papers perti-

nent to the problems to be discussed at the conferences, the proceedings of the biennial conferences and has published numerous volumes dealing with special aspects of the International scene today. These publications, together with the educational activities of the Institute's local offices, promote the understanding of the causes of international dissension which is the Institute's goal.

The 1936 conference will attract, to the grandeur of its Yosemite setting, such men and women as Mrs. Barbara Wooton, Sir Frederick and Lady Hayward, Lord Snell and Mr. Archibald Rose of Great Britain, Dr. Hu Shih and Mr. Fred Sze of China, and Dr. V. E. Motylev and Vladimir Romm of the Soviet Union. In all, two hundred delegates of comparable calibre from Japan, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, the Philippines, Korea, France, Mexico and the Netherlands Indies will discuss the problems of their nations as they affect whole populations and as they affect the individual.

The agenda of the 1936 conference will include consideration of: 1. United States Recovery Program, 2. Japanese Expansion in World Markets, 3. Economic Development of the Soviet Union, 4. China's Economic Reconstruction, and 5. the Changing Balance of Political Forces and Possibilities of Peaceful Adjustment. Each of these fields of study will receive the concentrated consideration of the delegates in roundtable sessions. From time to time the roundtable groups will come together in plenary session so that roundtable Rapporteurs may report the progress of their groups. The rich experience of the conference members, guided by the program laid down by the central office of the Institute of Pacific Relations, will make the conference a brilliant and stimulating experience for those fortunate enough to be in attendance.

The membership of the conference is strictly limited. Delegates are invited on a quota system that allows the United States but thirty-five participants. Foreign delegates are admitted on a comparable basis to keep the total registration well below two hundred and fifty. However, the benefits of the conference are made available to a much larger public through the medium of regional offices which interpret the Institute's work to their communities. In no case are delegates accepted except through invitation from the Membership Committees of the various national councils.

The American Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations is laying plans to make the California sojourn of the visiting delegates a pleasant as well as a profitable one. The enthusiastic, wholehearted hospitality of California is insuring the success of the Institute of Pacific Relations' first conference in the United States.

A Question TO HER YOUNGER NEIGHBORS

. . . BY A LADY NOW GROWING GRAY

"You see, I happen to be one of the owners of this store," this lady will tell you.

"Among the securities my husband left were a few shares of Safeway stock. It is all I have that brings me a regular income.

"That is why my blood boils when somebody talks about Wall Street owning my stores.

"If my Safeway grocer should be attacked by legislation — forced to quit business by wholesalers who wish to bring back old-fashioned, wasteful business methods — it would mean all my husband saved and invested for me would be wiped out.

"Can taking my income away be an American idea?"

. . . from a letter on file— copy sent upon application

THOUSANDS of Western people — some elderly, some younger heads of growing families — are among the "proprietors" of your neighborhood Safeway grocery.

These people have saved and invested here under the same American system that has made possible our railroads, radios and movies.

Why has your neighborhood Safeway grocer joined with these other Western people into a business family?

The answer is simple. Only a *team* of food experts can handle the kind of job which the Safeway family has tackled.

The Safeway family is out to get food from farm to you with less in between expense. To lower your cost of living and give the farmer a larger share of the food dollar.

When food buyers in the agricultural districts, skilled shippers, market experts, home economists, and grocers all work together as a team, then money is saved.

Thus your Safeway grocer is able to give you good fresh vegetables, meats and other foods at lower cost.

The farmer gets another part of this saving. Eighty cents of every dollar you spend at your Safeway grocer's is now paid to the farmer, processor and transporter of foods. *This is far more than the producer used to get before the Safeway method was developed.*

Still another share of this saving goes, as dividends, to the men and women who helped set your Safeway grocer up in business. *And to make possible the payment of higher-than-average salaries and wages to Safeway employees.*

• • •

Quite easily you can tell what your Safeway grocer can save you. Do all your trading at his store for just one month. Then compare your outlay with food bills for the previous month.

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10% down on all unit-type heaters.

No monthly payments until October 1.

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Have an estimate made now on the cost of equipment and the cost of gas heating in your home today.

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CUT HEATING COST

See your dealer or

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PACIFIC GAS *and* ELECTRIC COMPANY

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Three Weeks On Wheels

By Adelaide Brown, Health Editor

• Fixed dates June 22nd-27th when we were to be in Vancouver for the joint meeting of the Western Branch of the American Public Health Association (seventh meeting) with the Canadian Public Health Association (twenty-fifth meeting), and the first annual meeting of the British Columbia Public Health Association. Our dates allowed us from June 17th-22nd to get there.

We started off furiously June 14th, making Camp Gibbons, two hundred thirty-four miles over the Redwood Highway; then on to Gold Bench on the Oregon Coast, and the third night at Maggards Inn, crossing the Columbia River at Longbridge, and the fourth day at noon we reached Tacoma—visited my friends two nights and a day. Jogged quietly up to Seattle, missed two friends and went on to Vancouver. Customs are mild—cigarettes (allowed 200); no fire arms; no plants; coming back the American side was particular. You could bring $100 worth of purchases—but we were not on shopping bent.

After the conference we spent some time changing our schedule and every change was most successful. The first thing that happened off schedule was a trip to Harrison Lake—up one way across the Fraser River and down the other side. Harrison Lake is folded around by mountains as Lake Louise is. We had an auto-camp de luxe furnished completely; a wood stove and Flamo, two rooms with beds, all attractive. Price $3.50 a night, you *pay as you enter* in all auto-camps. It poured all the evening but home looked good to us and after a good breakfast we started back on dustless roads and met no traffic. We cut out Vancouver and went south leaving Seattle and Tacoma to our right, skirting Lake Washington and followed the White River from Auburn up to Yakima Park on the north slope of Mt. Rainier. There we met two hundred and fifty tourists to occupy the cabins, no hotel, and Rainier quite cloaked with fog. We saw the peak well, but visions of a crowded cafeteria and a cold night chilled our enthusiasm and so we drove down to Yakima and stayed at the hotel—good food, hot bath and some noise.

Our second break in plans came when we retraced our steps to Cle Elum on the Yakima River and found a wonderful welcome. We stayed two nights and a day. The Volperie Five Farm is managed by one of our San Francisco young men—an old farm house has been built over and modernized for all year round comfort and the fur ranch is certainly interesting; the animals are in cages, lined and paved with wire, covered with earth—the pines and shrubs

Paging the Executor

A thousand miles at sea and outward bound . . . an awkward place to be notified that he is needed at home as executor of a friend's will.

Awkward for him. More than awkward for the heirs, who may suffer serious loss due to the delayed settlement of the estate.

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Executors' fees are fixed by law. It costs no more to assure a prompt and skillful settlement of your estate by appointing a trust company executor. See your lawyer about your will today. And write or call for our booklet, "Safeguarding Your Family's Future."

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make a natural out-look for them. Silver fox and minks are raised in large numbers. The diet of these animals is most carefully balanced—meat, horse and beef, chicken heads, fish, cereal, alfalfa meal, cod-liver oil, iodine, each article weighed or measured and ground up and mixed (all by engine power) and then fed to the cages. Meal time is popular; and a little deer (added by a forest ranger) gets his vegetable diet as well; now he is weaned from the bottle! All the apparatus and utensils are washed in boiling water because among these wild animals the better the health the better the fur, and no risk can be run of spread of contagion among them.

We left Cle Elum with many regrets. My friend would have gladly cut their hay for them. Riding a hay cutter drawn by a tractor was precarious fun to me but she left a large field flat.

Eastern Washington via Yakima, crossing the Columbia at Grant Ferry and into primitive Oregon. No oil stations. Sagebrush and dust and heat and altitude, and after a night at Redmond we came to a unanimous conclusion without discussion that we were cool-weather citizens and we made a straight line across Oregon to Eugene via the Mackenzie River and Pass and out to Florence on the Coast. The view was superb. Mt. Lassen and Tahoe had been our goal but we changed, telegraphed our fond relatives at Tahoe and came home via the Oregon Coast—July 3rd and 4th. And right here—avoid holidays! We found single cabins at Marigold Camp. Excellent in plan and a good dinner back about a mile at Big Tree Auto Camp. This was LUCK. Another day via the Redwood Highway to Rob Roy Camp and our fourth surprise came here. We decided to come home via Fort Bragg. The road from the Redwood Highway to Westport was too narrow for comfort and very rough and "twisty"—passing was occasionally difficult but we made it. Down to Fort Bragg and on; a good road (oiled) but it runs near cliff edges and far below are lovely rocks and pretty caves. It was a lovely day and the rocks and surf, made it an entrancing drive. But go with an excellent chauffeur and I would say drive up to Fort Bragg, not down—You are then on the inside all the way. We were guests for two nights at the guest house of the Lumber Company and I accepted an invitation to visit Fort Bragg which had been on my docket thru three generations of various friends.

We headed home at 5 p.m. Tuesday July 7th, having traveled 2300 miles. (We were six nights at the Vancouver hotel.) I did not drive one inch. How the mighty have fallen!

Expense

Total miles	2300
Cost gasoline	$38.31
Oil	1.75
Miles per gallon	12.30
Repairs	2.25

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2—Settle in camp by 4 p.m. Rest, unpack, make bed—Go out for dinner.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

September 1936
VOLUME X • • NUMBER 8
PRICE 15 CENTS A COPY
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
465 POST STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

Women's City Club Calendar, September 1936

TALENT FESTIVAL — October 7th and 8th

Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool — Every Tuesday, 5:30 to 7:30 p. m. Every Friday, 5:30 to 9 p. m.
Swimming Pool closed September 5th to September 14th
League Bridge — Every Tuesday — Card Room, 2 and 7 p. m.

FASHION SHOW — September 14th

FIRE LIGHTING — October 5th

SEPTEMBER

1—Color Exhibition	*Auditorium*	11 a.m. to 9 p.m.
Preliminary lecture by Miss Wana Derge, instructor; no fee	*Auditorium*	2:00 p.m.
3—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire, presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, chairman Speaker: Helen Van Cleave Park. Subject: "The Modern Trend in House Decoration."	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m.
8—Travel Round Table. Luncheon, 55 cents	*Natl. Def. Rm*	12:15 p.m.
9—Spanish Round Table—Señorita Angela Montiel, presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
10—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire, presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, chairman Ware & Ramsey—Magical Miracles of 1936.	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m.
11—Ramble—Poetry Tour of San Francisco	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Book Review Luncheon—Speaker: Mrs. Daisy Reed. Luncheon, 55 cents Subject: "My Great, Wide, Beautiful World," by Juanita Harrison.	*Natl. Def. Rm*	12:15 p.m.
14—Young Members' Luncheon	*Cafeteria*	12:15 p.m.
Fashion Show Tea, 65c. Reservations in advance		3:00 to 5:00 p.m.
15—Garden Round Table. Luncheon, 55 cents a plate Speaker: Mrs. Marcus Koshland. Subject: "Spring in the South."	*Natl. Def. Rm*	12:15 p.m.
Color and Composition Class—Miss Wana Derge	*Chinese Room*	1 to 4:30 p.m.
Book Review Dinner—Speaker: Mrs. Daisy Reed. Dinner, 75 cents Subject: "My Great, Wide, Beautiful World," by Juanita Harrison.	*Natl. Def. Rm*	6:00 p.m.
16—Real Property & Probate—Mrs. Julian Easley Round Table discussion following.	*Mural Room*	11:00 a.m.
17—French Round Table—Mlle Marie Lemaire	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, chairman Song recital by Dorothy Cornish, contralto, with Mme. Pieretto Bianco at the piano.	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m.
20—Roumanian Exhibition—Mme. Anisoara Stan Fee: Adults, 25 cents; children, 10 cents.	*Auditorium*	11 a.m. to 4 p.m.
21—Roumanian Exhibition—Mme. Anisoara Stan Fee: Adults, 25 cents; children, 10 cents.	*Auditorium*	11 a.m. to 4 p.m. 8 to 10 p.m.
22—Roumanian Exhibition—Mme. Anisoara Stan Fee: Adults, 25 cents; children, 10 cents.	*Auditorium*	11 a.m. to 4 p.m. 8 to 10 p.m.
Travel Round Table. Luncheon, 55 cents	*Natl. Def. Rm*	12:15 p.m.
23—Roumanian Exhibition—Mme. Anisoara Stan Fee: Adults, 25 cents; children, 10 cents.	*Auditorium*	11 a.m. to 4 p.m. 8 to 10 p.m.
Spanish Round Table—Señorita Angela Montiel	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
24—French Round Table—Mlle Marie Lemaire	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, chairman Speaker: Miss Mary Casey. Subject: Travels in the South Seas. Illustrated lecture.	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m.

OCTOBER

1—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, chairman	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m.
5—Firelighting	*Lounge*	7:30 p.m.
7-8—Talent Festival		

How Many?

The question is not so simple as it looks at first. If in doubt, ask the Club Secretary.

•

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Women's City Club Magazine

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

VOLUME X SEPTEMBER, 1936 NUMBER 8

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Announcements

- The Cafeteria will be closed on Tuesday, September 8th, because of the two holidays following each other so closely.
- Members' daughters, under 18, who may be attending down town schools and business colleges, are to be allowed the use of the Cafeteria at luncheon time. Special cards will be issued upon request.
- Will members who would like to participate in our Talent Festival program please register at the Executive Office.
- Book Review Luncheon. The first Book Review Luncheon of the season will be held on Friday, September 11th, at 12:15 o'clock in the National Defenders' Room. Mrs. Daisy Reed will review "My Great, Wide, Beautiful World" by Juanita Harrison. Luncheon 55 cents a plate.
- Book Review Dinner, at which the luncheon review will be repeated by Mrs. Reed, will be held on Tuesday evening, September 15th. Dinner 77 cents a plate.
- Garden Round Table Luncheon will be held on Tuesday, September 15th, at 12:15. The speaker will be Mrs. Marcus Koshland; her subject will be "Spring in the South". Luncheon 55 cents a plate. Mrs. Edward Rainey, Chairman.
- Swimming Pool. Classes for children are now being formed. Keep up your child's interest; the few strokes he has learned during vacation will soon be forgotten unless he has a chance to practice them often.
- Beauty Salon Specials are proving popular with the membership. Try one of the combination offers: Shampoo, finger wave and manicure with reset and touch-up manicure; or haircut, shampoo and finger wave with reset. Either one $2.00.
- French Round Table every Thursday at noon. Miss Marie Lemaire presiding.
- Spanish Round Table every second and fourth Wednesdays. Senorita Angela Montiel presiding.
- Real Property and Probate. A ten weeks' course by Mrs. Julia Easley each Thursday morning at 11 o'clock with luncheon discussion round table afterward. Please register as soon as possible. First class Tuesday, September 15th. Members $3.50. Non-members $5.00.
- The Restaurant Department announces special Sunday night dinners. $1.00 a plate. Come in with your friends and enjoy a quiet liesurely dinner; the best food obtainable, deliciously served.
- New memberships — Unsolicited requests for applications are daily being received by the Executive Office. This means that before many months a waiting list will bar those who may wish to become members. Urge your friends to come in now while the membership is still open.
- Annual Firelighting Ceremony is to be held on Monday evening, October 5th. This is one of the yearly events especially close to the hearts of our members and one which all who possibly can should try to attend. Make a note on your calendar now so that it will not slip your mind. Speaker to be announced later.
- Luncheon meeting of the Young Members will be on Monday, September 14th. Come in and talk with Mrs. Sheehan about the plans being formulated for the Talent Festival. We shall need a large group to carry them through successfully.
- League Shop — Over five hundred articles priced at $1.00 or less, suitable for bridge prizes. Ask the Volunteer in charge to point them out to you.
- Ramble to Mother Lode Country — October 17th and 18th. Mrs. W. F. C. Zimmermann will conduct this ramble which will be by bus, with one night stop-over at Sonora. Please register as soon as possible as the number will be limited.
- Class in Color and Composition — conducted by Wana Derge will start September 15th. This will be followed by and is prerequisite to a laboratory flower arrangement course.
- An exhibit of flower and object arrangements will be presented by the Wana Derge Alumnae, September 1st, 11 a. m. to 9 p. m. Talk at 2 p. m. This is open to the public. There is no fee.
- Travel Round Tables will open the season on Tuesday, September 8th. Luncheon will be at 12:15, 55 cents a plate. Chairman to be announced later.
- Glove Making Classes. Mrs. Earl Tanbara, Room 206, Tuesday at 2 o'clock and Thursdays at 2 and 8 o'clock. Three lessons $1.50. Materials extra.
- Thursday evening program on September 17th, will be a song recital by Dorothy Cornish, contralto, of Boston, with Mme. Pieretto-Bianco at the piano. Miss Dorothy Cornish is a pupil of Mme. Pieretto-Bianco, noted vocal teacher and coach who divides her time between Rome, Boston and New York and will be in San Francisco for this concert.
- Members who have growing daughters who will be young ladies by the time 1939 (just three years hence) arrives are asked to register their daughters now, for possible membership, so that they may come into the membership automatically when they reach that all important age of 18. We do anticipate a large waiting list long before Exposition days, and by registering your daughter now it will safeguard her membership for her when she will most need it.
- Volunteer Service is needed in the Cafeteria. Will members please leave their names at the Executive Office.

FASHION SHOW TEA

September 14, Monday
Hours: 3 to 5

O'Connor, Moffatt presents an informal Preview of Fall Fashions with comments on "The Highlights of the Mode" by Beatrice Bartlett. This preview will include Sports, Street, Afternoon and Evening Dress for Milady, also advanced styles for Children.

ROUMANIAN EXHIBIT

September 20 - 21 - 22 - 23
Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday
Hours: 11 - 4, 8 - 10

Mme. Anisoara Stan, a member of the staff of the New School of Social Research of New York and of The Folk Festival Council of New York, folk artist of note of Roumania, has recently come from Bryn Mawr, where she presented a similar exhibit of Roumanian peasant arts and crafts and a program of Roumanian folk songs and dances.

The Woman's City Club, appreciating the value of preserving for future generations these arts carried down in direct line from the days of Roman ascendency, is glad to present for the first time in San Francisco Mme. Stan and her outstanding exhibition.

Admission — Adults, Twenty-five Cents
Children, Ten Cents

FIRELIGHTING

October 5, Monday
Hour: 8 O'clock

Firelight Hour, the ceremony when the home fires burn in welcome in the Lounge. Speaker to be announced in the next issue of the Magazine.

TALENT FESTIVAL

October 7 - 8, Wednesday - Thursday

The Annual Talent Festival focuses attention for the seventh time on hand craft and arts. Loans and gifts from members are now invited.

Photograph by Mano Tausig

Puppets and Mask by Emily J. Michels

The President's Message

Hunting for new ideas carries one far afield, and for stay-at-homes can be recommended as a surprisingly ac tive pastime — but, lest the newness of ideas lead us astray, let us recollect that talent emphasizes perfection and that however simple the idea, its perfect execution permits it to be classified as talent—this makes of our Festival a unique function. ℭ If the warm glow that emanates from our beloved Fire Lighting Ceremony of October 5th permeates the closely following Festival with its same spirit, then surely will our talents blossom harmoniously, and the wide field of our activities prove the ever increasing usefulness of the National League for Woman's Service.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

Puppetry—A Creative Art

By Emily J. Michels

● A revival of interest in the puppet theater is again evident after many years of neglect. Modern business men and commercial artists have become aware of the selling power of humorous characterizations.

As the cinema is the most popular form of modern entertainment, puppets in a new form have been created — animated cartoons. For example, Micky Mouse, Three Little Pigs, Pluto, Donald Duck and many other cartoon creations have made a universal appeal to adults as well as to children. One becomes conscious of a stir of enthusiasm in the audience of a motion picture theater whenever a "Cartoon" is to be shown. Everyone enjoys the antics and rhythm of these little creatures. The cinema, in a different way, has made use of puppets with human actors in order to attain contrast of scale. In a recent Russian motion picture adaptation of Swift's story "Gulliver's Travels," almost a thousand puppets were used with one human actor.

During the holiday season puppets are used in window displays of large department stores as a medium to attract prospective customers. A few years ago one of the most popular places on the Chicago Fair Grounds was the puppet theater advertising products of the Atlantic-Pacific Tea Company. (I am sure the puppets, as well as the rarity of seats on the hot grounds, appealed to the public.) Because of their naive appeal, the public is commencing to appreciate the aesthetic as well as the mercenary value of puppets. For centuries, in Europe and Asia, puppets have been the only means of education and entertainment for the common folk, as well as the toys of sophisticated aristocracy.

There are many different kinds of puppets, perhaps the oldest being the shadow puppets of the orient. These are two dimentional — the Chinese puppets are made of colored translucent skin or paper, while those of Java, called "Wayong," are composed of perferations of most exquisite design cut in an opaque material. They are jointed and manipulated from below. Elaborately dressed three dimentional puppets, which are manipulated from below, or above, have also been used in the orient. The Japanese puppeteer, however, appears on the stage, behind the puppet which he manipulates. Puppets controlled by strings from above are called Marionettes. Hand puppets, which are slipped over the hand like a glove, have been known as "Guignol" in France, "Burattini" in Italy, "Kasperle" in Germany, "Punch" in England.

The two dimentional shadow puppets are especially adapted to create the proper illusion for the interpretation of poetry, music, legends and fantasies. They were introduced into Europe during the rococo period when Chinese art became fashionable (middle eighteenth century). This form of artistic expression resembled the technique of film production. In mediaeval Europe, perhaps until the eighteenth century, puppets seem to have taken the place of modern books and newspapers. They passed comments on current events, fashions, ridiculed prominent personalities, competed with the Commedia dell'Arte and on the other hand, took part in church pageantry. Even to this day they are successful rivals of performers in operas, mysteries and fantasies and ballets.

Puppet shows and the art of making puppets have become an important part in the course of modern education in public schools, the aim being to give the pupil an opportunity for creative self-expression. Construction of puppets with their costumes and scenery, affords experience in creative art expression — in color, form and movement; while staging a show supplies training in playwriting and production, voice culture and cooperation.

Everything a puppet does and says demands the creative power of both puppeteer and audience. Could anyone be happier than the artist with a stimulating creative mind at his work? Puppetry has been a source of inspiration for some of the world's greatest poets, musicians, playwrights, sculptors, painters and mechanicians. It is said that Goethe conceived the idea for his "Faust" while playing with his toy puppet theater. Moliere's "Don Juan" and Goethe's "Faust" were rival pieces for puppet shows for more than a century. Voltaire wrote verses for them and gave shows in his private theater as was fashionable in the French Court at that period. Gounod wrote "The Funeral March of the Marionette"; Hoffman, "The Dancing Doll," while Maeterlinck wrote many pieces for puppets — one of them "The Blue Bird." It is rather interesting to note that a number of the most famous European puppeteers of the past century lived to be over ninety-five years of age. Creative work seems to prolong life.

Puppets are such a personal product, that no matter what kind of craftsmanship used, they disclose the true personal character of their creator. *(Continued on page 28*

Editorial

● September is a month of beginnings. Classes and courses start, groups organize for the making of Talent Festival gifts, the first of the programs for the Fall Fall, Mrs. Stan's Roumanian Exhibit, makes its appearance, and the Fashion Show leads us into the mode of the winter just ahead. And then in October the firelighting officially welcomes us back from summer rambling and although at this early date a Californian needs no roaring hearth for comfort's sake, we glow as we watch the flaming embers, for the meaning of this ceremony stirs us as we greet fellow-members in the camaraderie of the National League for Woman's Service. It is all so exciting and so interesting, this foregathering once again for work and play in the months of shortened days and hours of mutual service.

Just here our minds wander off to the meaning of it all: What is it that keeps us sacrificing for an ideal, volunteering in a club that is not a club? The democracy is interesting — true, for one meets many who otherwise travel a parallel path. The Club privileges are useful—true, for the Clubhouse is as fine as any in the country. The programs are numerous and versatile—true, for a choice is always at hand. But these are Club qualities after all and this is not a club, despite its trade name. This is the National League for Woman's Service which was born in the days of war and has carried on in active service in the days of peace. This is the group of women who have offered the Exposition officials service, and who are now in training for efficiency when that offer shall be formally accepted. The underlying motive for life here in the League is not to be served but to serve. No wonder it is different — no wonder it is difficult to describe. It is unique.

● The delightful privilege of entertaining guests will be ours on October seventh and eighth, when at the Talent Festival a most charming loan exhibit of tapestries from the needles of members will be set up in the appropriate setting of the Fourth Floor of the Clubhouse. The genuine interest of the modern woman in the ancient art of needlepoint presages a loan exhibit to equal, if not surpass, anything of the kind yet shown in San Francisco. The exhibition will be interesting alike to those who do tapestry and to those who admire tapestry. This is a delightful way of entertaining friends of discriminaitng taste and of extending a courtesy which is sure to be appreciated by them.

● The arrival of several poems in intriguing sealed envelopes reminds us to speak once again of the Poetry Contest. It is not too late for members to enter the competition. The prize (a book) will be selected by the winner.

● Those who have enjoyed the stories relating to Indian culture appearing regularly in the magazine for ten months will be glad to read in another column that the San Francisco Museum of Art is exhibiting in September the sand paintings of Laura Adams Armer, whom Mrs. Denman introduces to us in this issue.

● Correction of Dr. Brown's story in the last issue "Three Weeks on Wheels" is necessary, for the mistakes are statistical. The trip was 2900 miles, the mileage per gallon of gasoline was 15.8. The last line should have read "Much, much better than two years ago."

● Guest passes, printed for your convenience on page 31 permit the extending of a courtesy while at the same time protecting from abuse a member's privilege. Please cooperate in this detail for your own satisfaction.

Talent Festival—October 7 and 8

Miss Katharine Donohoe, Chairman

Central Committee

Miss Catherine Allen — Mrs. J. P. Rettenmayer
Miss Frances Hall — Miss Marian Burr
Miss Virginia Mysell

Aprons	Miss Dorcas Burtchaell
Cakes	Mrs. Robert Hugh Donaldson
Calendar	Mrs. E. A. Wilcox
Candy	Mrs. James Sheehan
Cashier	Miss Isabelle Moore Miss Lillian McCurdy
Checking Membership	Mrs. Edwin Duff Woodruff Mrs. Gilbert W. Woodland
Crafts Corner	Mrs. John Handy
Decorations	Miss Virginia Mysell
Dolls	Mrs. Emilie Gray
Garden	Mrs. Payson Treat
Ingenuity	Mrs. H. K. Shaw
Loans	Miss Catherine Allen
Preserves, etc.	Mrs. Randolph Madison
Puppet Show	Miss Emily J. Michels
Program	Chairman to be announced later
Raffles	Miss Frances Hall
Set Up	Mrs. J. P. Rettenmayer
Sewing Groups	Mrs. E. A. Thompson
Wrapping	Mrs. J. E. Powrie

Historical Roumania

By Ahmed Abdel Latif

His Egyptian Majesty's Vice-Consul

The medallion in commemoration of the return of King Carol II to Roumania on June Sixth, Nineteen Hundred Thirty.

● In speaking, writing or thinking of Roumania, one is again and again impressed by the exceptionally happy order and balance of this most perfect geographical unit. Its natural structure, with an extensive central plateau, surrounded by grandiose peaks, and beyond these by gradually declining foothills, merging in a fringe of broad, endless plains, is unique in all Europe.

Among the incomparable relics of all epochs of civilization and the eloquent souvenirs of the country's heroic and stirring past, are the ruins of the ancient capital of the valiant Dacian population, revealed by excavations at Gradistea in Transylvania.

Roumania is rather like a vast citadel, the precincts of which would be represented by the Transylvanian plateau and the ramparts by the stately girdle of the Carpathians. Its variety of nature makes of Roumania an essentially alluring country. Alternately wild or restful scenery, monuments of every age, marvelous popular art, all combine to attract and hold the foreign visitor.

Bucharest is now the most important city of Southeastern Europe, next to Constantinople. The meeting point of intercourse between Central Europe and the East, it was already, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, a "marvelous city," if the documents of that period are to be believed. Two occurrences, one in the seventeenth century —the settlement of the Princes of Valachia within its walls — the other in 1862 — the union between Valachia and Moldavia — further enhanced its importance, which was finally crowned, in 1919, by the setting up of greater Roumania, of which it is the capital. It has thus become the leading center of the political, intellectual, military, religious and economic life of a great state of 18,000,000 population.

The Honorable Dimitrie D. Dimancesco, Consul General of Roumania in San Francisco.

By virtue of a picturesque blending of highly developed western features with quaint memorials of a patriarchal eastern past; by virtue, also, of the light-hearted and exuberant sprightliness of the southern temperament; and, finally, on account of its hospitable and workaday population, and of its advanced intellectual and artistic development, Bucharest is a city full of charm and appeal.

Some Spanish Backgrounds

By Mrs. William Palmer Lucas

● This article comes from a lovely green island set in turquois blue waters with great clumps of white birch trees, tall wine-glass elms and fragrant pine trees covering the gentle little hills which make up the terra firma of this "down Maine" spot. It is quiet and peaceful, no motor cars are allowed and no telephone bells disturb one and the world with its turmoil seems far away *until* the soft breeze brings the sound of a bugle, the notes of a military band from the fort at one end of the island! A Citizens' Military Training Camp is in progress at old Fort McKinley, one of the forts which guard Portland's outer harbor, and a stroll across the golf links brings one into touch with all the military preparedness of our Nation's program against war! Then it is an easy step in one's thinking to Spain and the conflict in progress there. By the time these words are printed the Republic begun so violently in 1931, may be completely out of the picture.

Conservative Spain, the Spain of the monarchy, the Spain of the miserable oppressed poor whose only gayety seemed expressed by the red scarf around throat or waist, turned to the military power for deliverance. The Moroccan war gave that power its chance. After the incompetent dynasty so totally lacking in character, in discipline, the military power in the person of Primo de Rivera seemed to spell safety. The Monarchy had been so lacking in social conscience, it cared so little for anyone except its own privileged group that it had lost all prestige at home and abroad. But the military which took the power was so raw, so brutal, that stability was difficult. The burnings of churches and convents offended deeply even those who took part in them. The first popular revolution against the new regime of military power set up the Republic. Spain's best men threw themselves into that revolt, the intellecutal, the spiritual leaders, such men as Ortega y Gasset, whose book "The Revolt of the Masses," moved all Europe as well as Spain, and Unamuno. It was a great government those men set up, a government of extreme liberalism, a government that gave Education, Free Speech, a Free Press and Freedom of Assembly, the divorce of church and state, protection of all minorities, many real concessions to Labor — and best of all, although today it seems to be the source of all this civil strife, the new Republic allowed all those elements of church, nobility and deepest tradition to continue to exist, curtailed to be sure, but generously allowed a place in the new, if they would take it peaceably!

Perhaps it was all too soon. No one was ready for such a liberal government. Things were destroyed that were deeply a part of the Spaniard. The poor peasant finds an expression of himself in the colorful pageantry of his church and when the new government took from him all the beautiful religious festivals of fields and villages, nothing was put in their place. The new government did not win the confidence or the good-will of the masses, and it was too soon to feel economic improvement. Five years is a short time in which to establish the roots of real economic improvement or cultural advantages. Freedoom of speech was used by both left and right to destroy the very government which had set up this "inalienable right" of man.

The parties who had united to form the first Front Populaire were full of divisions. That first cabinet held real dynamite in the persons of Largo Caballero, the radical socialist labor leader, young and extreme in words at least, of Zamora, a very ardent Roman Catholic who was furious over the dissolution of the Order of the Jesuits, of Azana, a true liberal who really believed that his country could change from an old order to a new one peaceably. And these men represented great sections of Spanish life. Azana was defeated in his leadership when he, a believer in peaceful evolution, was forced to bloodily suppress an uprising near Cadiz!

Alejandro Lerroux, who succeeded Azana, was not a man for an honest reformer to tie to! His reputation for clever manipulation of the masses to their complete undoing was well earned. He was eager for money and position. He decided to make a friend of Gil Robles, that intellectual Catholic bigot who helped him to bring on that civil strife in 1934. But the killing of hundreds of people at that time taught the left movements a lesson. They began to get together—the liberals, the socialists, the intellectual republicans, the communists, the syndicalists — and they called Azana back to lead them only last February. The sad thing is that they might have won through parliamentary means if they could have kept their *extremists* in order. But the extreme members of all these parties refused to help the new government from within. They have kept up *(Continued on page 19*

Fuchsias—Grandma's Ear Drops

By Mrs. W. H. Ware

President of the American Fuchsia Society, and One of Our Own Club Members.

● One must remember many years back if she is to recall the time when Fuchsias were known by their very descriptive name of Grandma's Ear Drops. Hence the article of Mrs. Bertha M. Thomas in the July issue of "California Garden" brought recollections of the days when our knowledge of fuchsias had not advanced much beyond the primary stage and the number of species and varieties we grew in our gardens were very few. During the past ten years fuchsias have come into their own. One has only to attend a meeting of the American Fuchsia Society to realize that a fuchsia enthusiast is a real enthusiast and I do not know of any other flower having greater usefulness and adaptability (particularly in the city garden), or more variety in form and color range.

We in San Francisco and the Bay region are particularly fortunate in having an ideal climate for fuchsias and it is probable that in no other locality do they attain to greater perfection. It is, therefore, our hope that the fuchsia be named the official flower for the Golden Gate International Exposition, and we of the American Fuchsia Society as well as members of various other garden clubs of the district, now are bending our efforts to the end that every garden be abloom with fuchsias in 1939.

The new Check List of Fuchsias recently published by the American Fuchsia Society and compiled by Prof. O. E. Essig, contains nearly 2000 names, and new varieties are constantly being added by hybridizers. There are varieties like the dainty Venus victric, usually growing not taller than 2 feet, to Excorticata, which will grow to tree form to a height of some 20 feet. There are bushy and compact types, trailing types, varieties lending themselves to espalier work, to hedges, to standards, to hanging baskets and to window boxes. Many of the species will stand full sun in San Francisco while most of the hybrids thrive best with at least a moderate amount of shade. The color range is a large one, running from almost white, such as the new Macrastemma alba — having a tiny delicate blossom and which has grown with me to a height of 6 feet — through the pink and whites, oranges, reds and white, reds of many shades, reds and blues, to reds and purples, in both single and double forms.

Fuchsias like a moist atmosphere, rather on the cool side, and an acid soil; plenty of water; and they appreciate a vigorous pruning during the dormant season. If planted in a sunny location they should have their roots kept cool with a mulch of moist peat. The blooming season extends over a period of about ten months and all in all it is one of the most satisfactory flowers to grow in San Francisco and the Bay district.

Editorial Note: Mrs. Ware has promised to prepare for the October Issue of the magazine a list of fuchsias best suited for particular purposes and to give us more information on the subject of this flower, on which she is an authority.

Sand Painting of the Navaho Indians

By Laura Adams Armer

Reprinted from "Fine Art and the First Americans"
By Herbert J. Spinden

● In an austere land, whose miles stretch from the Rio Grande to the Rio Colorado, thirty thousand Navaho Indians subsist peacefully today among mesas, mountains, valleys, and cliffs.

In the days of the Spanish conquistadores, the non-sedentary Indians were little understood. They roamed their arid land in thieving bands, killing if necessary, and escaping to their impregnable cañons to live as their ancestors had lived for centuries.

Today they are little understood by motor-traveling tourists, whose cars penetrate the wilderness of sand and sagebrush with comparative ease.

Seen superficially, the Navaho are a picturesque people, herding their flocks, riding after their cattle, weaving their blankets, and making their silver-turquoise jewelery. In appearance they fit their country — rugged, colorful, and mysterious. How well they fit their country can be known only by spending years in close contact with their medicine-men, those shamans who sing the myths of an ancient people and an ancient land, who conduct ceremonial dances, and who supervise the making of the sacred sand-paintings.

Old myths, born of heroic living in a land whose physical features challenge the imagination, are blended with historical facts in the songs and the paintings.

High mountain peaks, rocky gorges where cactus plants make traveling precarious, thunder-clouds, lightning serpents, and forest prowlers, the "Old Age River" —all stimulate the dwellers of this arid region to personify the elements. Deity lives in every rock, in the winds and whirling sands. Deity is sung and portrayed in the nine-day "sings" held throughout the winter time for the healing of some sick member of the tribe.

A medicine lodge is built and within its sacred precints age-old ritual is performed. For three or four mornings paintings are made with dry colors on the floor of the medicine lodge.

The process commences with the spreading on the floor of clean dry sand to the depth of about two inches. From four to twelve young men work under the direction of the shaman, who sits on the west side of the lodge.

The sand is smoothed with a curved stick. The artists work from the center outward, so that the design will not be spoiled. They rest on their knees, bending over the sand.

One man sits by the eastern doorway grinding the colors on a stone metate. Sandstone from the variegated cliffs has been furnished him. Yellow, red, and white, he grinds from the native rocks, and black from charcoal made of piñon twigs. He mixes the black with white, producing a gray-blue. The four sacred colors of the cardinal points are now ready for the artists — white for the east, blue for the south, yellow for the west, and black for the north.

The red is sunlight color and is used side by side with blue for rainbows. Brown is sometimes used for beaver or otter skins, making six colors for the sand palette.

Sometimes white and red are mixed into a pinkish hue and sprinkled with some shining mineral powder called "sparkling color."

The ground powder is placed separately on concave bits of juniper-bark. The artist takes a pinch of the desired color between his thumb and fore-finger and lets it trickle in the lines of his design. All the drawing is freehand. Very delicate lines can be made, and large surfaces filled in solidly.

When the painting is finished, perhaps fifteen feet in diameter, with the light from the smoke-hole bringing out its exquisite color and detail, an ephemeral work of art greets the initiated.

The healing ceremony is held while the patient sits naked on the painting, facing the east. After an hour or so of ritual, the painting is destroyed, bit by bit, in the order in which it was made. The colored sand is removed in a blanket, to be deposited north of the lodge.

No one knows how many paintings the medicine-men use. It is my opinion that there are at least four hundred. I have copied one hundred during my research, and know that I have only just begun.

Every chant or ceremony has its own paintings. Every chant is for the healing of a specific disease. The lightning chant cures trouble due to snake-bites and thunderbolts. The chant of "Terrestrial Beauty" heals the spirit, restores the mind to beauty. The "Big God" chant cures blindness and stiffness.

The sand-paintings, representing very old traditional art, are a direct outgrowth of religious emotion. They are the only uninfluenced examples of aboriginal American art produced today. While they are highly stylized designs which must be made perfect according to the shaman's knowledge, there was a *(Continued on page 23*

I Have Been Reading

By Daisy F. Reed

Art as Experience; *by John Dewey*, 1934; Minton, Balch and Company.

Gone With The Wind; *by Margaret Mitchell*, 1936; The Macmillan Company. $3.00.

● Art as Experience; by John Dewey. A holiday, if spent in comparative quiet in the out-of-doors, is the time and place to reread one of the books that have as Christopher Morley says "imbedded themselves in one's life". In these surroundings a book already one's own takes on new values.

In such holiday mood I reread "Art as Experience". Read it at times idly stopping often to let the idea of the book merge itself into the beauty about me and again unconscious of my surroundings absorbed only in the author's idea of art as a quality permeating experience rather than an entity in itself. Art is that quality which quickens us from the slackness of routine and enables us to find ourselves in a world of newly perceived and enriched values and meanings.

Mr. Dewey believes that art is not an affair for odd moments but that every action and reaction of the human creature with his environment may be permeated with esthetic, or integrated, experience, that all man's doing and undergoing may take on the quality of art. He believes also that ordinary association does not break through the barriers that divide human beings but that art does do so and therefore communicates so that all may participate in an enlarged experiencing of the human environment. In other words: the artist's contribution in his purposeful ordering and organizing of his material is the quickening of nature in man. Art unites mankind through a sharing of that which is potentially common to all men.

There is something splendidly sane and wholesome about Mr. Dewey's point of view. "Art as Experience" enriched my holiday.

● Gone With the Wind; by Margaret Mitchell. . . . A thousand pages is a great handicap for any modern novel. A work of fiction must have extraordinary excellence in order to overcome such a disadvantage. "Gone With the Wind" is not without flaws, but the characters are exceedingly well drawn, the narrative is dramatic and well integrated, and the book has a timeliness that is significant to present experience, since it is the story, from the point of view of the South, of the reconstruction period following the Civil war. In spite of these points of excellence its great length is not justified.

The many characters of the story are grouped about and related to Scarlett O'Hara, belle of five counties in the Northern Georgia. Her immediate family are a gentle and aristocratic mother of French descent, a blustering, florid Irish father, two sisters and the household slaves Mammy and Peter—(the Negro characters are admirably portrayed), all of whom lived on the plantation named Tara. At sixteen, thanks to Mammy and Ellen (her mother) Scarlett "looked sweet, charming and giddy, but she was in reality, self-willed, vain and obstinate". There was a conflict in her personality, caused by the mingling of aristocrat and peasant in her blood, which conditioned not only her entire reaction to the upheaval of her time but also the way in which she touched and influenced, to an extra extraordinary degree for one person, the lives of others.

The turbulent Scarlett is skilfully contrasted with her sister-in-law Melanie "around whom storms might blow without ever ruffling the serene core of her being". Melanie had all the qualities the antebellum society prized "poverty and pride in poverty, uncomplaining courage, gaiety, hospitality, kindness and above all loyalty to all the old traditions".

Scarlett saw that the Cause was only a "way of living" and that the cause was really lost when the first shot was fired: unlike Melanie, Scarlett tried to find her way into a new order, but she refused to make terms with the past so that past experience could enter integrally into the new pattern. In the end she lost everything that might have made life worth while except the piece of land named Tara.

The other outstanding character of the story is Rhett Butler, a blockade runner who made money out of the war. In many respects he and Scarlett were alike. They both saw straight, but he was more honest with himself than she was and he had a capacity for loving which she lacked and was therefore more susceptible to being wounded than she.

But the story is not primarily a love story. It portrays the passing of a civilization, of a "way of life", charming, but with inherent weaknesses which made change inevitable. Change meant tragedy as well as the release of new forces. The rhythm of the reconstructed underlied the tragedies with which "Gone With the Wind" is replete.

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Drama at the Club

Carol Eberts Veazie

● With another season, the drama interest of the Club will take a new trend. Instead of the Drama Section and the Drama Reading groups as we have known them, opportunity for study in two distinct lecture courses will be offered. These courses will bear upon the drama in its broadest sense and be basic in their study. They will be given under the direction of Carol Eberts Veazie, whom the Club has been fortunate enough to secure in the interim between her busy days at Mills College where she is to become this semester the instructor in Dramatics. Mrs. Veazie comes to us experienced as an actress, as a lecturer and as a director. She played professionally with Margaret Anglin, Taylor Holmes, Sothern and Marlowe and others. She lectured on play production recently in the summer session at the University of California. She was for some years Director of Speech Techniques and Pantomime at the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York City and came from there to organize the Great Theater Drama Festival at the University of California last year when the "Taming of the Shrew" and "Within the Gates" were produced. The Ross Valley Players know her as the director of these two last productions and the Club feels that the contacts Mrs. Veazie has made in California in the short time she has been here augur an outstanding success for the new program soon to start with us under her leadership.

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San Francisco Museum of Art

CURRENT EXHIBITIONS:

Cubism and Abstract Art, Through August 23.

International Watercolor Exhibition, August 23.

Calif. School of Fine Arts Exhibition, August 29.

Reproductions of Paintings by Gauguin and Van Gogh, September 4.

COMING EXHIBITIONS:

Paintings and Watercolors by Lyonel Feininger, August 18-September 13.

Paintings and Prints by Paul Gauguin, September 4-October 4.

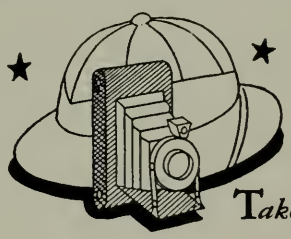
Survey of Oriental and European Rugs Through Five Centuries (From the Kent-Costikyan Galleries, New York), September 4-October 4.

American Indian Art, August 27-October 4. (A large portion of the collections of Mrs. William Denman, Mrs. Charles De Young Elkus and Mrs. Laura Adams and work from the Santa Fe Indian School is included in this show.)

LECTURES:

August 19. Wednesday evening. Margaret Peterson. 8 p. m. *Abstract Painting.*

August 23. Sunday afternoon. Kenneth G. Hook. 3 p. m. *Abstract Art in Industrial Design.*



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GRANT AVE. AT GEARY

A Month of Camping

—BY FRIEDA L. KRUSE

Three thousand nine hundred eighty-two miles on $130; and now I shall tell you how my husband and I did it. In the first place you must like to camp, that goes without saying, and secondly, there must be one experienced camper in the party. With that setup you are guaranteed a good time.

We left San Francisco June 14 at four in the morning. Our first stop was at Truckee where we prepared our lunch at the delightful Tourist Inn located near Donner Pass and mighty glad we were of the warm fire as snow lay on the ground outside. We had planned to drive through Nevada at night but were forced to stop at Wadsworth because of a sandstorm. This necessitated taking a cabin which was against our rules but we had no choice.

Next morning we started bright and early to make up for lost time. The day was cool and we found the trip across Nevada not unpleasant. Sage brush, lovely coloring, snow in the distance and occasionally a fine alfalfa field. Soon we entered the edge of the Great Salt Lake Desert. It was about dusk and just a bit cloudy. This brought out the beautiful hues caused by the reflection of the sun's rays on the great white expanse. But alas, no shade and no possible place to camp. Again we took a cabin hoping that this would not continue.

The next morning after a short drive we were in Salt Lake City. The traffic problem is simple as the streets are wide and regular. The entire block around the Temple is reserved for tourist parking, a courtesy which San Francisco might well copy at our Civic Center during the summer. Those of you who have not heard the organ in the Tabernacle would be well repaid if you would listen in for a Sunday afternoon broadcast. It is always a perfect concert. What a noonday treat for the people employed in the neighborhood.

In the afternoon we went to visit the Bingham Mine, the largest surface mine in the world. It was my first experience in a mine, and my social service sense rebelled against the narrow street and squalor at one end as compared with the beautifully-kept homes at the other. We went back to Salt Lake and spent the night in an auto camp of which there are many fine ones in the city. We had about decided that we had bought our beautiful tent in vain.

The next day we turned north through Ogden, leaving the Great Salt Lake area behind us. A marvel to me were the fertile fields everywhere in northern Utah and Idaho. At Pocatello we saw numbers of Blackfoot Indians who had come in from the reservation to spend the day. One of

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the squaws was sitting on the curb, her papoose sleeping on her back while she thoroughly enjoyed a cornucopia, the strawberry ice cream of which exactly matched her full silk skirt. At a place called Sugar we left the highway and turned our course toward the Jackson Hole country. We camped in a little grove in sight of the Teton range. What a supper we cooked in spite of the mosquitos which were beginning to be a bit thick. Steak, corn, a good salad and fruit, all purchased locally.

It took about an hour of good team work to get breakfast and break camp. Have you ever eaten hot cakes, little pig sausages and fried apples for breakfast, and in the open early in the morning! We felt equal to any pass which might come and so over the Teton grade into Jackson Hole, the country of dude ranches and beautiful cowboys. The Jackson Hole country is a beautiful valley with plenty of water and mountains on either side, a beautiful and expansive area. We journeyed on about thirty miles to Teton National Park. This is a relatively new park and filled with nature's best in scenery. It is a hikers' paradise. From the point where we camped at Jenny Lake there were any number of delightful trips. The trails are well made and gradual enough for any hiker. We found many wild flowers just opening and on one trail we went beyond the snow line into the glacier formation. Much of the park is over the timber line — 10,000 feet — the Tetons rising 3000 to more than 7000 feet above the floor of Jackson Hole. After several days of delightful camping we proceeded to the southern end of Yellowstone Park.

Our first stop was famous Fishing Bridge. This stream had been closed for two years and we caught eight to ten-inch trout as fast as the bait was renewed. We spent six days in and around Yellowstone, making our headquarters at Canyon, Fishing Bridge and Old Faithful. The grand canyon of the Yellowstone is a wonderful sight. We saw it at all times of the day and the coloring is exquisite. Old Faithful spouted with great regularity during our stay and we were fortunate in seeing the Daisy Geyser, which has come to rival Old Faithful. I should like to say a word about the campfires in the national parks. They are an interesting and friendly gathering; the rangers give much to make them entertaining as well as educational.

From Yellowstone we entered the beautiful Gallatin Canyon country of Montana. While in Montana we visited a reforestation project and nursery. The ranger in charge told us that about 80% of the growths were successful. This is a tedious work and we felt a debt of gratitude to the men who are doing it.

We journeyed on through northern Idaho again and into Washington to Spokane where we visited relatives. I paused to think shop and visited the Sisters Hospital in Spokane, a nicely conducted institution. From Spokane we motored to the Coulee Dam, a project we do not hear much about in San Francisco. The dam will harness the waters of the Columbia River and furnish water to many arid farms in that region. It will be larger than Boulder Dam when completed. Camping was delightful all through Washington plenty of water and shade. The state was having a bumper wheat crop and praying that the weather would be favorable so that a large crop might be harvested.

From Seattle we continued south along the coast through Oregon to California. We were on the Oregon coast on the Fourth of July and glad we were to be independent of hostelries, as without exception all were tacked with signs "No Vacancy." Our home that night was in a beautiful grove with rhododendrons and azaleas all about us. Most Californians know the beauty along the Oregon coast; lovely wooded areas right up to the shoreline which is rugged and painted with nature's most beautiful colors. We stopped at the sea lion rookery, paid 50 cents and saw no sea lions. We share our Seal Rocks more generously and the animals are at least accommodating.

And so on through the Redwood Highway the grandeur of which you all know. If you have not been over it, let that be your next jaunt. On the entire trip we guarded our car carefully, having it greased and oiled at definite intervals. Little things like having the gasoline tank full before a long run we also watched. At no time did we drive over two hundred miles a day; we loitered whenever we found a beautiful spot. The chief items were gasoline, fifty-five dollars; food, thirty, and miscellaneous, forty-five dollars. Hiking clothes were the most popular and a comfortable pair of hobnailed shoes added to the joy of climbing.

Thanks to the California Auto Association, the information concerning our entire trip was accurate.

(Continued from page 15)

determined agitation from outside the government until the present chaos and civil strife are the result. It is tragic for them because it delays their program, much of which is sound, for many years. The point comes in such a mess where *all* the people want is *order*, and they jump back fifty years in their economic and political development to get it, in the form of a Hitler or a Mussolini! Military force will prevail and Spain's dream of a Democracy will become a nightmare of regimentation. The Spaniard is essentially an individualist, a mystic who feels he has a destiny of his own to follow. What will Fascism do to *him?*

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The Oldest Art

—HELEN Z. LEWIS

● From the very dawn of human history men and women have loved to gather together in hut or castle, and around the blazing campfire of savages, or the homely hearth of civilization and tell stories for amusement and entertainment. Thus has arisen among all nations and people, collections of tales peculiar to each nation or race breathing the very spirit of their individuality and ideals which were passed on orally from parents to children through generation after generation.

These are the folk-tales which are at their best in their simplicity, their vividness and beauty of imaginary power, irresistible humor and joy of action. These form the largest and best part of children's reading. These characteristics that found their expression in the childhood of the human race have maintained an eternal appeal to childhood all through the ages.

In 1697 a book of children's fairy tales, called "Contes" was published in France by Charles Perrault, a member of the French Academy; such stories as "Red Riding Hood", "Sleeping Beauty", "Hop o' My Thumb", "Puss in Boots", Arabian Nights" from the Oriental were included. After that, men began to be especially interested in collecting these stories, taking them down carefully from the natives and from studying the customs and habits of thought; even the history of the various people. Instead of its being the most frivolous of fancies the fairy tale is one of the most learned productions of the mind of man.

Most notable among these collections are those made by the Grimm Brothers in Germany—Asbjornsen and Moe from the Norse.

We have collections of folk-tales, not only from the German and the Norse, but French and English, Irish, Welsh, Spanish, Scotch, Finnish, Chinese, Swiss, Japanese and Italian—even from the Zulus and other African tribes, American Indians and an Australian bushman; in fact from every nation under the sun—and from the most of the savage tribes besides. A careful study of these collections present very interesting facts.

The folk-tale is a natural expression of primitive man's imagination and intelligence; his views of life, his aims and interests. Gradually as his life became better ordered and richer in experience his intelligence became keener and clearer and his spirit more refined. Certain simple moral conceptions began to creep into his tales, thus men the world over in lands far apart began to express a natural love of good.

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It was the spiritual growth of the people so far apart, so long separated by time, so widely different in language and customs as the Germans and the Egyptians that possessed the same household tales as the Cinderella story. That is one of the oldest stories we have record of, and is an Egyptian story Rhodopisan Psammetichus and the Little Gilded Sandal, and was told to the little Egyptian children long before Joseph and his brothers came to sojourn in Egypt. Everywhere among the white race we find legends of the ill-treated but eventually successful younger daughter, of which Cinderella is a type; and also the Tales of Twelve Months from the Bohemians. As widespread as the story of the victorious younger daughter is the story of the victorious younger son. He is always despised by his elder brothers, yet succeeds at various difficult tasks where the elder brothers have failed. As illustrated in the Flying Ship from the Russian, and Toads and Diamonds from the French.

We have stories of men that have been turned into a beast by a charm, and are rescued by the faithfulness and devotion of some beautiful maiden, such as "Beauty and the Beast" from the French, "East O' the Sun and West O' the Moon' from the Norse. Beasts, birds and fish are capable of speech, such as The Fox and the Golden Bird, the Flounder and the Fisherman and his Wife. Even rocks and trees and inanimated objects are capable of speech, as in Boots and his Brothers from the Norse. The similarity of these stories among so many different people was not conscious borrowing, as for instance the Scotch Tales and the Russian Tales, which are very similar. It cannot be accepted that the Scotch read Russian Tales, or traveled into Russia and so copied Russian stories, since the common people, the peasants who are the guardians of the folk stories in every land read little and traveled less. No one thing gives a better comprehension of the universal growth of the human race than the similarity of its life of unfoldment everywhere than a glance at its old folk tales. It is the spiritual growth of the human family.

Story telling is artistic, otherwise it would not make the impression upon the memory which it must, in order to be a vehicle of truth and tradition. The best culture of the race has been written not upon parchments but upon the most sensitive tablet, the memory of the child. The living memory has preserved it better than the printed page could, for it has transmitted not only the word but the spirit, the mood and the sentiments, the shades of meaning and expressions that could not be put into written words.

Let the child see through the fairy stor-

(Continued on page 25)

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CLUB NOTES

LANGUAGE CLASSES

● Spanish Classes under the direction of Senorita Angela Montiel will be held every Wednesday from 10 o'clock until 8 o'clock in the evening. On Wednesdays Señorita Montiel may be contacted in the Library, or by enquiring at the Front office.

French Classes under the direction of Mlle. Marie Lemaire will be held on Wednesdays at 1 o'clock in Room 206. Miss Lemaire will arrange classes to suit the convenience of her pupils.

MOTHER LODE RAMBLE

● Would you travel the road to history and romance? Then join the Mother Lode ramble being arranged for the week-end, October 17th and 18th. The new Mother Lode Highway — significantly numbered 49 — will lead the group to many places famous in gold-rush days.

Mrs. W. F. C. Zimmermann, founder and secretary of the Historic Mining Towns Preservation League, also Chairman of History and Landmarks — City and County Federation of Women's Clubs, San Francisco — is arranging the itinerary and will act as guide. Those who have heard Mrs. Zimmermann give her illustrated talks and radio broadcasts on the old mining towns will know how enthusiastically she is working on plans and pleasant surprises for the ramble. Stops at various points, as well as excellent accommodations, promise a happy, comfortable trip.

Please make your reservation as soon as possible. The ramble is open to club members and their friends.

POETRY RAMBLE

● On Friday, September 11, the Golden Gate Branch, League of American Pen Women, in conjunction with the Ramblers Section of the Women's City Club, will sponsor a Poetry Tour around San Francisco, visiting the points of interest made famous by poets who have sung the glories of the Golden Gate. Telegraph Hill, the Robert Louis Stevenson Monument, the Hyde Street Hill and other places in "the cool, grey city of love" will be featured.

The ramble will precede the Poetry Contest conducted by the City Club, using the new bridges as the theme.

Reservations for the luncheon and the ramble may be made at the main desk of the Women's City Club before September 9.

Make Your Reservations
Now
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The quiet, luxurious "drawing room" atmosphere of this smart shop is a boon to pleasant shopping. Without rush or hurry, the smartest of Fall styles are displayed before you. If you like luxurious comfort in shopping . . . and who doesn't? . . . the Peninsula's smartest shop was created for you!

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GIFTS FROM CHINATOWN

NEW ARRIVALS

FOR WOMEN — Hand-Embroidered Lingerie in all sizes and flattering colors in lovely Chinese brocaded crepe. . . . Nightgowns in sets of four pieces; the panties, the bra, gown and the slip . . . or each can be bought separately. Unusual Sleeping Pajamas in white and pink silks.

FOR MEN — Hand-Blocked Kimonos, and also in stripes and small patterns; Pajamas in washable silks, plain, natural and white Fuji silk; also colored Fuji (yarn dyed) in solid colors and stripes . . . slip-on, surplice and coat style with belts.

FOR THE HOME—Late arrivals include a rare selection of exquisite carved ivory . . . Beautiful Geisha Girls, Brides in Ceremonial Gowns, Quon Yuen, The Seven Legendary Dieties on a Treasure Boat. Prices range from $15.00 to $350.00. . . . Also Teak and Lacquer Pieces, Hand-Chased Brass Cigarette Boxes, single or in sets Cloisonne Match Boxes. Ash Trays and colorful Pekin Glassware.

Just look and see this colorful haunt of the smartest people of San Francisco . . . at 430 Grant Avenue.

Madam Butterfly
430 Grant Avenue

(Continued from page 15)

time in the remote past when they were spontaneous productions of artist priests. They link religion and esthetics to such an interesting degree that artist and ethnological student each finds in them a rich field of research.

They are the most ephemeral of all art, living only in the minds of old men fast dying. It would be a valuable gift to American culture to save these age-old symbols, and it is imperative that the work be done quickly, as the chants are fast becoming extinct.

Rainbows, clouds, corn, squash, beans, tobacco, animals of the mountains, serpents of dark hidden places, and reptiles of the dry sand are pictured with the gods of day and night, of the winds and lightning. Mother Earth and Sky Father lend their beneficent presence inside the solemn medicine lodge. Constellations sometimes figure, and, very often, lone morning and evening stars.

Coyote follows a trail of beauty. The Dawn God, with his squirrel-skin tobacco-pouch, leads a glowing pantheon across the desert sand.

Mystery, faith, and beauty reign supreme while the multicolored symbols breathe out divinity under the sky-hole of a Navaho "House of Song."

COLOR CLASS

● 7 lessons — color and composition, $11.00; Tuesdays, 1:30 to 3:30; begins September 15th. 7 lessons — Flower arrangement, $11.00; Tuesdays, 1:30 to 3:30; begins November 3rd. Exhibits — November 3rd. Pictures painted with flowers and objects, September 1st. Wana Derge Alumnae. Talk at 2 p. m.

SWIMMING POOL

● The Pool will close for a few days from Saturday, September 5th, to about September 14th.

The following week a group of classes will be formed for members and their friends with girls' classes on Saturday.

Instruction fee (Admission extra): Members $1.50; guests $3.00; members' daughters $1.50; guest children $2.50.

All classes will meet once a week for 9 weeks; registrants may attend August 6.

Advanced elementary swimming, Tuesday, 10:15 (beginning September 22).

Intermediate swimming, Tuesday, 11 a. m.; Monday, 5:30 p. m.; Tuesday, 5:30 p. m.

Advanced swimming and diving, Thursday, 11:15 a. m.

Life saving (no instruction fee), Thursday, 10 a. m.

Girls' classes (beginning Saturday, September 19).

Intermediate swimming for girls, 10 to 13, 11 a. m.

Advanced swimming for girls, 12 to 14, 11 a. m.

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The Gentle Craft

By Ellen Leary

● A chance reference to "guilds" or "craftsmen" which newspapers seem to be making rather often lately in articles on labor and industry, has power to conjure up a sense of great tradition behind the trades, of which our age is usually unconscious. Cognizance of this tradition revives much that is enriching from the historic and—if we will but allow it to be—familiar, past.

To me a shoemaker has no aura of enchantment. The name carries no suggestion of a fraternity unbroken since the dawn of civilization. A shoe *repair* man I know, rather brusk, usually, and a bit deafened by the whirring of machinery; he pounds on a heel with no profound interest in the task. The shoe "maker" is only a factory trade name. So it comes as a surprise to discover that literature reveals a continuous unity of type and ideals among shoemakers through the series of civilizations that have followed since the earliest Egyptians wore sandals of plaited papyrus.

Shoemakers of the past considered themselves more nearly artists than artisans. Each shoe was built for a particular foot and a particular taste. The craft has been endowed with an exceptional dignity by its numerous legends of St. Crispianus, St. Crispin, and St. Hugh, members who symbolize many of its characteristics. Everyone who has written about them has marked the charming, spontaneous happiness which belongs to the shoemaker. It was this light-heartedness which is supposed to have drawn the young to become apprentices. This is the mood which animates Dekker's "The Shoemaker's Holiday", and is repeated in the more modern composition, Checkov's story, "The Shoemaker and the Devil". A book entitled "Lives of Illustrious Shoemakers", written by William Winks, suggests a reason for the relatively high intelligence and happiness of members of "the Gentle Craft". He decides, "The secret may lie in the fact that the shoemaker *sits* to his work, and, as a rule, sits *alone*".

To outline what is known of the history of the shoe, or all that it connotes of the people it reflects through fashions, is far beyond my intent here, but I have made a hobby of gathering odds and ends of interesting facts about them, and a few given now might amalgamate themselves into a brief essay.

It is still possible to distinguish in shoes made today traces of the two primitive types of footwear, the sandal and the moccasin. It is not possible to say which is older, but the sandal, used as a protection against the hot sands in southern climates, is the more familiar. The arts and literatures of Egypt, Babylonia, Lydia, Greece and Rome have preserved innumerable references to them, often in considerable detail. The moccasin, less well known but probably as old, was simply a bag tied about the ankle with a string. There remains, in all true moccasin-type shoes today the remnant of this string in a puckered seam, and this seam can be found in the footwear of people of every cold country, the North American Indian, the Eskimo, Laplander, or Siberian Indian.

The Egyptian sandal, the *tab-teb*, a simple mat of plaited grass or raw-hide, bound to the foot with thongs, is thought to be the earliest preserved type. It is this, in all probability, which Moses put off as he approached the burning bush. The most important part of an Egyptian woman's costume, it was often rich with jewels or metal decoration; though some classes, notably the priests, were distinguished by going unshod.

The Greek Cumean was always represented without sandals, or with only one, when she was in her prophetic trance. Sometimes the Greek shoe was laced high up the calf of the leg, and the Roman soldiers introduced cleats, small spikes along the sole, to aid in marching. There was a superstitution in Greece that men involved in a hazardous enterprise had better chances of success with "one shoe off and one shoe on", which may have originated in the story of Jason, who lost one sandal just before his victories. Hermes' winged sandals consist only of crossed thongs, for it was not thought necessary to protect the sole of the god-messenger when he did his traveling through the air. Greece, even today, is reported to be one of the hardest countries in the world on shoes. Modern peasants often wear them made of old automobile tires, and in Thessaly an old tire is the sign of a shoemaker's shop.

Japanese and Chinese peasantry have for centuries gone clad in straw sandals, though a wooden one was also popular. This, in China, was a great black shoe with white wooden soles, an inch or more thick, common in the middle and lower classes. Some had leather pockets at the front into which the toes slipped, the heel and instep being left bare. "Rain-shoes" of Japan are sandals on legs, to keep the feet well up out of the mud. A few leather boots might have been found in China but most of the upper classes wore cloth—silk or satin—richly embroidered.

In the Netherlands wooden shoes are worn to keep out the dampness. In Russia

men and women were accustomed to wear high-top boots in all seasons, often fur-lined for winter. Tartar women along the Volga had long stockings of bright-colored leather, sewed together in patches. In Turkey both men and women sometimes had under-boots of soft leather reaching up to the knee, usually worn inside large shoes, and taking the place of slippers in the house, when the shoes were slipped off. Shoes are removed upon entering a house or temple in Mohammedan centers, as in Holland, Japan and many other countries, but for religious reasons. Slippers of bright red or yellow leather were characteristic of Persia or Turkey. They had no heels and the leather was usually folded under the foot at the back so that the shoes flopped up and down. In Tibet, and the highlands of Asia, both men and women wear long boots made of yak's hide or sheepskin, with the wool inside, tied with wide leather strings high about the leg. Until as late as 1880 shoes, even in this country were made on a straight last, with no difference between the right or left foot, though from a reference in Plato's *Theaetetus* to putting the shoe on the wrong foot we infer that the Greeks made this distinction in their sandals, which in the succeeding ages was lost. During the Middle Ages much care was put to the perfect workmanship but little to fitting the shape of the foot. Fashions were so extreme at times that Queen Elizabeth passed a law to limit the maximum width and length of shoes.

Shoemaking shares in the historic traditions of our own country as well, for in the Mayflower came the first American shoemaker with his kit, and since colonial times Massachusetts has been the center of the industry.

(Continued from page 21)

ies—the play of good and evil in the world. Nothing need be explained to him if the story is complete in every detail. He will learn from the story and apply the moral to himself. It fosters a feeling of safety in the midst of rough forces of nature. In the fairy tale the child quite unconsciously perceives his own life situation. Fear and ignorance begin at an early age to make life hard for the child. The world seems foreign to him and he is often lonely in the vastness of it. The fairy story presents to him a warm interest behind the friendly grown-ups; in their story his own desires are realized. He sees that out of hard situations good issues come for those who are obedient. It is religion for him, for it serves the purpose of stimulating belief in the world of beauty and goodness. It keeps the supernatural alive and real and shows the world full of friendliness and it exalts the good-will principle.

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The Western Branch, American Public Health Association

Vancouver, June 22-27, 1936

By Adelaide Brown, *Health Editor*

● Why a Western Branch?

It is seven years old and a very lusty organization 570 strong. When you look at the coast line of the Pacific Ocean in North America, you realize how important and identical our problems are, and the states of Arizona, Nevada, Montana, Idaho, Utah, New Mexico, etc., increase our territory and problems. This and the membership of British Columbia in the Western Branch is stimulating. Their public health problems are ours. Saskatchewan and Alberta are new members. As the *time* quarantine of the trip from Oriental ports lessens with the days at sea, the possibility of Oriental diseases increases. Small-pox, plague, encephalitis, poliomyelitis, trachoma and skin infections, leprosy, etc., are active problems to all of us.

The control of immigration to the United States via the international frontier, needs a friendly and intelligent cooperation to enforce. The Public Health standards help the civic laws and are helped by them.

The programs of the meetings were most interesting. Because you are all good Californians, I must tell you of the forward-looking program that has been started by the joint resources of the University of California, Hooper Foundation for medical research and Stanford University to create a Public Health Training School. The development is under Dr. Karl Meyer as chairman and to us who have watched his service to our state, this coordination of our opportunities is in the right line intellectually. Health officers, inspectors, directors and laboratory workers and technicians of all sorts and public health nurses will take various courses and come out accredited for their work. This school of public health is a great step to eliminating the comment of the President of the British Medical Society after hearing the answers to some questions about local affairs. —"I note politics have not been divorced from Public Health in San Francisco." This new standard will do it.

Sylvatic plague (among rodents other than ground squirrels) was noted. The menace to health of tumble-down abandoned buildings on farms, etc., was stressed and one's eye becomes debris-conscious at once. The survey through the Western coast states is very thorough wherever an epidemic and many dead squirrels are noted. Many other rodents may be carriers of plague fleas and are being studied by research laboratory automobiles through the West coast.

Dr. Meyer outlined the study and work done and new legislation passed to control psittacosis — an often fatal infection from the paroquet family. This industry for bird-pets is active in Southern California, but the peripatetic "bird vendors" have been hard to control. An epidemic of a disease attracts great public interest and activity for control. A few scattered cases make intelligent control more difficult.

The scientific reports of this meeting will be recorded in the American Public Health Journal. The next president of the Western Branch is Dr. H. S. Young of Victoria, Health Officer of British Columbia. The next meeting will be at Phoenix, Arizona. It cannot but be interesting to all nurses, directors and lay members of Health Organizations. The latter group I feel personally *must* be represented. Such backing of the electorate every public health development needs.

For the organized Public Health Nurses of British Columbia I have warm praise. Their meetings were about their own problems, their leaders spoke well and their work was mentioned by every British Columbia health officer.

The presence and cooperation with the program of several prominent Eastern Health representatives of Canada and the United States was stimulating and interesting.

The secretary of the Western branch of the American Public Health Association is Dr. W. P. Shepard, at 600 Stockton St., San Francisco.

Any special questions you want to ask, send in to me and I will *get* you the latest references for your problems.

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BEAUTY SALON

Watch for special coiffures created by the Beauty Salon on the day of the Fashion Show.

DINING ROOM

Select your menus from the special recipes provided by the Club Catering Department.

Tea for Los Angeles Members

● On July twenty-ninth the Women's City Club of San Francisco asked its members residing in Los Angeles to tea at The Women's Athletic Club of Los Angeles. Miss Marion Burr of the Board of Directors acted as hostess and gave the fourteen members who came the latest news of the club activities.

The subjects discussed in a very informal way were: The Exposition Program for the National League for Women's Service, the Talent Festival, Reciprocal Relations, the redecorating of the lobby of the clubhouse, merchandise to be found in Southern California appropriate for the League Shop; news of the members using the clubhouse and of the staff, and then the general subject of the Bay Bridge and its far-flung effect on the development of San Francisco. The eagerness for "home news" was keen, and Miss Burr feels that the very genuine request for similar teas at regular intervals showed that the guests enjoyed the meeting as much as did the hostess.

We are glad to hear from a former member of our Board and to share the following letter with our readers, for it gives another picture of this meeting.

Dear Miss Donohoe:

It was indeed a pleasure to meet with Miss Burr on the afternoon of July 29th at the Women's Athletic Club here in Los Angeles and to hear all about the activities of our Club at home. Miss Burr told us of many interesting plans for the future in connection with the coming Exposition as well as for our annual Talent Festival —and of the interesting finds she had made for the shop — Christmas shopping should be simplified for the members of the Women's City Club.

I am looking forward to the not too distant day, I hope, when I shall again enjoy the privileges of our Club. While I am here in Los Angeles I have a courtesy card to the Women's Athletic Club — good for the remainder of 1936 — one more reason for being grateful for membership in our own Club — the entree it gives one to the other lovely clubs throughout the country.

Thanking you again for the privilege you gave us of meeting Miss Burr and for an enjoyable social hour,

Sincerely,

Ida G. Ware
Mrs. Howell Ware

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Chain Stores save you 10¢ on every dollar. Cripple chain stores and you increase your cost of living.

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44,000 California employees receive an annual payroll of over $57,000,000. Cripple the chain stores, and you jeopardize their jobs.

DOES THE LANDLORD?
Chain Stores pay higher rent, draw business to their localities, keep small business districts alive. Cripple chains and you empty thousands of rented stores.

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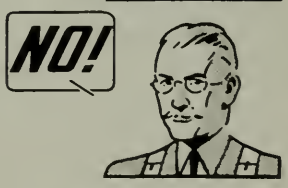
The modern independent merchant looks forward to owning additional stores as his business prospers. Cripple chains and you ruin the future of thousands of progressive retailers.



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Hallawell Seed Company
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(Continued from page 10)

One can find a trace of either mischief, humor, mystery, fantasy, refinement or brutality in every characterization produced by a puppeteer. The idealist will show a trace of kindness in the face portraying the meanest scoundrel, while the pessimist cannot help make the face of an angel resemble a witch.

The most successful puppets of the past have been the ones which could stimulate imagination by their true characterization of the *qualities* of the living things which they portray. Puppets that arouse admiration and amazement at the mechanism which permits them to imitate the action of a living counterpart possess no individuality—they appeal to the eye but not to the mind. Some puppeteers claim that the hand puppets give a more satisfactory impression of life, because they do not resemble human being as much as string puppets.

The very limitations of the Marionette can be considered advantages over the human actor. While it is difficult for him to do some of the realistic common-places, he can defy the laws of gravity, play low comedy and burlesque—at the other extreme, dramas of solemn ecstasy. He can be the greatest comedian, acrobat or dancer without perspiration and can portray heroes and divinities without consciousness of imperfection. Proper lighting and modeling can give the illusion of a change of expression on his fixed grimace, thereby enabling him to carry his part through a show more successfully than the human actor, because being the very essence of the character which he portrays, he is obedient and does not struggle to make a display of personality.

The motto of a famous puppeteer is:

"A good Marionette is of greater value than a living mediocrity."

The following is a translation of a letter sent by George Bernard Shaw to Vittorio Podrecca who has toured the world with his Teatro dei Piccoli:

"I always hold up the modern actors as instructive object-lessons to our flesh and blood players. The wooden ones, though stiff and continually glaring at you with the same over-charged expression, move you as only the most experienced living actors can. What really affects us in the theater is not the muscular activities of the performers, but the feelings they awaken in us by their aspect—for the imagination of the spectator plays a far greater part there than the exertions of the actors. The puppet is the actor in his most primitive form. Its symbolic costume from which all realistic and historically correct impertinences are banished, its unchanging stare petrified in a grimace expressive to the highest degree attainable by the carver's

(Continued on page 29)

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(Continued from page 28)

art, the mimicry by which it suggests human gesture in unearthly caricature—these give to its performance an intensity to which few actors can pretend, an intensity which imposes on our imagination like those images in immoveable hieractic attitudes on the stained glass of Chartres Cathedral, in which the gaping tourists seem like little lifeless dolls moving jerkily in the draughts from the doors, reduced to sawdusty insignificance by the contrast with the gigantic vitality in the windows overhead."—G. B. S.

National League Library Service

NEW BOOKS

AN AMERICAN DOCTOR'S ODYSSEY; *Victor Heiser.* $3.50.

AUDUBON; *Constance Rourke.* $3.00. This contains twelve reproductions in color of the elephant folio prints.

I AM THE FOX; *Van Etten.* Atlantic prize novel. $2.50.

JEFFERSON IN POWER; *Claude Bowers.* $3.75.

SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM; *T. E. Lawrence.* Popular edition at $3.00.

MRS. MEIGS AND MR. CUNNINGHAM; *Elizabeth Corbett.* $2.50.

ENCHANTED VOYAGE; *Robert Nathan.* $2.00.

THEY WALK IN THE CITY; *J. B. Priestley.* $2.50.

A Future in Foods

● Four months ago the Institute of Practical Arts was formally opened at Page and Laguna Streets under the joint auspices of the Emanu El Sisterhood and the Young Women's Christian Association.

In the more than sixty "calls for help" for the first graduating class of the Institute, a large percentage (requests are still coming in) are from women in apartment hotels who want a personal maid or waitress — "one who can also sew;" or a cook or a child's nurse. Top salaries are offered by those women who realize that intelligence and refinement, coupled to training and scientific management of household needs, is a combination hard to find and is worth adequate remuneration. As a result the whole field of household employment is changed.

The second term opened August 10th with young and middle-aged women enrolled for the certificated course who hitherto would not remotely consider household employment. These women are attending daily classes with genuine zest and joy and are glad to pay their fee. Scholarships are also available.

For the Brides and Housewives, Elective courses are given for the selection, preparation and serving of well-cooked meals. In completely equipped kitchen units, each young wife has the opportunity for actual individual work, not mere theory.

Evening classes will be started in the near future.

Provision is also made for Young Mothers who come three afternoons a week for Child Care and Child Guidance, with arrangements made for their babies to be supervised in the sun-flooded patio of the Clubhouse.

An important feature of the Institute is the Auxiliary, headed by Mrs. George Wolff, who will have roundtable discussions starting in September, on employer-employee relationships and general family welfare problems.

Enrollments for the October term are already being taken as classes are limited to enable all students to have individual instruction and actual participation. For appointment to visit the Institute, special hours can be arranged by telephoning HEmlock 2264.

Book News

● A new book by Charles Caldwell Dobie is always "Book News" and now it is his long looked for "San Francisco's Chinatown." It will be handsomely bound as was his "Pageant" and E. H. Suydam will again add his beautiful illustrations. To be assured of autographed first editions, place your advance orders with the Library desk on the Fourth floor. The price will be $5.00.

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A DEVELOPMENT SCHOOL FOR NERVOUS AND RETARDED CHILDREN
THE CEDARS
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CORA C. MYERS, *Head*
Healthful climate . . . no fog . . . delicate children grow strong and develop latent talents. Open all year.

ELLIS FRANKLIN SUMMER CAMP

closed a very successful season on August 15th. The boys and girls who spent their holidays at this delightful new Camp thoroughly enjoyed their outing and especially liked the friendly atmosphere of the Camp. They are all eagerly planning to return when the 1937 Season opens on June 21st next and promise to bring their pals with them.

So we bid Goodbye to Summer Camp and extent a Greeting to the pupils who are coming to

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the Open Air Private School in the Foothills of the Sierra Nevadas near APPLEGATE, California, where educational advantages are combined with the joy of healthful life on a large country estate.

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Every home needs "STUMBLE LIGHTS" in its dark corners —little beacons to make going from room to room as safe as sitting in a chair. One properly placed light may save some member of your family from serious injury.

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We Live To Eat

—JEANNE BURTON

● We do not eat to live; we live to eat. We live to enjoy the sight of glowing red tomatoes, of cool green peas, of glittering scale fish; to inhale the aroma of ripe fruits, of spices and cheeses; to hear the crisp crackle of fried foods, of pastry, celery and lettuce between our teeth; to feel the soft creaminess of mayonnaise and paté de foie gras, and the tang of cayenne and caviar on our tongues.

Out of words dramatists create situations of color and contrast, of suspense and surprise. Out of tonal notes musicians create like exigencies; painters do it with paint. And—cooks do it with food.

They work in culinary "ateliers" with rainbow ranges of spices and herbs, bowls of fresh fruits and vegetables, jars of jellies and jams, chutneys and pickles, iced sea foods and meats, quivering aspics and savoury sauces and rows of silvery tins and crystal bottles wrapped in gay labels.

They carve and sculp with efficient blades; the weighty meat cleaver, the saw-edged tomato knife, the cylindrical apple corer, and the delicate grapefruit knife.

They conjure mysteries in stone crocks, ample mixing bowls, and deep dark kettles.

Ah, yes! Creative cooks are wise in the wisdom of gastronomy. Out of foods they weave patterns of color and contrast, of suspense and surprise. Out of foods they create pungencies which flatter the palate.

Ancient Romans prefaced their "pleasures" with large swallows of olive oil, but, thanks to the hospitable Chinese and the imagination of later culinary artists, the crude preventative has developed into the delectable hors d'oeuvre poised on the point of a tooth pick, nestling in a side dish, or seated comfortably in "canape" style on a crisp piece of buttered toast.

Modern Americans have an hour known as "The Cocktail Hour". It is a time for high festivity and gay good humor, for sparkling drinks and teasing tid bits which shout, "More, more; eat more! Eat, drink and be merry!" Eat them hot if you must, but eaten cold they are better. Andre L. Simon, the founder of the celebrated organization of gourmets in England, "The Wine and Food Society", says, "A heresy which has nothing to recommend itself except the attraction of novelty is to serve hot hors d'oeuvre".

But, be they hot, or be they cold, they must prove that the "pudding" is worth the eating, before the eating. They must catch the eye before they satisfy the palate, and above all, they must uphold our argument that we live to eat, not that we eat to live.

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I wish to "brush up" my French....., Spanish....., Italian....., German....., at the Conversational Round Tables.

Name.....

Address..... Telephone Number.....

TAPESTRY LOAN TO THE TALENT FESTIVAL

My loan to the Talent Festival will be:

Article.....
(Description of Tapestry)

Name..... Approximate Size.....

Address..... Telephone Number.....

GIFT TO THE TALENT FESTIVAL

My gift to the Talent Festival will be:

Article.....

Name..... Approximate Cost of Material.....

Address..... Telephone Number.....

PASSES TO THE TALENT FESTIVAL

(EXTRA PASSES ON REQUEST)

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

TALENT FESTIVAL

Wednesday and Thursday — October 7, 8.

GUEST PASS

Guest.....

Courtesy of.....
(Member)

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

TALENT FESTIVAL

Wednesday and Thursday — October 7, 8.

GUEST PASS

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

October 1936

VOLUME X • • NUMBER

PRICE 15 CENTS A COPY

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

465 POST STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

Women's City Club Calendar, October 1936

TALENT FESTIVAL — October 7th and 8th

FIRE LIGHTING — October 5th

Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool — Every Tuesday, 5:30 to 7:30 p. m. Every Friday, 5:30 to 9 p. m.

League Bridge — Every Tuesday — Card Room, 2 and 7 p. m.

OCTOBER

1—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire, presiding — *Mural Room* 12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman — *Auditorium* 8:00 p.m.
Short Talk on San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge Celebration, by Anita Day Hubbard.
Short Talk on Bridge Approaches.

5—Firelighting — *Lounge* 7:30 p.m.

7—Talent Festival — *Entire Building* 10 a.m.-10 p.m.
Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas — *Lounge* 11:00 a.m.

8—Talent Festival — *Entire Building* 10 a.m.-10 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire, presiding — *Mural Room* 12:15 p.m.

9—Book Review Luncheon—Mrs. Daisy Reed — *Natl. Def. Room* 12:15 p.m.
"Deserts on the March," by Paul B. Sears. Luncheon 60 cents a plate.

12—Young Members' Luncheon — *Natl. Def. Room* 12:15 p.m.

13—Travel Round Table—Miss Elsa Garret, Chairman. Luncheon 60 cents a plate — *Natl. Def. Room* 12:15 p.m.

14—Spanish Round Table—Señorita Angela Montiel, presiding — *Mural Room* 12:15 p.m.

15—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire, presiding — *Mural Room* 12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman — *Auditorium* 8:00 p.m.
Speaker: Mrs. Rannveigh Schmidt. Subject: "Iceland, the Land of the Sagas."

17—Ramble to Mother Lode Country. Fee for two days, $20 — *Leave Clubhouse* 8:00 a.m.

18—Ramble to Mother Lode Country.

20—Garden Round Table. Luncheon 60 cents a plate — *Natl. Def. Room* 12:15 p.m.
Speaker: Mrs. Dora M. Scudder of California Nursery Co., Niles.
Subject: "Fall Planting of Bulbs."

21—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas — *Auditorium* 11:00 a.m.

22—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire, presiding — *Mural Room* 12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman — *Auditorium* 8:00 p.m.
Speaker: Col. B. C. Allin. Subject: "The National and Local Significance of Ports."

27—Travel Round Table—Miss Elsa Garret, Chairman. Luncheon 60 cents a plate — *Natl. Def. Rm.* 12:15 p.m.
Book Review Dinner—Mrs. Daisy Reed. Dinner 80 cents a plate — *Natl. Def. Room* 6:00 p.m.
"Deserts on the March," by Paul B. Sears.
Hallowe'en Bridge Party—$2 per table. Miss Lillian McCurdy, Chairman — *Auditorium* 8:00 p.m.

28—Spanish Round Table—Señorita Angela Montiel, presiding — *Mural Room* 12:15 p.m.

29—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire, presiding — *Mural Room* 12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman — *Auditorium* 8:00 p.m.
Concert arranged and directed by Miss Jessie M. Kline.

NOVEMBER

4—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas — *Auditorium* 11:00 a.m.

5—French Round Table — *Mural Room* 12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program—Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman — *Auditorium* 8:00 p.m.
Instrumental Concert by San Francisco Junior Music Club.
Mrs. Lillian Birmingham, Director. Miss Doris Schoenwald, President.

Women's City Club Magazine

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

VOLUME X OCTOBER, 1936 NUMBER 9

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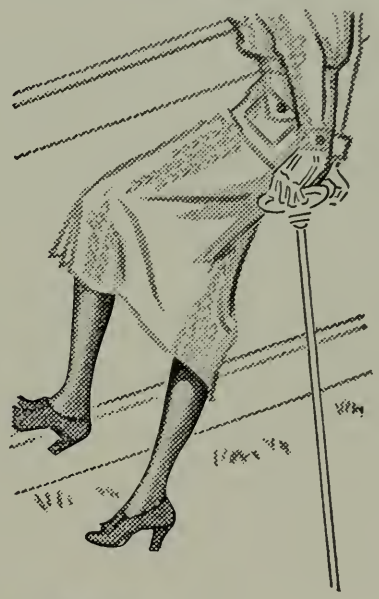

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Announcements

● The Talent Festival passes are available in each department of the Clubhouse.

● Young members are asked to contribute candy and nuts to their unit of the Talent Festival. Mrs. James Sheehan is Chairman.

● Mrs. James Otis Lincoln, our beloved leader of Lenten Lectures, is to give the talk on the evening of the Firelighting Ceremony. Mrs. Digna Vandenberg will render a delightful group of appropriate songs, and we all remember her beautiful mezzo soprano voice when she has complimented us on former occasions in the Clubhouse.

● The Drama Section will start their two courses, under the direction of Carol Eberts Veazie, the early part of October. An interested and enthusiastic group attended the tea on Friday, September 25th, at which Mrs. Veazie sketched the purposes and plans of her work. The two courses now initiated are preliminary to the fine work in play production which Mrs. Veazie is so well equipped to carry on.

● Book Review Luncheon, Friday, October 9th. Mrs. Daisy Reed will review "Deserts on the March." by Paul B. Sears. This book is the story scientifically told of what happens to a country that upsets nature's balance regarding the productivity of the soil. A well written significant book.

● Guests! How delightful that sounds. The joy of entertaining in our own home is one that never palls. The guests in the Clubhouse last month from far-flung lands, as well as those from other states in our own country, were particularly charming to meet and were in turn charmed to be met by a group whose volunteer service was to them a complete surprise and a source of genuine admiration. Such guests will come more and more as the Exposition plans formulate, and the guest cards which are always available to these visitors will be one of the most cherished of the many privileges enjoyed by members. Entertaining in the Club is always appreciated by those who come as guests.

● The Garden Round Table Group will be addressed at its meeting on October 20th by Mrs. Dora M. Scudder of the California Nursery Company at Niles. Her subject will be "Fall Planting of Bulbs."

● The growth of interest in foreign languages is reflecting itself in the French and Spanish Round Tables and Classes now being conducted by Mlle. Marie Lemaire and Senorita Montiel. There need be no anxiety over entertaining our foreign visitors during Exposition days if we all brush up a bit in the language classes. Italian and German classes will soon be formed.

● Travel Round Table. Because Miss Elsa Garret, Chairman, found that many of our travelers had not yet returned to San Francisco, the Travel Round Tables have been postponed to October 13th and October 27th, when Miss Garret promises us a most interesting discussion. Be sure to make reservations for luncheon in advance.

● Mrs. Julia Easley is having two lectures a week in her Real Property and Probate Course, each Tuesday and Friday. A very eager group has responded to her course and they are now more than anxious to complete the course before Mrs. Easley leaves for a world-wide tour in November.

● The Ramble to the Mother Lode country, under the direction of Mrs. W. F. C. Zimmerman, on October 17th and 18th, has about reached its capacity. Members are asked to register at the Front Office immediately if they wish to join this group. Fee covering all expenses, $20.00.

● Color Classes are now being conducted by Wana Derge during the afternoon and evening of each Tuesday. Miss Derge is delighted with the response this year and feels that her many hours of pioneering in this newer field of color and arrangement are now showing the fruit of her effort.

● The Loan Exhibit of members' work will be displayed on the Fourth Floor during the Talent Festival. This year tapestry and needlepoint will be shown and members may present pieces mounted or unmounted the week before the Festival. Miss Catherine Allen, chairman of the committee, member of the Board of Directors, and residing in the Club, may be contacted by calling our telephone operator.

● At this moment when members who are talented are giving generously of their services, the question is often asked "What can *I* do to help? I can't make a thing." There are two immediate answers: One. "Come and buy"; the other, "Bring a monetary contribution to the Talent Festival proceeds." These are each valuable services, for an interesting comment about the Talent Festival often made is that it provides the producer and the consumer from one and the same group. There must be audience as well as performer. Nothing is more heartening than appreciation and nothing more inspirational for further effort.

● We are making a brave attempt to call our members individually to ask for contributions for the Talent Festival. If you are not contacted personally you will know that it is lack of time on our part, so we ask that you send in your gift regardless. Either some article of your own handiwork which can be sold, or something in food stuffs.

● Beauty Salon. Dozens of members have taken advantage of the two $2.00 specials and are quite delighted with the arrangement. Either a shampoo, finger wave and manicure (with reset and touch-up manicure) or hair cut, shampoo and finger wave (with reset).

● League Shop. Breakfast sets in lovely colored porcelains, modern black coffee sets, which give just the right touch to your dinner party, also in porcelain, are on sale in the League Shop. Several sets are now on display.

● The Thursday Evening Program of October 15th will have as speaker Mrs. Rannveigh Schmidt. Mrs. Schmidt is a native of Iceland, a member of a noted family of that country which can trace its history back for 1000 years and which has produced many men of distinction in letters and the arts.

It is particularly appropriate that Mrs. Schmidt will address the Club at a time when the adventures and discoveries of her countryman, Lief Ericson, are being celebrated in Europe and America.

● It is not possible to give any adequate account of Col. B. C. Allin's career in a few lines, but briefly it may be said that he has been a world traveler, lecturer, engineer, served honorably in the World War, and of late years has been engaged as Chief Port Executive in many places. He is now in charge of the port at Stockton, but he has built at the Dalles on the Columbia River in Oregon, built a port at Bhavnagar, India, and represented this government as an official delegate to the International Navigation Congress, first in 1931 at Venice, and second in 1934 at Brussels. He is intending at the end of this year to make another world tour, inspecting for the Federal Government many ports, and also to attend the formal opening of the port in India, the construction of which he had charge. An account of some of these experiences will be most interesting, and the Club is very fortunate in having Colonel Allin as a speaker on Thursday evening, October 22nd.

MOTHER LODE RAMBLE

BY RHETA L. ZIMMERMANN

● The Mother Lode ramble will circle a section of California made glamorous by the gold rush. Following pioneer trails in a de luxe bus along Highway No. 49 (even the number is full of special meaning), the group will find names and places familiar in the history and literature of California.

The Marsh Creek Road to Stockton presents an unusual view of Mt. Diablo and the surrounding backcountry broadening out at the Delta and Island district. Past the Port of Stockton with its deep channel for seagoing boats, the San Joaquin Pioneer and Historical Museum is to be our objective. Lunch at the Hotel Stockton will refresh the ramblers for the start into the foothill country and beyond to the Southern Mines. Oakdale, Knight's Ferry and Jamestown (better known as Jimtown) in the land of the forty-niners, recall the days of freight wagons and pack trains. Table Mountain so suggestive of Bret Harte is nearby.

We will go through Sonora for a visit to Columbia, four miles beyond. This typical little mining town retains a distinction all its own. Hollywood yearly comes to Columbia to film "westerns." Here is the Wells Fargo Express building of the '50's, the D. O. Mills Bank, one of the first fire engines on the Pacific Coast, and other reminders of the roaring days when millions in gold were torn from the country hereabouts. But dinner and the evening await us at the Sonora Inn, that oasis of comfort and cheer for travelers, so to Sonora we return.

Sunday morning shows more Twain-Harte markers along our route. Our ride is through Tuttletown and Angels Camp where Twain and Harte tarried; Mokelumne Hill with its first three-story building in California; Jackson, unique for its vibrating deep mines and white Serbian church; Sutter Creek, Drytown, and other equally well-known early places leading to Placerville, originally Hangtown.

Coming into town, the Raffles Hotel greets one and bids you stop. Here we will lunch where the Pony Express halted in by-gone days. Later we will follow this route to The Pony Express Courier office from whence goes forth that fascinating replica of old-style papers, "telling the story of California and the old trails."

The Highway beckons past places known to Sutter and Marshall and leading to the gate of Sutter's Fort in Sacramento. Within the enclosure, the visitor is transported back to the olden, golden days. Yoy will thrill with the remembrance of that first discovery of gold when you see Sutter's Fort.

Although traveling faster than those who used the stage coaches and other vehicles now at the Fort, the miles between the ramblers and the Club must not be forgotten. Without stops, we will start homeward via Davis, Dixon, Vacaville, and the Carquinez Bridge. The journey will end at the Club from which we departed the day before to cover eighty-six years of California's romantic history of gold.

Words and space do not allow all of the ramble story. Many tales — true and otherwise — also surprises, are being planned by the writer who is to act as guide. Would you seek and find more? Then send in your reservation at once and join our pioneering caravan. We guarantee you will gather golden nuggets of friendships and memories.

Volunteer Talent of a Member.

The President's Message

As the tide of an increasingly busy season carries us onward, and events all about crowd upon our calender, it is well for us briefly as the pilot on sea or sky to take our bearings and note wherein and why The National League for Woman's Service differs from the ever increasing number of organizations and their ensuing activities. Instinctively we turn to those whose vision wrote into our constitution: "The object of this organization shall be to offer opportunities for the guidance, the training and the development of women through the various departments of service to women." A brief sentence this, that has stood the test of time and still remains the thought of the moment as well as the need. Guidance, training, development — progression, unselfish, and inspiring — it appeals to every woman and should unite the membership in deeper appreciation of our National League and a more purposeful accomplishment of our service to women in our community.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

TALENT FESTIVAL

October 7th and 8th

MORNING Wednesday, 11:00 o'clock—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas

Thursday, 11:00 o'clock—Moving Pictures—Miss Alice Burr

AFTERNOON Wednesday and Thursday—2:30—Talk on Tapestry.

Wednesday, 3:30—Musical Program by Stockton Members — Lounge

Thursday, 3:30—Puppet Show and Musical Program in the Lounge

EVENING Wednesday—Informal Dinner—7 o'clock—Program under direction of Mrs. Lillian Birmingham

Thursday—7 o'clock—Buffet Supper—Program under direction of Mrs. Carlo Sutro Morbio

Note—Above porgram barely sketched as Magazine goes to press early in September.
For detailed program see bulletin boards in Clubhouse.

●

COMMITTEES

Decoration—Mrs. J. P. Rettenmayer, Miss Virginia Mysell
Reception—Mrs. E. D. Woodruff, Mrs. Gilbert Woodland
Fortune Telling—Mrs. Daniel Polak
Program—Mrs. John P. Coughlan

Aprons	—Miss Dorcas Burtchaell
Cakes and Pastries	—Mrs. Robert Hugh Donaldson
Candy and Nuts	—Mrs. James Sheehan
Cashier	Miss Isabelle Moore, Miss Lillian McCurdy
Children's Corner	—Mrs. E. A. Wilcox
Crafts Corner	—Miss Margaret Zane
Dolls	—Mrs. Emilie Gray
Garden	—Mrs. Payson Treat
Ingenuity	—Mrs. H. K. Shaw
Lavender	—Mrs. Edgar M. Swasey
Loans	—Miss Catherine Allen
Preserves, etc.	—Mrs. Randolph Madison
Pricing Gifts	—Miss Marion Leale
Puppet Show	—Miss Emily J. Michels
Raffles	—Miss Frances Hall
Receiving Gifts	—Mrs. C. J. Goodell
Sewing Groups	—Mrs. E. A. Thompson
Wrapping	—Mrs. J. E. Powrie

Reservations for Dinner on both Wednesday and Thursday evenings must be made in advance.

Guest passes may be secured at all Departments in the Clubhouse.

Editorial

● Days of war and rumors of war, days of strike and strife, of selfishness and greed, days which make us wonder what progress man has made when so much of unhappiness and of dire distress can prevail. The word "Festival" comes into this picture as a lady of the fairy tales into a world of puny humans, and with a wave of the wand, the atmosphere of struggle and strife is changed into one of good fellowship and pleasure of companionship.

The first Talent Festival of the Women's City Club was conceived for many reasons. The placing of talent on the altar of the Club was to be the annual service of its membership. This was its primary purpose, of course, but there were subtle and secondary meanings, as well. One of these latter was the occasion it would provide for the meeting together once a year of those who had served and who had belonged, and, too, the renewing of old friendships and the cementing of new. The clubhouse on October seventh and eighth will be gay, and peaceful. The Loan Exhibit will be well worth seeing, for even while this editorial is being written, promises of most interesting pieces of tapestry are being made and if one were to look for a very long time, no more delightful setting could be found for these particular loans than the American Room and the lounges of the Fourth Floor.

And then there will be the gifts in the Auditorium (have you sent yours?) and the excitement of buying the "only one of its kind" or one of the duplicate novelties which group workers have been mysteriously making at the clubhouse these many weeks.

The programs of talent will be announced on the bulletin boards and can only be hinted at as we go to press, but no one need feel skeptical about bringing a guest to see and hear what fellow members can do, for their standard will be high. The luncheons for the two days need no reservations, but for the dinner one would do well to make reservations well in advance — in fact, right now as you read this editorial is none too soon.

● "Keep the home fire burning!" This the National League for Women's Service has always done. As in the National Defender's Clubs it opened its arms to homesick boys, just so in the Women's City Club it welcomes back each fall the members of the family circle who have been vacationing. With the first tang of fog in the air, we light the fireplace in the lounge on Monday evening next and as the flames leap into life in our beautiful fireplace we gather at the hearth to rededicate our service program to a purpose of peace and good-will of mutual understanding and mutual affection. If one has not had this experience on past occasions, one cannot afford to miss the 1936 Firelighting on October 5th.

● "I hope that some really fine poems will be sent in." So writes one of the judges of the Poetry Contest when graciously accepting our invitation to serve. We hope so, too. The three judges (Miss Florence R. Keene, Mrs. M. C. Sloss, Dr. Walter M. Hart) will generously give of their time and wisdom in the selection of the winning poem. They are specially qualified, and the Club is most fortunate in having had them accept. The Board of Directors hopes that a goodly number of poems will be submitted and that out of the entries will come a truly fine work commemorating the completion of the Bay Bridge. In the membership are many of talent. If they are too modest, a word from a friend may enthuse them to compete.

● There is the familiar call of one of the advertisers of the Women's City Club, "Page Philip Morris," which makes its plea to us so regularly that we find ourselves smiling in remembrance when a "buttons" passes our way in the corridor of some hostelry with his shrill little call for "Mr. Brown." But the Women's City Club has to depend upon the magazine pages for a reminder of Philip Morris for it has no Page, but it does have "that quiet atmosphere" which distinguishes its clubhouse and it does have the refinement of uninterrupted minutes. To accomplish this, however, is not easy, for often members ask for paging, unmindful that others want peace and quiet, and that in order to satisfy all, other ways and means have been provided for messages to reach the members who want them.

These ways require cooperation and how can a member cooperate if she has never read the house rules, or never heard of the book at the Front Office where messages may be written by all, and where telephone messages are left when the call has come by wire? Do you know this book on the counter of the Front Office? It is the House Committee's answer to your criticism. "I never do get my messages." Have you looked in the right place?

A Glimpse of Holland

By Kate Pohli MacLeod

● Last April, after an interim of three years, I sailed again through the Golden Gate on another jaunt through Europe.

This time I am accompanied by a charming young San Francisco girl who had adopted me as "auntie" when she was a little tot.

When the good ship, *Tacoma*, Hamburg-Amerika Liner, after a rather uneventful four weeks' journey, reached Rotterdam, we decided to see something of Holland. From the ship I phoned to Amsterdam to a dear California friend, married to a Hollander: "Hello—are the tulips still in bloom?" "Yes, they are!" — and with California hospitality we were urged to come right along.

So, on a "rubber-neck bus" we rattled through Leiden, had a glimpse of the Hague with its deserted Peace Place. Nothing more melancholy than a sea-side resort before the opening of the season — Scheveningen was a disappointment on this cold, gray day. But suddenly what a thrilling sight — the first tulip beds of Haarlem, acres upon acres of crimson, gold, russet, white, and purple blossoms some two and three feet tall, interspersed with blue and pink hyacinths, perfuming the air.

What a glorious manifestation of the Almighty Creator!

If I only would not have to suppress my desire to jump into one of those fields and pick — buy — or *steal* just a few. I am no more ashamed to confess my flower cleptomaniacy since I read the letter of Elizabeth Barrett Browning in which she tells of stealing some flowers in the Botanical Garden while her sister spread her hoop skirt to shield her.

For our welcome, a real Dutch dinner party at our friend's charming home, with two San Francisco couples who also had just arrived. Our friends proved to be excellent Cicerones as well as wonderful hosts, and introduced us to the wonders of the glorious Rex Museum, where we reveled in the masterpieces of Rembrandt, Franz Hals, Maes Dou and Van Dyke. We had the rare privilege to visit the House of the Six-Tulp family. Here are priceless treasures — portraits of two generations of Tulps and Sixes painted by Rembrandt and his pupils. An old majordomo of the family took special pride in showing the precious heirlooms in their original setting.

We enjoyed a delightful drive to the typical Dutch fishing village of Volendam, Edam, the home of the royal cheese. The peasants in their Dutch costumes are fine types, with exceptionally handsome noses, but, Oh how eager to exploit the tourist.

On all my travels I like to indulge in a pet specialty — the markets. Never too tired to rise at dawn to visit Les Halles, or the fish market in Honolulu or Budapest, the onion market in Berne, the flower markets of Barcelona and Sevilla, but the flower market at Altmeer seemed to me the most fascinating experience. I have never seen such a wealth of my favorite spring blossoms. Long tables in enormous halls ladened with lilies of the valley, freesias in the new mauve shades, narcissus lifting their countenances like children's faces, and Oh the wealth of golden daffodils, the Maréchal Nils and all the choicest new varieties of roses, lilacs, peonies, gladioli — Altmeer sends these all over the world. The climax of all is the flower auction; all the flowers not sold to the commission merchant and florists are auctioned off in a special small hall, tied in bundles wrapped in newspaper. The noise is worse than at a stock exchange — such a bedlam of raucous voices as the bundles are knocked down to the highest bidder.

We step outside and another picture meets our eyes — great motor trucks, wagons drawn by well-groomed horses, automobiles and hand carts are being loaded with willow baskets and large cartons to be shipped to the florists of Europe by rail and plane. The canal near the market is filled with boats carrying fragrant loads of sweet peas, wall flowers and stock to Amsterdam.

The canals lend an indescribable charm to the "Venice of the North," and a ride in one of the spick and span gaily beflagged motorboats, chug-chugging along under picturesque old bridges that span these narrow waterways hardly wide enough to allow the boat to turn from one canal into another.

All I have told you was the result of a three days' visit in Holland of your old vagabond.

Is Tapestry Going Modern?

By Catherine Allen

● In this machine age, about which we hear so much in these days and when speed and more speed seems to be the main objective, it is difficult to believe that there is a very decided trend back to the simple forms of handcraft. Especially is this true of the art of weaving, the very simplest method of making a solid material by the passing of one thread over and under another.

The locality and invention of this art is lost in obscurity, but we have read about the earliest pieces being found in Egypt as far back as 1200 B.C. From this has developed the art of tapestry, the reproducing of pictures in wools and silks. In the 16th and 17th centuries it became a very important industry in Belgium and France when the Crowned heads of Europe vied with each other for the possession of the most elaborate and beautiful with which to decorate their castles. It was during this time that the famous pieces, which we now view in the museums of Europe and America, were created and we become familiar with the names Gobelins, Aubusson, Beauvais.

It was Francis I who introduced tapestry weaving into France and established a factory at Fontainebleau, but it was Henry IV who assembled a number of weavers from Flanders and installed them in an old dyeworks, formerly owned by a family named Gobelins — hence the name — and which for more than 300 years have produced most of the famous tapestries in the world.

The artist weaving this particular tapestry works on the reverse side, with the outline of the design drawn on the stretched threads. A mirror on the under side shows the progress being made. A skillful workman can complete about three square yards a year, the average being one and a half yards. No wonder hand work is costly!

Aubusson in France is another town noted for its tapestry weaving, which is very similar to Gobelins. A little more slanting stitch is used, and always a blue border as its trademark to distinguish it from that of other towns.

Beauvais is noted for its very fine weaving and color and mostly floral designs are used. Most of the designs of the tapestries were copied from the work of famous painters and were of religious mythological or historical subjects, the latter depicting the principal events of that era (the sports — pastimes, and costumes) which have been handed down through the ages as priceless heirlooms.

The ladies of the royal courts were all excellent needlewomen, and Mary, Queen of Scots, during her imprisonment on an island in Loch Leven in 1367-68 wove a beautiful cerise woolen panel, which hangs in the Royal Scottish Museum in Edingburgh. And what emotions must have been worked into it, too, by that tragic queen.

But this all savors of the long ago and we have copied the designs from the old masters these many years until we have reached this age when tapestry is going modern like everything else.

In 1925, at the Paris Industrial Exposition, two pieces were exhibited, the one entitled, "Entry of the Americans in the War," the other, "Verdun and Victory."

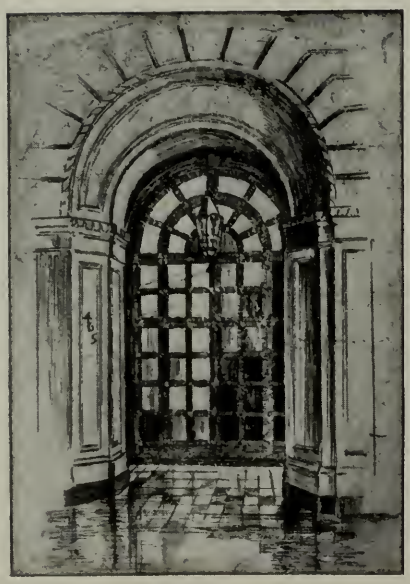
The Twentieth Century Englishwomen with handlooms, similar to those used for the famous Gobelin's tapestries, are weaving records for posterity of their homes in present day environment. The 1936 variety shows both building and its setting, a wind gauge and landing ground for airplanes are woven for the first time into the Silver Jubilee tapestry to be presented to Queen Mary. And in London this year an exhibition was held of contemporary British and French needlework. The objects on view included many original designs, such one lady has worked in petit point a group of her family on horseback — another features her family at play with their pets and the place of their birth. All very interesting to hand down as heirlooms of the future. What a wonderful subject the history of our own club would be — woven into a tapestry — and we could add clipper ships and bridges. Let us think about it!

The sampler is another form of needlepoint. No more do we see the alphabets and numbers worked on linen, but the homes and lives of children or a trip that is never to be forgotten worked out in wools and silks.

And so, whatever new is started in Europe, Asia, or Africa will find its way to the Women's City Club sooner or later. So come to the Tapestry Exhibit on the 4th Floor of our building on October 7th and 8th and hear all about the ancient art that is going modern.

Talent Festival

By Marie Hicks Davidson



● Comes again the Talent Festival, as much a part of the year's pageantry as the coming of spring or autumn and as definitely identified with the City Club of San Francisco as Volunteer Service, or the numerals, "465" on the door.

The Talent Festival comes with the harvest, when the leaves begin to blaze and the grapes to sag heavily in the vineyards.

It is a time of fulfillment and completion, when the spirit turns to beauty and yearns to lay it upon an altar, a gift back to whatever benignity has bestowed it.

The City Club provides the altar and sets the time for members to foregather after the summer wanderings. Crafts and arts, creations of intellect and heart and hand are brought to the Club, where feasting and merrymaking take possession, and "Festival" is indeed the crowned guest.

The dates vary a bit with the years, but rarely does the time stray out of October or November. Like the solestice, it may be delayed but not deferred.

This year the Festival will be October 7 and 8, when the Auditorium on the first floor will be repository for the Talents and the Symbols of the Talents of several thousand women.

For eight successive years has this event been part of the woof and warp of the City Club, a fabric of color and glint. One almost thinks to hear a "well done, thou good and faithful—"

Like the Brangwin Murals in Veterans' Auditorium, the two days have an aura of achievement and, curiously, like those great canvases, the sense of color is russet, gold, red-brown, as of apples and brown October ale, of pumpkins and corn . . . of yellowing plums and red, red berries. Seasonal flowers will fling their color over the Club, chrysanthemums and dahlias, and asters.

Preceding the two epic days will have passed a time of preparation, when Club members shoulder each other in closer communion, perhaps, than in any other enterprise of the Club — with the possible exception of the Volunteer Service groups.

Groups of three, eight, ten, drawn together by mutual interest in this or that expression of talent— creative ability — have congregated on first, second, third or fourth floor. Then luncheon or tea . . . and the gay, informal chat which ensues when enthusiasts along the same lines are brought together by their very enthusiasms.

A Talent Festival is really a miniature Exposition.

Nations long ago realized the value of Expositions to bring together in peace and understanding the people of the earth.

The earth is dotted with monuments to these expositions, as witness the Eiffel Tower, our own Palace of Fine Arts and Exposition Auditorium. One day a famous picture will emerge from a City Club Talent Festival, or a song . . .

"Each for the joy of the working, in his own particular star, shall paint the thing as he sees it for the good of things as they are."

For the joy of the working. . . . For the neighborliness of all that the City Club means; for the healing that is occupation.

These are but a few of the concomitants of a City Club Talent Festival. . . . The other things come after, the pride and the added luster and the fanfare of trumpets. They are but results. The other things are underlying and profound . . . touched with lengend and mystery. . . . Some call it consecration; others call it God.

An International Harbor

By Mrs. William Palmer Lucas

● A summer spent on the Maine coast brings vividly into one's consciousness the word "harbor," and the names of these many harbors take on new significance. They seem to reflect all of the human joys and sorrows, the human toil and tragedy, the depths of the human spirit, the storms, the quiet safety of smooth waters, the anxiety caused by wind, the vagaries of time, the sureness of compass points! One wishes a poet might put them all into a sonnet! Winter Harbor, Dark Harbor, Bar Harbor, Seal Harbor, Northeast Harbor, Southwest Harbor, Prospect Harbor, New Harbor, Old Harbor, and all the little harbors named coves — Saturday Cove, Christmas Cove, Friendship Cove, Pleasant Cove, and Starboard Water, on down, down the coast until the Bay of Fundy is reached. Neither the riches nor the poverty of man can spoil them — the fisherman's dory rides the same waters as the beautiful white yacht, seeking the same safety from the storm "outside" — the smallest cove has its safe entrance and at night one watches the winking channel lights marking the bigger harbor, confident of safety for ships who follow the lights. Every harbor and cove, one finds, has rules for the behavior of ships from outside as well as for the ships calling that stretch of sheltered sea home. Courtesy, patience, cooperation — a sort of lend-a-hand spirit prevails — the old seaman, smelling of fish and tar, may not approve of you or your ship, but it would never occur to him not to help you through a squally time if he could. Cooperation is determined by the need of the other ship, not approval of the cut of your jib!

We face increasingly difficult days. Geneva, the international harbor has failed to provide safety for any ship, home or outsider. The rules have been flaunted by the big ships and by the little ones. Italy forced Ethiopia on the rocks while Britain and France rode at anchor and their lookouts gave feeble, timid, blurred signals to the rest of the world. Japan, trusting neither channel lights nor anchorage depth pulled out to open sea long ago. Soviet Russia has been in and out — so has Germany — the rules of that harbor have been spasmodically followed — sometimes there has been courtesy, often there has been patience, seldom has there been honest cooperation. Cutting across another's bows sharply, unexpectedly does not contribute to the safety and security of Geneva.

We can point out that M. Laval gave Mussolini a free hand in Ethiopia at that Roman Holiday in January, 1935 — or we can say that the Baldwin government should have gone through to the bitter end in stopping Mussolini instead of timidly assuring the anxious spectators that Italy could be brought back into the right channel in the international harbor by not too violent pressure! — that fifty ships in harbor could have real "collective security" while one was being jammed on the rocks, by just ignoring the procedure! We can say all this now, but ignoring the rules brings results difficult to change. Hitler saw his opportunity and seized it. His arrogant ultimatum to the Spanish Government a few days ago shows this. He says he intends to go on with his foreign policy if "my strength lasts and God and Luck remain with me to the end"!

Mussolini, whatever our opinion of his performances, certainly has an almost brutal sense of Reality. He never believed in collective security; he only went into the international harbor to study at close hand the weaknesses of the other ships, and claims constantly that he understands the sentimental bunk others use as a camouflage. Perhaps in this alone, he is right. As someone said, "the League of Nations is not a metaphysical divinity. It is subject to physical laws." These laws have to be carried out by the member nations. When one thinks about the past six months, it looks as though all the nations at Geneva wanted all the advantages peace could bring them plus many very delectable morsels from the Council table of War!

An international harbor is a pretty grim necessity, but it is a necessity, and Geneva offers it. The channel lights are clear, the manners demanded by such a port are sound. Courtesy, patience, honest cooperation. There *are* rocks, there *are* treacherous currents, the port *can* be made safer by better rules. But the final reform of the League of Nations rests in the hearts of the men who guide the nations — there rests also the finest reality of any pact between men — the intention of good will born within the spirit. That international harbor but reflects the selfish, ill-mannered, competitive spirits of men and women behind the ships that seek security there. Men who find security in harbors are patient when the storms come. They offer honest cooperation to other ships, large and small, and their courtesy is not a veneer covering selfish purposes but a real attitude of the spirit. *(Continued on page 30*

The Inter-Tribal Ceremonial and its Backgrounds

LESLIE VAN NESS DENMAN

● On the last Wednesday, Thursday and Friday in August of each year there takes place in New Mexico, at the town of Gallup, the Inter-Tribal Indian Ceremonial.

To it come several thousand Indians and a large number of people from all parts of the world, many of them returning year after year to share in the beauty and friendly fun of this three days' gay and colorful festival of the Indian dance and Indian sports.

Here is also the opportunity for a serious study of the many beautiful native handcrafts and arts which are brought in from the distant pueblos and plains and from the far away hogans of the Navahos. The Indians themselves are deeply interested in each other's work and in the dances of the different tribes. They like the fun of the sports and they thoroughly enjoy the meeting with friends, both Indian and white. One of the human values of the Ceremonial is to find one's old friends, Indian and otherwise, with whom one talks over the happenings of the past year and hears the news of the trading post, the pueblo, and the reservation.

Not only do the Indians bring in the year's work, but they bring to us many old authoritatively costumed and beautifully presented dances. The increasing interest in them is realized by the Indians, who respond by giving dances which year after year grow lovelier. Thoughtful and serious consideration is given to the awarding of all prizes, for in this part of the Ceremonial there lies a responsibility as well as pleasure; both the Indians and the white people are on the dance committee.

The audience itself is a great sight. Thousands of Navahos come in from the desert, making camp around their wagons and fires in the grounds back of the "Dancing Place" and grandstands. The various groups from the pueblos and those from the plains live in small cabins on the grounds.

As the Navahos move in from the distant parts of the reservation they camp each night and by the light of their fires hold the so-called "Squaw Dance." The night before they ride into Gallup it is amusing to go out to the last dance.

If the night is clear and the camp far out in the desert, it is a picturesque sight. The roll and slant of the big hats on the groups of quiet men sitting silently on their horses; the women vivid and gay in colored velveteen blouses and bright shawls; the lights and shadows of the fire; the wild high note of the singing of the young men, with the wide circle of dancers, moving in its rhythm, the whole framed by the black night beyond the firelight, make a stunning picture, a picture as old as are the tribes of Asia.

That strange Navaho singing once heard may never again be forgotten. No experience is more fascinating than to sit close around the fires at the chants during the autumn and winter, well wrapped against the cold, listening to the chanting of the Navahos. In this part of the world where "the winds blow through the spaces," the night becomes alive in the song.

Walking through the cabin camps of the pueblo and plains groups, one hears the Indians singing; song after song, of the Zunis, from the Hopi mesas, from the various pueblos, all mingling in one gay medley. Behind a closed door the Kiowas, with drum and song, and the sprinkling of cedar dust, are "making medicine," that their dance "may be beautiful."

One night, in a cabin packed with the Kiowas and the Taos Indians, a Kiowa, Asa or Auchiah, I forget which one, was beating the Taos hand drum, laughing as he sang. The room was alive with the singers, vibrating with the youth and joy of them, and we who crowded in at the door were carried on that flood of song and drumbeat into another world — a world wherein primitive rhythms create — magic!

There are some of us who always come in to the Ceremonial from the Hopi mesas, having been to the "Snake Dances," so called; in reality, ancient and sombre rituals of a compelling beauty.

This year, the Butterfly Dance, in an old form, at Oraibi, will linger long in the memories of those who were fortunate enough to have seen it. The dance itself seemed the culmination of the nights of song which had preceded it. At the end of a day of glamour, in which the Indian audience played its part, the dancers, with the closely massed chorus behind them, left the plaza in one superbly coordinated group of rhythm and color, swinging to the gay lilt of the chant. The Indians who had packed the plaza moved with the dance, and we, drawn into the mood of this gorgeous thing, the thundering energy of whose beat and leaping step rolled against one, went along with the Indians!

Often one leaves the mesas in the late afternoon, after

the last dance, to drive across country in the night, arriving in the "wee sma' " hours at El Navaho, a Harvey House, a blessing to all wanderers, for the doors of its "Lunch Room" are never closed. More than once, on hot nights, and on bitter cold ones, have these same open doors been our salvation.

On the evening before the Ceremonial it is filled with movement and the greetings of friends who have arrived from the east and the west, from the pueblos and reservations.

Another and most important side of the Ceremonial is its high economic value. In a large hall on the grounds there may be seen and studied the Indian arts of the southwest, as well as those of the plains. The knowledge here acquired and the wide distribution of the sales create a more extended and more understanding market for the products of the Indian, increasing his income as well as preserving his ancient arts.

The walls of the hall are covered with the finest weaving of the Navaho women. Beautiful rugs and blankets come in from Oraibi and Ganado, the old trading posts of the Hubbells — today Oraibi is presided over by Lorenzo Hubbell, whose courtesy and kindliness to both Indian and white make of the desert a friendly place.

From Newcomb's, which one always associates with the interest of Mrs. Newcomb's Navaho sand paintings, come other rugs; sometimes among them there may be an unusual Yeibachai one, and always the finely woven Two Gray Hills rugs.

Opposite these are hung the excellent rugs sent in by the Staples of Coolidge, rugs which may have been seen and talked over in the great living room opening off a flower filled court.

One misses the lovely old patterns and dyes from Chin Lee. Neither is the famous trading post and ranch of the John Wetherills always represented. At this ranch, where there are trees and springs, during thirty years and more John and Louisa Wetherill have given, and still give, a rich and fascinating experience to all who come within their doors.

Shonto, of the "sunlight water," an oasis in the same district, presided over by a charming and courteous hostess, only at times sends in its rugs.

One cannot begin to name the various districts from which good blankets may come — such as Crown Point, Black Mountain, Pinon, Crystal and many others. Wool, weaving patterns, dyes, the district from which the rugs and blankets come, are all matters of interest and consideration to Navahos, traders and visitors.

Last year, during a big thunder storm, a fine rug, in coloring something like a Flemish tapestry, was brought to the side of a car near Ganado by a woman with her baby on her back. A sale was made and it was one of the loveliest pieces shown. At Chin Lee there was another unusual piece of weaving, both in color and design. Intriguing and baffling in a curious fresh quality in its coloring, it was completely unlike anything I had known. The background was yellow, the design in black, soft pinks and reds, a lovely green, with some gray and a little white, unquestionably of vegetable dyes and natural wools.

During our stay at the Thunder Bird Inn, at Chin Lee, where one always feels one is returning "home," so cordial are its hosts, Cozy McSparron and his wife, there had been heavy storms. When we left and drove across the country I saw my rug! The young squaw who had woven it evidently had sat under her summer hogan of green branches and, watching the yellow rabbit brush flower and the desert bloom under the summer rains, had woven her dreams into this yellow rug.

From the same wild country where the women weave under the green shelters in summer, and in the warm hogans in winter, comes the silver and turquoise jewelry made by the Navaho men. It is an ever fresh adventure, which never palls, to find a good piece, old or new, in some unexpected out-of-the-way spot, or in the exhibits of it in the Ceremonial hall. The jewelry, which comes from Zuni, is rather more delicate in pattern, set with many small stones. In this pueblo there are women who are excellent silversmiths. One finds exquisite pieces in the exhibits from the Kelsey and Wallace trading posts of Zuni.

Today there is an interesting development in silver from other districts and individual silversmiths, notably in that from the Santa Fe Indian School and from Diego Abeita of Isleta. It is beautiful in design, modern in expression and well related to the past in its simplicity and mood.

Last year to Zuni went the prize for a lovely group of pots. In the collection was a large pottery drum, around whose flowing white curves hung the memory and the magic of chants heard during Shalako nights.

This year an entirely new development in pottery came from the pueblo of Tesuque, and prizes went to Katherine and Martin Vijil for earth-colored pots with the design in soft blues, white and buff. It is fascinating to observe a new potter working along fresh, yet traditional, lines. This pottery should develop, for Tesuque made beautiful pots in the old times.

Near it are the beautiful black bowls and plates of San Ildefonso, which hold the bloom of purple grapes in their soft lustre. Much of this is made by Marie. No one can model a bowl with more subtle hands (there is no wheel used in Indian pottery) than does Marie. Julian, her husband, draws the designs that move lyrically in the rhythm of the bowls. Through Marie, Rosalie, and the other potters of San Ildefonso, that pueblo has become prosperous, with better fed and stronger children.

Next to this black pottery are pots from the first Hopi mesa, the Rock which thrusts its bold contours out into the desert.

(Continued on page 28

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Our San Francisco Symphony Orchestra

BY LEONORA WOOD ARMSBY

● Deserted as a city mansion, the stone and marble corridors of The War Memorial Opera House are silent in summer while the symphony orchestra carries its belongings to open-air theaters. Even the bit of "sky blue heaven" 'in the Opera House ceiling is no rival for sunlight, wooded hills or tranquil country roads.

With summer comes the impulse for the out-of-doors. Enthusiasts delight in the sensation of listening to music in deep ravines for with the earth about us our capacity for enjoyment seems to increase. We have a sense of release, making us kindly even to outbursts of trade winds and droning aeroplanes.

While all this summer gadding is going on the great roof tree for music (our Opera House), stands solidly, dependably and beautifully surrounded by its formal little parks waiting for the return of patrons.

It is almost winter when audiences are again piloted to the apricot-colored roomy chairs.

Under gleaming crystal lights the depressing effect of rain and fog are dispelled. Boredom . . . weather . . . moods are forgotten as we watch the crowds filing down the aisles.

The sociable side of us warms as an acquaintance brushes our elbow and smiles a greeting.

We study the program as the orchestra bump their heavy instruments across the stage. The leader makes a brisk entrance and taps his baton. Lights are dimmed, strings thrum in the half darkness and we are ready for the opening measures.

All of these unimportant but pleasant emotions are part of "going to a symphony." It is the faint memory of their appeal combined with the charm of music that draws us to a concert.

Season after season we repeat our musical experiences and are rewarded by discovering masterpieces which once seemed tedious and dull unexpectedly revealing themselves as works of vital and enchanting loveliness.

Our program shows us the value of clinging to a routine schedule of concerts if we wish to be aware of music in its entirety, for musical societies provide us with a chart by which to travel to significant ends. One who listens to the orchestra throughout an entire season has developed far beyond the person who strays about in search of music which appeals to fancy.

The Musical Association of San Francisco, sponsoring the symphony concerts in the War Memorial Opera House, recognizes the responsibilities placed in its hands. Through the San Francisco Symphony, it assists music lovers in discovering new compositions as well as renewing their acquaintance with standard symphonic masterworks. The coming of Pierre Monteux to San Francisco has simplified our musical problems. The symphony orchestra now famous for its beauty of tone is ready to express the dreams and desires of all nationalities whose characteristics are set forth by their composers.

A forecast of the Musical Association's plans for 1937 discloses:

The return of Pierre Monteux.

An increase in the personnel of the orchestra.

Ten pairs of concerts in the War Memorial Opera House on Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings, beginning January 8th.

Assisting artists under consideration are Vladimir Horowitz (pianist), John Charles Thomas (baritone), Rose Bampton (contralto), Marion Anderson (contralto), Igor Stravinsky (composer-pianist), and Richard Crooks (tenor).

The Association will give its usual series of Young People's Concerts.

Three concerts are scheduled for Berkeley, likewise a founders' day program and a students' series for Stanford.

The broadcasts on the Standard Oil Series are a part of the forty-six performances which the orchestra will play.

Substituting five Russian Ballets with the entire symphony orchestra under Monteux for their usual series of Municipal Concerts, The Art Commission of San Fran-

(Continued on page 20)

If You Have Talent

MRS. DOUGLAS S. WATSON

● "If you have talent." Each Sunday afternoon for over a year your loudspeaker has brought you those four words uttered by the smiling and gracious Major Bowes. He is ever on the quest for talent, and he has found it in the most unexpected places.

Were he to search among the thousands of members of the Women's City Club for the type of talent the forthcoming Talent Festival requires, he would be doubtless successful. But every committee member is not a Major Bowes, trained to lure the hidden from its retreats. We must wheedle, cajole and even track down rumor to find those among us who have developed their talents to the degree of making them hobbies, and these hobbies to the point of distinctive craftsmanship. The joy of accomplishment is never so keen as when applauded by the crowd. Then why hide your talent under "a bushel basket?" Why not let others have the pleasure of seeing what you do in your spare moments, your gem of creative effort?

Are you one of the undiscovered artists? Do you sketch, paint or watercolor? Just for your own amusement? If you are you should join the Talent parade.

Are you a wood-carver? Have you made with your sharp chisels some beautiful object that delights you? If you have, carve for the Talent Festival.

Or are you an amateur in silver-working? The rings, trays, brooches you have designed and executed should make some gift possible.

Then there are the deft workers with paste pot and shears. What clever things they make to delight.

And the patient lace-makers whose nimble fingers produce what only long practice and skill can accomplish.

Textiles have been the domain of women ever since man emerged from a condition of savagery. Where are the weavers and the products of their looms? And the needle-workers and their tapestries? (The loans this year are to be tapestries.)

And the binding of books? Here is a craft that some few have elevated to an art. Every book lover warms to a beautifully bound volume.

If you do any of these things you must have talent. Why keep your cleverness all to yourself? Why not share the pleasure it gives you with others. That is the *reason d'etre* of a Talent Festival.

There are dozens of hobbies besides those mentioned which raise the humdrum of everyday life to the status of real adventure. Photography has not been spoken of. Are you a shutter-clicker? An amateur movie picture fan? If photography does not come under the head of an exercise of talent, where does it belong?

And think what an inspiration a Talent Festival is to the bashful and hesitant personality who wants to do something but is afraid to try. Who knows what latent artistry will be developed just through gazing at what others have done? It is very human to feel that "I could do as well as that, if I tried."

The comfort that a hobby, which demands one's talent brings to one is hard to estimate. It stimulates; makes of idle time purposeful leisure, and is something to fall back on; a good friend ever ready to take your mind from your troubles.

Again, in the words of Major Bowes, "If you have talent," resolve at once to join in making the Talent Festival a huge success, and do not hesitate to offer your craftsmanship for exhibit with that of the other talented members of the Club.

Leyendas

● .....Conchita, que vamos a estudiar este otoño?

.....Se me ocurre una idea, Celia. Que te parece que aprendamos algunas leyendas?

.....Sería muy ameno e instructivo. Sabes alguna en este momento?

.....Si. Yo sé la de la Ceremonia de la Luz . . . Símbolo de la fé. Quieres oirla?

.....Si. Dímela, por favor.

.....Al fin de cada ciclo de 52 años los Aztecas tenían la ceremonia de Toxuihmolpilia. En honor de este diós, se extinguían todas las lumbres. Entonces justamente a la media noche el sacerdote encendía una gran torcha de la cual tomaban fuego mensajeros que a gran carrera lo distribuían a todas las casas de las Aztecas. Este les aseguraba que la vida continuaría felizmente con la protección de este diós para el siguiente ciclo de cincuenta y dos años.

.....Qué interesante porque los Druidas tenian una costumbre semejante.

.....Quieres contármela?

.....Con gusto, pero la proxima vez que tengamos mas tiempo.

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I Have Been Reading

By Daisy F. Reed

From a Paris Garret; *by Richard Le Gallienne*, 1936; Ives Washburn, Publisher. $2.50.

Bali and Ankor; *by Geoffrey Gorer*, 1936; Little, Brown and Company.

Inside Europe; *by John Gunther*. Reviewed by Virginia Mysell.

● From a Paris Garret; by Richard Le Gallienne.

This delightful book can best be introduced to the reader by a quotation from the preface: "The author is of those for whom to live in Paris is a form of romance. . . . To live in Paris is not merely to live in one's particular day and generation, but to live with a feeling of living too in the exhilarating atmosphere of an ever-present, still animate and animating past. . . . It is only imperfectly inhabited by those who merely eat and sleep, and work and play there, those whose lives are not lived in the imagination as well."

From his garret — on the Left Bank, seven flights up, over a "roofscape of russet tiles and chimneys," with the towers of Notre Dame and Les Invalides in sight — the author projects his imagination. He recreates streets, gardens, markets, fairs (one in Sainte Germain which has gone on since the twelfth century), studios, restaurants so that each is transformed into the historical present. Everywhere in Paris, which "preserves the homogeneity of an old city," things have happened to "stir the imagination."

For instance, the Cabaret de la Petite Chaise which opened its doors in 1681 for travelers by stage-coach from Havre to Calais is today one of the most charming small restaurants on the Left Bank. Here an omelet made famous by Brillat - Savarin is still served. And the Sarbonne founded seven hundred years ago to accommodate seven sternly orthodox priests which today has thirty thousand students from all over the world and "probably shelters every novel and heretical theory known to philosophy and science."

The author also makes it quite plain that one cannot understand Paris unless one knows the French character — that "concentration of contradictions" which is responsible for the Place de la Concorde and the country touches in the midst of this "wordliest of all worldly cities."

Richard Le Gallienne is a master of fine writing. What could more appropriately describe "old streets" than the following: "In their wayward turns and quaint nooks and corners there is the charm of character that we find in worn old faces lined and humanized with living."

"From a Paris Garret'" is not intended for a guide book, but it would be a great adventure to see Paris through the eyes of one who loves and understands her so well.

● Bali and Ankor; by Geoffrey Gorer.

This book gets its name from the fact that it begins with Bali and ends with Ankor. About both of these the author has some very pertinent things to say, particularly about space as a constituent part of Ankor Wat. I do not remember any other writer giving such consideration to this very impressive characteristic of the Wat.

But these pertinent considerations are quite overshadowed by the idiosyncrasies of the writer. It is the sort of book one lays aside with the feeling that it is not worth finishing and yet something about the book impels one to see it through. What this something is, is difficult to say. It may be the style in which the book is written, or it may be that the digressions, which seem to have little or no relation to the subject, are of such character that in spite of their annoying intrusion they do compel one's interest.

The only review of the book I have seen was over enthusiastic in its praise. The book may be more startling than sincere.

A Worth While Thought

"THINK some time, will you, about cigarette names. What each name represents. Philip Morris, for example, is not a synthetic or fancy trade mark. It is a personal name, honored by 87 years of cigarette making — creating many famous brands — but always under the name "Philip Morris." So the name itself guarantees integrity of statement. But a statement by Philip Morris must be more than merely true. It must be important! When Philip Morris announces a new kind of mildness you may count on a measurably milder cigarette, made by a new formula, definitely established by the research of high scientific authorities. So please don't treat carelessly our assurance that the new Philip Morris mildness is a scientific fact, ethically presented to and accepted by the medical profession."

PHILIP MORRIS & CO., LTD., INC.

● Inside Europe; by John Gunther; reviewed by Virginia Mysell.

In speaking of "Inside Europe," by John Gunther, we must explain where this writing stands. Here is a portrait of contemporary Europe. It is a portrait of a neurotic world. "Inside Europe," by John Gunther, is not a scientific book. It is factual. It is not a case history of Europe but a picture of the symptoms of this neurotic world. It is written by an American journalist. It is what Americans like to read, the surface, the action, the personalities, not the motivating idea behind this action, these figures. We must remember John Gunther is a factual-realist, his life the newspaper game; for many years his nose has been to the grindstone of European political business, gleaning facts, chasing after revolutions, Putsches of Mittel Europa, communist riots, royal pretenders, palace scandals. And this is what he has brought together for us in this book plus superb portraits of national character and national leaders. John Gunther has not had time, however, for vision, for psychological study of these facts. Nevertheless, this is not a criticism of Gunther and his work. Symptoms must be recognized, studied and written down. This is a work in itself and John Gunther has done it fully and excellently.

In reading this book Americans will be saved much ignorant questioning. The conditions and problems of Europe are brought closer to them. They will, for example, not again ask: "Why cannot Europe become a United States of Europe as we, a United States of America?" For Mr. Gunther has drawn indelibly for us here at least four national political portraits, England, France, Italy, Germany, the strong individual political nationalisms that can never be broken down — added to this, frustrated nationalism, the greater part of Europe, a world of peoples lacking independence, blindly following their charlatan dictators. Thus internationalism becomes a far cry.

Though the writer proffers no vision, the subject itself is a visionless world; even the title is consistent, "Inside Europe" (whether consciously selected or not) signifies a picture of a closed world of limited vision. Knowing, therefore, that the author has given us the short view, we need not search for "ways out," but may sit back and take in these sketches of leaders and nations and their scenes of intrigue, presented by a man who has lived close to this world seeking out the true facts.

National League Library Service

NEW BOOKS

HERE WAS A MAN; *Nora Lofts.* $2.50. The author of "I Met a Gypsy," writes a novel about Sir Walter Scott.

GREEN MARGINS; *E. P. O'Donnell.* $2.50. Highly recommended first novel; a story of the Mississippi Delta.

THE OLD ASHBURN PLACE; *Margaret Flint.* $2.50. A story of Maine farmers.

WHITEOAK HARVEST; *Mazo De La Roche.* $2.50. Jalna again.

STAGE DOOR; *Edna Ferber and George Kaufman.* $2.00. A new play by the authors of "The Royal Family."

PRAYER FOR MY SON; *Hugh Walpole.* $2.50. The author turns to contemporary England.

DOOR IN THE GRIMMING; *Paula Grogger.* $2.75. Extremely important novel of 18th century life in Austria.

GOLDEN WEDDING; *Anne Parrish.* $2.50. Very readable and in the author's best style.

NON-FICTION

HEADS AND TAILS; *Malvina Hoffman.* $5.00. The autobiography of a foremost American sculptress.

IN PURSUIT OF LAUGHTER; *Agnes Repplier.* $2.75. A history of humor.

MOVERS AND SHAKERS; *Mabel Dodge Luhan.* $5.00. Reminiscences of the great and near great.

ACROSS SPOON RIVER; An autobiography by *Edgar Lee Masters.* $3.50.

NIJINSKY'S DIARY; $2.50. That this will be an extremely interesting follow-up to previous books goes without saying.

JUVENILE

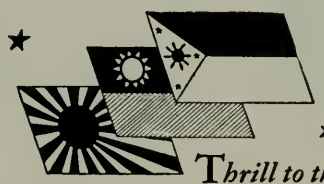
THE CODFISH MUSKET; *Agnes Danforth Hewes.* $2.00. A splendid historical novel for the older boys and girls.

HURRICANE WEATHER; *Howard Pease.* $2.00. Adventure and mystery in the South Seas; also for older boys.

BILLY BUTTER; *The Haders.* $2.00. A billy goat on our own Telegraph Hill, illustrated in color. For the young reader and many older ones.

MAGIC PUDDING; *Norman Lindsay.* $1.50. A delightful bit of nonsense for the younger reader.

GIANT OTTO and OTTO AT SEA; *William du Bois.* $1.25 for both. They are delightful picture books for any age.



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The Needlework Guild

For the first time in the long history of the San Francisco Branch of the Needlework Guild of America, founded by Mrs. John Wood Stewart, the national convention met in San Francisco in May of this year.

For those of us who have been interested in this splendid work for many years, this convention was a real inspiration. One of the gratifying results of this gathering was the formation of a new section in the National League for Woman's Service in memory of Mrs. John Leale, a former president of the San Francisco Branch of the Guild. Mrs. Randolph Madison became the President of this new section. Mrs. E. A. Thompson, the secretary.

Each week, this summer, faithful members have met to sew, and the 120 garments, bright, gay and beautifully made are ready, tied two by two, awaiting the call for the ingathering. Mrs. Robert Hugh Donaldson, President of the San Francisco Branch of the Needlework Guild, invites all Club members to see this latest section — the direct outgrowth of the National Convention — to be displayed at the Fairmont Hotel on the afternoon and evening of October 26th. This special piece of volunteer service is well *worth* seeing, and the exhibition of the thousands of garments which each year find their way to some ninety of our local charities is an inspiring sight. Gathered two by two these garments exemplify the vision of the founder of the Needlework Guild.

(Continued from page 16)

cisco will also present three concerts during the winter.

The foregoing schedule is an ambitious one. The Musical Association must raise ninety thousand dollars irrespective of that part of the city tax money which the Art Commission pays them for the services of Pierre Monteux and the orchestra.

We believe San Franciscans to be wholeheartedly for the symphony. We believe they are interested in building, cherishing and maintaining an orchestra which will be internationally acclaimed and we appeal to all clubwomen for an individual responsibility in promoting the concerts by purchasing tickets and by creating in others an enthusiasm which will mean success.

The Golden Gate International Exposition will have need of our orchestra. Visitors who stream in and out of San Francisco will look at our development and judge us by the sum total of what they find.

It shall be the honor of the orchestra to send them on their way sensible of our supremacy in music.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of Women's City Club Magazine, published monthly at San Francisco, Cal., for October 1, 1936.

State of California,
City and
County of San Francisco, } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Willis Hickox, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Women's City Club Magazine and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Women's City Club, San Francisco, California; Editor Pro Tem., Miss Marion W. Leale, San Francisco; Business Manager, Willis Hickox, San Francisco.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given).

Women's City Club, San Francisco, California.

President, Miss Katharine Donohoe, San Francisco, California.

Recording Secretary, Miss Frances Hall, Palo Alto, California.

Treasurer, Miss Marion W. Leale, San Francisco, California.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:
None.

WILLIS HICKOX, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1936.

(Seal) MARGARET M. LYNCH.
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

(My commission expires July 30, 1939.)

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The Sister Guild

BETTY M. COFFEE

To one who loves flowers and possibly has a garden it is difficult to imagine that there are people who have never seen flowers or trees: people to whom the word Nature has no real meaning in the congested cities of our land. To reach these people has been the work of the National Plant Flower and Fruit Guild, and I shall endeavor to set forth here the purpose and spirit of the Guild and tell a bit about the work that has been going on quietly gathering momentum throughout the country for the past forty years.

First, perhaps, I should say a word about the founder, who was a truly remarkable woman. In the '90's, in Philadelphia, lived a Mrs. John Wood Stewart, a woman of independent means, niece of Levi P. Morton, governor of New York and later vice-president of the United States under Benjamin Harrison. Mrs. Stewart was a pioneer in social service work, and the woman who brought to America the Needlework Guild with which we are now so familiar.

It was in connection with her work for the Needlework Guild, that, in going about the poorer sections of the city she was struck by the fact that many people in the slums often lived and died without ever seeing a flowering plant. This seemed appalling to Mrs. Stewart and she banded her friends together, obtained from them their promise to contribute flowers and fruit from their city gardens and country estates and to assist her in distributing them to the children of the tenements. This was the beginning of the Guild. We are now a national institution. Branches of the Guild are to be found in cities and towns in every state in the Union.

We begin our activities in San Francisco on Good Friday of each year.

Perhaps I should here say a work about our contributors. The largest donations of flowers and fruits come from Marin county. Generous hearted women who have beautiful country places in Ross and Kentfield go to great trouble and expense to insure us our supply of flowers each Friday.

The work of arranging and delivering is divided into crews. Each Friday in the month has its captain and crew. They gather up the flowers which are contributed on this side of the bay by certain generous florists and are already dividing them into bunches when the flowers from Marin county arrive.

We try to cover all the charity wards in the local hospitals at least once a month. As is common in similar organizations, each captain has her pet recipient, but we manage to see that the Marine Hospital, the Seamen's Institute and the Veteran's Hospital are never forgotten.

The Guild is organized with a minimum of red tape. Our Head Office in New York City and the branches do not maintain offices. We pay no salaries and our only expenses are for rent of our distribution point, a room for our monthly meetings, stationery and wrappings, and tags for bouquets. We have three classes of members: Life members, sustaining members and workers. The life members pay $25.00 for a life membership in the Guild, the sustaining members pay $5.00 a year and the workers pay $1.00 a year. Many women who sympathize with the work, but haven't the time to devote to it, each week come in as sustaining members.

As the scope of our work is only limited by the actual working members, we are always ready to welcome new recruits. The only requirements are time and inclination, and possibly a car. We always need cars for deliveries. The Women's City Club has been particularly generous this year in providing us with volunteer workers to assist in the deliveries, but we can always use more.

NEW ARRIVALS

NAGAJIBAN KIMONOS beautifully tailored in rare old patterns in pastel shades.

HAND CARVED IVORY now showing at the Madame Butterfly Shop have been carefully selected to please the most fastidious collectors. Prices range from $35.00 to $150.00.

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"A Fuchsia for Every Garden in 1939"

BY MRS. W. H. WARE

● Let me quote from "Practical Floriculture" — "Fuchsias are the most graceful of all cultivated plants. Nothing in our opinion can surpass the beauty of well grown specimens. They are of the easiest culture; plants rooted from cuttings in January can be grown with ease to six feet in height in June by due attention to repotting as the plants make root. When grown as specimens at least half the soil should be rotted cow manure. They are also well adapted as bedding plants in cool and partially shaded situations." Why should we not make them more popular?

If used as bedding plants, the low growers, which flower freely in the young state, sending out numerous lateral branches, should be selected. Display, *G. Monk, Marvel, Alice Hoffman. Madame Cornelissen, Dainty Lady* and *Gladiator*, should give good results. They might be interspersed with pink and white begonias of the semperflorens type with excellent effect. There are so many to chose from I feel reluctant to give names. *Rolla* is very popular at present — I prefer it as a standard. It is being used so extensively in hybridizing at this time that we may see something quite novel in the near future. While on the subject of "bedders," the *triphylla hybrids* must not be neglected. Beautiful for their foliage as well as their flowers, they always attract attention. Among them *Coralle* is particularly floriforous. However, be careful in its use, its rich salmon orange and red coralla may not blend with some of its neighbors. *Thalia*, in this class, is also good.

Now for some of the so-called foliage varieties. The best known of these are *Sunray, Meteor, Burning Bush, Gracilis Variegata* and *Wave of Life*, the last too tender to grow out-of-doors in San Francisco.

Fuchsias can be trained in so many shapes. They are especially tractable as "pyramids" and "espaliers," for which *Charming, Mrs. Marchall Brilliant, Amy Lye* and *Mrs. Rundell* are recommended. All of these are single varieties, they being considered best for such training. For espaliers I would add *Dalliance, Ivoire* and *Pink Ballet Girl*, as well as *White Phenominal*. For hedges, the *magellanica hybrids* are all valuable, being able to withstand considerable frost. They may be cut to the ground by frost but grow lustily again when spring arrives. Among these *Riccartoni, Gracilis variegata, Caledonia, L'Enfant Prodigue* are excellent.

Just a word in favor of hanging baskets,

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which seem to have been relegated to "The Horse and Buggy Days," but where fuchsias flourish they should never be placed in the discard. If baskets are large, as many as four plants can be used in one for best results. For these use *Andenken an Heinrich Henkel, Balkon, Mrs. Rundell, Mrs. Marshall, The Doctor, Trailing Queen, Burning Bush, Sunray* and *Marinka.*

With at least two hundred varieties of fuchsias — single and double — to choose from and all women's clubs cooperating, San Francisco cannot help being "The City Beautiful in 1939."

San Francisco Museum of Art

● EXHIBITIONS DURING OCTOBER:

Contemporary American and European Paintings from the Duncan Phillips Collection, Washington, D. C......Oct. 5 - Nov. 5.

Survey of Oriental Rugs.....Continuing through Oct. 31

(From the Kent-Costikyan Galleries, New York).

American Indian Art.....Continuing through Oct. 31

(From the collections of Mrs. Charles deYoung Elkus, Mrs.. William Denman and Mrs. Laura Adams Armer and from the Santa Fe Indian School, New Mexico.)

Lectures of Importance:

Alexander Archipenko, famous sculptor and lecturer, will give two lectures at the San Francisco Museum of Art: "Creativeness and Contemporary Civilization" on Wednesday evening, October 7 at 8:00 o'clock; "Style," on Wednesday evening, October 14, at 8:00 o'clock. Admission fee of fifty cents for each.

Dr. Alfred Neumeyer, professor in art at Mills College, is giving a series of ten lectures on Thursday evenings, beginning October 1, 7:30 to 9:00, on "The Appreciation of Painting." This is a Mills College Extension course: one credit is allowed. Registration fee: $1.00; enrollment fee: $6.00. The lectures will be given in the Lecture Hall of the San Francisco Museum of Art.

Concerts sponsored by the Federal Music Project, Works Progress Administration, are given regularly at the Museum Tuesday night at 8:00 o'clock.

COMING EHXIBITIONS:

Annual Exhibition of the San Francisco Society of Women Artists.....Oct. 29

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"Set-Up"

PHILIPPINE SCHMIDT RETTENMAYER

● The Talent Festival is being heralded in the magazine, by word of mouth, on the Bulletin Boards, on every floor by activities, groups are working in the building, other members are busy alone at home, preparing to send the very best of their efforts, striving to make each contribution worthy of being sent in.

Now it is the responsibility of the "Set-Up" chairman to provide a background worthy of these many lovely and varied contributions.

The main theme was conceived by our ever alert president and as every architect works for a sense of harmony through unity, so we are endeavoring this year to create a "united" background. This will tend to add to the charm that is born of order.

In planning such a scheme there are many phases that must be considered:

(1) Adaptability of properties on hand.
(2) Adaptability for later use of new properties to be purchased.
(3) Color schemes as suited to use elsewhere in the building.
(4) Adaptability for proper display of wares.
(5) Proper color background for volunteer uniforms.
(6) Tradition of the club, the city, the state.
(7) Emphasis on present paramount interests.
    (A) Bridges.
    (B) Exposition.

And so you can deduct that there are many suggestions and discussions, many good ideas presented that we would just *love* to use but cannot, for one or more reasons.

Therefore, a net is cast over the entire city, a net for ideas from which to glean and adapt to our use parts of several sections, historic as well as functional. Thus we tie the beautiful glamorous past to the overwhelming present and future. These are not imitated for that could not be, but simulated, and, for instance, anyone who knows "South Park" may recognize the little round trees, whose charm we wished to capture.

The main theme, although done in a floral manner, will be recognized by all. Sometimes it piques the interest to "keep a secret," and so we shall. (Hope your interest is enough aroused now to make you want to come on October 7 and 8.) Remember, it is not easy to co-ordinate the old with the new. We, however, will try. We shall spare no pains to have each booth a unit of the whole and well equipped, but ourselves will be more conscious of

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whatever shortcomings there might be than you, or you, or you.

The Tapestry Loan Exhibit will be displayed on the Fourth Floor exclusively and this plan leaves our Third Floor absolutely free to function at its best. Before the curtain rises on October 7th we may have to revise this plan, for you contributors may send in so many gifts that the Auditorium cannot accommodate them all. Let us sincerely hope so — our plans are flexible.

The American Women's Club

THE AMERICAN WOMEN'S CLUB
46 Grosvenor Street, W 1,
London, August 24, 1936.
Dear Miss Phillips:

Mrs. Farley and myself are enjoying the American Women's Club and are delighted with our stay in London.

Wish to thank you, Miss Phillips, for the reciprocal cards you so kindly sent us before leaving San Francisco.

We are leaving in the morning for Scotland. Again we thank you, Miss Phillips.

Sincerely,
JANE D. MCCLYMONDS
1075 Broadway, San Francisco.

Artichoke Fields

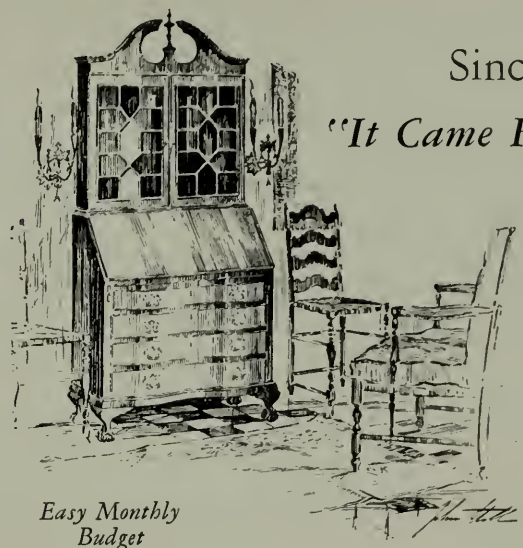
(Half Moon Bay)

Here in wide and sandy fields
Is where the artichokes grow;
Tall fern-like leaves of silvery green
Are stretching row on row.
The surf is tossing crystal spray,
While mist is hanging low,
And greening fields of artichokes
Whichever way you go.

Passing there, I saw a girl
Come walking through the mist,
Across the fields of artichokes,
Where she had kept a tryst:
Joy was in her shining eyes
That her lover had kissed.

KATE KIRKHAM.

RESERVE NOW
for the
TALENT FESTIVAL
DINNERS



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Talent Festival October 7 and 8

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THAT MUST BE MET BY EVERY SHOPPER

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Bridge Prizes — Toys
Wedding Presents — Dishes, Glassware

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50% MORE COFFEE-ENJOYMENT ASSURED BECAUSE

. . . you secure the important advantages of Caswell home-delivery coffee-service! The Caswell Coffee Man delivers this fine blend fresh from the roasters to your home . . . in the exact, steel-cut, chaffless grind for most delicious results with your brewing process. It's the sure way to secure coffee at the peak of its rich, freshly-roasted flavor and aroma. Call your Caswell Coffee Man tomorrow. He will also bring you a FREE coffee-measure . . . showing the exact amount to use for each enchanting cupful!

Caswell's NATIONAL CREST Coffee

SAN FRANCISCO:
Call SUtter 6654
642 Harrison St.

OAKLAND:
Call HIgate 1017
1150 Twenty-Eighth Street

Geo. W. Caswell Co.

"Krusteaz" Is Donated for Talent Festival

● One hundred 20-ounce packages of Krusteaz Prepared Pie Crust (pronounced "crust-ease") have been donated to the Club by the manufacturer for use by members in baking pies for the Talent Festival.

For the benefit of members who have not already become acquainted with Krusteaz through the grocery stores, the manufacturer explains that this product is made up of all the ingredients necessary for preparing pie crust, except water. All that is necessary is to add the proper amount of water, mix, and roll out. The ingredients are carefully measured in the proper proportions and mixed in a dry form before packaging. Special processes make it possible to add such normally oily ingredients as shortening in this form so that they remain fresh almost indefinitely.

The manufacturer points out that a number of advantages are afforded by having pie crust ingredients available in this form. First of all is, of course, the saving of time. It is said that only about half the time is required with Krusteaz as ordinarily is necessary. Equally significant is the claim that one suffers no failures in making crust with Krusteaz, since mixing is perfectly proportioned at the outset. And it is also mentioned that fruit pies, which so often overflow with juice, will not become soggy when made with Krusteaz.

Although Krusteaz is manufactured primarily for making pie crust, it may be used very satisfactorily also for tarts, some puddings, etc. The 20-ounce packages which have been donated to the Club are ample for two large pies with or without top crust.

In order to take full advantage of the donation of the Krusteaz, the Committee in charge of the Talent Festival has decided to place the goods on sale, the funds realized to be included in the proceeds from sale of goods at the Festival. The Krusteaz will be placed on sale on October 1 on the Third Floor.

●

FIRELIGHTING
Monday
October 5

●

HERE'S HOW THE MAKERS OF

KRUSTEAZ PREPARED PIE CRUST

will help

THE TALENT FESTIVAL:

WE HAVE donated 100 packages of KRUSTEAZ (pronounce it "crust-ease") to the Women's City Club to be used by members who plan to bake pies for this year's Talent Festival.

If you are already familiar with Krusteaz, you know how much it will help you in making delicious, flawless pie crust. If you have never used Krusteaz, think what an advantage these features are: Krusteaz is READY-MIXED in perfect proportions, so you just add water and roll out . . . it makes rich, flaky crust (no failures) in about HALF THE TIME otherwise required . . . and the crust of juicy pies will not get soggy when properly made with Krusteaz!

The Krusteaz we have donated for the Festival is on sale, at regular grocery store prices, on the Third Floor. Entire proceeds of the sale go to the Club Treasury. So if you use Krusteaz, it helps you help the Festival to success! And if you like it in baking for the Talent Festival, we hope you will use it at home, too!

Swimming Pool

HOURS: Monday through Thursday, 9:30 a.m. to 7:15 p.m.; Friday, 9:30 a.m. to 9:00 p.m.; Saturday, 9:00 a.m. to 4:45 p.m.

PRICES: Single swim for members, 30 cents; guests, 40 cents; boys under 12, girls under 18, 30 cents; ten-swim tickets for members, $2.50; members' daughters under 18, sons under 12, $2.25; guest children, $2.50 (including Girl Scouts).

PRIVATE LESSONS: An instructor is on duty whenever the Pool is open, and appointments may be made for single lessons, or a ticket may be bought giving purchaser six half-hour or twelve fifteen-minute lessons within three months. Members and members' children, $4; guests, $6. Admission extra.

GROUPS: Members bringing groups of any size to swim are requested to arrange with the Pool Office in advance. The Pool can be kept open for private parties after the regular closing hour on certain evenings on guarantee of at least $5. Sponsored organizations whose members wish to swim regularly either as individuals or in groups, who can use 100 admissions in ten weeks, may make arrangements for special rates.

Books for The Seamen's Institute

● Announcement by the Seamen's Church Institute of their thirteenth annual Book Drive, to be held October 24-31, reminds us of the continual need of books for the sea-going library service maintained by this Community Chest agency. The drive is under the personal direction of Mr. C. C. Stevenson, Jr., President of the Board of Directors of the Institute; he will be assisted by Mrs. George A. Mullin, Miss Edith Leale, Mrs. Grace Sutton Powell, Mrs. C. C. Stevenson, Miss Elsie Schaufler, and others. During the past year over 20,000 volumes, including both fiction and non-fiction, have been circulated in this library service to the crews of merchant ships. Seamen have varied tastes in reading, even as you and I; a young chap from one of our freighters recently asked for some of the newest books, those scarcely off the press; other requests are for technical books; many seamen are avid readers of biography and history; western stories, detectives, and mysteries are always in demand.

One of the "Big Book" boxes will be found in the Club lobby during the week of the drive, where you may deposit any books you wish to give to this service.

HOME-MADE CANDIES

Some New Creations That You Will Like. Come in and Taste Them.

SIMON BROS
GROCERS

California St. at Divisadero — San Francisco — WEst 6100

Ask for CASPERSON'S EGGS

Every egg is candled and guaranteed fresh

Sold by Independent Grocers

WHAT SHALL BE THE DESSERT OF A LUNCHEON OR DINNER YOU HAVE SPECIALLY PLANNED?

SAMARKAND ICE CREAM

ANSWERS THE QUESTION TO THE PLEASURE OF THE GUESTS AND TO THE SATISFACTION OF THE HOSTESS

Monterey Beer

It is Mild
Refreshing
Relaxing
Nourishing

Be sure and ask for "MONTEREY SUPREME"

(Continued from page 15)

On the Rock are three villages, Hano, at the top of the steep road to the heights; Sichumovi, the second village; and Walpi, which lies on the point. Apricot and orange, soft browns and creams are the colors of the bowls and jars made here, colors that hold the moods and the seasons of the tawny desert whose horizon lies in the far purple distances.

On the plaza in Sichumovi is the house of a potter who makes charming food bowls, other delightful and rather exquisite bowls are signed with an ear of "Blue Corn," the name of the maker.

Outstanding in this group is a jar with a dynamic rhythm in the pattern which sweeps low around its curves, a design hauntingly reminiscent of certain neolithic jars, and signed "Nampeyo and Fannie."

Many years ago when the ancient ruins of the pueblo of Sikyatka were uncovered, Nampeyo, a potter, realized the rare and unusual quality of the prehistoric shards found there. She became famous for the beauty and richness of her designs and the perfection of her forms. Other Hopi potters followed in her footsteps: the spirit of the "old people," the ancestors which an Indian feels so close about him, lived again.

Nampeyo's house in the first one to the right, up a few steps, at the top of the narrow road to Walpi. She is now very old, she is almost blind, and she is poor. She sits on the dirt floor modeling, content, for she still creates, and with her sensitive old hands molds the clay into the forms of seed bowls and water jars. Through the open door her dim eyes look out over the desert far below as they have looked out through that same door during all of her long life, a life spent on a narrow, waterless ledge of rock. Nampeyo has worked hard as well, for every drop of water used through the centuries has been carried up on to the Rock by the women from the springs which lie at its base. "She is always happy when she models," says Fannie, her daughter, who sits on the floor near, painting the pottery of the moment with "very old designs of water serpents"; at other times with the bird forms, the cloud forms taught to her by her mother. Near Nampeyo lies Fannie's youngest baby. Among the Indians the old people with gentle touch and soft voice care for the children.

Once, during my stay at a Hopi house in Oraibi, the old grandfather and a shy brown-eyed boy of six years were never separate. All day long and a part of the night the house and the near-by corn field rang with the strong song of the old man. The choruses of the Butterfly Dance, the Buffalo Dance, and of many others filled the hours, while gaily piping along with that deep voice was the sweet high treble of the child. It is in this way the children are taught the lore of their tribe.

On leaving Nampeyo's house I walked slowly and thoughtfully through the villages to where Walpi, a part of the rock itself, crouches high above the desert. Sitting with my back to the last house in Walpi, I looked down upon the burial ground of the sacred eagles, which lies at the furthermost point. This bold tomb of the eagles has the free and winged quality of Brancusi's "Bird in Space." No burial place of kings has more imaginative beauty.

In coming up I had passed through the plaza of the village where twice I had seen the dance of the women, with the leaping circle of men swirling around them. I crossed the causeway over which the Niman Katcina dancers come at sunrise, their arms laden with Katcina dolls and fruits for the children. On my way I had passed the kivas where there takes place the old ceremony of the "Water Serpents" that Nampeyo and Fannie have painted on their bowls and where, one night, through the kindness and courtesy of Indian men, I had sat with the women and watched the dances, my own world for the moment far away and non-existent.

I had come through the Snake Plaza and walked between the Snake and Antelope kivas, the latter pregnant with memories of the ancient chants heard from above at dawn on a day before a public ritual.

In returning I wandered through a narrow passage to the western side of Walpi where a steep trail rises from the plain below. Up this trail at sunrise on the morning before the Snake Dance come running the young men who have raced across the desert. As I sat watching the day fade, the evening star strangely dancing in the glow of a setting sun, there came to my mind the picture of the winner of one race who came rushing along the trail arriving at the top, laughing. The head of this brown Indian youth was bound with a purple banda and in this banda was stuck a yellow squash blossom; in his red girdle were two long sheaves of young corn leaves, and in his hands he carried a green melon. About that laughing young runner with the squash blossom in his hair had hovered

(Continued on page 30)

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The chocolate drink with the *real* chocolate flavor.

No wonder . . . it's made with *real* chocolate . . . the finest to be had.

You can tell the difference at the first taste.

For kiddies at school, for grown-ups at lunch, for anybody any time, Bell-Brook Chocolate Drink . . . hot or cold . . . is delicious, wholesome, satisfying.

And if you don't sleep well, just try a cup . . . hot . . . before retiring!

BELL-BROOK

Eighth & Howard *UNderhill 4242*

"THERE CAN BE NONE BETTER"

The Modern Gift

● On Post Street, at one hundred and sixty-five to be exact, a few doors east of Grant Avenue, is to be found the entrance to an outstanding San Francisco "institution," whose ideal is voiced by two courageous, forward-looking young men in these words:

"To find a definite outlet for the artists and craftsmen who because of their limited production cannot establish the necessary sales contacts with the public."

With such a need existing, with the artists eager for a clearing house and the discriminating public glad to find these exceptional wares well displayed and accessible, we have the solution to a problem long existent.

Messrs. Amberg and Hirth have the training, ingenuity and instinct, which is a requisite often negated, to provide a suitable background for the many objects, useful and ornamental, which have found a ready sale. They are particular to a degree, not often maintained, in choosing smart modern form and design, combined with the finest technique and craftsmanship obtainable.

It is such a good feeling to know that what you have acquired is either—

the only one of its kind,
or the newest design,
or the most perfect color,
or an unusual, not-to-be-copied form.

Can you imagine an architectural ring, clip, bracelet or bar pin?

Can you close your eyes and day-dream of the most electric, clear, green-blue glaze on plate or bowl, of finest concept in design?

Just to give you an inkling of whose work you may not only look for but find, whose technique is best expressed in the media they choose, I mention these few.

GLEN LUKENS—A master potter whose forms and color and glaze are so outstanding that to own a piece would mean a constant joy to owner and beholder.

MARGARET de PATTA—No one but Mrs. de Patta has ever manipulated silver in such a manner. Go up to the very inviting jewel case on the wall and peek; then have the surprise of your life when little secret-looking drawers are opened and you behold a collection of delicate, or structural, or architectural, or spiritual designs for feminine and masculine ornamentation, like none you have ever dreamed.

RENA ROSENTHAL of New York has her smart creations displayed in a room "all of her own."

HELEN HUGHES DULANY has sent in some of her rare stainless steel creations and flower holders.

You cannot live in San Francisco and know it well, nor be equipped to share its charms with visitors, until you are well acquainted with Amberg and Hirth.

Vote Against Higher Prices

for Food and Other Necessities!

Vote "NO" on Proposition #22—a scheme to raise the cost of living by taxation

DO you think prices are high enough now? Then watch where you put your stamp on Proposition 22, called a "Retail Store License" on the November ballot.

It requires individual stores to pay $1.00 a year for the right to do business. But it taxes chain stores $500.00 for each store over nine.

Groups sponsoring the measure freely call it a "weapon"—a weapon to cripple the chain store *by forcing it to raise its prices.*

But *you* are the one who is hit by high prices. As the U. S. Federal Trade Commission says:

"If the ability to undersell, based on greater efficiency or on elimination of credit and delivery cost, is destroyed by taxation, it is the consuming public which will really pay the tax and not the chain."

Chain stores operate on a small profit. They eliminate middlemen's profits and unnecessary in-between expenses.

The savings they make by operating efficiently are passed on to you in *prices 10% below the average.* These are the figures of the Harvard (University) Bureau of Business Research, from a study of 32,998 chain stores.

Four out of five chain stores do not make enough profit to cover the tax. It can only be paid by higher prices—*by money out of your pocket.*

Some chains will go out of business. Thus their competitors will be able to raise prices even higher.

If you think that chain store rivalry helps to keep *all* prices in line with your pocketbook—if you think that TAXES ARE HIGH ENOUGH NOW, especially on FOODS, *vote NO and keep prices low.*

For remember, this tax is *admittedly* not a tax for revenue purposes. It is a cleverly camouflaged subsidy for wasteful business methods—*and you will pay the bill.*

No matter what its title... no matter how heavily disguised... *22 is a tax on you*—VOTE NO!

22 IS A TAX ON YOU—VOTE NO!

RETAIL STORE LICENSE Referendum against act of Legislature (Chapter 849, Statutes 1935) requiring every person or organization owning, operating or controlling one or more stores, wherein merchandise is sold at retail, obtain annual State license; prescribing fifty cents application fee for each store and one dollar license fee for one store, increasing license fee progressively for second and additional stores to five hundred dollars for each store over nine; excepts filling stations, ice distributing establishments, restaurant facilities of common carriers, newspaper offices, stores wherein sales are incidental to rendering personal service, theatres and motion picture houses.

22

YES

NO X

CALIFORNIA CONSUMERS CONFERENCE

Free your home of pests by Telephone

A N N O U N C I N G

A New Pest Control Service.

If your home is infested with rats, mice, roaches, fleas, spiders, termites or other pests, you may now secure quick relief from these troublesome creatures. Our skilled experts will gladly submit a plan — explain to you our scientific method of pest control. Don't let pests get a "head start" on you. Telephone or write today and ask for our estimate.

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Catalogue on Request

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Hallawell Seed Company
256 Market Street
San Francisco, Calif.
SUtter 8981

Nursery — Quintara & 23rd Ave.
Sunset District

(Continued from page 13)

In Mr. Chester Rowell's final editorial on the Institute of Pacific Relations Conference he writes of the last session as follows: "We were in a fair valley girt about by majestic walls. *** as the evening shadows fell, we were in darkness but the sun still gleamed on the peaks. Like the troubled world we represented, we groped. But we looked upward where the eternal sunshine illumined the ageless cliffs and took courage, that, after all, there are immutables which our ephemeral quarrels can not disturb." So we feel as we grope toward an international harbor, that security lies in the human spirit. Two thousand years ago there was a man who showed the men of his day the pattern for a way of life that would bring peace. The final reform of the League of Nations will follow that pattern!

(Continued from page 28)

one of those poignant moments in life when, through beauty, there is a revelation over and beyond the thing seen—an intensification of the life of the spirit, gone as one senses it. Back of that individual figure who had raced for rain was the beauty of the Greek athletes. Today one catches one's breath at some perfect moment in the pole vault.

The afternoon was darkening as the thunder caps piled up on the horizon, the shadows of the clouds making of the earth an immaterial surface of shifting colors, when I slowly took my way back along the trail.

All of this which was drifting through my mind had been an integral part of Nampeyo. While her days have been passed on a ledge of rock, she has shared in the recurrent rhythm of life in the rituals of her tribe. These rites are an expression of the deeper tides within the being of man; an intense emotional experience had been hers. The creative spirit has dwelt within her imagination; that has been HER adventure.

Night was coming on when, after gathering up our precious pots at Nampeyo's, we rode slowly down the Walpi road out into the dusk of the desert on our way to Shungopovy on the second mesa. Looking back at Walpi, a black shadow, looming high against the low hung stars, it was difficult to know which light was a star and which ones were the fires of the Indians.

As one looked one questioned as to just what may make for a full measure of life. Does it lie in such a life as Nampeyo's or in one barren of these values in the midst of ease and plenty?

(To be continued in November issue)

Style and Jewelry

BY MRS. W. C. (ETHEL L.) HOFFMANN

● Style we have with us — the American woman is noted for that — but not always in jewelry.

We are indebted to modern art for at least two things: the recognition of the value of the right thing in the right place and the elimination of what is unnecessary. To apply this in jewelry is simpler than it sounds. It means one or two pieces carefully chosen. Right here, I recall a friend telling me of the vivid impression made when seeing the Princess Marina, now the Duchess of Kent, in a smart Paris shop. "She was wearing a large star sapphire ring, her only jewel, with a simple powder blue gown." That combination was no accident. We cannot acquire, perhaps, what the Duchess has — that of being acclaimed one of the ten best dressed women in the world. But we can apply the same principles in choosing our styles, making the jewel part of the ensemble — the center of interest.

The one or two fine pieces, if not new, might be made from several old ones — the old ones relegated to the pin tray or the safe deposit box; or which, with the unseeing eyes of familiarity, we wear all the time because we "don't feel at home without them," though vaguely conscious they do nothing for us. We all have these pieces. And for relatively small cost they can be combined into something smart which will complement many costumes.

As the artist creates his picture around a center of interest, so can we build our costume idea. It was interesting to note my friend mentioned the Princess' jewel and then the lovely gown.

So, why not let our jewels do more for us, and thus express today's "Style in Jewelry."

—presenting
THE DOG'S BEAUTY SHOP
Dogs washed, stripped and trimmed
Under the skilful and expert hands of—
Mr. Eddie Warburton
Internationally Known Dog Conditioner and Handler.
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ANSEL W. ROBISON
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Coats and Gowns
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New Folder Points the Way to Better Foot Health

● In announcing removal to 362 Geary Street, and the affiliation of Dr. C. C. Curtis, Orthopedic Specialist, the Foot Relief Shoe Salon has issued a folder on Foot Health, which is of major interest to all women and men.

The pages contain an outline of the specialized shoe fitting service rendered by this establishment, and also reveals new and modern methods for the relief of foot ills. The work of Dr. Curtis, Physican and Surgeon, who has maintained offices and research laboratory at Palo Alto for several years is described briefly to show the definite advance in foot treatment for arch trouble and the correction of posture faults.

Of special importance is the news that Endocrinology plays a big part in keeping feet strong and well. Here is told, how treatment of the glands by Thermo-Tractor application improves the foot structure through regulating body chemistry and normalizing circulation. A new orthopedic instrument, called the Arch-Elator, is also employed to build healthy arches.

In this folder, J. I. Southwick, who operates the Foot Relief Shoe Salon, shows how closely related is correct shoe fitting and scientific foot treatments. According to this shop, heavy types of corrective shoes are no longer a necessity in the relief of foot-strain. This is demonstrated, says Mr. Southwick, by the more characterful and smarter Autumn models by Marshalaise. These special measure shoes feature the patented "Styel" heel which provide additional under-arch support and better body balance.

The Foot Relief Shoe Salon is also the home of Post-U-Rite, an exclusive service for correct alignment of foot bones.

Glove Making

● Glovemaking has proven to be a very delightful handcraft at the Women's City Club. The ladies are finding it fascinating to make their own gloves out of fine quality doeskins, peccary pig and French kid. The grandest part of making your own gloves is that fingers can be made longer or shorter, just to fit your own hand in any color or kind of leather and so reasonable. Classes are being held at the Club twice a week, and it might be interesting and worthwhile for you to come in and learn to handstitch your own gloves, or they may serve as gift suggestions for you during the holiday season.

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Near APPLEGATE, California

Only a short ride from Winter Sports

For adults who enjoy a quiet, restful outing in beautiful surroundings The Ellis Franklin Country Home offers delightful accommodations in the Main Building, where attractively furnished, cheerful large rooms, verandas and lawns, open wood fires, fine food and a charmingly informal atmosphere combine to make the happy time spent here one long to be remembered.

We also operate Summer Camps for Boys and Girls. The 1937 Season will open on June 21st for an 8-week session.

For further information, rates and reservations, address

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LOS GATOS, CALIFORNIA

A FEW REASONS WHY....

Change in Diet Good for Skin

BY CYNTHIA GREY

The girl with oily skin ought to ... water twice a day and ... and ...

My Day

By Eleanor Roosevelt

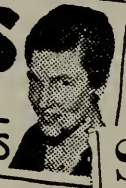
WASHINGTON, D. C.

IF there is one thing more than any other that has always annoyed me, it is the person who chronicles his or her bodily ills. Our old friend, Louis Howe, was a fairly con- years, but he said very little nember a lady who succeeded

nterested to hear his impressions n the drouth.

THE WOMEN'S ANGLE

BY ETHEL BOGARDUS



Un-Funny in S. F.

Somebody ought to tip off ... e Middle Westerners ... mon...

Hint for Conventions!

Women are accustomed to tak ing the advice of bankers—here a suggestion which may well be ... ac ... ve ... ...ums in con-

Send in Card For Two Free Food Booklets

...quest for Material Must Be Received by Friday

BY MARTHA LANE

The News Household Consultant

Every person who keeps house and ...ho wishes to know food and health ... them with their

Sangerbund In Festival Production

Concert Presentation of Strauss Operetta Gives Pleasure

BY MARJORY M. FISHER

The News Music Editor

San Francisco should have a light opera company Per- ... the club ... mile ...

Gymkhana Show Closes

BY LOUISE WEICK

An idyllic summer day lured many ...ity folk to the Peninsula yesterday ... the final program of ... ...hurl ...

MOTHERS-IN-LAW

BY MRS. WALTER FERGUSON

...ET rid of your mother-in-law," ... says Dr. Alvarez of the Mayo ...nic to nervous American wives. ...ow, excellent as this advice may ... probabilities are that it will ... life when she can actually be a help. ... At housecleaning times, or when un- ... expected guests arrive, or Jimmy ... comes down with the measles, it is ... very likely ...

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The San Francisco News

San Francisco's complete, white, Home Newspaper

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

BRIDGE NUMBER

November 1936

VOLUME X » » NUMBER 10

PRICE 15 CENTS A COPY

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

465 POST STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

Women's City Club Calendar, November 1936

BAY BRIDGE CELEBRATION, NOVEMBER 12, 13 AND 14

AT HOME

Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool — Every Tuesday, 5:30 to 7:15 p. m. Every Friday, 5:30 to 9 p. m.

League Bridge — Every Tuesday — Card Room, 2 and 7 p. m.

NOVEMBER

3—Election Night Dinner—85 cents a plate (radio broadcast)	*Main Dining Room*	5:30 p.m.
4—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m.
Round Table Discussion Following.	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
5—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m.
Instrumental Concert by San Francisco Junior Music Club. Mrs. Lillian Birmingham, Director. Miss Doris Schoenwald, President.		
9—Young Members' Luncheon	*Cafeteria*	12:15 p.m.
10—Travel Round Table—Miss Elsa Garret, Chairman. Luncheon 60 cents a plate	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
11—Spanish Round Table—Señorita Angela Montiel presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
12—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Open House—Bay Bridge Celebration	*Entire Clubhouse*	All Day
Stereoptican Views, "San Francisco Garden Club"	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m.
13—Book Review Luncheon—Mrs. Daisy Reed. Luncheon 60 cents a plate	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
"Kit Brandon"—A Portrait by Sherwood Anderson.		
Open House—Bay Bridge Celebration	*Entire Clubhouse*	All Day
Stereoptican Views, "San Francisco Garden Club"	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m.
14—Open House—Bay Bridge Celebration	*Entire Clubhouse*	All Day
Stereoptican Views, "San Francisco Garden Club"	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m.
17—Garden Round Table—Luncheon 60 cents a plate	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
Speaker: Mr. Norvell Gillespie. Subject: "The Story of Golden Gate Park."		
18—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m.
Round Table Discussion Following.	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
19—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Members' Tea—25 cents. First series of monthly winter teas	*American Room*	3:30 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m.
Speaker: Mr. Chas. J. Brennan, Chief of San Francisco Fire Department. Subject: "The Work and System of the Fire Department."		
24—Book Review Dinner—Mrs. Daisy Reed. Dinner 80 cents a plate	*Natl. Def. Room*	6:15 p.m.
"Kit Brandon"—A Portrait by Sherwood Anderson.		
Travel Round Table—Miss Elsa Garret, Chairman. Luncheon 60 cents a plate	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
Special Thanksgiving Luncheon—75 cents a plate	*Cafeteria*	11:30 a.m.-2:00 p.m.
25—Spanish Round Table—Señorita Angela Montiel presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
26—Special Thanksgiving Dinner—$1.25 a plate	*Main Dining Room*	2 to 8 p.m.

DECEMBER

2—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m.
Round Table Discussion Following.	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
3—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m.
Speaker: Mr. Lim P. Lee. Subject: "The Problems of the Chinese in California."		

Women's City Club Magazine

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

VOLUME X NOVEMBER, 1936 NUMBER 10

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Announcements

● The League Shop is overflowing with Christmas gifts. Members are urged to make selections early before stock is too well gone over.

● Young Members' Luncheons continue under direction of Mrs. James Sheehan. More and more we urge our younger members to join this growing group.

● Fruitcakes for Thanksgiving and Christmas are being made by our Restaurant Department, and are to be on sale during the holiday season on the Third Floor.

● The Ramble to Yosemite promises a most unusual Christmas for those participating. Please make reservations now if interested, as the number is limited. A ten per cent deposit is required at time of reservation.

● There is to be an information desk in the Lobby of the Clubhouse on the days of the Bay Bridge Celebration. Volunteers will have all information regarding the city-wide programs.

● Our Beauty Salon operators are vying with each other in modeling the new-type hairdress. Come in and see how advanced we are in placing those alluring little curls at the most complimentary angles.

● We hope shortly to have our Language Round Tables arranged, with a chairman appointed for each group in French, Spanish, Italian and German. Announcements will appear in the December Magazine.

● The League Shop is offering lovely articles in copper. These range in price from 60 cents to $2 and include: flower bowls, candlesticks, watering cans, flower pots and ash trays, and should make very acceptable Christmas gifts.

● The attractive hosiery and lingerie driers that were on sale during Talent Festival days, may be ordered through our Swimming Pool Office. Members may select their own colors. These driers make most useful Christmas gifts. The price is 50 cents.

● During the three days of the Bay Bridge Celebration, the San Francisco Garden Club will show stereopticon slides in the Auditorium of the Clubhouse. The pictures will start at 11 o'clock each day. There will be no admission charge.

● The American Women's Club of Paris has given up its clubhouse at 61 Rue Boissiere, which is now on the market for sale. The club has opened a small office at the Hotel Lancaster pending disposal of the building and reorganization of the club.

● An information desk has been established on the Fourth Floor of the Clubhouse, where all guest cards, reciprocal cards, tickets for functions in the building, information about Rambles, and in fact all other Club information, may be obtained.

● There is to be a Members' Tea in the American Room on November 19th, Thursday, at 3:30. Members, old and new, are invited to meet with the Board of Directors that day. This is the first of a series of monthly Members' Teas. Tea will be 25 cents.

● There is to be an "Election Night Dinner" in the Main Dining Room at 85 cents a plate. Radio broadcast will be given during the dinner hour and continued in the Lounge afterward. Please make reservations in advance.

● Mr. Norvell Gillespie, Garden Editor of the *Sunset Magazine*, and formerly of Golden Gate Park, will speak at the Garden Round Table on Tuesday, November 17th. His subject will be "The Story of Golden Gate Park." Mr. Gillespie has made an intensive study of the Park from its inception in 1866 until Mr. McLaren became superintendent in 1890.

● Garden Round Tables under the chairmanship of Mrs. Edward Rainey will continue through the winter months. On Tuesday, November 17th, Mr. Norvell Gillespie, Garden Editor of the *Sunset Magazine*, will speak on the "Story of Golden Gate Park." Reservations in advance.

● The Drama Section under direction of Mrs. Carol Eberts Veazie has brought us a most enthusiastic group. We hope in time to interest a large proportion of our membership in Mrs. Veazie's work. Do not wait until you see the fine work these members are doing: come in now and be one of them.

● Members of the Berkeley Women's City Club and Women's Athletic Club of Oakland are to be extended the courtesy of our Clubhouse during the days of the Bay Bridge Celebration. Upon presentation of their own club card at our Front Office, passes may be obtained to the Club.

● Mrs. William Palmer Lucas opened her Current Events season on October 7th. These lectures will continue through the winter months on regular schedule, every first, third and fifth Wednesday. Round Table discussions will follow as usual at luncheon time in the National Defenders' Room.

● Mrs. Daisy Reed will review "Kit Brandon," a portrait, by Sherwood Anderson, on Friday, November 13th, at luncheon. A permanent evening for dinner book reviews has been decided upon. It is to be every fourth Tuesday evening. This month Mrs. Reed will repeat her luncheon review Tuesday, November 24th, at 6 o'clock. Please make reservations in advance.

● The chairmanship of Travel Round Tables has been taken over by Miss Elsie Garrett. Miss Garrett plans to have a most interesting season and would like any of our members who have had unusual experiences to relate about their summer travels to get in touch with her. An appointment may be arranged through the Executive Office.

● Restaurant Department offers special children's luncheons on Saturday. The hot lunch will be a luncheon plate with rolls, milk and ice cream, 35 cents. The cold lunch will be a sandwich plate with milkshake, 30 cents. These luncheons should be quite a boon to busy mothers during the holiday season. We would also suggest that mothers sending their children in to swim on Saturday mornings allow them to have one of our well-planned luncheons while in the building.

● Again we make the request that members who have gardens send in as many flowers and greens as possible for use in decorating our Club House during the days of the Bay Bridge Celebration. November 12, 13 and 14, when we are planning to be At Home to our out-of-town members. Small bouquets of flowers will also be quite acceptable.

● A Garden Calendar and Diary, compiled by the Woodside-Atherton Garden Club is on sale in our League Shop. It is of very convenient size and includes planting suggestions and cultural information for each month. All planting suggestions have been made with Pacific Coast climatic conditions in mind. These Calendars are priced at $1.00. Ask Mrs. Martin of the League Shop to tell you about them.

● At the Thursday evening program on December 3, Mr. Lim P. Lee will speak on "The Problems of the Chinese in California." Mr. Lim P. Lee is a graduate of the College of the Pacific in Social Science. He spent two years at the University of Southern California in Character Research, and is now a student in the Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley, majoring in Social Principles and Christian Ethics. His talk will be an interesting one, especially as so few people really know the Chinese residents of this country.

● Mrs. A. P. Black, chairman of Thursday Evening Programs, offers but two programs for November; the reason being that Thursday, November 12th, is the opening of the Bay Bridge Celebration, and Thursday, November 26th, is Thanksgiving. The two programs to be presented are:

November 5th—Instrumental concert by San Francisco Junior Music Club. Mrs. Lillian Birmingham, Director. Miss Doris Schoenwald, President.

November 19th—Mr. Charles J. Brennan, Chief of San Francisco Fire Department.

● It might be well for our members to mark on their calendar the dates of our various Round Tables. We present the list herewith:

French Round Table—Every Thursday.

Spanish Round Table—Second and fourth Wednesdays.

Book Review Luncheon—Second Friday.

Book Review Dinner—Fourth Tuesday.

Travel Round Tables—Second and fourth Tuesdays.

Young Members' Luncheon—Second Monday.

Garden Round Table—Third Tuesday.

Current Events—First, third and fifth Wednesdays.

The Bridge - - Man's Creation

He has overcome separateness
By adaptation of nature's forces.

He has dreamt of a structure
And it has arisen according to his vision.

He has assembled material from forest
and mine and the sea's floor—
With these he has conquered space.

He has ordered the products of the earth
So that they become binders of time.

He has organized incoherent mass
Into a unit of harmony and beauty.

He has spanned the Golden Bay
With the Bridge of his dreams.

—Daisy F. Reed.

The President's Message

The Bay Bridge is the theme of the day—a dream of years come true — an engineering feat, outstanding in this age of titanic achievements. All events pertaining to the commemoration of the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth find echo in this Magazine, and our members near or far will feel part of these history-making days. As we follow the wide variety of events honoring this event, we sense more and more the appropriateness of the Women's City Club "At Home" at this particular time — for membership in an organization bespeaks a reason — faith in its being — belief in its policy and ideals — use of its building and its programs. Are not all these things structural parts of a bridge of our own, built by many factors, maintained by each and all its members and resplendent in the light of Volunteer Service?

KATHARINE DONOHOE

"At Home"

The Women's City Club of San Francisco

will be at home

to its town and country members

participating in the Historical Event of

the Opening of the Bay Bridge

1936 NOVEMBER 1936						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
				12	13	14

Honored guests will include the members of the
Women's City Club of Berkeley and of the
Women's Athletic Club of Oakland.

Note: Each morning from 11 to 12 o'clock in the Auditorium of the Clubhouse The San Francisco Garden Club will show slides of especial interest.

Editorial

The Bay Bridge Celebration

● The white gardenias which bloomed at the Talent Festival identified those of our number who live "across the Bay." As a gesture of hospitality, this radiant white emblem was well chosen and was genuinely appreciated. so we were told.

And now comes the formal opening of the Bay Bridge and the three days of celebration on that occasion. The Board of Directors have in the name of the membership announced Open House, with the East Bay members once again and their friends of the Berkeley Women's City Club and the Woman's Athletic Club of Oakland, as special guests. This sharing of our home on such an occasion is mutually happy and it is hoped the membership of our Club will consider seriously their obligation to be hostesses with the Board of Directors on these three days, November 12, 13 and 14. If the bridge is to mean anything in the building of a real cosmopolitan area, now is the time for the Women's City Club of San Francisco to set the fashion. Greater San Francisco is being born. The Women's City Club of San Francisco enters practically into the picture.

The Poetry Contest

● The judges of the Poetry Contest, Mrs. M. C. Sloss. Miss Florence Keene and Professor William Hart, announce the winning poem printed on this page. The poem was won by competition.

The Magazine takes this occasion to thank all those who submitted poetry—those less fortunate than the winner, as well as the winner herself. The Magazine also thanks the judges who gave of their time so generously in reading the poems and judging of them.

HONORARY MENTION

The judges ask that honorable mention be given to Dr. Dorothy Kaucher, Mrs. L. J. Culver and Miss Maude Schwisenger for poetry submitted in the contest.

In Retrospect

● "The underlying and profound things," which Marie Hicks Davidson prophesied in her story in the September Magazine, were surely present at the Eighth Talent Festival. After all, it is the neighborliness of the groups which comprise the membership of the National League for Woman's Service which insures the success of every project the Club undertakes, and there is little in the modern psychology which the League consciously or unconsciously has not practiced all these seventeen years of its existence. This Festival cannot become history without a word in the Magazine. Let us enjoy it a moment in memory.

The Loan Exhibit of tapestry in the appropriate setting of the beautiful American Room was an exposition in itself. Each piece of tapestry was a delight, each an enviable accomplishment of talent. Likewise, the gifts assembled in the Auditorium were carefully and expertly made, and the ready sale which brought the announcement "sold out" before the two days were past, proved their intrinsic value to the Club Treasury.

The entertainments were exceedingly versatile and delightfully entertaining, and not one number overlapped another or could have been omitted in a well-rounded program.

The decorations, from the bridge motif in the Auditorium, on through the specially decorated units in various niches on Third and Fourth Floors, and including the table decorations of the two dinners, all were motivated by talent and particularly appropriate—each to its setting.

In fact, the Eighth Talent Festival in its entirety was as great a joy to those who came as its predecessors had been to their own audiences.

Not one name is here mentioned. The committee lists appearing in last month's issue of the Magazine and in this on another page, are evidence that the accomplishment of this success was due to the self-effacing service of many. The joy of success is the reward these members have already reaped. The committees who labored before and during the Festival, the groups who served, the committees who planned, and those who executed, were repaid with a Talent Festival equal to its predecessors. Without the brains and the hearts and the hands of a large and devoted group of people, a Talent Festival such as the Women's City Club of San Francisco has developed could not come to be. And so we recognize that the Eighth Talent Festival (now a memory) owes its success to the many who participated. Its success is credited to those members who by their unselfish devotion to others brought us all joy.

San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge

By Julie F. Goss

● Three years and five months after ground was broken, the great San Francisco - Oakland Bay Bridge will be completed, when on November 12th this world's largest bridge will be opened to automobile and truck traffic.

Both San Francisco and the East Bay cities are planning to celebrate this world-famous event with a three-day fiesta. Oakland will really start its celebration on November 11th, a day prior to the opening of the bridge, with a series of parades, fireworks and other demonstrations. San Francisco begins its festivities early on the morning of November 12th with a gigantic marine pageant, sporting events and yacht races. The day will be concluded with a formal Navy Ball, dances for the enlisted men of the field, and other individual activities.

Oakland is planning an official celebration luncheon at the Hotel Oakland at 12:30 p. m. on November 12th, with San Francisco and East Bay citizens taking part. The luncheon will be followed by aquatic events on Lake Merritt at 2 o'clock and fireworks and band music at the lake that evening. A public ball at the Oakland Auditorium is scheduled for 9 o'clock p. m., following the fireworks demonstration.

San Francisco continues its celebration until Saturday, November 14th. On November 13th a great day parade is scheduled, representing the past, present and future of the San Francisco metropolitan areas. On November 14th a spectacular night parade featuring the various foreign colonies will be the principal feature.

All cities will be decorated and hospitalities are being planned for the thousands of out-of-town visitors who will attend the opening.

For three years this bridge has been discussed in the press of the world. Most people know that it is the largest bridge over navigable water ever constructed. Its total length, from the Fifth Street Plaza in San Francisco to the Toll Plaza on the Oakland Mole, is 8¼ miles. Its total length over navigable water is 4½ miles. Its piers go deeper than any other piers ever constructed—to a maximum depth of 242 feet.

The San Francisco - Oakland Bay Bridge comprises several types of bridge design. The West Bay crossing, from San Francisco to Yerba Buena Island, is a suspension type of bridge. A cantilever span, five through truss spans and fourteen deck spans comprise the principal design of the East Bay crossing.

These different types of bridges have been made necessary because of the geological construction of the floor of San Francisco Bay. A ridge of rock between Rincon Hill and Yerba Buena Island made it possible to build a suspension bridge between those two points, with a common anchorage in mid-channel. This was the first time such a thing had ever been attempted. The depth of rock beneath the surface of the east side, between Yerba Buena Island and the Oakland shore, made a suspension type of bridge impossible and called for a cantilever and through-truss span design.

The 1400-foot cantilever span in the East Bay crossing is the heaviest in the world, the largest in the United States, and third largest in the world.

Any ship of modern construction can pass underneath the channel spans of both the East and West Bay crossings.

The tunnel piercing Yerba Buena Island is the largest vehicular bore in the world. It is 66 feet wide, 53 feet high and 540 feet long. Through it a four-story building could be drawn.

Motorists traveling over the San Francisco-Oakland

Bay Bridge after it is opened on November 12th, will enjoy the finest highway facilities provided anywhere in the world, for this great structure is more than a bridge —it is a vastly important link in a transcontinental and state highway system; and no small thought has been given to making it one of the most modern, efficient and safest roadways in the country.

Traffic regulations, on the whole, will be those of all state highways, with the speed limit set at 45 miles per hour. No minimum limit has been set. A boon to automobile drivers and an effective measure in safety driving will be the separation of pleasure cars from heavier vehicles, such as trucks and busses.

These latter will be routed over the three lanes of the lower deck, while automobiles will speed over the six lanes of the upper deck.

Not only will motorists not be impeded by slow and ponderous vehicles, but they will not have to worry about horses, bicycles nor pedestrians, for a section in the Vehicle Code expressly states that "On vehicular crossings" acquired under the provisions of the California Toll Bridge Authority Act (such is the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge), none of the following shall be permitted:

"Animals while being led or driven, even though tethered and harnessed";

"Bicycles";

"Pedestrians," the laws says, "shall not be permitted upon any vehicular crossing."

For the protection of motorists, a special bridge detail of the California Highway Patrol will be assigned. These will have their quarters at the Administration Building on the Toll Plaza.

A system of police phones has been installed. These phones, twenty-two in number, extend from the junction of the "off" ramp and the main approach west of the San Francisco anchorage to the Distribution Structure in Oakland. They connect directly with the desk sergeant at the Administration Building.

The phones are a typical hand set, enclosed in a box, so arranged that when an officer inserts his key into the box, the signal and its positions are recorded in the Administration Building, and even should he not be able to call, aid would immediately be sent him.

A violet Fresnel lens placed on the police box will signal the officer on duty, should the desk sergeant wish to talk with him.

The San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge stretches into two counties, Alameda and San Francisco, making it necessary to establish a boundary line for the purpose of determining to which county justice the erring motorist will be sent should he be charged with violating traffic regulations.

This boundary has been determined at Pier E-6, about half way over the East Bay crossing.

In addition to police phones, thirty-two tow-car signals for the convenience of motorists have been installed on the bridge. These signals will be enclosed in a box with a fire signal and connect directly with the garage and fire station east of the East Portal on Yerba Buena Island. The tow-car signals will be operated like the ordinary fire signal, by the breaking of a glass dial, and the registered signal will indicate the location of the distressed motorists.

Three-wheel motorcycles are being contemplated for use by the bridge patrol, so that gasoline and individual fire equipment may be carried conveniently by each officer when necessary.

One of the greatest innovations in Western highway lighting will be the illumination of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge.

This is the sodium vapor lighting, which is not only cheaper to operate than the incandescent light, but is a great contribution to safety in night driving, for it provides improved vision without glare and can allow for the elimination of headlights.

Approximately fifteen miles of roadways—including the bridge proper, its upper and lower decks and its approaches—will be illuminated by this lighting system.

The lights will be placed at a distance of approximately 150 feet apart, and are wired on a staggered system, permitting a circuit to be cut out without plunging any one section of the bridge into darkness.

A total of 1,074 sodium luminaires will be supplied for the roadways. The 10,000-lumen lamp in each luminaire consists of a long glass bulb with a special sodium-resistant coating. A small quantity of sodium and neon gas are in the bulb, the neon being used to start operation.

The lamp is about 16 inches long from tip to base and about 3 inches in diameter. A double-walled evacuated flask of about 4½ inches in diameter and 16½ inches in length is used with the lamp to retain the heat. This is essential for proper vaporization of the sodium.

The lamps do not immediately reach their full intensity—about thirty minutes being required to build up the sodium light to its maximum output.

The reflectors used with this lamp are of aluminum with more than 100 square inches of radiating surface.

The entire lighting system will be operated through a twenty-six-foot control board in the Administration Building.

No other highway lighting in the United States will equal this vast illuminating system.

All tolls will be collected at the Toll Plaza, adjacent to the Administration Building on the Oakland side.

Sixteen lanes will pass by the *(Continued on page 17*

That Other Boy

By Mrs. William Palmer Lucas

With the Courtesy of "The Children's Agency," a Member of the Community Chest.

● To have a home of his own for just a few years would mean a lot, and boys do care. One homeless boy of thirteen was visiting a boy friend for two wonderful weeks and he never seemed to want to leave the house and yard. His friend asked him what he liked best about the place. His answer came quickly: "I think it is having a number to your house—it's all yours for keeps." That boys answer covered a fundamental need—yes, a fundamental right to security in his life.

It is strange the way the best of us want to play safe. We gamble on so many things which are often costly, which bring no returns of any lasting value, but when asked to take a chance on a human being we have a thousand excuses for playing safe.

There are boys in this city between twelve and sixteen years of age who long to take a chance on men and women whom they would like to have as fathers and mothers during those last years of boyhood. Such a boy knows his age is against people's wanting to take him in. He is growing fast—he is eager to get on his own. He has never had, perhaps, any home he can remember. Down inside he may be afraid of what is ahead—he has never had any security. Yes, the Camp was a great experience, but when it was over, he didn't have a real home waiting for him to rush to and tell Dad and Mother all about the big adventure. No, there is something missing in his life, and he knows it. Sometimes he hides "the miss" behind hard work at school or splendid achievements in athletics, and sometimes it is buried beneath shyness; and again a gay bravado may suggest that he does not care.

He cannot offer himself—some man and woman must be big-hearted enough to *see* him and *their need* of him. For that age boy brings far more than he receives. Oh yes, he does! He does not come alone into the home that opens its doors to him. He brings his youth, his dreams, his eager mind and spirit, his fresh, fine loyalties, his young desires and his willingness to share. All these gifts that money cannot buy he brings to the man and woman who make their home a place of security for him. It is a better home that can take in a homeless boy and make him feel that he is welcome and wanted for himself, not for the board paid for him. *(Continued on page 15*

San Francisco's Greatest Need

● Inspiration is ready for San Francisco's clubwomen when their efforts in behalf of the Community Chest reach a climax with the annual fund drive from November 9 to December 2.

Part of this inspiration is provided in a statement of beliefs adopted by the National Women's Committee of the 1936 Mobilization for Human Needs, of which Mrs. Frederick St. Goar is a San Francisco representative.

Mrs. St. Goar, Chairman of Public Relations for the Community Chest, announced that of more than 6,000 volunteer workers who will take part in the campaign, approximately half are women.

"The slogan for this campaign is: 'San Francisco's Greatest Need — $2,029,809,'" Mrs. St. Goar said. "By embodying the goal in the slogan, emphasis is given to the necessity of raising the entire amount."

It is of utmost importance to workers to realize fully the ideals which the Community Chest upholds. Therefore, the summary of beliefs expressed by the National Women's Committee should be read carefully by those who will cooperate in the drive. The committee's statement follows:

"We believe in maintaining the voluntary and unofficial agencies that offer individualized neighborly services —to prevent and relieve suffering—to restore and maintain self-reliance—to foster good citizenship.

"We believe in developing for public agencies understanding and informed support, constructive criticism, standards of personnel and administration.

"We believe in studying, not only the social agencies, but the social needs which give rise to them and any better ways in which such needs may be met.

"We believe in telling others about the need so that they will understand and help.

"We believe in enlisting the active participation of citizens in the voluntary agencies so they will give personal service, leadership, money.

"We believe in the partnership of volunteers and social workers to accomplish their combined task; in the partnership of voluntary and official welfare agencies; in the partnership of all men and women of good will in providing the finest quality of community service."

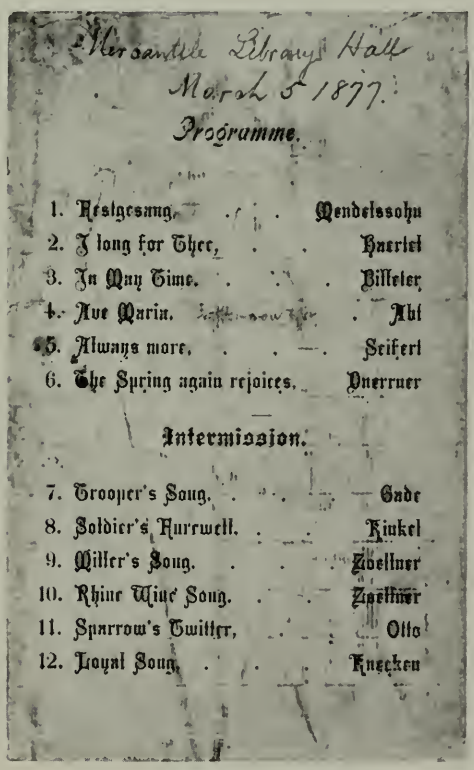
Chest speakers are appearing before numerous organizations to voice the urgency of *(Continued on page 19*

Loring Club Celebrates

● Organized in 1876, during the centennial of the United States, as a club devoted to the mutual enjoyment of the best of male chorus literature, The Loring Club now consists of sixty active, or singing, members and a large body of associate members, both men and women.

For some time after organization no concerts were contemplated, but on March 5, 1877, friends were invited to a public rehearsal at Mercantile Hall. The original program is reproduced on this page.

The officers of the club at that time were: President, ex-Governor F. F. Lowe; Vice President, Oliver Eldridge; Treasurer, Andrew McF. Davis; Librarian, Prescott Loring; Secretary, C. P. Lowe; Conductor, David W. Loring, the founder.



Mercantile Library Hall
March 5th 1877.

Programme.

1. Festgesang. . . . Mendelssohn
2. I long for Thee, . . Harriet
3. In May time. . . . Billeter
4. Ave Maria. . . . Abt
5. Always more, . . . Seifert
6. The Spring again rejoices. Doerner

Intermission.

7. Trooper's Song. . . . Gade
8. Soldier's Farewell. . . Kinkel
9. Miller's Song. . . . Zoellner
10. Rhine Wine Song. . . Zoellner
11. Sparrow's Twitter. . . Otto
12. Loyal Song. . . . Knecken

The First Concert

The response to the first program was so enthusiastic that regular concerts became the custom. At first two concerts and four public rehearsals were given each year, but as more ambitious programs were prepared, the public rehearsals were discontinued. The following are excerpts from musical criticisms in San Francisco newspapers of September 28, 1878: "There was a gathering of aristocratic clans at Platt's Hall last Wednesday night when the Loring Club gave their first concert of the season. Full dress was 'de reguer,' only a few brokers' clerks and thin elderly gentlemen, who have always been burrs on the hem of fashion, being permitted within without the white necktie and swallow-tail. There was an excess of fashion, a degree of laborious high breeding, that stiffled enthusiasm and subdued applause into a meek murmur. The concert was reckoned artistically good." . . .

"The present week opened with a quiet, unenthusiastic but excellent concert by the Loring Club at Platt's Hall, where they inaugurated their second season most successfully. Mr. D. W. Loring, the director of the club, and the gentleman after whom it was named, cannot be sufficiently praised for the interest he has taken in musical matters here and for the happy results he has achieved. The 'Rhine Wine Song,' by Zollner, was given with great vigor, and followed by the 'Woodland Song,' by Fischer, which was sung very smoothly and sweetly. . . . Hatton's 'Sailors' Song' deserves all praise, showing a great amount of careful training and steady work on the part of the members. Mrs. Tippett's solo was very carefully and artistically sung, as was also the opening piece of the second part. Mendelssohn's 'Drinking Song.' Mr. Dungan's solo. 'Il Marinaro.' by Tito Mattei, demands special mention . . . his rendition of a number which is by no means easy for a baritone was capital, and his encore, 'Nancy Lee,' was by far the best song he has sung for a long time. Schubert's 'The Night' is a great favorite, but the work 'de force' of the evening was the Schubert's Liszt chorus. 'The Almight,' specially translated for the club by Mr. Charles James Sprague. Mrs. Tippett deserves great praise for her part in this number, and it is to be hoped that the club will repeat it at their next rehearsal, as it is a work impossible to digest at one hearing. The concluding numbers, 'King Witlaf's Drinking Horn' and Mendelssohn's 'Happy Wanderer,' were as smoothly and carefully done as the other portions of the programme."

A complete file of these programs is a unique historic record of the club. It is interesting to note the changes that have occurred in their character and typographical set-up, varying from antique type to lithographs and engravings of interesting character.

Mr. David W. Loring, the organizer and directing force, acted as conductor until *(Continued on page 18*

I Have Been Reading

By Daisy F. Reed

Fair Company; *by Doris Leslie* (1936). The Macmillan Company, $2.50.

John Dawn; *by Robert P. Tristram Coffin* (1936). The Macmillan Company, $2.50.

An American Doctor's Odyssey; *by Victor Heiser, M.D.* (1936). W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., $3.50.

● Fair Company, by Doris Leslie. . . . A story of four generations of English women. It covers a period of 130 years and includes social and political changes and developments.

The contrast between Laurencina, the modern young miss who is very effectively portrayed by a few words in the introduction, and Sabrina, four generations removed, sets an artistically dramatic frame for this story. Sabrina was born at the end of the eighteenth century and Laurencia after the World War. Both are convincingly of the same blood, yet differ in motivating ideas.

Sabrina is the most consistently well portrayed of the four characters. She lived to be ninety-five, so carried on through most of the story, and the influence of her personality through the entire story.

Charlotte (born 1852), a strange, red-haired child, completely self-sufficient, eloped with a young Jewish artist. He was accidentally killed and Charlotte became a militant suffragette.

Jill (born 1890) did not marry her lover, for they were "far too intelligent to let their emotions run away with them." He was killed in the World War, and "for want of all she'd missed in life fell back" on a succession of intrigues with married men, cocktail parties and sedatives. "Life's lousy, I'm lousy and I'm getting old. I've been cheated of everything: life and hope and everything."

Charlotte (Jill's aunt) replied to this tirade: Sabrina "lost her husband in the battle of Waterloo and was a widow at nineteen. Her son, when he was born, was dead. She, too, lost love and hope, and everything—but she made good her losses and banked her substance in the lives of others, not her own."

The relation of these characters to their environmental background is not well done; there is no integral connection between the two. The characters are simply superimposed upon the history and they are not even skillfully placed one upon the other. For this reason the book as a whole gives the impression of being patched. The author lacks that quality of imaginative experience in which "mind and material meet squarely and interpenetrate." Therefore, the book is without that organized inner relationship on which form depends. Artistic form is the *sine qua non* of fine writing.

The book is good but not good enough.

● John Dawn, by Robert P. Tristram Coffin. . . . Another novel with a dramatic and significant beginning. The scene is laid in Merrymeeting on the coast of Maine. The time is New Year's Eve, ushering in the nineteenth century. James Dawn and his shipmates are awaiting the birth of Dawn's son, whom his father wagers will have his birthday in the nineteenth century. "You've had your way in most things, Captain James. But you won't in this. You can't dictate to Providence. A woman's time is like the sea's tide, and it can't be put off. Not for you nor any man."

But the Dawns—great, handsome, independent men—did believe in their ability to breed sons who would be men, "for nobody on the face of the earth was more he-folks than the Dawns." After the birth of his first-born son during the first hour of the new century, James Dawn took from a concealed cupboard an old pewter cup called "The Luck of the Dawns." "Gentlemen, I give you John Dawn, son of James." Engraved on the cup was the name J. Dawn and above the name a rising sun with rays running up to the rim.

That cup was the symbol of the Dawn's faith in their own manhood. The cup passed through four generations of first-born sons, each of whom had a given name beginning with J. Mr. Coffin's story is the history of that cup and the way in which "Providence" did dictate to the Dawns.

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For the blood of each succeeding generation was cumulatively modified by the women whom the Dawns chose as mothers for their sons. John, principal character of the story, and third to possess the cup, had for mother the daughter of Squire Trefethen, whom the first J. Dawn had toasted thus: To the "day when Dawn puts out the light of Trefethen!"

Instead of putting out the light of Trefethen, the Dawn-Trefethen blood produced John, who took "no man's backwash," who was "ready to sail in and prove his right to wear trousers, with his fists as well as his mind." He was characterized as a gentleman who worked with his hands. He chose for wife the English Lady Grevill Pyne, who bore him two sons, Joel and Robert. John prospered, he built great ships, had a fine house, and money enough to do as he pleased.

But Providence brought it about that Joel should leave his ship to hunt gold in California. He was killed before he had proved himself a man. Robert had the Grevill Pyne love for books and went to college instead of to sea. He was killed in the Civil War. On the battlefield the last of the Dawns, with the battered pewter cup in his pocket, was buried.

Providence is symbolized in the story by the phantom ship, the *Harpwell*, with no one on board, which appears throughout the story to foretell the death of some one of the Dawns. The ship is the symbol of that to which man must bow even though he be every inch a man.

The story is exceedingly well told. It is built around one particular Maine seafaring family, but it has a greatly generalized theme in that it deals significantly with the only two certainties man has: life and death.

● An American Doctor's Odyssy, by Victor Heiser, M. D. . . . A record, unique, scientific, human, of forty years spent in service to the cause of prevention of disease.

After several short-term assignments under the U. S. Marine Hospital Service, Dr. Heiser was appointed, just at the end of the Spanish-American War, to the position of chief quarantine officer for the Philippine Islands. Health conditions were appalling and political red-tape a well-nigh insuperable obstacle, but courageously the doctor set himself the task of saving 50,000 lives a year. The record of this accomplishment is the story of the sanitary regeneration of the Philippines. "In the course of the years we met the chief enemies of man in the tropics, and fought, and conquered them by simple prophylaxis. The goal of saving 50,000 lives a year was so soon attained that I realized it should have been set at 100,000."

This is an amazing record of the triumph of the scientific method, but even more important was the achievement of social cooperation necessary to its accomplishment.

By 1914 the permanent health organization for the Islands had been established and Dr. Heiser became director for the East in the International Health Board of the Rockefeller Foundation. In this capacity he traveled about the world for twenty years "peddling my line of ideas." Those ideas are summed up in the author's own words: ". . . that system of health could not be imposed upon a people from above, that it must come from below, and that it was only by patience rather than by force that permanent progress in health lines could be gained."

In pursuance of this International Health Board ideal Dr. Heiser directed surveys and helped organize Health Bureaus, often under the most adverse conditions, in forty countries of the East. He overcame professional jealousy and political determinism by diplomatic tact and sympathetic understanding. He literally became "private physician to the world."

If the book seems perhaps too self laudatory it has at least the saving grace of humor. It is a tale well told.

(Continued from page 12)

A man is a better father to his own children when his arm goes around the shoulders of that other boy and makes him feel that he *belongs*. A woman knows that her home and her children's lives are made richer when shared with the boy who has never had a dream of home fulfilled.

The boy from twelve to sixteen years of age—those years which mark the passing from boyhood to young manhood—offers new riches and power in the things of the spirit to those who have the courage and the kindness to walk with him. To put into that boy's life the home he has lost or missed through no fault of his own is to make the only investment in the future of which one may be sure. How poor are those who close the door upon his loneliness, and how rich are those who bring him home to stay!

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This Book Shop of ours is unique for it is housed as you well know in the quiet nook between the elevators on the first floor with good lights and comfortable chairs at hand to make book selection a joy. There will be an excellent stock on hand, but if we do not have just the special books you want we will be glad to order them.

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(Continued from page 11)

toll booths, twelve of which will be utilized by pleasure cars and four by trucks. Trucks and automobiles will, of course, be separated. A sidewalk indicator will show in lights the amount paid in tolls by the motorists.

The expediting of traffic after it leaves the bridge has been one of the great problems. On the east side, the difficulty was solved through the Distribution Structure, which distributes traffic in three directions, without necessitating a left-hand turn or a right-angle crossing.

Traffic reaches Alameda and lower Oakland through an approach to Cypress and Seventh Streets; to central Oakland through an approach to Thirty-eighth and Market Streets via the San Pablo Underpass; and to Berkeley, Albany and Richmond through a four-lane approach, the East Shore Highway.

The Distribution Structure has a total length of 8,500 feet of interlacing viaduct, and sixteen separate grade crossings.

It is really a twin structure of roads for incoming and outgoing bridge traffic.

Large illuminated signs "To Oakland," "To Alameda," "To Berkeley," etc., will seek to guide the motorists to their proper destinations, although the structure is so logical that about all that is necessary is to "follow one's nose."

Motorists entering or leaving San Francisco over the bridge may proceed from the Fifth Street Plaza, near the heart of the shopping district, up the mile-long main approach. Or they may leave the bridge over a curving ramp just west of the San Francisco anchorage, Clementina and First Streets, in lower downtown San Francisco. They may enter the bridge from this district over another curving ramp from Fremont at Harrison.

Trucks and busses enter and leave over an approach entering the lower deck from a point on Harrison Street between Sterling and Rincon or at Folsom and Essex Streets.

To further facilitate the traffic problem on the San Francisco side, parking areas will be provided for the use of those using the bridge under the main approach. The space is sufficient to accommodate from 1500 to 2000 automobiles. The parking space will be paved and fenced. Motorists desiring to park here will indicate their intention as they pay their fares at the toll gate and will be given a parking ticket.

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(Continued from page 13)

1905, except for three seasons while he was in Japan. W. C. Stadtfeldt assumed the baton in that year.

A concert was given April 3, 1906, but the great disaster of April 18, 1906, destroyed the entire library and the members were scattered. Despite this, the club reassembled in the fall and gave a concert at Calvary Church, at which Wallace A. Sabin appeared for the first time with the club as organ soloist. Frederick Mauer was pianist. During this season, Judge Franklin A. Griffin and Austin Sperry appeared for the first time in the list of singing members.

Up to this time concerts had been given at Steinway Hall, the Grand Opera House, Mercantile Library, Dashaway, B'nai B'rith and Odd Fellows' Halls. This was about the time when all programs carried the interesting note, "The ladies are kindly requested to remove their hats."

Special arrangements, translations and composition have been dedicated to the club. Among these are works of Dr. Brewer, Arthur Foote, George W. Chadwick, Wallace A. Sabin and J. C. Fyfe.

A review of the programs shows the following names among those of note appearing as active in club affairs: Ex-Governor F. F. Lowe, James D. Phelan, C. F. Crocker, Mrs. L. L. Baker, L. S. Sherman, Judge E. A. Belcher, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Alvord, Wakefield Baker, Quincy B. Chase, Henry J. Crocker, R. M. Tobin, Judge Franklin A. Griffin, Charles Bundchau, E. L. Hueter, J. C. Fyfe, Mrs. I. N. Walter, Frank A. Somers, R. E. Saxe, Easton Kent, Austin Sperry and Charles F. Bulotti.

Soloists and instrumental guest artists have included the Schumann Club, Herman Brandt Quartette, Stanislaus Bem and Pasmore Trios, Arthur Foote, Uda Waldrop, Mackensie Gordon, Katjain Attl, R. E. Saxe, Mrs. Edward Bruner, Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup, Mrs. Lorna Lachmund, Charles Bulotti, H. L. Perry, Austin Mosher, Easton Kent, Everett Foster, Dr. Henri Shefoff, Mrs. M. E. Blanchard.

The present advisory board consists of:

Mrs. Leonora Wood Armsby, Mrs. Lillian Birmingham, Frederick H. Colburn, Mrs. Leon Guggenheim, Dr. T. B. W. Leland, John A. MacGregor, Dr. J. C. McPheeters, Mayor Angelo J. Rossi, Mrs. Waters Sellman, Frederic R. Sherman, Noel Sullivan.

The officers are:

George U. Hind, President; E. C. Hutchinson, First Vice President; Reginald S. Davis, Executive Vice President; J. O. Greenwell, Past Executive Vice President; Cyril Breslin, Secretary; J. O. Nounnan, Treasurer; Norman B. Powers, Business Manager; Wallace A. Sabin, Director; George A. Howker, Assistant Director; and Benjamin S. Moore, Pianist.

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Very truly yours,
Paul Verdier, President.
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with special features and activities. The first concert will be given at the Veterans' Memorial Auditorium on December 8th, followed by an anniversary banquet in February, an anniversary concert in March, and the usual spring concert in June.

Very few organizations of this nature can boast of sixty years of continuous merit. It is possible only through devoted, untiring leadership. The club has been fortunate to have had such men as conductors. Wallace A. Sabin, in his thirty years with the club, has welded together a chorus repeatedly acclaimed by critics as one of the best organizations in the Bay region, and has given many members an insight into artistic chorus production that has been all too rare in non-professional musical experience. San Francisco is fortunate to have had and still enjoy a club of these artistic ideals and as such it is worthy of the unqualified support of all music lovers.

Swimming Classes

A new series of swimming and diving classes for members and guests is planned to start the middle of November, just after the present series is concluded. Will you leave your name at the Pool Office as early as possible if you are interested, so that convenient hours and days may be arranged?

Girls' classes, if there are six applicants, can be started provided a convenient hour is open on schedule.

CLASS FEES

Class instruction for members, members' daughters	$1.50
Guests (adults)	3.00
Guests (children)	2.50

(Admission extra.)

Winter classes will meet ten times; registrants may attend any six. Christmas and New Year weeks will be omitted.

Appointments for private lessons are invited. Instruction ticket for members, $4; guests, $6. Admission extra.

(Continued from page 12)

this year's mercy appeal. In addition, a motion picture in natural colors is being shown to many gatherings. The picture was made in child-caring agencies of the San Francisco Chest, and is graphic proof of the services rendered through use of Chest funds.

"People should bear in mind that government funds provide only necessities for the unemployed," said W. P. F. Brawner, campaign chairman. "Much more is needed in the way of hospital and nursing care, recreational facilities, character-building resources.

"We must have the cooperation of all public-spirited citizens, men and women, to reach the goal."

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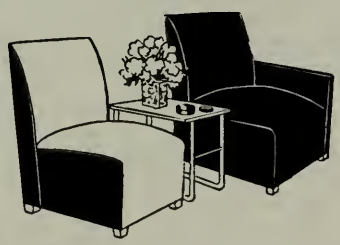

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CLASS III.—WOMEN'S CITY CLUB *of* SAN FRANCISCO, 465 Post St.
Thursday, December 3, Chinese Room at 3 p. m.

CLASS IV.—WESTERN WOMEN'S CLUB, 609 Sutter Street.
Thursday, December 10, Founder's Hall at 3 p. m.

(These classes are without charge. You are invited to attend.)

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The Celebration

● The most gay and colorful celebration in San Francisco's modern history will mark the opening of the $77,000,000 San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge November 12th.

San Francisco and Oakland have planned four days of pageantry, the highlight of which will be the San Francisco Junior Chamber of Commerce's annual Harbor Day, to be held this year on bridge opening day.

The four-day celebration will begin November 11th in Oakland. November 12th is Harbor Day, and on the two days following the dedication of the bridge, the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge Celebration Committee will sponsor parades, balls and other events.

So varied is the program that everyone will find something to her fancy, and the chief difficulty will be in "taking in" everything one will want to see.

On the day the bridge is opened, which falls on a Thursday, the Junior Chamber's program will begin at 9 a. m., with the finish of a river-boat race from Stockton and Sacramento. This will be a throwback to the early days when river-boat races were major sporting events, and thousands of dollars were wagered on their outcome. The boats will bring to San Francisco the mayors of Stockton and Sacramento and other valley dignitaries.

At 10 a. m. the sky will be filled with fighting planes of the Navy—250 of them. They will stage a one-hour air show over the city and bay.

At 10:30 the Marine Parade will begin from Pier 50, traversing the entire length of the waterfront, in sight of the hundreds of thousands who will throng to the vantage points to witness the opening of the bridge.

Several hundred boats of every description, representing a crosscut of harbor activity, will participate in this parade. Prizes have been offered for the best-decorated boats.

Following the dedication of the bridge, private and commercial airplanes will keep up a continuous air show.

In the afternoon the Fourteenth Annual Pacific Coast Championship Regatta will get under way off the Marina. Yachts of all classes are coming here from all Pacific Coast points for this blue-ribbon event of yachting. The regatta will last three days. At its conclusion, the yachtsmen and their friends will join in a "Regatta Night," sponsored by the Junior Chamber at the Palace Hotel.

All during the afternoon of the 12th, there will be activity on the water . . . purse seiner races, swimming events, navy cutter races, merchant marine lifeboat races, lifesaving demonstrations.

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NEW ARRIVALS
for Christmas

New arrivals from the Orient, now on display at the captivating shop of Madame Butterfly, offer hundreds of worth-while suggestions for early Christmas shopping.

FOR WOMEN: Distinctive Hand Block Ceremonial Gowns, ranging in price to three hundred and fifty dollars. Unusual Brocade Gowns, Kimonos, Robes or Lounging Pajamas, Afternoon Tea Gowns, Dinner Gowns, Butterfly Jackets and fine Linen Handkerchiefs, plain or initialed.

FOR MEN: Hand-Blocked Kimonos in stripes and small patterns; Pajamas in washable silks, plain, natural and white Fuji silk; also colored Fuji (yarn dyed), in solid colors and stripes . . . slip-on, surplice and coat style with belts.

FOR THE HOME: Exquisite carved ivory ranging in price from $15.00 to $350.00. . . . Also Teak and Lacquer Pieces, Unusual Colored Cloisonne, Colorful Pekin Glassware and hundreds of carefully selected Objects of Art.

Just look and see this colorful haunt of the smartest people of San Francisco . . . at 430 Grant Avenue.

Madam Butterfly
430 Grant Avenue

With the coming of darkness, the most spectacular part of the program will get under way. Planes darting from the points of the compass will be the signal for the lighting of the bridge. Buildings in downtown San Francisco will turn on all lights. Colored fires will be lit on high points of the city.

At 8 p. m. a daring "comet dive" over the bridge will start a one-hour fireworks display in the center of the bay. The largest fireworks ever manufactured are being made especially for this program.

Following the fireworks, the 30 warships of the Navy will present a searchlight display.

In the evening the annual Navy Ball, designated as the official bridge-opening celebration, will be held at the Fairmont Hotel. This year the Navy Ball is really an "all service" ball, similar in name only to the Navy Balls of the past. Three floors of the Fairmont will be given over to the ball.

On the following day the revelry will begin again with parades and other events. By Saturday night, when the four-day celebration comes to a close, the world should know that its largest bridge is open at last.

San Francisco Museum of Art

LECTURES FOR NOVEMBER

HOW TO LOOK AT DANCE RECITALS

● A series of lectures on the Modern Dance by Elizabeth Selden. Miss Selden, author of "The Dancer's Quest," and a well-known authority, will discuss the various approaches of the dancer.

THE DANCE AS SELF-DEVELOPMENT
Monday evening, November 23rd, 8 o'clock.
Illustrated by Ann Munstock Dance Group.

SUMMARY AND OUTLOOK
Monday evening, December 7th, 8 o'clock.
Admission 75 cents.

EXHIBITIONS FOR NOVEMBER

American Forerunners, closes November 30.

Annual Exhibition of the San Francisco Society of Women Artists, November 29.

Second Annual Water-color Exhibition of The San Francisco Art Association, November 5-December 6.

Prints by Contemporary American and European Artists, November 29.

Wash Drawings of San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge and Portrait Studies of Bridge Celebrities, November 5-November 26.

Exhibition of Northern California Chapter of the American Institute of Decorators, November 8-December 8.

Lectures on current exhibitions given every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock and every Sunday afternoon at 3.

Hours, noon to 10 p. m. weekdays; 1 to 5 on Sundays.

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SAN FRANCISCO

The Inter-Tribal Ceremonial and Its Background

BY LESLIE VAN NESS DENMAN

(Continued from October Issue)

There is also another art from the Hopi mesas that one sees at the Ceremonial, the coiled basket plaques from the second mesa and the twined baskets of Oraibi.

Always, too, there is a fine collection from California, where excellent baskets are being made today, as well as a collection of Pima and Apache baskets, and of many others.

In "Aboriginal American Basketry: Studies in a Textile Art Without Machines," by Otis Mason, is a comprehensive study of this craft. This is a fascinating book to pour over. Mr. Mason speaks of basketry as "the mother of all loom work and beadwork." "The first and most versatile shuttles were women's fingers. Machinery has added speed." "The praises of men who invented the cotton gin, the power loom and the tapestry loom will be repeated. . . . Here a good word is said for the earlier, more primitive women who made the others possible."

"When one looks at the perfect forms and unlimited exquisite design in commercial baskets, one hopes that there will be a humane feeling for Indian women themselves, who have made so much genuine pleasure possible."

"Today the mothers are keeping the art alive by teaching it to the daughters. Again, the values of the baskets lie not only in the art itself, but in its economic value to the Indian; fortunately there is a growing demand for fine basketry."

To once more quote from this alluring book: "All savage arts begin at the foot of the ladder and end 'beyond the bourne of sunset'."

"The merely useful basket has some beauty, but the exalted speicmen of handwork is the acme of intelligent discrimination in the materials as well as of hand skill and taste, and leads up to the choicest textile productions. Its maker must be botanist, colorist, weaver, designer and poet, all in one."

"All the high and low
Of my wild life is in these wild stems
snare."

Another art of "women's fingers where she must be both designer and poet" is the excellent and lovely beadwork made by the

PALM SPRINGS

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2 new desert homes, exceptional values, $2400 and $3450. Large and small attractive homes and apartments for rent. Residence lots well located from $500 up.

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Utes, the Sioux, the Blackfeet, Crows and the Kiowas. A little of it comes from the Pueblo Indians. The workmanship differs in type as does the tribal design.

Outstanding in beauty, delicacy and fineness is the work of the Kiowas. Some of it was once sent to me by Mrs. Smoky, a Kiowa friend, that I might see and understand the best. The full costume was extremely beautiful, and I shall always be grateful to her for the opportunity she gave me to understand the quality and aesthetic values of this old art of her tribe.

Back of this beadwork in the Ceremonial hall are always hung the paintings of the Kiowa group, of whom I have spoken before.

This year, for the first time, there were shown the paintings of a new artist, Crumbo, of the Potowatomi tribe, "people from the place of fire," among whose totems are the "Golden Carp" and the "Black Hawk." A young and diffident Indian lad, he is an artist of promise, with a fine sense of pattern and design and a rich apprehension of color.

The first time the Kiowa dancers came to Gallup I had not gone out to see the morning parade. My husband came rushing back, saying, "Your book is outside." To my astonished inquiry, "*What book?*" he replied, "The Kiowa Dancers." At that I flew down into the street. The parade was over, but standing in a huddle, helmeted and crested, brilliant and vivid, was my "book," in reality a group of shy young Indians. "I am delighted to see you really live," said I. "We know you, we have your book." Somewhat diffidently one of them said, "We are glad someone knows us; we feel very strange here." Then, "You must come see Mrs. Peters," they added. We soon met her—a quiet, gentle, rather fragile-appearing woman, who, despite her great sympathy with and understanding of these young Indians, has also a will of iron in her determination to keep up their morale and the best of their Indian tradition. She told us much of the history of the Kiowas, but little of herself. Later I was to learn how much of a person she is.

She had come in the early days into Oklahoma from Kentucky with her father. Her own story reads like the romance of the frontier, and she has the courage of the pioneer. Spending her life in the Indian country, she has a great knowledge of and a profound feeling for the Indians among whom she has lived. It is due principally to her interest and to her faith in them that the artists have come to be known; in some cases it is entirely due to her. She has helped them, kept up their courage, and given of herself freely in every way to aid them.

It would be difficult to estimate the depth and breadth of her value to the Indian

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artists whose wise and untiring friend she has been through all their years. To observe her firm grip on these gay, dancing, shy young Indians and their confidence in her, is a rich experience in human values.

The Ceremonial itself opens with games and races in the afternoon. The Gallup Ceremonial Committee, with great courtesy and much wisdom, leaves the decision as to what games and which dances shall be presented entirely to the Indians themselves. During the games and dances, Indians by the thousands crowd the grounds and line the fences which surround it. At night, by the light of three great fires, there take place the dances of the many tribes which are a part of the Ceremonial. Again the Indians make the background. On the ground below the boxes, the Navahos sit quiet and silent, six or more rows deep, in a solid phalanx.

When everyone is seated and there are no lights but those of the fires, one hears in the distance the call of a drum. It steals into the consciousness like the luring drum call of the Indian hunter to the deer. One becomes suddenly aware. First one drum calls, and another; then a song—a high cry, but always rolling towards one is the calling of the drums; one with the heart beat, insistent, compelling, until the pulse moves with the throb and lilting roll of that dancing rhythm of the drums. Nearer it comes in thirty different beats and as many chants and songs. From out of the night come the Indians, dancing to their drums, chanting against the timing of the drums.

Strange imaginative headdresses, startling and beautiful; brown bodies bound with silver belts on scarlet girdles; red and green embroidered sashes over white kilts; sleek black heads of women, above buckskin costumes white and beaded; painted and feathered, in leaping rhythms and in lines of measured step they come—moving to the deep-throated throb of the drums.

One finds oneself becoming a part of this enchanting thing being given to us, as one responds to that challenging call of the drums.

A cheer of welcome greets old dances and old friends. One studies excitedly something entirely new, something which has never here been seen before.

The Governor of Zuni with great dignity heads the line of maidens from his pueblo, on whose variously colored shawled heads rest the white jars of Zuni.

Leading his dashing group of dancers comes a Kiowa with a rhythmic lift of his powerful body, the entire group strutting and quivering like cock pheasants, while following these beautiful feathered creatures come the women in their white buckskin robes.

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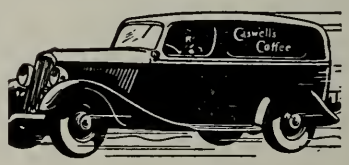

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Geo. W. Caswell Co.

The Snow Bird dance of the Indians from the pueblo of Santa Clara follows, exquisite in its quiet loveliness, and in sharp contrast to the spontaneous expression of the Kiowa dance.

For the first time the Sioux have come to the ceremonial, presenting still another picture from the plains. Later on during the evening, in an ancient tribal ceremony, the song of an old woman to a flute made from an eagle bone was moving in the poignant simplicity of its appeal: the call of the human spirit to the spirits of the universe.

Point and counterpoint were the gay chant and swinging lilt of the Hopi Butterfly Dancers, and the sharply staccato music and movement of the Apache Dance.

And so they come, out of the past, and from the shadows of the night, until this superb orchestration of colors culminates in the tightly knit crowd of the white-clad figures of the Navaho Fire Dancers, who pass like ghosts and vanish again into the night as the last note of a symphony is lost in space, but whose haunting beauty may linger long in the memory.

Finally the pageant pauses, forming a large oval of gorgeous color. A group of Navaho horsemen enters, circling within it and around the fires, finally pulling up in a long straight line facing the audience. Sitting motionless on their horses, they sing the song of the Yeibachai, a song which comes from the open and belongs to no enclosed place. As they slowly ride off back into the shadows, their voices fading in the distance, there is left in our hearts a nostalgia for the unknown of the "spaces." One sometimes hears such singing when the Indians ride along between the red walls of the Canyon de Chelly, the ancient home of the Navaho gods.

After the last dancer has disappeared and the fires are dying, the Navahos swarm in crowds into the dancing place and the fun of a round dance, or "Squaw Dance," is on for the night. All join in and woe to the white tenderfoot who stands innocently watching from the outskirts. He will be captured by some young Navaho girl with a determined chaperoning mother close behind her. In this dance the women have the choice of partners and the pursued and reluctant Navaho male may only find asylum when he locks arms with the chorus.

Next morning everyone is off to the four quarters of the earth. Our spirits enriched, more responsive to life after this experience with a race whose backgrounds are rooted in an ancient and fertilized past.

Today they strive with the beliefs of many centuries to express their measure of life's values in beautiful works, with dance and with song, in a life which is

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Monterey Beer

has a delicate hop aroma, a fine malt flavor, a delicious taste and sparkling brilliancy.

filled with struggle, hard work and poverty. In their hearts is always that faith and beauty which is a part of a close relationship with the powers of their universe.

For a few short days we have been permitted to share a little in the enchantment of a world to which the Indian holds the key. We will be wise if we ask him to unlock the door to the wealth he still possesses, before it is too late and there will be forever lost to us fundamental truths of the creative imagination whose values may not again be recaptured.

One may pause here to inquire somewhat thoughtfully whether it might not be a proof of possible existent values within our present civilization to aid another race in conserving those things within it which have an unquestionable value to the history of human thought and in the history of art and aesthetics.

Are we so rich in knowledge and comprehensions that we can afford to turn aside from the truths evoked during the centuries and expressed through the culture of a race? One looks upon the world today and wonders if a measure of our own culture may not lie in the answer.

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● Do you want your hair dressed for the opera?

The Beauty Salon's six mannikins in the City Club Lobby give everyone who sees them—and legion have not only seen them, but have commented upon them—new and original ideas.

In fact, the mannikins themselves are new ideas. Whose, seems to be a great secret.

However, there they are, six little ladies in as many styles of coiffure and as many shades of hair.

Are you auburn-tressed and piquant?

Then No. 1 or 2 or 3 surely will suit your type.

Are you demure and dark and cool? There are several kinds, curled or sleek, which will fit your particular shape of head and face.

Would you be "permanented" with wide flat waves? Just indicate Mannikin No. So-and-So, and the job will be done with all expedition and comfort.

Would you like the hairdress to be done the last thing before you slip that new opera gown over your head, the service is yours.

Or perhaps you'd like a facial? There's nothing so restful and soothing for tired muscles and indifferent skin . . . and nowhere in the city are there greater facilities for giving that kind of treatment.

The opera opens Friday night, October 30th, with "La Juive," and continues until November 21st (including the extra performances), and of course every woman who attends will want the very smartest and swankiest in coiffure, each according to her contour of face and quality (and quantity) of hair.

The City Club Beauty Salon is equipped to give the speediest of service compatible with unqualified satisfaction.

Skin treatments and facials do more to lift a sagging spirit than any other agency, say those who have had them at the City Club.

Astringents, cleansing creams, lotions, hot towels—or ice—unguents and dusting powder are applied by dextrous hands while the "subject" relaxes—has a nap, perhaps, and lo, the face emerges good for another campaign . . . come operas, dinners, concerts or whatever may betide.

The City Club Beauty Salon is roomier, lighter, airier and more fully equipped with modern appliances than any other similar place in San Francisco.

Get ready for the opera. But first observe the little mannikins in the Lobby. They will entertain you even if you don't choose to go and do likewise.

The Club Restaurant

● On the Tuesday preceding November 26, the following Special Luncheon will be served in the Cafeteria at 75 cents a plate:

THANKSGIVING LUNCHEON — TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 24

Cream of Tomato Soup or
Fruit Salad
Roast Young Tom Turkey, Dressing and Cranberry Sauce
Candied Sweet Potatoes, Boiled Onions or Brussels Sprouts
Hot Rolls
Pumpkin Pie Special Ice Cream
Fruit Cake
Tea Coffee Milk

■

● With Thanksgiving almost upon us, we are printing the menu for our Special Thanksgiving Dinner, for which reservations should be made well in advance:

THANKSGIVING DINNER — $1.25

2:00 P.M. to 8:00 P.M.
Thursday, November 26, 1936
Fruit or Lobster Cocktail, Supreme
Celery Olives
Cream of Fresh Mushroom Soup, or Consomme, Royale
Roast Young Tom Turkey, Dressing and Cranberry Sauce, or
Broiled Filet Mignon, Maitre d'Hotel
Sweet Potatoes, W.C.C. Mashed Potatoes
Boiled Silver Onions New Peas in Butter
Brussels Sprouts with Chestnuts
Apple Cider
Hearts of Romaine, Special Dressing
Pumpkin Pie Egg Nog Ice Cream
Fruit Cake
Cluster Raisins and Nuts
Demi Tasse

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● We are planning a special three-course Sunday Night Supper for those who prefer a lighter meal than our regular Sunday Dinner. The following typical menus give you an idea of these Sunday Night Dinners and Suppers, which carry on continuously throughout the year—always perfect service and delicious food perfectly cooked:

SUNDAY DINNER — $1.00

Fresh Crab Cocktail, Supreme
Cream of Tomato Soup, or Consomme, Jardinere
Celery Olives
Roast Duckling, Dressing and Orange Sauce
or
Special New York Cut, Mushrooms
Cauliflower, Hollandaise New Peas
Minute Potatoes
Ice Cream or Sherbet Mince Pie
Butterscotch Parfait Fudge Layer Cake
Bent's Crackers and Cheese
Tea Coffee Milk

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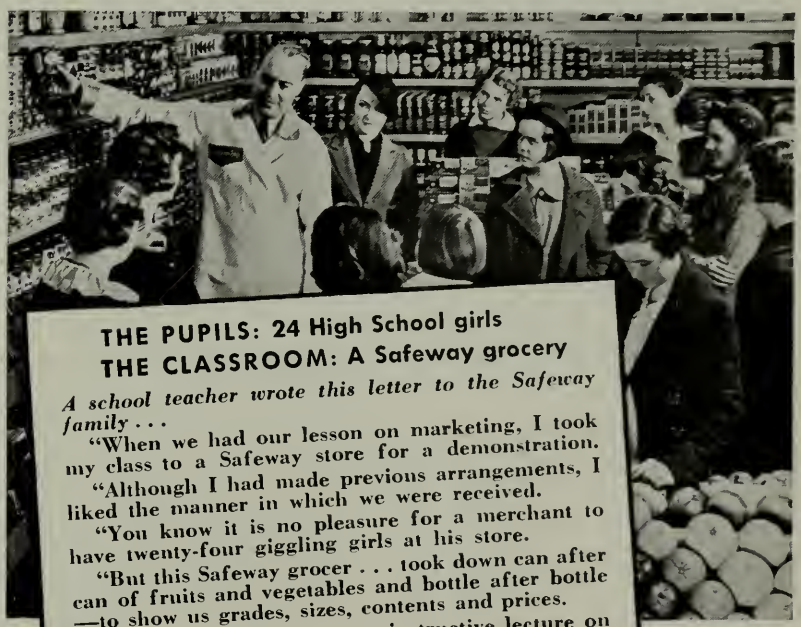
SPECIAL SUNDAY SUPPER — 75c

Choice of:

Cream of Tomato Soup, or
Hearts of Lettuce, French Dressing
One-half Broiled Chicken Current Jelly
New Peas Minute Potatoes
Ice Cream or Sherbet Mince Pie
Butterscotch Sundae Fudge Layer Cake
Tea Coffee Milk

HE TAUGHT THEM TO SAVE *in buying food*



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"Although I had made previous arrangements, I liked the manner in which we were received.

"You know it is no pleasure for a merchant to have twenty-four giggling girls at his store.

"But this Safeway grocer . . . took down can after can of fruits and vegetables and bottle after bottle —to show us grades, sizes, contents and prices.

"In fact he gave us a very instructive lecture on the fine points of thrifty food buying.

"We had not been trading at this store but I made it a point to see that 'the Safeway family' thereafter received our business."

IT IS YOUR Safeway grocer's business to know the foods he carries. He can tell you about can sizes and the contents of each can. And about how to choose any kind of fruit or vegetable. How to pick out the tender kind of meats.

He wants to give you the facts you need to compare prices grade for grade and quality within each grade.

You see, giving his customers buying advice is part of his everyday job.

That job is to lower food prices—and also pay farmers a larger share of the food dollar.

No single grocer could accomplish these things. That's why Safeway grocers, buyers, truckers, marketmen and home economists *work as a family.* This way they save time and eliminate wasteful expenses—*in between* farm and store.

The Safeway family tackled this job because *the American people wanted it done*—and because the people *reward* men who do what the public wants.

Savings divide three ways. First your Safeway grocer makes more money than other people doing similar work. Second you, the consumer, save money.

And third the farmer gets a larger share of each food dollar spent at your Safeway grocer's than he could before this family method was developed.

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Life in Palm Springs

● On the desert at Palm Springs the 1936-37 season is off with a roar that can be heard up and down picturesque Coachella Valley; and Mount San Jacinto, towering directly over the village, and San Gorgonio, still higher, on the north, act as perfect sounding boards sending out the reverberations to all interested corners of the world. While the first few weeks crackled with heat, the weather has now settled into that soft warm sunshine beloved by all who have visited this unique and amazing desert resort during the winter.

Palm Canyon Drive is buzzing with activity as old shops are reopened and new ones throw open their arms to receive the rush of winter residents and visitors from all ends of the globe. The beautiful new Plaza project costing around $1,000,000 and covering three and a half acres in the heart of the village, is ready for its gala opening with its thirty shops, its beautiful theater, its bungalows and penthouses, the most unique project of its kind in the world. Possibly no other place can boast such contrasts as Palm Canyon Drive and Indian Avenue, in actual measurements only one block apart, but otherwise as different as night and day. Down the Drive go the glittering cars of the wealthy winter residents, while on Indian Avenue saunter the native Indians on their Reservation, which no white man may take away from them. While it is true that they have allowed the white men to put up temporary shacks on their land, it is only at the pleasure of the Indians that the white man is permitted to remain on the frontage of their Reservation. Indian Avenue, facing the Reservation, is now a beehive of activity for the working man, while at the extreme north end of the Avenue, stands the imposing world-famous El Mirador Hotel, where Amos and Andy broadcast during the season.

Every hour of the day brings a changing beauty to the desert. Early morning is magnificent and rouses even the laziest to watch the pink glow that settles over San Jacinto Mountain just before the sun pokes its head over the rim of the world and gets to work with its full blessing, as if it had never blessed before. The mountains smile beautifully, as if they would shake hands and wish the entire world to visit them. The air is cool, vital and recreative. The sky is dark blue and decorated with a few sparkling stars, and possibly the moon is just finishing up her shift and ready to leave. There is a stillness over all that is awe inspiring. Later on the bells of the Indian church begin to ring as if calling the inhabitants to duty. The birds begin to leave their nests and prepare themselves for breakfast. The village seems suddenly to waken and is filled with a holiday atmosphere that catches the visitor up and sweeps him along into the busy bustling desert village, which, until such a short time ago, was an oasis visited by only a few fortunates. The morning promenade has begun on the Drive, and sleek-looking motor cars slide up and down full of bronzed beauties, and the jaunty bicycle riders seem to be all over the place. One of the most amazing things is to see the majority of the population, especially the visitors, clad in shorts or sweaters and slacks, as this is the desert mode. Aeroplanes glide in and out of the Palm Springs Airport, where many private planes are kept during the winter and where a regular passenger service is maintained. Mail time brings what seems to be most of the village to the postoffice, where much of interest goes on while groups congregate waiting for the mail to be distributed. During the season the postoffice boasts a first-class rating, due to the tremendous amount of business transacted.

Sports of every kind are to be found here, walking and horseback riding being among the favorites, as well as tennis, swimming, golf, and this season polo makes its first appearance at the new Field Club. All these sports are available under a soft sun and blue sky, and the champions spend as much time here as possible enjoying their favorite sport and putting in many hours of practice. Favorite walks or rides are into the beautiful Tahquitz Canyon, with its lovely waterfall, or magnificent Palm Canyon, where one gazes down on the tops of hundreds of palm trees which shade a canyon world renowned for its beauty.

Building development and land transactions are zooming here. Where recently stood the village church, now stands a beautiful modern shop and office buildings. The Plaza project is built on the site of one of the oldest homes in Palm Springs and the natural beauty of the gardens has been retained, making the Plaza atmosphere outstandingly beautiful and gracious. Shops spring up along the Drive seemingly overnight, as the work is rushed to meet the demands of the season, and business frontage along the

Drive has for many months been 100 per cent leased, making it necessary to build for new business ventures. The feverish activity reminds one of stories of the gold-rush days, only the gold here is in the sun and in the sand. The local Sandsellers are running up records of sales that read like a fairy story, and those who have lived here and who have the vision, predict that the development of this garden valley has only started. Instead of a few large hotels and desert estates, beautiful homes, large and small, are springing up from one end of Palm Springs to the other, while new subdivisions are reaching far out into the desert so that all who wish may have their place in the sun.

Noon finds the sidewalk cafes in full swing and these cafes give a decidedly unique and picturesque atmosphere to the village. To sit in the soft sunshine in the winter time and eat a leisurely luncheon while watching the villagers roam past, is a delightful and amusing experience. Famous movie stars and other celebrities are familiar sights in these cafes and strolling on the Drive. They are accepted as part of the village and you will see no trail of admirers spoiling their rest and relaxation here.

Afternoon, and the weary may rest, the gay may play and the lazy just sit and sun. Cocktail parties are numerous later on and the Dunes Club, the Monte Carlo of the desert, is famous for its gaiety and fine food. The local business people dash madly around, happy in the realization that a record season is ahead. Or one may sit back and consider the many Indian legends, especially the one about the Evil God of Tahquitz who looks down upon the southern end of the village and the benign angel struck into the mountain side by lightning years ago, who now seems to be sleeping quietly. Thus with one evil god at one end of the town and the angel at the other, the gods seem to keep the village balanced.

No one should miss a visit to the art galleries in Palm Springs, where desert paintings by the finest artists are displayed. Also, there are numerous shops filled with turquoise jewelry and hung with genuine Indian rugs and curios, forming an interesting display which entices many a purchaser.

Too soon the sun disappears behind the mountain and darkness wraps itself around the desert until a moon appears, the signal for many a moonlight ride and picnic on the desert.

There is no end to the beauty of Palm Springs. To have lived here is an experience which leaves no one unchanged, and the casual visitor returns again and again seeking that something which only the desert can give to a world-weary sophisticate and to the philosophical who find a haven here for their thoughts.

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Those Who Served

● The Committee Chairmen for the Festival were listed in the October Magazine. The following list includes those whose names were not available at that time.

Volunteers in Programs:

Current Events—Mrs. Wm. Palmer Lucas

Talk on Tapestry—Alice Putnam Bruer

Musical Program—Mrs. Pearl Cooper, pianist: Mrs. Francis Hathaway, soloist

Circus Supper—Mrs. Lillian Birmingham, ringmaster
Mrs. Walter Jones, song leader; Mrs. Matthew Donley, soloist

Band:
Mrs. Edgar N. Kierulff
Mrs. Paul Westerfeld
Mrs. Pearl Cooper
Mrs. Ray Ochernal
Mrs. G. A. Applegarth

Balloon Girl:
Mrs. Anna Young, soloist
Miss Gladys Steele, accompanist

Peanut Vendor:
Mrs. Otto Bergstrum
Mrs. Pearl Cooper, accompanist

Clowns:
Mrs. Ray Ochernal
Mrs. G. A. Applegarth

Horses:
Miss Lillian Thomas
Miss Mildred Corby
Miss Rose Ward

Tumbler:
Miss Rose Ward
Assisted by Clowns

Tight-Rope Walker:
Miss Virginia Russ

Moving Pictures—Miss Alice Burr

Talk on Tapestry—Jessie Fields Caldwell

Musical Program—Mrs. Cyril Cane, soloist
Miss Elsie Campbell, accompanist

Monologues—Mrs. Grace Winchell Hitt

Puppets—Miss Emily Michels

Buffet Supper—Mrs. Carlo Morbio, diseuse
Mrs. Jacques Resleure, soloist
Mrs. Beatrice Anthony at the piano

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Mrs. Henry Alves
Mrs. Herbert W. Bailey
Mrs. Frederick Bartlett
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Mrs. Minnie Bernhard
Mrs. E. C. Bostwick
Mrs. A. M. Bridge
Miss Maud Bristol
Miss Martha Brown
Mrs. T. H. Brown
Miss Delphine Brun
Miss Julie Brun
Mrs. Mary Burke
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Miss Dorcas Burtchaell
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Mrs. R. H. Donaldson
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Miss Helen Dunne
Mrs. W. B. Fielding
Miss Alice Finch
Mrs. J. R. Flor
Miss Marjory Ford
Mrs. Robert Foyle
Mrs. Milton Gabbs
Mrs. F. H. Gardiner
Miss Elsa Garrett
Mrs. Ramon Gilbert
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Mrs. E. Gray
Miss Evelyn Gray
Mrs. F. B. Haake
Miss Frances Hall
Miss Gladys Hall
Mrs. Charles Harcourt
Mrs. Maude Hardy-Balance
Mrs. I. N. Hibberd
Mrs. A. L. Hilgers
Miss Margaret Howes
Mrs. Frank Howlett
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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

December 1936

VOLUME X . . . NUMBER XI
PRICE 15 CENTS A COPY
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
465 POST STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Women's City Club Calendar, December 1936

Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool — Every Tuesday, 5:30 to 7:15 p. m. Every Friday, 5:30 to 9 p. m.

League Bridge — Every Tuesday — Card Room, 2 and 7 p. m.

TOY TEA — Children's Christmas Program

Monday, December 21 — Tickets 75c

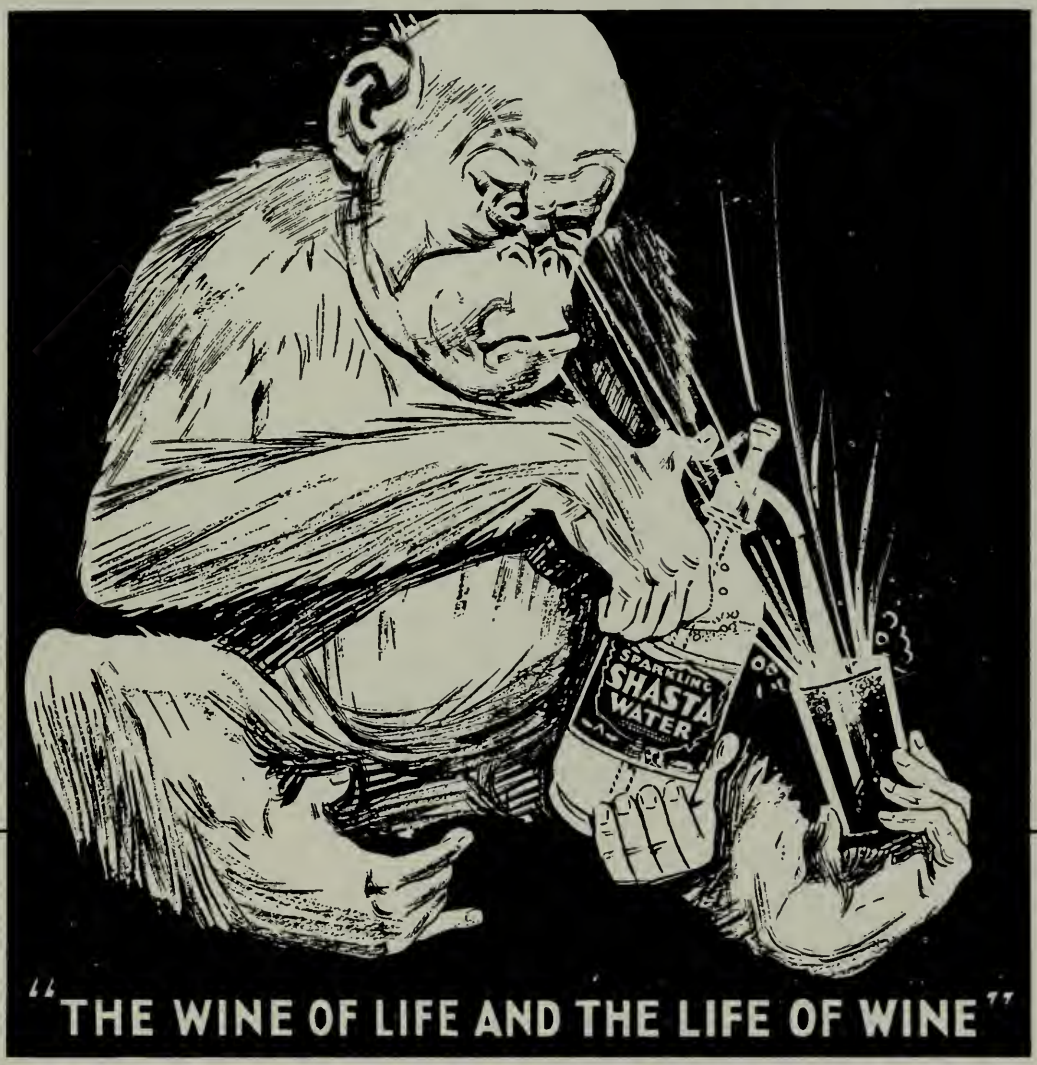
DECEMBER

2—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m.
Round Table Discussion Following	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
3—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m.
Speaker: Mr. Lim P. Lee. Subject: "Problems of the Chinese in California."		
8—Travel Round Table—Miss Elsa Garret, Chairman. Luncheon 62 cents a plate	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
9—Spanish Round Table—Señorita Angela Montiel presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
10—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Drama Tea—Carol Eberts Veazie will read "Tonight at 8:30" by Noel Coward. Tickets, including tea, 75 cents	*Auditorium*	2:30 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program—Musical program arranged by Laura Ellen Winsor	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m.
11—Book Review Luncheon—62 cents a plate	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
Alice Tisdale Hobart will review "Yang and Yin."		
14—Young Members' Luncheon—Mrs. James Sheehan, Chairman	*Cafeteria*	12:15 p.m.
15—Special Christmas Luncheon	*Main Dining Rm.*	12 to 2 p.m.
Christmas Carols—$1.00 a plate.		
Special Christmas Dinner	*Main Dining Room*	6:00 p.m.
Christmas Carols and Program—$1.00 a plate.		
Garden Round Table	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
Speaker: Miss Clara Schaeffer. Subject: Rose Pruning and Winter Gardening.		
16—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m.
Round Table Discussion following	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
17—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
21—Toy Tea—Children's Christmas Program	*Auditorium*	2:30 p.m.
"The Troubadours." Tickets, 75 cents, including refreshments.		
22—Special Christmas Luncheon, 75 cents a plate	*Cafteria*	11:30 to 1:30 p.m.
23—Spanish Round Table—Señorita Angela Montiel presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
24—Members' Tea—Second of Winter series—Tea 25c	*American Room*	3:30 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
25—Special Christmas Dinner—$1.25 a plate; $1.50 if turkey is served at table	*Main Dining Rm.*	2 to 8 p.m.
30—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m.
Round Table Discussion following	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
31—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.

TWELFTH NIGHT—CRICKET ON THE HEARTH—January 6.

JANUARY

1—Special New Year's Dinner—$1.00 a plate	*Main Dining Rm.*	5 to 8 p.m.
6—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m.
Round Table Discussion following	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
Twelfth Night—Cricket on the Hearth—Directed by Dorothea Johnston		
Tickets, including dinner, $1.50	*Main Dining Room*	6:30 p.m.
Single tickets, 75 cents	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m.
7—Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m.
Subject: "Why Travel?" Speaker: Miss Evalyn K. Shipper.		



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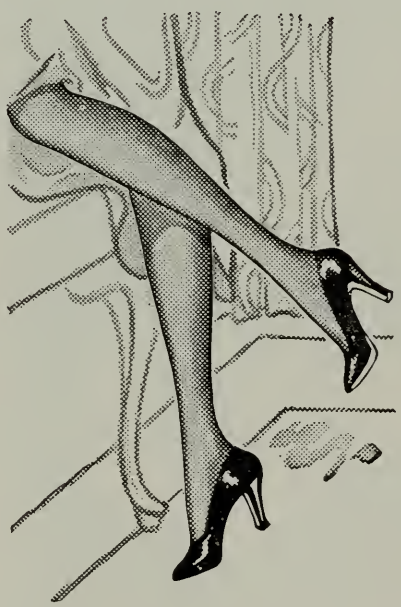

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Women's City Club Magazine

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Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

VOLUME X December. 1936 NUMBER 11

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Christmas Party for Grown Ups

Tuesday, December 15

Luncheon and Dinner

Christmas Party for Children

Monday, December 21

Program by Joan and Betty Rayner -- Troubadours

Toy Tea - Refreshments

Time, 2:30 o'clock - - - Price 75 Cents

TWELFTH NIGHT

Special plans are being made for the Twelfth Night program this year. "Cricket on the Hearth" has been chosen from the novel by Charles Dickens, and arranged for the stage by Gilmore Brown. The play will be presented by Dorothea Johnston and her group from Saratoga. In the cast are: Miss Margaret Zane, Lavinia Tolerton, Eloha Wilson, Mary Borel, James Hind, Jr., Louis Scales, Robert Gitler and Paul Burke.

Announcements

● Have you thought of a book of Women's City Club scrip for a Christmas present?

● The Member's Tea, second of the winter series, will be held on Thursday, December 24, at 3:30 p. m. Members are urged to attend these teas, at which the Board of Directors will preside. Tea, 25 cents.

● The Christmas party for grown-ups is to be on Tuesday, December 15. A special Christmas luncheon and dinner is being planned, with carols and appropriate Christmas music. Luncheon, $1.00 a plate; dinner, $1.00 a plate. Please make reservations in advance.

● Carol Eberts Veazie will give a dramatic reading on the afternoon of Thursday, December 10. The play, "Tonight at Eight-thirty," by Noel Coward, is one of New York's latest successes. Tickets, including tea, are 75 cents and are on sale at the Information Desk, fourth floor. We who know Mrs. Veazie's inimitable style and unusual talent, feel that a real treat is in store for those who come. It would be well if tickets are secured as early as possible, as the seating capacity is limited.

● Cards for the Christmas contributions to the Employees' Fund have been mailed to the membership. May we request that checks be sent in as soon as possible, as this will greatly facilitate the disbursements. We trust that our members will show their gratitude at this time for the faithful and untiring service which our club staff has given throughout the year.

● We hope that the interest of the Young Members, who responded so graciously to our request for Volunteer Service during the Bay Bridge Celebration, will continue throughout the year. There is one way to keep in touch with this activity and that is by attending the Young Member's Luncheon, to be held this month on December 14.

● The Book Review Luncheon on Friday, December 11, offers a rare chance to hear the author, Alice Tisdale Hobart, discuss her new book, "Yang and Yin." Mrs. Hobart has graciously agreed to autograph her book for those who may be present.

● Mrs. A. P. Black will present for her Thursday Evening Program, December 3. Mr. Lim P. Lee, whose subject will be "The Problems of the Chinese in California." On the 10th of December, a musical program will be arranged by Ellen Winsor. Owing to the Christmas holidays, programs will not continue through the remainder of December. On January 7, however, Miss Evalyn K. Shipper, student of art, who has traveled extensively and spent the past eight years in different parts of the world, will address her audience on the subject: "Why Travel?"

● Mrs. Lucas will have three Current Event Lectures in December, the first, third and fifth Wednesdays. Please note well these dates on your December calendar so that in the rush of Christmas shopping they will not slip your mind. With things happening so quickly in our world today it would surely be too bad to miss even one of Mrs. Lucas' lectures, with their fine delineation of world events.

● A "Toy Tea" and program, "The Troubadours," will be given on December 21 for the children's Christmas. Children who attend are requested to bring toys for distribution among the underprivileged in the city on Christmas day. Each year this custom has been the means of bringing untold joy to the hearts of little ones who otherwise might have been greatly disappointed in their Santa Claus. Tickets including refreshments, Christmas tree and Santa Claus are 75 cents. Please procure your tickets in advance—Information Desk, fourth floor.

● Last year's Christmas decorations were most outstanding and we were very proud of them; this year we are planning to touch an even higher mark of distinction and we want all of our members and their friends to share with us the never ending array of talent which each year comes forth from our own Volunteer Service. Plan to bring your friends into the Clubhouse to luncheon, tea or dinner during the holidays while these decorations are in their glory.

● Wana Derge announces the opening of her Color and Composition Class, ninth season, which will be composed of seven lessons (for the sum of $11.00). Classes will begin January 26, on Tuesday, from 1 p. m. to 4 p. m. The evening class will be held also on Tuesdays from 7 p. m. to 10 p. m. The Color and Composition Class is to be followed by and prerequisite to Six Lessons in Flower Arrangement.

● The following persons were the lucky winners of articles which were raffled at the Talent Festival: Bracelet, Miss G. Nardini, 1578 Tenth Avenue, San Francisco; Afghan, Mr. Raymond Madrid, 830 Treat Avenue, San Francisco; doll, Mrs. A. Barnett, 2360 Pacific Avenue, San Francisco; fruit cake, Miss Frances Hall, 1052 Bryant Street, Palo Alto; ring, Mrs. Victor Petry, 3679 Fillmore Street, San Francisco.

● Alice Tisdale Hobart is a woman of rare charm and ability. Her new book, "Yang and Yin," is a great contribution to the understanding of the conflict of East and West. The club is fortunate in having Mrs. Hobart as guest speaker at the Book Review Luncheon on Friday, December 11.

● Reservations for the Christmas Ramble to Yosemite are now being made. Complete information may be obtained at the Executive Office. As reservations are limited, it is urged that those who are planning to take this trip make their deposits as soon as possible.

● Because of recent requests, fruit cakes and plum puddings may be purchased from our Restaurant department. Please put your orders in well in advance of the holidays to help us avoid extra staffing in our kitchen. Fruit cake, $1.00 a pound; plum puddings, $1.00 a pound.

● We again appeal to our membership to remember that their own Beauty Salon does as fine work as any shop in the city. With the Christmas Season in full swing and many party dates ahead, let Mrs. Grabow, manager of the Salon, show you how really beautiful your hair can look done in the newest ringlet styles.

● A Reading Stand, such as the one now in use in the Library, can be purchased through the League Shop. It would make a delightful Christmas gift and there is still time to have one ordered for delivery on Christmas.

● Have you visited our League Shop in your search for that unusual Christmas gift? We know you will be sure to find it there, so come to us first and let us prove our point, then, perhaps, you will get the habit. We are glad to announce that our full Christmas shipments were received before deliveries were stopped because of the existing shipping difficulties.

● The Club Book Shop will be open for business Sunday, December 20, 1936, from 10:30 a. m. until 6 p. m. Book-lovers will find the Club's Book Shop the perfect place in which to browse. Quiet, comfortable chairs and courteous service, plus the best the publishers have to offer, is an ideal combination.

● Children who find that Santa has tucked ten swim tickets in their stockings on Christmas morning will be delighted. (Member's children, $2.25; guest children, $2.50, may be purchased for girls under eighteen, boys under twelve. Private lesson tickets, $4.00 and $6.00.)

Free Swimming Lessons for Beginners!

For the benefit of members who are not acquainted with our methods of instruction, January will be "Learn to Swim" month in the pool. Any *member* who does not know how to swim may make appointments for two private fifteen minute lessons (during January) in elementary swimming. Admission fee only.

● The Nominating Committee for new Board Members was appointed at the November Board meeting. Names for proposed Board Members to be presented to the membership at the annual election, will be welcomed by this committee: Mrs. Perry Eyre, Chairman; Mrs. Horace B. Clifton, Miss Marian Burr, Miss Helen Dunn and Mrs. Payson Treat. Please address suggested names to Mrs. Eyre, in care of Executive Office.

Joan and Betty Rayner, Troubadours

● These two young artists offer something of unusual interest. They have collected from the folklore of Europe, America and the Orient programs of dramatic tales, songs and dances which they present with rapid changes of costume in a spirit entirely their own. Their artistic joyousness and the irresistible gaiety of their repertoire have made their performances unique wherever they have appeared. They have given performances and talks in such prominent places as: The Arts Theatre, London; the Birmingham Repertory Theatre; the Lyceum Clubs of England, Sweden, Australia and New Zealand; Oxford and other universities; teachers' training colleges; Marlborough College, and many well-known schools.

BRIEF IMPRESSIONS

Paris: "Duex artistes-nees"—*Figaro.*

London: "Delicate Mockery"—*The Times.*

Edinburgh: "Bubbling humor"—*The Scotsman.*

Oxford: "It was a wonderful evening"—*Oxford Times.*

Berlin: "Brilliant abilities and lovable charm"—*Der Tag.*

Ottawa: "Captivating joyousness of spirit"—*The Citizen.*

New York: "New York has been shown something new"—*Evening Post.*

Los Angeles: "As refreshing as a May morning"—*Los Angeles Times.*

Etching by Alex Stern

The President's Message

Once again Christmas rounds out the cycle of a swiftly moving year, adding to memories' store and showering upon all the glamour and gaiety of this most loved season. Every age and all peoples cling to the spell of Christmas, and, as the day itself approaches, let us not crowd out the picture of the stable in Bethlehem's quiet hills, the serenity of the stars that still shine, and if we but listen — the angel voices singing "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

¶ May this age-old song echo throughout the National League for Woman's Service and bring to each member true peace and all the joys of Christmas tide.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

Genesis of the Christmas Card

By MARION LEALE

First Christmas Card: Sent in 1846

● "Christmas cards! What a waste of money! I can't tell you how many hundreds of Christmas cards I get!"

"I just love my Christmas cards and always save them to enjoy again after Christmas."

We all have heard these three dissimilar remarks. For the cynic of the first, let us be sorry. For the author of the second exclamation, let us feel the indifference which animates her when she makes it. For the friend of the third, let us be thankful. For she (or he) has the understanding heart.

What is the origin and history of Christmas cards? English, Italian, French, Russian, characteristic messages from far-flung nations, Medici pictures, wood blocks, pasteboards of all shapes and sizes are transmitted over the earth by the millions at this time of the year.

The offering of gifts at Yule has existed since offerings were made to the god, Frey, for a fruitful year. But what of Christmas cards?

As the most startling fact I can offer, let me say that there are still living in England many who remember the first appearance of a Christmas card in the world. The early part of the nineteenth century saw the birth of this phase of Christmas greeting.

In the eighteenth century, however, there had arisen in England what were known as "Christmas Pieces" or "School Pieces," specimens of hand-writing "laboriously produced," says one writer, "under the superintendence of the writing master," pen flourishes elaborate and ugly with birds, and scrolls, such as writing experts on the streets of San Francisco years ago used to exhibit as evidence of their ability or agility in producing a unique calling card. But long before these ceased to be sold, the use of these "Christmas Pieces" was "discontinued in all schools of the better class."

The first Christmas card, some say, was sent by Mr. W. C. T. Dobson, R. A., in 1844 to a friend, a card symbolizing the spirit of Christmas. The following Christmas he designed another card and sent lithographed copies to his many friends. Others say that the first *real* card was that published by Mr. Joseph Cundall, a London artist, for this was the first actually sold, although it is probable that copies were not put on the market generally until some twenty years later. In the *London Times* in January, 1884, Mr. Cundall wrote: "The first Christmas card ever published was issued by me in the usual way, in the year 1846 at the office of Felix Summerly's Home Treasury, 12 Old Bond Street. Mr. Henry Cole (afterward Sir Henry) originated the idea. The drawing was made by J. C. Horsley, R. A., it was printed in lithography by Mr. Jobbins of Warwick Court, Holborn, and colored by hand. Many copies were sold, but possibly not more than one thousand. It was of the usual size of a lady's card."

This card may be seen in T. G. Crippin's "Christmas and Christmas Lore," and is described as "an elaborate affair, showing two allegorical designs of clothing the naked and feeding the hungry, together with a family group of three generations, quaffing wine."

Not until 1862, however, did the custom of sending Christmas cards obtain any foothold or spread from England to other countries. Then experiments were made with cards of the size of *(Continued on page 21*

Editorial

● "Hark, the herald angels sing." The firing at the front ceases. "Tommies" leap across "No Man's Land" to shake hands with the Boche. They shout, "Merry Christmas," and then return, joyous, to open Christmas boxes from home! Now they know they are not forgotten as yesterday they thought they were. Life is not just mud and trenches and lonesomeness. But why this sudden armistice? Today is as yesterday. There are the same reasons for fighting, the same means at hand for destruction. Why the chorus of angels suddenly dimming the sound of bombs and cannon?

A quarter century passes—years of unprecedented scientific progress, and we ask ourselves the question, "Has our spiritual growth kept pace with the scientific? Are we ready for this Christmas of 1936—'Good Will Toward Men?' "

The National League for Woman's Service is founded on an ideal, "For God, for Country, for Home," is the watchword. In the development of its program, we, its members, are at peace. In the true spirit of the season, we call to one another, "A Merry Christmas to you," and to the world beyond, "A Merry Christmas to all."

● Thanksgiving passed without editorial comment from the WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE. The last Thursday is always a long way from the corresponding first of that month and much nearer the successive first. So it was that November 26 seemed a long way off when last we went to print, but it is not too late now to give thanks for the perpetuation of such a program as is developed by this organization of ours, the National League for Woman's Service.

● Each story in this issue is by a member. Mrs. Lucas, our current events correspondent, has written for us one of her charming fantasies. It is a worthy successor to other fantasies from her pen.

From Mrs. Morbio comes a children's story, delightful in its gaiety and characteristic of this writer, who needs no introduction to our audience.

Rosemary T. Kobes has brought us a Christmas thought in delightful mystery.

Christmas Customs

● The Christmas tree seems to have originated in Germany and can be traced back with certainty to the year 1604. There is a pretty legend in connection with it, which makes St. Winfred the inventor of the idea.

In the midst of a crowd of converts, he hewed down a giant oak which had formerly been the object of their Druidic worship. As it fell backward like a tower, groaning as it split asunder in four pieces, there stood just behind it, unharmed by the ruin, a young fir tree, pointing a green spire toward the stars.

Winfred let the axe drop and turned to speak to the people: "This little tree, a young child of the forest, shall be your holy tree tonight. It is the wood of peace, for your houses are built of the fir. It is the sign of an endless life, for its leaves are evergreen. See how it points upward to heaven. Let this be called the tree of the Christ-child—gather about it, not in the wild-wood, but in your own homes; there it will shelter no deeds of blood, but loving gifts and deeds of kindness."

The Christmas tree was introduced into the Court of St. James about 1840 by Prince Consort Albert of Saxe-Coburg, and the custom spread rapidly among the aristocratic families of London and was immediately adopted by all classes throughout England.

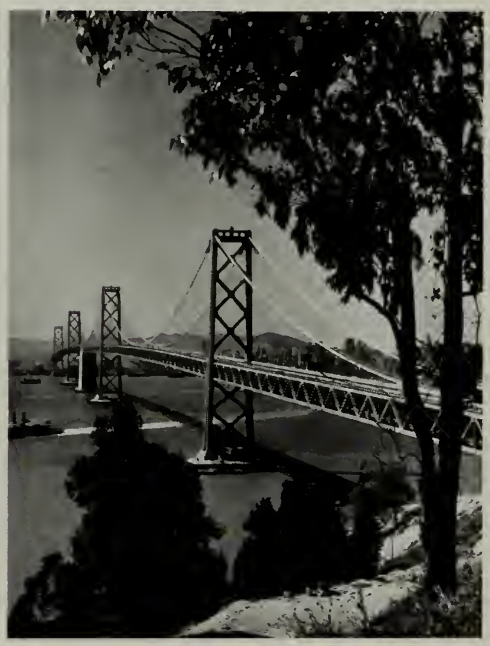
The term "carol" appears formerly to have signified a song joined with a dance, a union frequently found in early religious ceremonies.

* * * * *

The Christmas carol (called Noël) originated in medieval France, where it was cultivated with so much enthusiasm that it soon spread to other countries. In England this became Nowell and was likewise used as a refrain or joyous exclamation in the course of the song.

The Saving Miracle

By June Lucas



Time — Christmas Eve, 1936 - - - Place — The City of Saint Francis

● Vittorio Santini was in a hurry. He had been watching for the lights of the great bridge ever since his big truck slithered through the wet fog of Richmond. And yet, in his heart and mind, he lingered with the memories of his village in his old country. Here it was Christmas Eve but no stars overhead, just the silver fog the headlights made into such fantastic shapes. Strange—Vittorio's right foot hovered carefully above his brake pedal. Not that he had any particular grudge against this new country. He liked it all, but festival days made him homesick because then he remembered, not only the sound of the bells above his village and the sparkle of the stars in the bay of Sorrento but that eve of the Nativity four years ago when their "piccolo Giovanni" had died in Jesusa's arms. No, no, he would never forget the strangeness of that night—the bells, the stars, and Jesusa's face so full of agony as she held their little son, only six months old, close to the dying fire on the hearth—and they knew he would not smile any more. How he had prayed for the miracle to happen. "Mother of God, save our Giovanni!"

The fog seemed heavier—the bridge could not be much farther but he must drive carefully—the truck was empty—all but one small box of persimmons he was taking to his Jesusa—and the great wheels did not stick to the road as well as when he carried a big load. "Jesusa mio." Vittorio's eyes filled with tears—how brave she was! He had brought her to California two years ago. His old mother had said, "It is better so. She is grieving too much for the little one. Go to the new country and perhaps, my son, the miracle will happen and the good God will give her another child to heal the wound."

For awhile Jesusa had seemed almost happy again. She loved the golden hills, the fruit in blossom, the blue sky and the waters of the bay so like the bay at home in which the street of their village ended. But her health was not good—her beautiful face grew wistfully thin, her eyes seemed dark caves of sadness—the miracle did not happen. Only three months ago, the nurse in the town had urged him to take her to a city hospital. "She's a sick woman, Vittorio," the nurse said, "give her a chance to get really well." Vittorio, thinking always in his heart of the miracle, took her to the city for help.

That was two months ago—and tonight he was hurrying to get to the great hospital, and yet he was afraid. The operation, so necessary, had been successful but she did not seem to regain her strength. The nurses urged him to come as often as he could, and he did. The doctor had told him how serious it had all been—there could never be any miracle—it was best not to tell Jesusa for a time, not until she was at home again with him. Last week he had come in a little early—he waited on the other side of the screen around the desk in the ward. He heard the doctor say, "It's too bad—she *ought* to pull out of it but if it goes on like this, only a miracle will save her." And all week Vittorio had wondered how she could be saved—the miracle *he* had prayed for could never happen. It was strange.

The first big blurred light on the bridge approach swirled before the headlights—like a great halo, and in the foreground, almost in his path, a slight skirted figure waved to him. Vittorio was moving very slowly; he put his brake on carefully. "You are on the wrong level but get aboard. I'll take you across. It will be slow movin' in this fog." The man, for Vittorio now saw his face, climbed up beside him and spoke with a joyous, eager voice. "Thanks, my son, I am late. I have come far, and I always like to reach the city well before midnight."

"What's your town, sir?" Vittorio spoke gently.

"Assisi, and my name is Francis."

Vittorio's foot almost slipped off his brake—he slowed down. "You mean in Italy?" The man beside him laughed. "Yes, in Italy."

The main bridge was now under Vittorio's wheels—it was too thick to see a tail light the length of a car ahead. He gave the stranger a quick look—fine face with a glow about it from the misty but powerful lights—and he wore a robe with a hood over his head. Vittorio breathed hard, his eyes widened, his cold hands clutched the wheel with a new purpose. It was the eve of the Nativity—the time of a great miracle!

Vittorio came from a land that has always spread so lavishly her balm of beauty for her grieving children. He came from a land where every village church holds holy shrines for martyrs and saints and always the sweet Madonna to save from peril and to guide the feet of those whose simple faith seeks miracle. Vittorio understood and accepted Saint Francis on the seat beside him as easily as he would have accepted his own brother. In a moment, the magic of his faith had broken, as it were, the floodgates down, and in his own native language, he poured out his story. When he was an old man Vittorio used to say that he could still feel Saint Francis' arm around his shoulder as he talked of little Giovanni and Jesusa, and begged for guidance.

Saint Francis waited until the passionate voice beside him was still. "My son, you and I are on a bridge we cannot see. I have heard it called a miracle of engineering—that is not enough. It is a miracle of God. Faith built it and faith is of the spirit. Your faith will bring the miracle." Saint Francis' voice sounded deep and full of power. "Nay, I say more on this night of nights—the miracle of love is close to you now!"

Vittorio never remembered how the figure beside him disappeared, as he held his truck steady on the long, wet ramp into the city—but it was just as he left the bridge that he first heard the cry of a baby! Tears, not fog, wet his face. He thought he was dreaming of his little son—he *must* have faith—he must go to Jesusa with a smile in his eyes. Several times through the noisy streets he thought he heard the cry close to him. Lighted Christmas trees stood out like gayly painted stage sets with the fog making soft footlights.

* * * * *

Vittorio parked the truck opposite the hospital and went around to the back of it to get the box of persimmons covered with holly. His electric torch flashed into the dark truck. His astonished eyes saw *two* boxes. He pulled the strange box to him with trembling hands. He always used to say that he *knew* before he pulled back the blanket and saw the baby asleep with big tears on his pink cheeks. Pinned to the rough coat, a paper, "His name is Giovanni—six months old—father and mother dead. Be good to him."

Again Vittorio accepted the miracle of that night! He wrapped the baby in his coat and tried to make him look like a Christmas bundle. The hospital was a blaze of lights, candles and Christmas trees in the corridors, and Vittorio heard singing as he stepped out of the elevator. The ward was not crowded—so many had gone home for Christmas—the curtains were still around Jesusa's bed but Vittorio was no longer afraid. He laid the coat on the chair near the bed and with the baby in his arms, leaned over Jesusa, who lay so still, so white, her beautiful face like a cameo in its pure cutting, her soft hair in a dark mass around her lovely head. "Jesusa mio," he whispered. "I have brought you little Giovanni." Jesusa's lips smiled gently—she did not open her eyes but stretched her hand up to touch Vittorio's shoulder in the old familiar gesture he loved. Her fingers touched instead the baby's cheek! She looked with tender awe in her dark eyes. In a second, Vittorio had little Giovanni comfortable on her arm. A great sigh seemed to pass like a benediction over Jesusa and for the first time in many days she slipped into a natural sleep. Vittorio was on his knees beside the bed when an astonished young nurse started to say, "Are you crazy to bring a . . ." but she did not finish. Vittorio looked up from his knees, tears on his face, and whispered. "This is the miracle that will save her."

The nurse stepped back and out to the corridor desk. This was beyond her! Let the head nurse worry—you never knew what these crazy foreigners would do. Now the head nurse was there because she had brains—more than that, she had *been* places. She came back to the desk in a very few minutes blowing her nose and spoke in a husky voice. "Miss Jones, I don't suppose you have ever seen a real painting of the Holy Family. Well, you just saw one in Ward A. Don't go in again for five minutes—by that time I'll tell you what to do next. Talk about miracles! That woman has a *pulse* you can count now."

* * * * *

Little Giovanni always used to say, "I was born on the bridge when father was taking us to the hospital"! Jesusa always called it her Christmas bridge, but Vittorio, as long as he lived, always called it the *Miracle* bridge and never crossed it without uncovering his head.

A Modern Robinson Crusoe's Christmas

By Mrs. Carlo Sutro Morbio

● Bobby Bronson sat on a rickety old box underneath a gnarled oak tree. Beside the box lay a roll of untidy looking bedding. Bobby held in his left hand a crumpled note. His right hand was clenched until the knuckles were white, but in spite of his attempt at controlling his feelings, his chin quivered, and great tears coursed slowly down his cheeks. He tried to hold these back, and stared fixedly ahead of him over the deserted lettuce fields in the immediate foreground.

Earlier that morning, his step-father had sent him on an errand to the opposite side of town. When he returned, he found that his step-father had departed with the two younger children, leaving him this roll of soiled bedding and the note. The note read: "Bobby, we are moving on to find work some place where there isn't any strike. You are big enough now to shift for yourself. (Bobby was eleven.) I have my hands full with the other two youngsters. Goodbye—Joe."

As the moments passed, Bobby grew more and more forlorn. It was so lonely and bewildering here in the deserted camp. All the other campers seemed to have moved on too. What could he do? Where could he go? Just as he was in the lowest possible spirits, there was a stirring in the brush behind him, and a cat came running around the base of the tree. He jumped right up into Bobby's lap and stood there with waving tail and quivering body as though waiting for his pursuer. Bobby petted him until he quieted down for a moment. Presently there came from under the hedge that bordered the field a panting little Scotty dog. The cat at once arched his back and commenced spitting at the dog who nonchalantly approached.

"Shh, kitty", said Bobby, "the dog won't hurt you. Here, sport", he called to the dog who trotted right up to him. The cat grew very agitated and dug his claws into Bobby. Bobby stood this without crying out and reached out his free hand to the dog.

"Look here, sillies," he said to them, "we're all tramps together and so we might as well decide to be friends."

He spent some time on making the two friendly and at last the cat relaxed and the dog went to sleep at his feet. Suddenly there was a flutter in the branches above him. He looked up and saw a parrot carefully making his way down one of the branches.

"Pretty Polly," he called to her.

"Oh, yeah," said the parrot. "how do you get that way, big boy?"

"My, what a tough old parrot you are!" said Bobby, laughing.

"Aw, be yourself!" said the parrot, coming nearer. "Where do we go from here?"

The question was so opportune that Bobby laughed again and scratched his head.

"That's funny," he said, "because I have just been wondering that myself."

The parrot had come quite close now and made a lopsided flight from the branch to Bobby's shoulder. "I hope you're friendly." Bobby didn't turn his head as he spoke, but the cat rose and spat again, and the dog woke and capered about Bobby's feet, barking shrilly. Bobby stood up carefully, as the parrot was beating her wings against his ear.

"Now listen, all of you,' 'he addressed the yelping dog, the hissing cat, and the screaming parrot, "if we are going to stick together you have to cut out this row, and," he added ruefully, "if we are going to make camp around here tonight we had better get going or we won't be settled before dark."

He picked up his bedding roll and put it over his shoulder. The parrot quickly leaped upon it and settled herself for a ride. The little dog went running ahead, coming back every few moments to rub his head against Bobby's legs. The cat watched them start off. He stood looking after them for a moment as though trying to decide what to do. As they turned the corner of the road, he decided apparently to cast his lot with them and ran up to within a short distance of Bobby. He followed along with this safe interval between him and them.

Bobby had no plan nor purpose, but just trusted to what the fortunes of the road might be in true Gypsy fashion. Just on the outskirts of the town, he came to a big warehouse. Without really knowing why, he marched around to the back of the building. In a far corner in the yard back of the warehouse, separated from the rest of the yard by a pile of rubbish, Bobby spied a large packing case.

"Maybe this is home, fellows," Bobby said to his strange companions.

After some further investigating and exploring, he decided to use it.

"Clean and roomy—I guess we move in," he said. He carefully swung the bedding roll down from his shoulder so as not to disturb the parrot. The dog came up and sniffed at the parrot, but Polly lowered her bill at him in such a way that he withdrew, and trotted after Bobby, who was "rustling" in the true fashion of an experienced camper. In the rubbish heap. he found some discarded pieces of corrugated iron. These he dragged

over and with great effort lifted them to the top of the box to make a roof.

"Just in case of rain," he explained to the dog who was watching him curiously. He dragged the bedding roll into the box, and made a bed on a part of the floor. Across one corner, he arranged a stick as a perch for Polly, and when all this was ready, he induced Polly and the dog to enter. The cat still stood suspiciously aloof but Bobby was sure he would join them presently.

Bobby sat on his bed with the Scotty nestling up to him, while Polly tested out her new perch.

"I'm kind of like Robinson Crusoe," he said, "with a dog and a parrot and a house on a desert island 'cause this back yard is a kind of desert island. I guess the cat is our man Friday. I had better give you a name, pup—I will call you Binkie—like the dog in the song."

Food was his next problem. He crawled out of the box and locked Polly and Binkie inside by pushing a box against the opening of the packing case. The cat was still prowling around and he decided not to worry about him.

He counted out what money he had left—sixty-seven cents in all. Not much to face the world on. He decided that it was too late to find any kind of a job that evening, so the evening meal would have to just a reckless expenditure. He found his way to town and hurried to a Ten Cent Store to buy food for Polly. Her diet was so very special, that he felt he must supply that first. Next he went to a restaurant and bought a hamburger sandwich. That took another dime.

"The meat for Binkie and the bread for me. It will taste a little of the hamburger," he reasoned gallantly. He wondered whether it was worth while to plan about the cat. So far the cat had not seemed very cooperative. He decided at last to buy a pint of milk.

"That will feed him tonight, and him 'n' me tomorrow morning," he planned. "If he hasn't stayed, I can use it myself."

While at the restaurant, he asked the owner if he could wash dishes or run errands for one meal a day and scraps for his dog. The restaurant keeper said he'd gladly use a boy during rush hours, so they made a bargain.

He joyously returned to his newly acquired home. Binkie was scratching against the door and Polly was squawking loudly. The cat was stretched before the door with a very home-loving expression on his face. When he opened the door the cat followed him in. Bobby set out the evening meal, which was speedily gobbled with great satisfaction by the appreciative boarders.

With a job to sustain him, Bobby's life quickly settled into a regular plan. The cat had moved in quite completely now and purred contentedly beside the dog. No one seemed to come near the rubbish heap, and Bobby felt reasonably safe. Every morning before he went to work, he took his little family for a walk in the fields in back of the warehouse. Then he shut them in until he returned at night, when he again took them for a stroll.

December came. All the shop windows were full of the gay holiday displays. Bobby amused himself by thinking what he could do for a Christmas celebration with his strange family. He decided that they must have a Christmas feast. He was greatly cheered by his plans, but his joy was short-lived.

One chilly morning as he lay in his bed between Binkie and the cat, he heard voices outside. "We'll have to clean up the mess in this yard, William," said one voice. "Yes, Mr. Curtis," was the answer, "how shall I go about it?"

"I'll have to get a permit from the Fire Department for you to make a bonfire and then you just make a clean sweep of all this junk. Look at that trash pile, and that old packing case covered in corrugated iron. It's an eye-sore." The men talked on and decided to do the work on the following Tuesday.

Bobby lay stunned with fright at the prospect of losing his new little home. He had so much work now that there was very little time to seek out a new place. He always had extra work to do on the week-end and he needed every cent that he could earn. His shoes were about gone, and he dared not go without shoes. People didn't wish to employ ragamuffins. Oh, what should he do!

Monday came and with it more troubles. As he was helping the restaurant man, he came upon the morning paper. On the second page there was a picture of a tearful boy about his own age and his dog. Oh,—very like Binkie. He read the article which told of the sorrow of this boy because of the loss of his pet dog. It ended with a sentence which said, "Christmas will not be merry for Roger Devlin this year unless he finds his dog. Can't you help him find it?"

Something about the description of the dog made Bobby sense at once that it all referred to Binkie—Binkie his friend, his comrade. All day he was tortured with the other boy's rights in the matter. That night he could not sleep for a long while. He tossed and tumbled and it did not help matters to have Binkie snuggle closer beside him. He awakened in a more cheery, hopeful mood.

"Tonight's our Christmas," he announced to his family. He had decided to have a celebration on Monday night, their last night in the packing case. He tucked them away and went off to work almost gaily.

At last the day's work at the restaurant was finished, and he gathered up his packages that he had safely hidden in the storeroom and hurried off toward home. He had bought a little tree that had tiny candles on it, a collar for Binkie, a ribbon *(Continued on page 25*

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Vocational Bureau Closes

● When the National League for Woman's Service was being organized in California, there were many organizations doing war work, but there were many services even then left undone. To pick up the latter—not to overlap any, but to round out the picture—a program was initiated after a complete dispassionate survey had been made. Among the many services left for the N. L. W. S. to develop were the Canteens (later christened the National Defenders' Clubs) and the Vocational Guidance and Placement Bureau—the former the most spectacular of the services, the latter the least.

The Vocational Guidance and Placement Bureau from this time on continued its valuable program until after the Armistice with funds in part inherited from the Land Army and in part paid by the National League for Woman's Service. And then the former help was ended, and the National League for Woman's Service was faced with the sole support of such a bureau.

Pursuant to its honesty of thought, the N. L. W. S. again made a survey, the cost of which was contributed by one of the Board of Directors of that year. (The League was by this time living at 333 Kearny Street.) The survey disclosed that placement everywhere was a popular part of the employment problem. Private agencies, semi-public and public charities, and political bureaus were handling this placement work. It was therefore decided that the National League for Woman's Service would contract its broader program and concentrate on the compiling of vocational information so sorely needed by agencies too busy in their own sphere to stop for the general assembling of up-to-date facts in other fields. Again a friend came to the fore and financed the Bureau for a year, after which time the National League for Woman's Service financed it. Vocational information, however, depended for its success on repeated surveys and up-to-date contacts, and valuable not only to the individual applicant but also the organization doing practical placement work was proven still to be a most necessary service.

The Vocational Information Bureau of the N. L. W. S. has been unique. It has been misunderstood by those who came for placement and found information only. It has been maligned by those who wanted statistics, numbers of applicants or figures or "results" in the modern sense, but steadily to a definite goal it has pursued its useful and altruistic course, to the benefit of countless numbers. Many pay tribute to its capable director, Miss Macrae, for services rendered. The young woman starting her career, as well as the older woman

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seeking a place in an unknown working world. A quiet talk in the Bureau with one who had time to listen sympathetically and to reply impersonally has helped many a caller to solve her problem.

With the opening of government agencies for relief, a new era comes into being and once again the National League for Woman's Service takes stock of its services to prove or disprove their present-day worth. Now the Presidents Council and the Y. W. C. A. have added their bureaus to the picture. The government relief agencies have multiplied. The need of such work as vocational information is now a recognized fact. It needs no defense as it did in the early days of this Bureau. The Vocational Information Bureau of the National League for Woman's Service has proved its value. It is with a very great sense of pride, as well as a feeling of sadness, that a work has been rounded off, that the Board of Directors announce that on the first of January the Vocational Information Bureau of the National League for Woman's Service will close its door. May the agencies which in future carry forward the work be as richly rewarded in the accomplishments of service given gratuitously in the solving of human problems and in the spreading of authoritative information.

Book Review Luncheon

● Alice Tisdale Hobart, author of "Oil for the Lamps of China," will speak at the monthly book review luncheon on December 11th. Mrs. Hobart will talk about her recently published "Yang and Yin," the story of an American doctor in China.

Mrs. Hobart is eminently well equipped to portray the impact of western ideas (symbolized in the title of the book by Yang—the active principle) upon the ideas of the East (Yin, the passive principle), for she spent many years in China.

"Oil for the Lamps of China" portrayed the impact of western business upon the passively inert East. "Yang and Yin" portrays the conflict between modern science and ancient tradition, between the humanitarian point of view of the west and the eastern philosophy of acceptance. Mrs. Hobart has a sympathetic understanding of both points of view. She has given a well-balanced appraisal of the western contribution to what we call the "progress" of the oldest of living cultures. At the same time she has drawn a fine portrait of the idealistic young scientist, Peter Fraser, in whom the conflict of East and West is personified.

Mrs. Hobart has graciously signified her willingness to autograph books for those who desire it.

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A Voice in the Wilderness

—BY ROSEMARY T. KOBES

● When the world and its boasted civilization was still young; when there were wars and rumors of war; when might was the right of the strongest, there were, even then, men of vision. Prophets of truth, they were, who dared to stand alone against a mad world dripping in its own life-blood, and to envision a brotherhood of man when war would be no more.

From their lofty mountain-top of light, their keen eyes pierced far down through the centuries, past deep valleys of human suffering and death. With radiant faith and clarity of vision, they conceived a new earth where "swords would be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks"; when man would no longer hurt or destroy; when "earth would be filled with the knowledge of good as the waters cover the sea."

Long centuries passed. Man, weary with war and strife and hope deferred, lived his little day and perished.

Then one night, 1900 years ago, a heavenly choir of angels singing over a Judean plain, revived again the hope of peace in the heart of a bewildered world. They heralded tidings of great joy unto all people, proclaiming peace on earth, good will to men. And on that memorable night, a lowly child was born. And in his heart there slumbered an ancient dream of peace. And as the dream unfolded, the child grew into the stature of a man and he went about—doing good. He was the Prince of Peace. But alas! "we hid our faces from him; we esteemed him not."

And again long centuries passed—the age-old dream of peace still unfulfilled. But lo! it has not died. It stirs ever young and restless in the heart of man.

But time seems long and hearts grow weary as they watch and wait. Yet ten thousand years in the limitless space of eternity, are they not less than a brief syllable of time? Who dares to say how long our little earth, once a blazing sun, rolled through endless space, void and without form until at last the Spirit of Light moved upon its waters!

"And still it moves, a broadening flood,
And fresher, fuller glows
A sense as if the sea were near,
Toward which the river flows."

Despite false prophets and ambitious leaders lacking in vision, despite economic wrongs and social suffering, despite war with its destruction of potential gifts, its injustice to the living, to the dead and to generations yet unborn, despite all these realities, man is slowly, haltingly, learning to lisp the words, "My Brother!"

True, it is only a feeble voice as yet

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crying alone in the wilderness. But when at length it shall resolve itself into speech, all of its words shall be words of peace, in a new world, when men shall live worthy of a noble heritage, and where a little Child shall lead them.

National League Book Shop

The National League Book Shop in the lobby of the Clubhouse has much to offer the lovers of good books.

If your family and friends, fortunate enough to have a place on your gift list, could be consulted, we are sure nothing would delight them more than carefully selected books. Where can you do just that to better advantage than in your own quiet book-nook between the elevators on the first floor.

For your convenience in last minute shopping, the National League Book Shop will be open the last Sunday before Christmas, December 20, from 10:30 a. m. until 6 p. m.

FICTION

YANG AND YIN; *Alice Tisdale Hobart;* $2.50. Another splendid novel by the author of "Oil for the Lamps of China."

KIT BRANDON; *Sherwood Anderson.* $2.50. A thoughtful and impressive book from beginning to end.

CRADLE OF LIFE; *Louis Adamic.* $2.50. And now a novel by the author of "The Native's Return," an author well described as combining the poet and social philosopher.

THE BROTHERS ASHKENAZ; *I. J. Singer.* $2.75. A monumental novel fit to take its place with Mann's "Magic Mountain" and Knut Hamsen's "Growth of the Soil."

THE OLD ASHBURN PLACE; *Margaret Flint.* $2.50. The $10,000 Dodd Mead prize novel.

THE HEART AWAKES; *M. B. Kennicott.* $2.50. This romantic novel reveals the love of mature years in all its perfection, its delicate glow.

NON-FICTION

AUDUBON; *Constance Rourke.* $3.00. The most important Fall book, with 12 colored plates from original Audubon prints.

HEADS AND TALES; *Malvina Hoffman.* $5.00. The famous American sculptor tells of her full life, some of the most engrossing chapters being those that treat of her student years under Rodin. The illustrations are so beautiful they alone would make the book notable.

ARTIST AND NATURALIST IN ETHIOPIA; *Louis Agassiz Fuertes and Wilfred Hudson Osgood.* $5.00. This is the story of a scientific expedition by a famous naturalist painter and the equally famous curator of zoology at the Field Museum. It gives an unique picture of a civilization

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part pastoral, part medieval, now fast being destroyed. It is illustrated with full color paintings by Louis Agassiz Fuertes.

GOLD FEVER; *L. M. Nesbitt.* $2.50. Experiences in the gold and diamond mines of the South African Rand.

AFTER ALL; *Clarence Day.* $2.50. Some recent essays, poems and drawings, together with the best of "The Crow's Nest."

AN EDITOR ON THE COMSTOCK LODE; *Wells Drury.* $3.00. These posthumously published reminiscences supply a glowing, authoritative picture of a vanished age.

JUVENILE

THE PRIZE SONG; *Henriette Weber.* $3.00. An excellent introduction to the famous operas for boys and girls. The stories are so readable that adults as well as children would be charmed by them.

SACHIM BIRD; *Gertrude Robinson.* $2.00. A stirring Indian tale of pre-Colonial days in Maine.

INDIANS TODAY; *Mario and Mabel Scacheri.* $2.00. Each page of the text is faced by a full-page illustration. These beautiful photographs alone would tell the story of the life of American Indians of today.

BELA, THE JUGGLER; *Jeanette C. Shirk.* $1.75. This is the story, delightfully illustrated, of a little boy who became the greatest juggler in the world. A Julia Ellsworth Ford Foundation book.

ADVENTURES OF LAPPY CUSHION TAIL; *Stera Bosa.* $2.00. The story of a wee rabbit with illustrations of forest life to add to its charm.

ELEPHANT TWINS; *Inez Hogan.* $1.00. A worthy successor to her "Bear Twins." No child should be without this book.

WILLY NILLY; *Marjorie Flack.* $1.00. The story of the dear, quaint penguins; a picture book full of humor and action for the little folk.

Telefonemas

Hola, Celia! Como estás después del bullicio de las fiestas pasadas? Ojalá que estés descansada.

Si, Conchita, de seguro. Estoy lista para todo lo que ocurra. Que hay de nuevo?

Quería decirte un cuento que oí el otro día. Sabes algo del Emperador Norton, el pobre loco que creía ser el Emperador de los Estados Unidos y el Protector de Mejico?

Sí, he oido hablar de él.

Pués, el Emperador publicaba muchos edictos a sus sűbditos y un día mirando la gran Bahía de San Francisco, dijo, "Aquí mando levantar un puente."

No es lástima que el pobre Emperador no viva hoy día de modo que pudiéramos decirle, "Su Majestad, su decreto se ha cumplido . . . AQUI ESTA EL PUENTE"?

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Wherever smart Peninsulans congregate, the name Alma Walker is a symbol of distinctiveness in dress. In less than two years, Alma Walker has erected a showplace among shops and a shrine of outstanding apparel.

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PALO ALTO

Gifts
for Christmas

See the new arrivals at the captivating shop of Madame Butterfly and make your Christmas shopping a pleasure.

FOR WOMEN: Distinctive Hand-Blocked Ceremonial Gowns, ranging in price to three hundred and fifty dollars . . . or Unusual Brocade Gowns, Kimonos, Robes or Lounging Pajamas, Nightgowns and Slips.

FOR MEN: Silk or Crepe Robes in Maroon, Dark Green, Brown, Navy Blue and Black, with contrasting linings. Ready-made or Custom-made, $18.50 to $55.00.

Finely tailored Lounging Pajamas of Silk or Satin, $15.00 to $35.00.

Men's Fuji Shorts, saddle seat and French back; choice of light, heavy or extra heavy silk, $1.50 to $2.50.

FOR THE HOME: Exquisite carved ivory, ranging in price from $15.00 to $350.00, and hundreds of carefully selected Objects of Art.

Just look and see this colorful haunt of the smartest people of San Francisco . . 430 Grant Avenue

Madam Butterfly
430 Grant Avenue

(Continued from page 10)

the ordinary *carte de visite* inscribed simply "A Merry Christmas" and "A Happy New Year." After that there came to be added robins and holly branches, embossed figures and landscapes.

"I have the original designs before me now," wrote "Luke Lumner," or John Leighton, to the London Publishers' Circular, December 31, 1883; "they were produced by Goodall and Son. Seeing a growing want, and the great sale obtained abroad, this house produced (1868) a Little Red Riding Hood, a Hermit and His Cell, and many other subjects in which snow and the robin played a part."

From this 1862, the custom grew by leaps and bounds until, in 1922, cards of well-known American illustrators and designers were added to those of the English artists. Then came cards designed in old wood-cut style and printed on Italian Fabriaud paper, engraved on wood, printed on Japanese paper and hand-colored, printed on wood veneer and hand-colored, printed on deckle-edge board and hand-colored.

And so from the little red robin in the snow, who cheered the English friend with the greeting from his friend, has descended the present-day Christmas card with its elaborate envelope and tissue paper shield. What other custom has assumed such gigantic proportions in a half century?

From cards of the modest size of a calling card in 1846 to cards of large proportions, elaborate and ornate. Let us remember its origin, however, in the spirit of the giver and the receiver. Let us, in America, discard the irrelevant card and cling to the card of rare beauty and sentiment in this busy work-a-day world. And let us choose our cards (in our League Shop, of course) with the particular friend in mind to whom we shall address the envelope.

Let me close by quoting the origin of Christmas customs as outlined by Lawrence Hutton: "Our Christmas carols appear to have come from the Holy Land itself; our Christmas trees from the East by way of Germany; our Santa Claus from Holland; our stockings hung in the chimney from France or Belgium, and our Christmas cards and verbal Christmas greetings, our Yule logs, our boars' heads, our plum puddings and our mince pies from England. Our turkey is seemingly our only contribution."

See the Christmas Decorations at the Clubhouse

Ooo Celeste!

Where are those gorgeous colored towels I just got at Sloane's New Bath Shop?

They are soft and luxurious and the colors just suit the bathroom walls and ceiling Sloane's decorated for me.

Those smart new Accessory Shops Sloane's just opened on their First Floor are just packed with fascinating and sophisticated gadgets for the Bath, the Bar and the Closet. I saw oodles of things that I'll put at the top of my Christmas shopping list.

Monthly Budget Payments Conveniently Arranged.
Freight Paid in the U. S.

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Mrs. E. M. is the wife of a fairly prosperous man. Anything within their means, was always hers for the asking. But Mrs. M. never liked "asking." She preferred an independent income. Two years ago, Mrs. M. received a small inheritance. With her husband's approval, Mrs. M. asked Brown Young & Company to help her invest this money as advantageously as possible. We suggested a diversified group of carefully chosen securities. We placed our statistical records at Mrs. M.'s disposal, so that she might investigate each security thoroughly before she bought. And, of course, Mrs. M. uses our services to check her investments regularly. Mrs. M. now derives a comfortable income from her investments. She enjoys managing her income. Mrs. M. is a happier wife, now that she is an independent woman.

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GENUINE STONE BRACELETS	$5.00
CLIPS AND BROOCHES	$5.00
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Dealer in Genuine Stones Only

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Our Only San Francisco Store

I Have Been Reading

BY DAISY F. REED

SAN FRANCISCO'S CHINATOWN; *by Charles Caldwell Dobie*, 1936. D. Appleton-Century Company. $5.00.

EGGS AND BAKER; *by John Masefield*, 1936. The Macmillan Company, $2.50.

AUDUBON; *by Constance Rourke*, 1936. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.00.

● San Francisco's Chinatown; by Charles Caldwell Dobie. . . . The Chinese are one of the primary colors woven into the fabric of our history; no part of our history has more fascinating possibilities for the story teller than our Chinatown. Mr. Dobie has utilized to the utmost the color, the fascination—but at the same time his book is a balanced appraisal. He is at no point sentimental; his method is careful searching of documents and records, these are interpreted by one who has had long personal acquaintance with Chinatown and the Chinese. The result is a sympathetic understanding of that which makes Chinatown "different."

But the book is more than just the story of our Chinatown. It is also the story of the Chinese on the Pacific Coast of America. This story had its beginning so far back that it is lost in the legend of a mystical land across the sea. The history of the Chinese on the Pacific Coast begins with the one Chinese, Chun Ming, who was here when gold was discovered in 1848. His letter home was the moving force that let loose the "flood" of Chinese immigration.

The progressively unfolding story told by the Chinese census is carefully interwoven, by the author, with the changing attitude toward these "curious" people. This public attitude ran the gamut from welcome and "amused tolerance" in the early days to hostile intolerance reflected in the press of the day as "high moral indignation and alleged racial superiority." This change had taken place by the time two thousand Chinese immigrants landed in one day. And finally during the building of the Central Pacific railroad, when the Irish organized societies to advance the idea of Chinese exclusion because Chinese labor had underbid Irish labor.

Mr. Dobie weaves into his record the story of the vital contribution the Chinese have made to the development of the resources of the Pacific Coast, yet he never loses sight of the fact that these contributors to our social and industrial well-being felt themselves to be aliens who had to organize associations or tongs for their own legal and personal protection.

Throughout the book is a vividly colorful portrayal of the life of San Francisco

GIFTS FROM THE ORIENT

The Madam Eno shop at 509 Grant Avenue is really teeming with worthwhile suggestions of Gifts for Christmas. Moderately priced yet new and distinctive these selections have been carefully chosen to please the most fastidious people.

KIMONOS of reversible brocade at $5.95

PAJAMAS—Men's Slip-on pajamas in Fuji Silk $2.95

LACQUER SERVICE... Cocktail, Sherbert, and Demitasse in Red, Black and Gold, ranging in price from $5.00 to $7.50 (set of six)

Just drop in and see the hundreds of gift suggestions. It will make your Christmas shopping this year a pleasure. Don't forget

MADAM ENO
509 GRANT AVENUE

Critics and public acclaim this work of a San Francisco poet.

JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON says: "Readers of this volume will find in spite of their difference in form, more than one parallel between these and the Shakespeare 'Sonnets'. She has a sensitive mind, a lively grace with words, an imagination beyond most versifiers."

PAUL ELDER says: "Should be the literary sensation of the year in poetry."

NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE says: "Delightful literary sonnets."

$2.00 *at all better book stores*
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, 2 W. 45TH ST., NEW YORK CITY

Chinatown: festivals, shops, funerals, theaters, temples, racketeering, tongs, bagnios, opium traffic, slave girls, street scenes, schools. These different aspects of old and modern Chinatown are pictured and appraised without evasion or sentimentality.

The book is like a splendid tapestry made up of light and dark, rich and gaudy, but it is never colorless. Not the least significant detail is its fine illustration by E. H. Suydam.

● Eggs and Baker; by John Masefield. A book very evidently inspired by a significantly real experience: a murder trial characterized by legal quibbling, emotional trickery and lack of anything approaching human justice. The court scene and trial are given in full; they make up very much the best and most significant part of the book.

In order to make a complete story, there has to be that which led up to the trial and the characters involved, each with his personal background. The principal character, excluding the two accused men, is the baker Mansell, through whose eyes one sees the trial. Mansell is an honest, religious man, interested in social reform. He is a strange mixture of practical and visionary.

The book has social importance. It reveals, as only a sensitive writer can reveal, that a society which makes no provision for human justice cannot but condemn that which itself produces. And it portrays the typical well-meaning reformer who either believes that the "righeous are not forsaken" or grows hard and cynical.

The author makes one admire the sincerity of such people as Mansell and his wife Tryphena, but at the same time he makes one see that sincerity without intelligent and imaginative understanding is utterly worthless for social reform.

● Audubon; by Constance Rourke; reviewed by Virginia Mysell. . . . "Audubon"—the name for us seems to hold within its tone all the world of bird-life found in woods and grasses, sighted on the wing. But of the legend and the life of the man we perhaps have questioned little. We are fortunate, who, for the first time hear it from the writing of Constance Rourke. For the exact quality of beauty which one finds in the Audubon prints is here matched by Miss Rourke in her descriptive style: "Along the shores, with the bending yellow-green of willow fronds, he listened to the flowing, ringing melody of the water thrush, silver over the silver stream. . . . Among the spread flowers of dogwood he saw the black and deep rose of a grosbeak, his throat clear white against the curled green-white petals."

The Audubon prints we must see as the

Christmas Suggestions

This year's shipment from China has brought more changes in style and beauty than ever before.

PORCELAIN Tea Cups, rice bowls and ginger jars in all sizes, with attractive design in assorted plain colors. Square pillow vases and oblong bowls in white, turquoise blue, green or yellow for cut flowers or plants.

PEWTER WARE Pewter fish-shaped plates with green eyes, brass edges. Pewter fruit shaped boxes or dishes for cigarettes, powder and table use.

THE BOWL SHOP
923 Grant Avenue

CHRISTMAS GIFTS
For Every Taste and Every Purse
From Fifty Cents to Fifty Dollars
THE LEAGUE SHOP

KLYNE'S SHOE SERVICE
CLEANING DYEING
SHINING REPAIRING
We specialize in SUEDE SHOES . . . RIDING BOOTS . . . and FANCY DYE WORK to match your dress . . . also SUEDE BAGS.
Finest of Workmanship
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BLINDCRAFT
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Attractive and Unusual Gifts for the Holiday Season
DOWNTOWN SALESROOM, 393 SUTTER ST.
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Start Today,
On the Road to

FOOT HEALTH

● Learn from Specialists in foot correction, and correct footwear, how you can gain Foot Health through improved posture and body balance.

With our new folder, Dr. C. C. Curtis, Orthopedic-Endocrine Specialist, invites you to get a complete Postural Analysis.

J. I. SOUTHWICK

Foot Relief SHOE SALON

362 GEARY STREET
SUtter 7047

focus of Audubon's life. We must know them, their delicacy of draftsmanship, pattern, nature's nuances of color, their spirit of life. They bespeak the personality of Audubon. First, delicacy—this quality can be sought only in heredity. But mystery shrouds the birth and early years of Audubon's life. Amid the smell of gunpowder, the whirl of smoke, the cries of "a la guillotine" and "Viva la Republic," with the long red caps swaggering in wild procession, the stout and amiable Madame Audubon of Nantes and her stocky, red-headed, blue-eyed captain husband, signed the registered adoption papers of little Fougère, said to be "born in America." Fougère was nine. Throughout his entire life, Fougère who was later known as John James Audubon, kept silence as to those first nine years of his life. "My name is only a shadow," was one of his few allusions to his birth. But the legend attaches itself to the life of Audubon that he was the lost Dauphin of France, the son of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. The child possessed the look of race. In the artistry of the man there appeared a delicacy of refinement bespeaking heredity.

As the smoke of revolution rolled away, the lad in his own freedom turned rapturously to the freedom of the birds, which he followed in the hidden paths of woods and fields about Nantes. For nine years he was happy studying and painting them, loved as a son by the kindly Audubons. Then a sudden decision on the part of Captain Audubon, and Fougère was sent to America to manage the captain's American interests.

Audubon found himself at Mill Grove Farm in the William Penn country. The new land elated him. Audubon's nature was of the same spirit as this land, sparkling, joyous. Into the great frontiersland, with its abundance of wild life, Audubon in a very few years, was "away" with his dainty wife, Lucy—both very young. Their frontier home they made on the "gentle Ohio" in Kentucky. This was the most propitious time of frontier America—the homely frontier settlements taking root in the great virgin woods and still green lands, Indians yet roaming the hills, now friendly with the white men. Down the rivers of this land, through its woods, Audubon traced the flight and life of the birds, true frontiersman with the natural vision and attitude of the Indian, closely studying the bird people, but ever remaining the hunter. From this world of nature Audubon took his joy and his art, absorbed pattern and nature's nuances of color. But the spirit of life which he caught in his bird paintings came solely from his own gay troubadour spirit. Never solitary, though he could be happy enough in solitude, Audubon always found companions along the way whether it be man, child, "the gratifiying society of woodpeckers" or "the mirth and gayety of the golden-winged flickers."

Twenty years an artist of the backwoods and by the spring of 1826 Audubon had accumulated upwards of 400 paintings of birds. His friends urged him to go abroad to gain recognition of his work. That which he took abroad with him was "a pure American art of simple truth and unstressed decoration, naturalism in pure design." In England and Scotland he had great success, but to him it was only "abandoning my life to make my success." His "Birds of America" was published in 1838. For thirteen years after he lived quietly on the Hudson. When he could paint no more because his eyes had failed, he turned to playing his flute for his grandchildren, and perhaps recalling those other children of long ago along the Green River who followed at his heels to hear his bird-notes. He spoke often of the close and faithful observation of young people. That is why, as a closing phrase, we suggest this book for our young people, too, who love to go "flushing meadowlarks in the freshness of early morning, hearing song from the four quarters of the sky"—young moderns, less fortunate than the children of the Green River, who nevertheless, might, through the beauty of Constance Rourke's writing, come to know the mirthful world of Audubon.

LYONS California GLACE FRUITS

The Ideal California Gift

Lyons California Glace Fruits are made of fresh, tree-ripened California Fruits and are packed in rich chests of Natural California Redwood.

Everyone, especially your eastern friends, will welcome this genuine California gift.

Lyons Glace Fruits, in a variety of sizes and packing styles, are ready to send anywhere —At the League Shop or leading confectioners, grocers, and department stores.

(Continued from page 15)

and bell for the cat, seed for Polly, and new shoes for himself. Beside this, as a special feast he had a hamburger sandwich for Binkie, a can of salmon for the cat and a chicken bone for himself.

As he drew near the warehouse he began to smell smoke. When he turned the corner into his street his heart almost stopped, as he saw the embers of a fire still glowing in the back yard. He raced in terror to the back of the lot. His packing case was just a heap of ashes. The work of destruction had been done a day in advance. No one was about, so no one heard his cry of anguish, as he realized his little family must have perished. All at once he heard a frightened m-e-w, and there was the cat! Man Friday he turned out to be truly.

"Oh Kitty, you *would* manage to get away," he said, hugging the cat to him, "because you have nine lives, but Binkie —oh Binkie and poor Polly." The cat made a sudden little jump out of his arms and started walking down the field. Bobby picked up his packages and followed the cat in a daze. He plunged along so wretched and unhappy that he was scarcely aware of anything. Suddenly he heard a stir in the bushes and the rather subdued voice of Polly, asking her favorite question, "Where do we go from here?"

"Polly," he called, "Pretty Polly." At that point, with a joyous yelp Binkie came wriggling out of the bushes—a very dirty, bedraggled Binkie, but Binkie in person, not a ghost and not a dream. Bobby sank down and Binkie jumped joyously about him, licking his face and hands until Bobby thought he would burst for joy. Polly came marching forth too, and took her favorite perch on Bobby's shoulder.

"Oh gee, but it's grand to find you all. I wonder how you ever got out of your house and escaped from the fire. I guess someone lifted the box that shut you in and you got out before he found you. I don't know where we will sleep tonight, but anyway we can eat. Come on over by this big tree and we will have our Christmas party." They followed him over to the shelter of a big oak tree. Bobby set up the little tree, lighted the tiny candles and then solemnly presented the gifts and food for each one. The refreshments and gifts were most successful, and after they had all eaten their various portions of the Christmas feast, they relaxed in quiet with Bobby. The candles sputtered out, darkness came and a cold wind blew, but Bobby huddled close to his family, and settled himself happily though most uncomfortably for the night.

He rose early next morning, and took his family for quite a long walk. He stopped at a restaurant and recklessly

CORDIALS MAKE THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT
in Fancy Flagons *Hand Painted Porcelain*
Grecian Amphores *4 Compartment Bottles*
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SIMON BROS
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California St. at Divisadero — San Francisco — WEst 6100

Ask for CASPERSON'S EGGS

Every egg is candled and guaranteed fresh

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AT HOLIDAY FEASTS AND PARTIES
IT WILL BE IN EXCELLENT TASTE
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IN BRICKS, IN CENTERMOLDS, IN INDIVIDUAL MOLDS — IN ALL MANNER OF DESIGNS TO HARMONIZE WITH THE FESTIVE OCCASION

Monterey Beer
It is Mild
Refreshing
Relaxing
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Be sure and ask for "MONTEREY SUPREME"

For Christmas
PHILIP MORRIS

New this year are two round tins of fifty, wrapped together in Holiday Package; makes a gift of excellent taste.

Also . . . Philip Morris in cartons of twenties and Philip Morris flat fifties in attractive Holiday Packings.

Call for
PHILIP MORRIS

BELL-BROOK FRESH CREAM

For Your Holiday Dinners

Cream . . . *fresh* cream . . . BELL-BROOK Cream . . . should be used whenever and wherever cream is called for. Plain or whipped . . . for coffee . . . chocolate . . . desserts . . . in any way . . . it adds distinction and goodness to the meal.

FOR SALE BY INDEPENDENT STORES ONLY

BELL- BROOK

Eighth & Howard *UNderhill 4242*

"THERE CAN BE NONE BETTER"

bought breakfast for them all. It was an all-night eating place, and the man in charge was too sleepy from his night's work to pay much attention to his strange customers. As they were finishing, Bobby drew out of his pocket the newspaper clipping about the lost dog. He asked a few directions as to the location of the house of the dog's owner. The waiter informed him that it was quite a distance, but explained clearly how to reach the place.

Bobby looked down at Binkie lovingly. Binkie was very dirty from his exposure to the dust of the fire and the muddy pools he had trotted through.

"I suppose he would love you no matter how you looked, Binkie, but gee, I wish I had a chance to clean you up."

It was a long walk through the town to their destination, but at last they came to the address. Binkie trotted up the path and when Bobby rang the bell, Binkie barked quite loudly. In a few moments the door flew open and a boy about Bobby's age called, "Oh, Mother, Dad, come—he's here—he's here." Binkie ran into the hall and the boy fell to his knees to take Binkie into his arms.

Meanwhile the parents of the boy came upon the scene. To their many questions, Bobby answered in a very straightforward manner, and explained how the newspaper article had led him to return the dog. Meanwhile Binkie's owner had become interested in Polly, who was once more asking in her excitement, "Where do we go from here?" The cat had followed Binkie through the hall and had settled himself comfortably in front of the fire.

"Well, Roger," said the boy's father, "I guess you are going to have a merry Christmas after all." He turned to Bobby —"I feel you should have a reward, young man."

Bobby scarcely heard—his eyes were on Binkie, and a huge lump was in his throat. "That's all right," he answered, "it wasn't really my dog." He could scarcely say the words. He turned and started down the stairs. Binkie came darting after him.

"Here, Scotty — here, Scotty," called Roger, but Binkie was dancing around Bobby's feet. At this point, Roger's mother, who had been quietly looking on, took her husband to one side and began talking earnestly to him. Fragments of their conversation could be heard above Binkie's barking and Polly's screaming.

"He'd be such a nice companion for Roger, dear."

"But he is just a ragamuffin—we don't know anything about him."

"We know he's poor and alone, and we know he is honest and kind," went on the mother's gentle voice.

They turned and looked down the walk.

Both boys were petting Binkie and Polly had now taken her perch on Roger's shoulder. "Boys, come here," called Roger's father.

"Me too?" Bobby asked.

"Yes, you too, son. I imagine if we want Scotty back—"

"Oh, dad," interrupted Roger, "Bobby calls him Binkie—isn't that a swell name?"

"Well, Binkie then," resumed the father, smiling, "if we want Binkie back to stay, we will have to keep Bobby along with him."

"Oh, dad, that's keen—like a brother you mean?" asked Roger eagerly.

"Just like a brother, Roger."

"And can we have Polly and the cat too?" Bobby asked.

"How d'ya get that way, big boy?" asked Polly, at which everyone laughed.

And so Bobby and Binkie and Polly and the cat suddenly found themselves in the warmth and comfort of a real home.

Late that night when Bobby and Roger were supposed to be asleep, they were squatting on the floor before the fire in Roger's room. Binkie and the cat were stretched out on the rug, and Polly was prowling around in a cage that had been resurrected from the basement. The boys were trying to teach her a new speech. They stayed up until they were very sleepy, as they wanted to surprise Roger's mother and father in the morning. Maybe you can guess what the speech was. Just in case you are not a good guesser you may as well be told. It was—"MERRY CHRISTMAS."

San Francisco Museum of Art

EXHIBITIONS

- "America—1936," 100 prints circulated by the American Artists' Congress; December 1 to December 31.

Albert M. Bender Collection of the San Francisco Museum of Art, including oils, water colors, tempera, prints and sculpture; December 1 to January 3.

Chinese Temple Hangings and Priest Robes from the William H. Colby Collection; December 9 to January 10.

LECTURES

Sunday afternoon, December 6, Claudia Davis: The Albert M. Bender Collection; 3 p. m.

Wednesday evening, December 9: Public Preview for Exhibition of Priests' Robes; with informal talk; 8 p. m.

Sunday afternoon, December 13, William E. Colby: Chinese Textiles; 3 p. m.

Wednesday evening, December 16, John Humphrey: Orozco Lithographs; 8 p. m.

Sunday afternoon, December 20, Charles Lindstrom: Albert M. Bender Collection; 3 p. m.

The Discovery *of* America

A housewife from Europe finds in her neighborhood grocery here a reason for our national progress

(quoted from "Thy Country, 'Tis of Thee," an article in The Ladies' Home Journal, Nov., 1935)

". . . The European housewife undertakes a daily shopping ordeal.

"The butcher gives her good meat only if she...regards with indignation what he cuts.

"The baker is far away, in another street, and the bread is fresh only if . . . hand-picked.

"Vegetables and meat are never found in the same shop . . . fruits must be sought in separate establishments. Milk, eggs and butter have homes of their own. Except on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays everything . . . is stale.

"The merchant and customer dislike each other . . .

"In America a thousand conveniences make life easier. The graciousness of the seller is echoed by the buyer.

"This unique freedom . . . based on mutual respect . . . is a comforting sign of the true democracy of this country."

YOUR Safeway grocer belongs to a *business family* which pioneered the modern grocery.

To make your shopping easy, he daily gathers under one roof fine foods of all kinds. His standards of courtesy, cleanliness, and convenient store arrangement are followed by other grocers.

Even more important to you, your Safeway grocer has developed a more efficient, less costly method of distributing food.

Because he works with a *team* of buyers, shippers, marketmen and home economists, he has been able to cut down wasteful costs that used to come *in between* farm and store.

This way he can sell his foods at lower retail prices. And his customers can afford *more* of the choice foods they want.

This increased sales volume, in turn, makes it possible for your Safeway grocer to pay farmers a larger share of each retail food dollar spent at his store.

As an individual storeman, your Safeway grocer could not make the money-savings which help both consumers and producers.

He works with a business family to do better a job the people want done—*and because he knows the people reward men who do what the public wants.*

• • •

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Christmas Suggestions

by Our Advertisers

AMBERG-HIRTH at 165 Post Street is one place you really must visit before Christmas. Like the old fashioned trading post, Amberg and Hirth act as a clearing house for the modern Western artist-craftsmen. Metal, Wood, Pottery, Textiles and all nature of art craft in modern creations. Individual with a new standard in quality. Remember Amberg-Hirth, 165 Post Street, Fifth Floor.

You may be certain that any gifts selected at W. & J. SLOANE will be in perfect taste.

At 1309 Sutter Street is the intriguing shop of MABEL E. KENDALL specializing in antiques. Not just old things, but carefully selected antiques of character and style . . . Old Silver, Old Glass, Old China and hundreds of other fascinating things from the archives of the past.

A gift from BULLOCK & JONES is a reflection of your own good taste.

PHILIP KLEIN SUGGESTS:

Star Sapphire Rings, $25.00
Cultured Pearl Necklaces, $20.00
14 kt. Gold Zircon Rings, $10.00
14 kt. Gold Genuine Stone Rings, $7.50
Genuine Stone Men's Rings, $5.00

ROOS BROS. aeroplane luggage is always an acceptable gift.

Gift shopping is such fun if you are sure that the gifts you select are exactly the thing the lucky one will adore! That's why it is always safe to shop at the FRANK WERNER SLIPPER SALON, because you know that Werner gifts are the last word in smartness. Practical or frivolous, slippers are always a safe choice, because no feminine creature ever had too many.

At Frank Werner's you'll find a stunning array of Daniel Green models, and the most gorgeous group of exclusive Werner slippers, too. The Daniel Greens are $3.75 to $5.00—and you can choose the most adorable Werner "exclusives" from $2.25 to $15.00—(and on up to $52.50 for rhinestone models fit for a movie queen, if you have any on your list).

WELLS FARGO BANK AND UNION TRUST CO.—What is more worth while than giving the first installment of the "Buy a Thousand Dollar" plan?

CITY OF PARIS suggestions for "The Plight before Christmas."

Imported from France, beautiful suede gloves by Reynier, $2.95 pair.

Gowns of heavy satin, hand detail, cut long and sweeping for intimate gifts, $4.50 and $6.50.

Padded bed jackets, satin inside and out for chilly winter mornings, $6.75.

Alphonse to tell you the secret of making hors d'oeuvres and to suggest imported and domestic goodies for gifts. Very famous chef on first floor.

Gift certificates from $1.00 to as much as your budget will stand.

You will not go wrong on Christmas neckties if you purchase them from RHODA ON THE ROOF.

Realizing that most of us want to really give gifts that bring true happiness, the FOOT RELIEF SHOE SALON, at 362 Geary Street, sponsors a Christmas suggestion that we are glad to pass along. This shop is calling attention to Foot Comfort Orders, for any you would remember with the priceless gift of Foot Health.

"A Foot Comfort Order," says J. I. Southwick, in charge of the Foot Relief Shoe Salon, "entitles the recipient to a complete foot health analysis, and is redeemable for correct Corrective Shoes or Corrective Foot Treatments by Dr. C. C. Curtis, Orthopedic-Endocrine Specialist." In any case the bearer of a Foot Comfort Order will be entitled to a postural check-up that scientifically determines the source of foot ailments.

You will find unlimited possibilities in wicker ware for Christmas gifts at BLIND-CRAFT.

Can you imagine a more fascinating gift for Christmas than a canary, or a little puppy, or a fluffy little kitten? These gifts just live to bring pleasure to their owners. Visit ROBINSON'S pet shop at 40 O'Farrell and see these little fellows waiting to make someone happy.

Every nook and corner of O'CONNOR, MOFFATT & CO. is arranged to make your Christmas shopping a pleasure. Just take your Christmas list to O'Connor, Moffat and see how easy Christmas shopping really is.

Your list for Christmas dinner can be completely and economically filled at any SAFEWAY STORE.

THE SAN FRANCISCO NEWS' Home Economic Page will help you add many novelties to your Christmas menu, and offers worth-while suggestions in decorations. Its fashion, sports and editorial pages are sincere and accurate. A year's subscription is an ideal gift.

THE BOWL SHOP suggests: Pewter service as an unusually attractive gift for Christmas. Crab . . . Lobster . . . Chicken . . . Duck. Each service has two compartments, one for the entree, the other for hot water. Priced from $7.50 to $25.00. Another suggestion is handmade wax candles in different colors: light green, Peking blue, or pearl yellow. Imported from Peking, 29 cents a pair up. Hand embroidered Chinese satin slippers with low or high heel at $1.60 and $1.75 . . .Or little wax hat dolls, dressed in Chinese theatrical costumes, 29 cents a pair.

Make your Christmas entertaining a pleasure. Just telephone the CANAPE KITCHEN, PRospect 9190 for your Hors d'Oeuvres, Canapes or fancy tea or supper sandwiches.

Pay a visit to SIMON BROS. at California St., near Divisadero, where you will find your shopping is made easy and where there is a vast assortment to choose from. CANDY made on the premises—you all know the superb quality—75 cents the pound in all size boxes. You tasted it at our Show. Luscious California dried fruits in fancy boxes from $1 up. Wines and Cordials at modest prices. Rare groceries from all over the world will interest you. Why wait for the day before Christmas?

Make your selections now. They will attend to all details of packing and delivery and will give you many helpful suggestions.

Have the Caswell man deliver a Christmas package of the fine coffee you have been using (CASWELL'S NATIONAL CREST) to several of your special friends.

Have you seen the unusual selection of gift suggestions of the CHINA MERCANTILE CO. now on display in the foyer of the Women's City Club Building? If not, make it a point to see them, or better yet, visit the China Mercantile Co. at 543 Grant Ave. Chinese arts, silk lingerie, kimonos, embroidery goods and hundreds of other useful and attractive gifts.

ART RATTAN furniture makes an attractive Christmas gift as well as a useful one for those odd moments of rest and relaxation.

A book is always an acceptable gift for Christmas, particularly a book of poetry. GREEN GROWS THE LAUREL by Hazel Zimmerman is a book well worth owning. Joseph Henry Jackson says: "Readers of this volume will find, in spite of their difference in form, more than one parallel between these and the Shakespeare 'Sonnets.'" Paul Elder says: "Should be the literary sensation of the year in poetry." ($2.00 at all better bookstores.)

Remember flowers are always the finest expression of a sincere wish. PODESTA & BALDOCCHI.

There is lasting satisfaction in a gift purchased at RICKLEE FURNITURE CLINIC—Furniture . . . Draperies . . . Bedspreads . . . Cushions . . . All made to suit the particular need, and the particular person.

MADAM BUTTERFLY offers gifts for miladies' "hours at home." Embroidered pajamas in heavy satin in Peking blue, Chinese red, poreclain white, Imperial gold or artichoke green, $11.95 to $50.00, or three-piece lounging pajamas in brocaded silk. Selections for the ensemble, $17.50 to $45.00 . . . Mandarin Suits in rich and heavy satin with exceptionally wide-legged trousers, $17.50 to $65.00. For men, Lounging Robes in rich and subtle coloring of Dark Green, Maroon, Brown and Navy Blue with contrasting lining. Ready made or custom made, $18.50 to $55.00.

MADAM ENO shop at 509 Grant Ave. offers hundreds of moderately priced gift suggestions. Handkerchiefs, Kimonos and Silk Nightgowns, Slips, Teak and Lacquer and an unusual selection of objects of art from markets of the Orient.

ENLIGHTENED SELFISHNESS

Once in a self-indulgent way
I spent some money I'd put away
To meet the needs of a rainy day—
And bought at the Ricklee Studio
The sofa and chairs that should make me—oh,
So comfortable and so handsome, too!

But . . . Father and Mother and quite a few
Of my brothers and sisters and old friends true
Now come to visit instead of to call,
And I have no privacy left at all.

But Christmas time comes bye and bye,
And I've a scheme I intend to try.

I'll buy for Father a brand new chair;
Mother's sofa can stand repair;
Brother's table and Sister's bed
Need finish restored and a well-made spread.
A picture for Susan, a lamp for Fred,
Curtains for Jane and a cushion or so,
All bought at the Ricklee Studio,
Will make me at once a most popular man,
And leave me my room to myself again.

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651 DIVISADERO STREET
BETWEEN HAYES AND GROVE
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Hurry-up Comfort When the Morning is Chilly

Portable electric heaters are a necessity in California homes. Sharp mornings and evenings are typical of our California climate. Often a little heat for a little while is all that is needed. That's when a portable heater renders perfect service.

Electric heat solves the problem of how to warm quickly the bathroom, the nursery, the breakfast room — any corner of the house you wish to use.

For only ONE DOLLAR A MONTH you can buy a portable electric heater. There are three types, low in cost and guaranteed for five years.

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See your Dealer or

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Owned·Operated·Managed by Californians

ARE YOU LISTENING TO CALIFORNIA TALES?
Every Sunday at 7:30 p.m. over KGO

WCC-12-1936

Christmas Suggestions

PHILIP MORRIS in Christmas attire in packages of two fifties, or cartons of 200. . . . A new addition this year is two round tins of 50, packed in gay Christmas wrappings. Philip Morris Cigarettes offer the gift of discrimination for both men and women.

Top your Christmas dinner with SAMARKAND Frozen Molded Dessert. Individual molds made to your order.

An always appropriate gift for men: a case of MONTEREY BEER.

GLACE FRUITS—California glace fruits are always appreciated during the holiday season, especially by Easterners. Lyons California Glace Fruits are made from fresh, tree-ripened fruits and are packed in a variety of attractive redwood chests. The packages may be seen and arrangements made for shipping them anywhere, through the League Shop.

The outstanding Lyons packages are the following:

Sequoia Pack: A gay colorful glace fruit package with a giant Sequoia silhouetted on the cover. Single, $1.75; double, $3.35; triple, $5.

Redwood Chest: The standard Lyons package glace fruits, embellished with red holiday liners and wrapped in glistening cellophane. 1 pound, $1.15; 2 pounds, $2; 3 pounds, $3; 5 pounds, $5.

Book of Sweets: Lyons Book of Sweets is a best seller. It is made of redwood to simulate a book. Between its covers are a variety of glace fruits to keep the reader interested from start to finish. 1 pound, $1.25; 2 pounds, $2.25; 3 pounds, $3.35.

Candied Orange: Genuine crystallized orange peel packed in a special 1-pound redwood chest, a delicious California confection, $1.15.

Crystallized Ginger: Finest quality Canton bud ginger, packed in an Oriental lacquer half-pound tin or in a beautiful 1-pound blue Hawthorn jar. ½-pound lacquer tin, 75 cents; 1-pound Hawthorn jar, $1.60.

Strange as it seems, now is the time to give your plants their Christmas present of PESTEX. Baby snails are now hatching by the millions. Soon they will be hungry for your plants . . . So save yourself trouble and disappointment and don't forget your Christmas present for the garden. Pestex kills sowbugs, slugs, cut-worms and earwigs.

Now's the Time for PESTEX

Little bugs will soon be big bugs —big bugs hungry for your tender young plants. Baby snails are hatching now by the millions— Kill them NOW with Pestex— Pestex also kills sowbugs, slugs, cutworms and earwigs—Let Pestex protect your garden.

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IROX
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NON-SECTARIAN ◆ NON-MILITARY

Accredited to University of California, Stanford and Leading Eastern Colleges

◆ Illustrated Booklet Upon Request ◆

LOS GATOS, CALIFORNIA

ALMA WALKER — Numerous smart women living in the vicinity of Palo Alto discovered last Christmas season that their gift problems dwindled down to a happy minimum when they went shopping at Alma Walker's, Palo Alto. Miss Walker offers moire bags for traveling, evening bags of seed pearls or gold or silver kid, and the famous Nat Lewis street bags; Volupte compacts that hold cigarettes; rhinestone bracelets and clips, pearls (at the very top of the jewelry vogue); Mary Chess distinctive odeurs, Prince Matchabelli's "Duchess of York" and "Carnation"; bath oils, bath powder, sachets and lipsticks. Among the apparel items we find Liberty print scarfs, flannel breakfast coats, chenille robes, moire house coats and sweaters.

Table Linen, Napkins,
Glass and Dish Towels
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Eighth and Folsom Streets
SAN FRANCISCO
Telephone MArket 0868

Christmas Greetings

To our faithful old friends, our cherished new friends, and to those whose friendship we strive to deserve—we tender hearty

Christmas Greetings

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BENDER ROOM OF THE LIBRARY

December 1 to 15: Exhibition of Student Book Collections.

December 15 to January 15: Rare Americana—in honor of the meeting of the Pacific Coast Branch of the American Historical Association, to be held at Mills College December 27, 28, 29, 1936.

ART GALLERY

December 6 to January 13: Chapin Oriental Collection.

DAY BY DAY CALENDAR

December 2, 1:15 p. m.: Lisser Hall, Book Day Assembly. Speaker: Professor Elias Olan James. Subject: *John Wagstaff, Gent., His Booke.*

December 2, 8:15 p. m.: Hall for Chamber Music, Concert.

December 7, 8:00 p. m.; Science Hall, Community Forum.

December 9, 8:15 p. m.: Hall for Chamber Music, Concert.

December 13, 8:00 p. m.: Lisser Hall, Christmas Service, *The Provencal Play.*

December 14, 4:00 p. m.: Lisser Hall, *The Provencal Play.* (Repeat performance.)

December 14, 7:30 p. m.; Student Union lawn, College Christmas Sing.

December 27, 28, 29: Meeting of the Pacific Coast Branch of the American Historical Association.

December 28, 29, 30: Meeting of the Pacific Division of the American Philosophical Association.

NOTE: The Bender Room in the Library and the Art Gallery are open every Wednesday and Sunday from 2:30 to 5:00 p. m.

Admission to the Christmas play is without charge, but tickets must be obtained in advance from the Office of Publications at Mills College.

All meetings of the Community Forum are open to the public without fee.

There is a nominal fee for concerts, but the public is invited to attend College Assemblies without fee.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

January 1937

VOLUME X » » NUMBER 12

PRICE 15 CENTS A COPY

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

465 POST STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

NEW YEAR NUMBER

Election of Candidates for Board of Directors of the National League for Woman's Service of California 1937-1940

The Annual Election for the Board of Directors by the League Membership will be held between the hours of 9:00 a. m. and 6:00 p. m., Monday, January 11, 1937. Those not voting in person may mail ballot in sealed envelope with name on outside, in time to reach the office on or before January 11.

Article 8, Constitution and By-Laws: "There shall be a fine of twenty-five cents imposed upon each member who fails to vote in the Annual Election."

The Nominating Committee of the National League for Woman's Service (Founder of the Women's City Club of San Francisco) submits the following names as candidates for the Board of Directors:

Mrs. Benjamin C. Allin
Stockton

Mrs. H. L. Alves
San Francisco

Mrs. Harold H. Bjornstrom
Mill Valley

Mrs. Horace B. Clifton
San Francisco

Miss Lotus Coombs
San Francisco

Mrs. Blake Darling
Palo Alto

Miss Bertha J. Dale
San Francisco

Miss Katharine Donohoe
Menlo Park

Miss Marion W. Leale
San Francisco

Miss Frances Hall
Palo Alto

BALLOT

BOARD OF DIRECTORS — NATIONAL LEAGUE FOR WOMAN'S SERVICE

Return This Ballot on or Before January 11, 1937

VOTE FOR TEN

Mrs. Benjamin C. Allin ☐
Mrs. H. L. Alves ☐
Mrs. Harold H. Bjornstrom ☐
Mrs. Horace B. Clifton ☐
Miss Lotus Coombs ☐
Mrs. Blake Darling ☐
Miss Bertha J. Dale ☐
Miss Katharine Donohoe ☐
Miss Marion W. Leale ☐
Miss Frances Hall ☐
..... ☐
..... ☐
..... ☐

Women's City Club Magazine

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

VOLME X January, 1937 NUMBER 12

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First Vice-President.....MRS. JULIA EASLEY
Second Vice-President.....MRS. J. P. COGHLAN
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Corresponding Secretary.....MRS. JOHN M. ESHLEMAN
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Announcements

● On January 6th, two days before the opening of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, a Silver Jubilee Tea is to be given at the Clubhouse in honor of Maestro Pierre Monteaux and Mrs. Lenora Wood Armsby. Members of the orchestra will also attend. The tea is to be held in the American Room of the Clubhouse for our members and their friends.

● On January 21st. Mrs. Carol Eberts Veazie will give her second reading of the season. Mrs. Veazie is making a hurried trip to New York and promises to bring back with her the season's very latest dramatic hit. Tickets will be 75 cents, including tea. Please procure your tickets in advance.

● "Cricket on the Hearth" will be given under the direction of Dorothea Johnston on Twelfth Night, January 6th. A dinner will precede the program in the Main Dining Room, several of the cast being present in costume to accentuate the true "Dickens" spirit of the evening.

● Restaurant Department—Now that the holidays are over, mothers will be wondering what to do with their children on Saturdays. Why not allow them to come in for a swim in the morning and a special children's luncheon afterwards in the Cafeteria?

● Language Round Tables continue on their usual days. French every Thursday at noon, and Spanish every second and fourth Wednesday. Miss Montiel, instructor of Spanish is planning for the next few Round Tables to keep her conversation strictly within the bounds of "contract bridge" terms only. If you do have Spanish friends with whom you would like to play bridge, this will indeed be a great boom to your game.

● League bridge players will be interested to know that by the time this Magazine is received through the mail, we will be boasting about a lovely new fixture in the Card Room—which will not only enhance its general appearance, but will also brighten the room as well.

● The Book Review Luncheon will be held as usual on the second Friday of January, which this month falls on the 8th. Mrs. Daisy Reed is to review "The Brothers Ashkenazi," by I. J. Singer. Luncheon will be as usual at 12:15—62 cents a plate—reservations in advance. The same book will also be reviewed on Tuesday evening, January 26th, by Mrs. Reed. Will you please note that the second Friday of each month has been definitely set for our Book Review Luncheons and the fourth Tuesday evening of each month for our Book Review Dinners?

● Travel Round Tables—Miss Elsa Garrett, Chairman —which have been held each second and fourth Tuesday during the past few months, will in the future be given once a month on every third Friday. Miss Garrett has selected as her speaker for January 15, at luncheon time, 12:15, Mrs. Katharine Ashe, whose subject will be "Interesting Places and Personages of Europe." Luncheon is 62 cents a plate and reservations must be made in advance.

● The League Shop announces "Annual After-Chrismas Reductions" on its entire stock.

● January in the Swimming Pool is to be "Learn to Swim Month." Any member may have two private swimming lessons in elementary swimming at any time during the month of January. Appointments must be made in advance. Admission fee, only charge.

● Children's Play Hour in the Swimming Pool! During January and February a special admission of 20 cents will admit children to a play period every Tuesday afternoon from 3:30 to 4:30. Races, ball games, etc., will be played by deep-water and shallow-water swimmers.

● Mrs. William Palmer Lucas' Current Events lectures will be held on January 6th and 20th, in the Auditorium of the Clubhouse—Round Table discussion following.

● Mrs. A. P. Black will present during the month of January the following programs: On January 7th, Miss Evalyn K. Shipper will address her audience on the subject, "Why Travel?" "Observations of the Spanish Revolution" will be the subject of Retired Captain Harry S. Whittborne, U. S. Army, on the 14th of January.

On January 21st, a Dance Recital will be given by pupils of the Shoemaker Sisters Studio of Dancing.

● The Wana Derge Color and Composition Exhibit and preliminary lecture will be on Tuesday, January 19th, in the Auditorium of the Clubhouse, from 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. Miss Derge will lecture at 2 p.m. This exhibit is open to the public. Arrangements for joining the classes may be made on that date. Complete announcement on page 29.

● Glove-making classes still continue on Tuesday and Thursday in Room 206 on the Second Floor. Three lessons are given for $1.50 (material extra).

● We take this opportunity to thank the Recreational Commission and Miss Hester Proctor, who brought to us a most delightful Christmas program. Forty little choir boys opened the program for the evening. A choir of young ladies sang appropriate Christmas songs, and the beautiful tableau, which closed the program, having tiny children in character parts, brought much enthusiastic comment from the audience. We were happy, indeed, to bring before our members the very fine work which the women in the Recreational Commission are doing for our children.

● Mrs. John Howell gave a most delightful reading at our Christmas program, "Bob Cratchit's Dinner," taken from Dickens' Christmas Carol. Her interpretation is one of the finest we have ever heard and long after the reading was over her glorious voice still remained in our memory.

● There is no need to be troubled with dry scalp nor excessive dandruff. Try one of our scientific scalp treatments, given in our Beauty Salon by expert operators. After a few of these treatments you will not believe it possible that your hair can look so well or your scalp feel so fine.

Our "Nukor" Permanent Wave will thoroughly recondition dry, brittle, over-bleached or dyed hair.

To Lecture at the Club

W. Arnold-Forster

● The Women's City Club will present Mr. Arnold-Forster in its Auditorium on the evening of Thursday, January 28th. This eminent lecturer brings years of experience and study to the modern problem of peace—and the Women's City Club is fortunate in having this opportunity to present him to its members and their friends.

At this writing the Club can merely make the simple announcement that Mr. Arnold-Forster will lecture. Details will follow and will appear on the bulletin boards in the Clubhouse. Reserved seats, $1; students' tickets for the balcony, 25 cents.

A Glimpse into the Future — The Golden Gate International Exposition

The President's Message

Happy New Year

Holiday greetings vary little from year to year, and repeat themselves in every language the world round. A comforting thought, and wise that it should be so. ¶ Therefore, to our membership near and far may we again temper the oft-repeated wishes with our gratitude, and quote from our message of a previous year: "Through all and above all, the spirit of gratitude dominates: gratitude for the valiant spirit of the National League for Woman's Service that has carried the Women's City Club through another year; gratitude for the loyal volunteers whose hours of devoted service are so valuable to the life of the organization; gratitude to each employee whose faithful and intelligent cooperation is appreciated by member and guest alike; lastly, gratitude of your President for the privilege of working with you individually and collectively. ¶ May this cord of gratitude find response in the membership at large, that they may enjoy the friendliness of the Clubhouse, appreciate more fully the spirit of the National League and know the pleasures of volunteer service—three things surely to arouse our enthusiasm and inspire our best resolutions for 1937. May it be a very happy year for each and every member of the Women's City Club."

KATHARINE DONOHOE

The Club Presents in January

■

"Silver Jubilee" Tea

Honoring

MRS. LEONORA WOOD ARMSBY and BOARD OF DIRECTORS,
MONSIEUR and MME. PIERRE MONTEUX and THE SAN
FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY SIXTH

3:30 O'CLOCK

■

"The Cricket on the Hearth"

Gilmor Brown's dramatization of the famous Dickens Story
Under the direction of Dorothea Johnston

the players are:

The Story Teller	Louis Scales
Dot	Margaret Zane
John Terry Bingle	James Hind, Jr.
Packlepon	Robert Gitler
Caleb	Paul Burke
Bertha	Aloha Wilson
Mrs. Fielding	Lavinia Tolerton
Tilly Slow Boy	Mary Borel
May Fielding	Helen Burke
An Old Gentleman	Harold Wise
Cricket	Willis Peck
Porter	Bud Milovitch

Stage settings designed by Frederick Stover

The Director ..... Dorothea Johnston

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY SIXTH

8:30 O'CLOCK

Preceded by Twelfth Night Dinner

■

Drama Reading

CAROL EBERT VEAZIE

Mrs. Veazie is now in New York and will return to bring to the Women's City Club, for this reading, New York's latest stage success.

THURSDAY, JANUARY TWENTY-FIRST

Reading 2:30 o'clock Tea at 4:00 o'clock

Editorial

● Happy New Year to all—to our readers, to our writers, to our advertisers. As one big family, we have made 1936 a successful accomplishment and we have only just begun our program. We look forward to 1937 with the faith our President asked for in her Christmas Message to us. We believe that the steady, courageous policy which maintained our standards during the depression years will have its reward now that recovery is on its way. Those who have watched the WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE this past year have realized its sound advertising value. Without this we could not exist. The plans for your enjoyment, dear reader, for the new year ahead—the 1937 volume—are ambitious, and we hope they will bring you the stories you most want to read. We are happy in our service to you and thank you for the encouragement you continue to give us. We send you the proverbial wish of the season, with sincerity and with true friendliness — "Happy New Year!"

● The January programs are seasonal and appropriate. Just when we feel the reaction of holiday excitement and yearn for the joy of being entertained, along comes music, drama and the reading of New York's latest play. The Clubhouse will still be in holiday attire and these programs will give a pleasant opportunity to entertain.

● For the convenience of members and to call attention to it so that everyone may vote, the ballot is printed this year on the first leaf of the Magazine instead of the last as heretofore. The Calendar is equally important, however, and its promotion to the back page will, we hope, sustain your interest throughout the pages until it appears as fitting climax to the story.

● "I never saw brown used at this season. Why hasn't it been done before? These decorations are the finest in the city. There is a purple tone over all which is most unusual."

This comment of a news photographer last year was inspiration to the daring who had "used brown." This year brown again comes into its own. The cones of Marin County have mixed with the pine boughs of Santa Cruz, and have proved that Nature makes no mistakes. Garland material was supplied by members. Greens and cones gathered personally add to their interest. The Women's City Club never looked more handsome than it does this season, and that is saying a great deal. Even as this is being read it is still not too late to see these Christmas decorations of which we write.

As we go to press, the Clubhouse is teeming with excitement. The Christmas luncheon and dinner are on. The appreciation of each member and each guest as she wanders from room to room must satisfy completely the members and staff who have worked for weeks with fingers worn with wire and shears to bring to pass this perfection of decoration. The reputation of the Club sets a high standard.

● To plan far enough ahead is the difficult thing in all organization. Last-minute news is a scoop for a newspaper, but disastrous to a magazine. It must be remembered that ours is a combination of magazine and bulletin, and the amalgamation is not easy. As the old year closes, we thank the committees who have helped us with their foresight; we thank a membership that has read the bulletin boards at the Clubhouse for the supplementary announcements, and we thank the daily press who bear with us in our last-minute dashes, and who give us space in their valuable columns.

● "All music is what awakes from you when you are reminded by the instruments." These words of Walt Whitman express for us the debt we owe to those who, through the perfection of their art, bring to us the symphony, the opera, the concert season each year in San Francisco. We are prone to take for granted the work of sponsors and committees, of Maestro and orchestra. We should not. It deserves our thought. As a new year opens, the Women's City Club pauses to express appreciation of the San Francisco Symphony and to do honor to its director, Maestro Monteux, to its chairman, Mrs. Leonora Woods Armsby, and to the members of the board and of the orchestra itself. The tea planned for January 6th gives opportunity to us as members of the Women's City Club to tell these artists and their sponsors how much they mean to the community in which we live. We hope the members will come, and thereby show their appreciation.

The Golden Gate International Exposition

A Pageant of the Pacific

● The cities of San Francisco Bay and the empire of the eleven Western states will join with the nations of the Pacific in presenting to the world in 1939 the Golden Gate International Exposition, dedicated to the presentation of cultural and industrial progress of the regions bordering the Pacific Ocean.

Overhead, a giant silver-webbed span of steel and concrete, the world's largest bridge; to the west, San Francisco, on her seven turreted hills; to the east, Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, Piedmont, Richmond and the neighboring cities of the Eastbay; to the north, the majestic towers of the Golden Gate Bridge, linking metropolitan San Francisco with the rolling Marin hills, lofty Mt. Tamalpais and the vast Redwood Empire.

This is the setting of the Golden Gate International Exposition, which will open its gates on February 18, 1939, and run for 288 days to December 2 of the same year, inviting the world to join with the nations of the Pacific in the celebration of a new and greater era on the shores of the Far West and the Far East.

Bear in mind that San Francisco and California have just cause for the holding of a great World's Fair in 1939. Foremost is California's conquest of natural forces of space and distance represented in the construction of the world's two largest bridges spanning San Francisco Bay. Surmounting obstacles never before overcome by engineering, these steel spans symbolize the arteries of transportation that will bring the life-blood of new social and commercial contacts to Western America—the cities of San Francisco Bay.

On a man-made Exposition Isle, over a mile long and more than two-thirds of a mile wide, the Golden Gate International Exposition will be dedicated to the giant transbay bridges, with Transportation and Communications as its themes, and the aspiration to "symbolize and promote peace, unity and cooperation between the nations of the Pacific and the world" as its motif.

Not many Californians realize the tremendous task involved in creating the site of the future exposition and mid-bay air terminal. When completed it will be the world's largest artificial island, new territory for the United States and the air transportation hub of the 2,000,000 citizens of the San Francisco Bay region.

The reclamation project of filling this mid-bay island —more than a mile long and over two-thirds of a mile wide (larger than Chicago's Century of Progress)—is now well under way under the direction of the United States army engineers. First problem of the engineers was the filling in of a 400-acre area with approximately 20,000,000 cubic yards of material, as the entire prospective site was on an average of 4.5 feet under water.

With systematic engineering approach, the vast fill task has gone ahead, with a fleet of dredges working day and night pumping sand on the island site. There are now nine dredges moving material on the island over pontoon-floated pipelines at the rate of more than 2,000,000 cubic yards a month. This tremendous schedule is being boosted to 3,000,000 cubic yards per month, starting immediately.

Without fanfare or impressive notice, the second task of building Exposition Island, creation of a great rock sea wall three miles in length and totaling 220,000 tons of solid rock, is now 50 per cent completed. Bustling tugs and derrick barges have deposited rock from Napa, Marin and Contra Costa quarries on the retaining dike encircling the site at the rate of more than 1200 tons daily.

So does the dramatic task of creating the largest section of land ever to be established in a major world harbor parallel in imagination and achievement the building of the world's largest bridges. It is only its distance from the shore and the soundless progress of its construction factors that keeps the vast import of its nearing completion from public attention. Twenty times as large as Union Square, ten times the size of the entire Civic Center, Exposition Island will be completed in mid-summer 1937, with buildings rising on its soil base as fast as it appears above bay level.

The millions of visitors from all corners of the earth who will come to the 1939 World Fair will view a "City of Magic" situated on an island between the sea and the sky in the world's largest land-locked harbor, San Francisco Bay.

To strike a medium between thrilling pageantry and the structural beauty of palace, tower and pavilion is the architectural goal of the exposition, being created by a staff of leading Western architects and artists. The 1939 exposition's design will seek inspiration from the modern grandeur of the bay bridges, and will be a blending of the traditional styles of the Occident and the Orient, adapted to American and Californian influences. The structural design of the exposition palaces is such that a continuity of movement, a ready accessibility of educational and industrial exhibits, and the immediate

proximity of the amusement zone, will make for a spirit of leisure for all within its gates.

Truly a "walled city of the sea," the Golden Gate International Exposition will present building features never before included in a fair of world proportions. The first entirely artificially lighted and air-conditioned exhibit palaces in exposition annals will afford a maximum of visitor comfort and exhibit attractive permanent lighting effects for exhibits.

"It will be our hope to create an illusion, at night, of a jeweled island floating in air over the gleaming bay waters, while overhead multi-hued beams of light sweep the sky," according to A. F. Dickerson and J. W. Gosling, internationally known illuminating engineers and co-creators of the first indirect lighting in history at the 1915 Panama-Pacific Exposition. Augmented by the brilliant lighting effects of the transbay bridges and night light displays from San Francisco's skyline, the exposition will be the diadem in a modern tribute to the genii of electricity.

Landscaping of the sunken gardens, the muraled courts, and the canals and lagoons of the 1939 exposition is in the able hands of John McLaren, creator of Golden Gate Park and of the gardens for the first world's fair on the Pacific, the Mid-Winter Fair of 1894 in San Francisco, and the 1915 Panama-Pacific Exposition.

An ever-changing tapestry of warm-hued California flowers and rare blossoms from the gardens of nations bordering the Pacific will be seen against the verdant frames of evergreens and other trees from the Sierra, the valleys and the coastlines of the West.

So will the colors of nature's floral hosts succeed the procession of flashing lights to provide an endless parade of rainbow imagery for the exposition visitor, by night and by day.

California's $40,000,000 exposition will also present the modern science of "Transportation" as a fitting theme for celebration of the great bridges and the inauguration of the first trans-Pacific airline linking the Occident and the Orient.

Through the Golden Gate, giant air clippers come soaring homeward to California, their hulls loaded with the passengers, cargo and mail of Hawaii, the Philippines and the Orient. And from the Atlantic Coast, South America, Mexico and Canada, come sky transports, to their Western American terminals on San Francisco Bay.

The greatest aeronautical pageant in history is planned in conjunction with the exposition, with spectacular mobile and static displays of commercial and military flying, and other national and international air races and meets, to display the progress of civil and military aviation. Aviation will play a dominant role in the fair, appropriate to the fact that the 1939 exposition site, following the exposition period, will be converted into an international air terminal and seaplane base.

The exposition will also afford unparalleled opportunity for maritime displays, and the gathering of naval fleets and merchant vessels from every nation. Exposition Harbor, a spacious marine area adjacent to the fair grounds, will provide the setting for maritime festivals, parades and yachting regatas for craft of all nations.

Over all the arteries of transportation that have made for Western progress will come the millions of visitors in 1939. Approaches to the exposition will be direct over both bay bridges via a six-lane highway, with parking accommodations for 14,000 automobiles on the island. In addition there will be two passenger-ferry slips on the San Francisco side with passenger accommodations for a peak load capacity of 66,000 persons per hour. On the Oakland side there will be a freight-ferry slip, in addition to the entrance to Exposition Harbor with its landings for yachts, speedboats, cruisers and other auxiliary craft.

In motif, the exposition's heralded "Pageant of the Pacific" will tell the story of the arts, culture, industry and peoples of the Far West and the Far East; of the Land of the Conquistadores in Central and South America, and of the Antipodes and the South Seas. In conception and presentation, no more thrilling spectacle could be imagined than this parade of history of the Western ocean, and its common bond with the nations of the Old World.

The saga of transportation over seaway, highway and skyway; the compelling exhibits of radio, telephone and television: the newer features of communications that have drawn the continents of the world into greater unity —all will be shown at the 1939 World's Fair.

Assurance of foreign nations' participation is also evinced in inquiries from representatives of many foreign nations. The nations of the Orient have already signified their desire to share in this first great world's fair at the gateway to the Far East in nearly a quarter-century.

President Roosevelt has signed the proclamation making the 1939 exposition "America's World's Fair," and formal invitations have been issued to all foreign nations inviting them to participate in the Golden Gate International Exposition.

Of great importance to the citizens of San Francisco and the entire central California area is the fact that, following the exposition, the 400-acre site will be converted into one of the world's leading metropolitan air terminals. The $800,000 Exposition Administration Building now being built on the southwest corner of the island, adjacent to the 110-foot-wide boulevard approach, will be converted to an imposing air terminal following the fair season. Its three stories will have accommodations for every factor of modern air transportation, and it will be, in fact, a "Grand Central" for the sky transports from all points of the compass. *(Cont'd on page 28*

Hobbies

By Leah Troupe

● You and I may never be destined to meet. Through the printed word there is a magic flash of mind and eye which punctuates our acquaintance; the lever of an interest we may share graciously operates and we are drawn by the magnetism of mutuality. What a strange force brings us together! We people who have never met—what a sparkle of contradiction—we have never met, yet in this searching world, we are friends.

The unseen forum where we share ready association, where we forget discouragement, where we check our hindrances as readily as our hats and coats, where we enter upon a strong threshold which never sags and once over that threshold, we pursue regions refreshing, awakening! We are in the most amiable sanctuary here, like Aladdin suddenly bequeathed with a wonderful lamp —we emerge with treasures. And emerging, find eager questioners who have not entered with us. They cry out, "What have you there?" We are often startled and embarrassed by these questions—we simply say, "I have a hobby!"

You have found a hobby! Maybe you are a collector of books—first editions, favorite authors, poets, saints—who knows. But if you are, presto change, you are a bibliophile! The term only amuses you, for you have so many adventures in books. Each volume you possess is invisibly covered by enchantments which are yours. Rare as these treasures in themselves, are your stories of collection, which virtually bind you to them.

"Well, well—you are a collector of stamps," a friend will idly ask when she catches you off guard, fingering a new issue. Here you gain another title—philatelist.

Possibly you've collected coins, quantities of old pieces, yet you are never concerned about how large the collection. To you, it is a family of children, some venerably old, some quaint as little folks. Over these you are a proud parent and a—numismatist, in the bargain.

Your delicate stamp you may balance on a finger-tip—yet its territory of interest is a magic carpet carrying you away to far-flung countries. Your coin has jingled its way through remote ages—it may bear the film of green rust from damp hiding places—this very patina flashes old stories which you manage to track down. Coins dimmed with age—you make them lustrous, polished with your regard.

Gems, crests, intaglios — are you profound on this sparkling trail? If you are, what romance you have brought to life—stories of tradition, mythology and the science of each gem's source from Nature's hiding places for millions of years in the earth.

Furniture, brass, paintings, etchings, brocades, glass, porcelain, photography, firearms, laces, puppets, dolls, fingerprints, cook books—what a strange mixture these may seem, though each is an example of collecting you may choose to enhance your sphere and remove the commonplace.

"My pursuit for years has been collecting dolls," said a woman who talked to me on the subject of hobbies. She was a woman alone and one who traveled a good deal. "I stay in some cities a month or two," she said. "I have trunks of clothes which I rarely unpack, but there's one which does constant duty—that's exclusively for dolls; it is fitted with shelves and a number of drawers. I display a few and change them from time to time. Opening the doll trunk is the first thing I do when I occupy a new room—it makes strange surroundings friendly for me—makes me feel as though I belong.

"Yes, dolls are interesting," she continued. "I only choose particular faces—eyes wide apart, features interesting. I am partial to the open countenance."

As I talked to this lady, I found much to admire. In general, her personality was distinguished by good bearing—her voice pleasant and modulated, her dress becoming and modish. I judged her age was sixty. Her face, well featured, expressed a certain unfading beauty, in itself, the open countenance.

A young woman sorted her treasures for me one evening and although her frail strength had been taxed during strenuous working hours, she seemed revived. No wonder—here was her hobby to the rescue! Her delicate hands held a pair of porcelain bookends. "These are my favorites," she said. "Once these squares of porcelain were sewn on a mandarin's cushions for elbow rests. It took me ages to buy them. I saved lunch money and ate chocolate bars until I was sick. But I didn't mind! But aren't they worth it?"

"Cobwebs—yes, I've collected *(Continued on page 30*

They Speak My Language

By Antoinette Helm

● When away from home and our loved ones, it is indeed a very comforting thought to know that there is some one near who can help us to overcome the many little difficulties in daily encounter while traveling. There are so many formalities, such as signing of passports, going through custom houses and even arranging accommodations in the hotel. We can explain in our native tongue, of course, much better what our troubles or needs are, and if there is some one that understands us, the trip is naturally more successful and enjoyable in every respect. After we are installed in our respective hotel we naturally start out to see the sights. Here may I pause to explain the necessity of guides that can interpret things to you, because I remember having a lady on a trip from Mexico City to Taxco (which is one of the most scenic roads in the world) say to me that she had tried to get some information as to names of plants, trees and other sights that she was seeing along the way, and neither the driver nor the guide could answer because neither understood each other—one spoke no English, the other no Spanish. Consequently, the ride was taken in total silence and proved tedious, despite the scenery.

Again you want to pick up little gifts to take home, want to know where and how to buy; you want to dine in a place where they may have one of your own home dishes; you want to hear a little of Italian, Spanish, German or Oriental music and would like some one who can tell you all about it and direct you to those places. You must be able to ask for all this in the native tongue. After you have been shopping and sightseeing all day, you often enjoy the company of a person familiar with your language and your country, with whom you may talk over and compare the beauty, advantages, experiences and customs of your native land and the country you are visiting.

Languages are, in my estimation, a great necessity. Everyone should try to acquire the knowledge of at least three or four essential ones. It gives us a better understanding of the foreigner, brings us in closer contact with him and leads us to do a great many worthwhile things in life, helping our neighbors on their way to pleasure, success and even back to health in case of illness.

In countries like Mexico, for instance (and it is the same with Spain, Italy and many others), you may find your way around in the larger cities, but, after all, going to out-of-the-way places and little villages which are most interesting, is the best part of the trip, and it is here mostly that you encounter great difficulty if you are not acquainted with the native tongue, and miss out on entertainments and amusements which are otherwise easily accessible if you speak the language. This also applies when taking part in the social functions and activities in a country or attending theatrical performances, lectures and other kinds of interesting subjects.

Famous literary works are always better in their original form, such as the famous Goethe, Schiller, D'Annunzio, Victor Hugo, Echegaray and many others. One cannot emphasize too strongly that languages should be one of the most important factors of our education. We Americans do not realize the necessity of speaking different languages, as we almost always find people that speak English. Most foreign countries make it a point for hotel clerks, police, guides, etc., to speak different tongues.

We fail to realize how happy the foreigner would be to find help in his native tongue when visiting our own country. The time is fast approaching for the opening of our great International Exposition, and it will be our pleasure and aim to welcome in the heartiest manner possible the people of all nations. We will want to show the people attending this great event some of our outstanding places of interest, such as art galleries, parks and theaters. We will escort them across our two beautiful and majestic bridges, inform them all about their hazardous and stupendous construction and of the great asset they are to San Francisco and the surrounding cities, Oakland, Berkeley and those located in Marin County. I cannot think of a better way in which to show our cordial hospitality than giving them all the assistance and a hearty welcome, entertaining them in their own language and providing them with a little of their home atmosphere in our dear old San Francisco, a city so charming and so adequate for this purpose.

International Expectations for 1937

By Mrs. William Palmer Lucas

● A new year is the oldest thing in the world! Our traditions and our sentiments fill it with hopes. We expect it to be better than any of the preceding years—a sort of magic permeates our wishful thinking about the new year, and it is better so, perhaps, in this old world of disillusion and disappointment—for achievements spring from great expectations, a psychology as sound and as old as the years themselves. What will the year 1937 bring to this splendid old, young world of ours that moves on and on? The goal is *peace*—it is the nineteen hundredth and thirty-seventh "*down*" with how many "yards" to go?

Our expectations for the new year are in large measure based upon what has taken place in the past. At the close of the world war, we accepted an *ideology* it is difficult to find today. Then the world wished for many things: that all peoples, victors and vanquished alike, should gradually and mutually strive for the greatest degree of well being—that there should be a freer exchange of every good thing, of services, of capital—that treaties of peace should slowly but surely be made to fit the conditions of peoples and not the peoples, the peace treaties!—that we were to substitute *spiritual* frontiers for the old physical frontiers that had caused so much pain and disaster—that disarmament as far as possible *was* the intent and purpose of all of us—of such stuff were our dreams made and such ideals were the justification of the League of Nations!

It all seemed possible—the majority of countries were listed as under democratic and parliamentary regimes—and the rest were "on their way" to that estate. Narrow military cliques surrounding the few absolute monarchs left in the world were the only ones who might wish to wage war, and conquer other lands—and the rest of the world could surely bring such to reason! We have lived through the years and today we see the world with the area of *parliamentary institutions* and democracy reduced; we find that free trade has practically ceased, and the countries are only buying from others what is strictly necessary and trying to make themselves independent of others because of the fear of armed conflict which lies ahead. Preparation for war goes on everywhere.

The continent of Europe is shaken by political worry and economic discontent; the rival nationalisms contribute to the source of war with all its indecency and evil, and the economic stress is acute. To say that the last war caused the present economic crisis is, of course, to say that the present economic crisis will be the cause of the next war. It is putting it mildly to say that the unity and confidence of the old economic order are badly shaken. When poverty assumes national proportions it is difficult to measure the *new forces* that are let loose in a country. Germany, Italy and Japan, who are starved for raw materials, are bent upon *taking* those items from others. When one realizes that five countries in the world hold seventy-five percent of the total world key products, and that the three above-named countries are not included in the five, one becomes strongly conscious of the national urge to grab that motivates these countries.

We see the difficulty of localizing *civil* warfare—the world is *interlocked* regardless of the opinions of "isolationists." We see armaments mounting again to staggering figures and we know that such armaments will not be permitted to rust! Fascism is spreading on the European continent and one hears it defended even in democratic America as the best way out if the old system is to be preserved in toto. The League of Nations can never be effective with great areas of the world's surface out of it. Germany, Japan, the United States and Brazil hold geographical keys to world cooperation, to the perfecting of the collective system, which no student of world

affairs can ignore. Some one referred to the "explosive personalities" like Hitler and Mussolini as grave sources of world disaster.

The picture *is* black, but in spite of it there *are* forces in the world making for peace. *Poverty* is one of them. Wars cost money, and peoples are poor. John Gunther says, "Nobody has paid for the last war except the dead." This poverty in which all nations are floundering seems to be keeping them for the moment at peace with each other—but civil wars go on. The peace treaties *did* remove some of the sources of friction between countries in spite of the fact that they created new ones. There *are* more republics in the world than before 1914, although some of them are having a terrible time spelling their names. Some of the small democratic states have done well—Scandinavia, Switzerland, Holland, all have higher standards of living and one might say a better standard of life—they have no huge bills for armaments to carry and they are trying to keep their economic heads above water, and the idea of national planning and national sharing of wealth is, for the time being at least, making democracy work. *All over the world* one sees the liberals, those rated as democrats no longer able to keep to the middle road. At least it looks so on the surface. One is either sharply Right or Left, and the Left groups with all their differences are uniting against the forces of reaction. The final struggle will be between the Rights and the Lefts.

We see the struggle in Spain—a civil war that is fundamentally not Rome or Berlin or Moscow, but a fight between two forms of genuine Spanish life, however deep the foreign influences may go. The old traditional spirit, clinging to obsolete forms of absolutism for mere lack of newer expressions is Spanish Fascism today. It is putting what they conceive as the national interest above every other interest, and in its economic formulae at least sounds like an aristocratic socialism. Communism in Spain, one must remember, is first of all *Spanish* and the most severe critics of the status quo call "a well-organized party of clean and enthusiastic people, the most capable party in Spain."

When this orgy of mutual destruction and hatred is over, those who know Spain best claim that the two sides will come to realize that they have never been *less* divided. The *less* intelligent of the Rights will be eliminated, whichever side wins. If the Left side wins, the same may be said of the less intelligent Lefts. Both sides will learn that government is impossible without the consent of the people.

The coming year has at the top of the list that important item—how to deal with disorderly or provocative political activity. Most of Europe today is, as someone said, "a monument to the weakness of democracy in the face of antagonists whom at one stage it despised or neglected." But the only way we can deal with antagonism is to understand it. The present social disorder is created by economic nationalism, the foundation of national sovereignties. Upon or in the ground prepared by *economic nationalism* the struggle between Fascism and Communism reaches its greatest intensity. The pressure is greater in Europe because, if we exclude Russia, you have about twenty-five sovereign states in an area less than two-thirds the size of the United States, trying to exist with tariffs sky high, and armed to the teeth.

How real are these antagonisms? We are told that these antagonisms are usually the outcome of error or failure in government policy. If it is true that the basic factor in any given society is the way in which it earns its living, we can see the superstructure of antagonisms built upon certain definite failures in our economic life. But there are no *fundamental* antagonisms — because there is a *real unity of interest* in the social order. As we study, discuss, argue the changes or the methods of our economic life, we must keep in mind the inevitable result of such changes—changes in all the other social patterns we know.

What are the chances for world peace? Upon what forces do they rest? Is it possible to produce intelligent Rights and Lefts? An *intelligent* Right does not talk of surrendering his privileges; he thinks in terms of sharing his so-called privileges—privileges always include responsibilities, and those responsibilities will be shared. The intelligent *Left* does not talk of destroying private property, but he speaks in terms of protecting all property upon which his ultimate well being depends. There is no question but we are now trying to *redefine* a great many things, and perhaps the greatest of all is the fundamental objective of our whole social fabric—our economic processes cannot remain in conflict with the political forms through which they must function. There *are* new economic needs and the peace of the world depends upon the integration of those needs in our social values and organizations. The foreign policy of any country, of every country, must be exercised, as Sir Eric Crowe of the British Foreign Office said in 1907, "With the utmost benevolence and the minimum of provocation." More than that, the foreign policy of any country desiring peace must contain the recognition of the needs and desires of other countries. World peace in 1937 will depend as always upon "whether men have the ability to agree upon the *purposes* they have in view, and the agreement must be daily realized in the lives of the average man and woman."

The Indian Arts and Crafts Board

I. *The Speech by John Collier, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, May 14, 1934, on Program of the American Federation of Arts at Washington.*

● The administrative branch of the government just now is trying to obtain legislation to save numerous tribes from extinction, to protect the remaining Indian lands, and to establish constitutional rights and better education for the Indians.

Indians are not, necessarily, just inferior white men, but are men in their own native right, competent to deliver to the modern world a gift of beauty, of idealism, of social organization and of art forms and art genius.

I shall begin by merely reminding you of facts which in late years have become well known and accepted.

The United States Government has asserted, toward one group of its citizens, limitless authority and all-searching interference. That group is the Indians.

In the times gone, this authority and interference have worked, as a matter of conscious and formalized policy, to forbid and destroy the artistic propensities of the Indians.

Almost the governmental policy did succeed in walling off into dead time, and in wholly excluding from the future world, the Indian tradition and idiosyncrasy and, I venture to say, genius of art. Almost, but not quite.

And the reasons for the partial failure of the government's attempt are twofold and both of the reasons are significant. Their significance touches many points of the contemporary world problem, and even of the eternal problem of the nature and meaning of human life.

Future events may prove it failed because Indian native propensity, registered in individual Indians, was more stubborn than the government's agents had foreseen. To illustrate: the paintings of the Kiowa and Pueblo artists, known probably to all of you, are high achievements in pure design, achieved by untutored artists. But more, they are works inhabited by a spirit no more capable of being missed by the sensitized observer than is the spirit of—let us say—the woodcuts of William Blake, the murals of Puvis de Chavannes, the anatomical drawings of Leonardo. The mediums used by these Kiowa and Pueblo boys and girls are not traditional; the intended placement and use of the finished paintings is wholly untraditional; the working environment frequently is one divorced from the tribal past; and indeed, these are works of art free-winging into the cosmopolitan future; yet are they carried on wings of an ancient and special past, and the past has defied its social grave and has arisen from levels of the individual life too deep for personal memory to reach or personal oblivion to efface, and has achieved a new life in terms of pure design and pure idea. You will find a development of what I here suggest in Hartley Alexander's lectures, given at Paris, on the art and philosophy of the North American Indians.

Wherever the children are permitted to draw and paint and to utilize merely their conscious and unconscious native material, not misguided by white teaching or any teaching, there appear by hundreds, by thousands, pictures and designs like in spirit and in firmness of technic to the things done by famous Pueblo and Kiowa artists.

On this occasion there is no time to speculate as to whether the Indian, as a matter of racial, biological peculiarity, is on the average, in the long run, peculiarly endowed in what one may call esthetic and physical ways. Perhaps, instead, social heredity is more subtle and more invincible than is commonly thought. Perhaps, again, the "wind of the spirit, which on all waters blows" has resources not implied in the current biological and social postulates. But the facts, which I am reminding you of, are independent of any of the theories, and they show that the unconscious creative bent of the Indian, which across thousands of years, in more than a thousand highly differentiated cultures, forged itself into strong and unique beauty.

Historical causes brought it about that a certain few of the Indian cultural systems were not stamped out. The Pueblo tribes and the Navajos were spared, or partially spared. Here then, are ancient social orders, organisms of communal life from thousands of years ago—institutionalized common life, all-embracing in the experience of its members, and striving at this hour to make profound adaptions to the demands of necessity while still keeping alive the ancient values and ancient sources of job, of belief, of courage and power. These Indian communities, not having been destroyed, the government was unable to dissipate the personalities of their individual members.

We are trying to help them; and because among many other features, the President's Indian program, embodied in the Wheeler-Howard Bill now before Congress, does try to help the Southwestern tribes in their struggle to carry their ancient values across to the modern world.

What I want to make clear to you is that in an Indian group like Zuni Pueblo, Santo Domingo Pueblo, Taos, or Tesuque, or Zia, the art life is everybody's life. No art-form or striving exists for itself alone. Painting,

pottery, weaving, music, dance, poetry, drama, are each and all, in their main intent, vehicles of the tribal will that the past shall be incarnate in living men, and that living men shall deepen and regulate their lives through entering into the dominions and powers of old, and that the earth itself, and the gods, shall receive back from man the gift of life, and that the human race shall be faithful to its own; and "its own," the racial own, is more than the man of this passing hour, and he, through entering into his racial own, becomes more than a personal man. Stated otherwise, these tribes believe that the earth is alive, the cosmos is alive, and man, both in solitude and in tribal ritual, draws upon the cosmos and yields back that which the cosmos requires for its own life or fulfillment. And the momentous event, as these tribes conceive it, is a twofold one: that through ritual art, whether or not accompanied by personal exaltation or ecstasy, the race soul or world soul shall be provided with its continuing human vehicle; and then, that by an enlargement of consciousness, achieved through ritual art and through discipline, through sustained inner expectancy and through self-suggestion, the individual shall fix his own destiny and shall establish his relationship, indestructible thenceforward, with the world-will and world-might.

They do achieve the enlargement of consciousness.

I leave you with one relevant thought, based on what I have just now tried to say. The great arts, through all history, have been expressions and results of great times. The great times essentially have been nothing but a sharing by men in great enthusiasms, great beliefs, great resistance against common perils; and this sharing in dominant common hopes and beliefs, usually but not always assisted by dogmas and by institutional organizations, has caused individuals to reach to deeper levels of energy and of genius, while at the same time bestowing upon their artistic expression significance, substance and content, and impersonal form.

Let us examine with a wondering and tender concern, and with some awe, these Indian communities which by virtue of historical accidents and of their own unyielding wills are even today the expressions, even today the harborers, of a great age of integrated, inwardly-seeking life and art. What seed are they keeping, for the soil and climate of a future age of our own which may become a possible soil and climate for them? We cannot, individually, become a part of them, for we are men of our own time, not of theirs; yet we may be helped through knowing them, and even through trying to help them in their desperately unequal struggle for continued existence. Our understanding of art, of work, of pleasure, of the values of life, and even our world-view, may be somewhat influenced if we will pay attention to them.

* * *

Owing to limitation of space, Mr. Collier's speech has been slightly shortened.

Secretary Ickes Plans Betterment for Indian Arts and Crafts

II. *Advisory Committee to Study Improved Methods for Training, Production and Marketing. (Immediate Release, January* 11, 1934.)

● Secretary of the Interior Ickes announced today the appointment of a committee to study and make recommendations concerning the whole problem of Indian arts and crafts, in their relation to the economic and cultural welfare of the American Indian. The members of the committee are: Chairman, James W. Young, Professor of Business History and Advertising in the School of Business, University of Chicago; Thomas L. Dodge, Chairman of the Navajo Tribal Council; Oliver LaFarge, author, and President of the National Association of Indian Affairs; Kenneth W. Chapman of the Laboratory of Anthropology, Santa Fe, New Mexico; Charles DeY. Elkus, attorney, of San Francisco; B. I. Staples, of Crafts del Navajo, Coolidge, New Mexico; Lorenzo Hubbel, merchant, of Oraibi, Arizona; Mrs. William Denman, San Francisco; and Deigo Abeita, Ileta Pueblo, Indian craftsman.

The members of the committee will serve without pay. Their assignment is to study the status of Indian arts and crafts among the various tribes, and to recommend to Secretary Ickes and Commissioner of Indian Affairs Collier practical procedures for organized marketing methods, improvements and revivals in the arts themselves, and for the training of the newer generation of Indians in their production.

Commenting on the announcement, Secretary Ickes said: "The weavings, pottery, basketry, jewelry and other arts and crafts of the American Indian are a cultural heritage which the American people cannot afford to lose. They are already well known and appreciated among students, collectors and travelers, both here and abroad; but we believe there is an opportunity to greatly increase the appreciation of these beautiful and useful products by the general public. By doing so we can, at the same time, make an important contribution to the economic and social welfare of the Indian. His arts and crafts are his own. They are his opportunity to make a unique, non-competitive contribution to American life. They can yield him income and dignity. In tribes where these arts have been preserved they are now an important part of the total income: the trade in Navajo rugs, for instance, exceeding in normal times $1,000,000 a year. It is our hope that out of the studies of this committee will come plans for protecting the existing products from the competition of machine-made imitations and for improving and expanding their market. Also that revivals of near-lost crafts may be brought about: and that the oncoming generations of Indians may find an opportunity and a training which will enable them to live in the modern world without sacrifice of their cultural and racial integrity."

A Letter from Ginling

● Since I am living in a house across the road from the college grounds, China goes past my window; and China starts anywhere from 4 a. m. on. Goodness knows what wares the vendors sell around 4 and 5 o'clock, or who is up to buy them, but they are out selling—which means *yelling*, as you know. There is quite a collection of mud huts just across the way, which harbor an unbelievable number of babies and some dogs, both awake at odd hours. Then there is what now seems to me the most characteristic early morning noise of all—the squeak of unoiled wheelbarrows as the coolies push them up over the rise in the road. A thousand cats' tails under a thousand rockers! Then a long line of water buffalo, plodding and paying no attention to the shrillness of the minute Chinese boys, completely naked, who ride them or run alongside. Then the military —ah, the military!—looking of high-school age. The officer walks ahead, tooting a sort of rhythm on a shrill whistle, and they amble along behind, quite unworried about anything, apparently. Yesterday they passed my window about 7, as I was going down to breakfast. Half an hour later I came upon them a few yards down the road, as I was headed for the campus. They had "fallen out" and a bunch of them were assembled in the playground of a primary school, looking longingly at the children playing in the swings. An officer was apparently instructing two of them in some sort of sword play, but they gave up all pretense of attention to watch me pass, and he went right on with his antics all by himself. "Stout fella," I thought to myself.

I am about five minutes' fast walking from the campus grounds. The road is ankle deep in dust, and there is much that is unlovely on either side; but I think in some ways I like it better than being on the campus, which is very beautiful, because it *is* China, and I see the campus a great part of the day. Also the lights go off automatically on the campus at 10:30 every evening (which would certainly cramp my working style if last winter was any example), and our's don't.

I have met all my classes. My freshman class rose and bowed low as one when I walked in. I felt I should have had a train, instead of which I had on a dress with a slight spot. The terrific weather has mowed my limited summer wardrobe down. But I bowed as one over the spot, and we were off to a flying start. They're really very appealing—the girls, not the names. I always love to hear people laugh, but I'd do almost anything to make them laugh, as their laughter sounds exactly like that glass gadget which tinkled when the wind blew. Pantomime always goes over. I gave my sophomore class a demonstration of themselves as they are reputed to study their English novel, whatever it is, with the novel in one hand and the dictionary in the other, with which they scurry after every word they don't know, without even waiting for the end of the sentence. That caused prolonged tinkling.

Of course, as yet I have no idea how much they have understood of what I have said; they are so polite, and there is such a difference in their individual ability to understand English; but written tests will tell.

The campus is perfectly lovely. You remember the colors of the Chinese buildings, the eaves — well, you have those against a vivid green background, lots of flowers. In October come the chrysanthemums. There are many weeping willows and beautiful stretches of green lawn. The girls, all in Chinese costumes, every conceivable color, patter about the paths, either looking preternaturally solemn or dissolved in tinkles. There are several good tennis courts. Purple Mountain looms up in the distance. "My road" winds down around the bluff upon which the new embassies are built. They are leveling a bluff on one side of it. One crew of men dig and the others carry the dirt away on a pole-basket-at-either-end effect. And yet, if they had machinery, how would all those people live? Perfectly healthy little boys, upon seeing me appear in the street, assume the most horrible postures and faces, dragging and squirming along beside me with hands outstretched. I am told that in the winter the beggars are multitudinous and a real problem. I love the Chinese food, and can go down town for a mixture they call "sweet-sour pork," which is about the best thing I ever tasted.

October 10th we have a week-end trip planned, whereby we take a train for about an hour and a half into the country, then walk about ten miles and stay overnight in a Buddhist monastery. Can you imagine anything more fun or exciting? I ate through all fifteen dishes at a Chinese feast last night and enjoyed myself thoroughly. We have fresh fruit and vegetables on our menu all the time here at the house, grown in the campus gardens, and everybody eats all of them all the time.

The thousand cats' tails under the thousand rockers are going by again. Last night there was the most marvelous quarrel going on between two women who live just across the road. Hostilities ceased more or less around 10, but opened again this morning about 7. I went to church twice on Sunday, one English and one Chinese. Liked the Chinese. A procession of priests in the most beautiful of mandarin coats, led by one beating cymbals, just went by; paused for a moment outside my window, by the side of the road; clashed cymbals together, and then retraced their steps, leaving a bright-colored paper streamer attached to the telephone pole. Perhaps you would like to tell me what it is all about.

Just beyond the trees outside my window, by the side of the road, is a coffin awaiting burial. So you see we are complete with accessories. Apparently the propitious moment (which, as you probably remember, is determined by one who makes it his life work to determine such according to the day and hour you were born), is some time off, as the relatives have built a small mud hut over it, with a thatched roof. Looks something like a dog house for a dachshund.

Took the train from Shanghai about noon and arrived in Nanking about 7:20 p. m. The journey was marvelous. I never left the window and was wrapped in a film of soot and dirt, but I saw the countryside, which is gorgeously green and inhabited only by people and animals which move very slowly indeed. It was terribly hot, and one of the many car-boys kept coming through offering to each of us a hot, steaming towel with which to mop our faces. I kept turning it down, much to the interest of a very large Chinese across the aisle, who never missed a swipe.

—Louise Sharp, Ginling College,
Nanking, China.

I Have Been Reading

—DAISY F. REED

GREEN GROWS THE LAUREL; *by Hazel L. Zimmerman*, 1936. G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.00

THE FLOWERING OF NEW ENGLAND; *by Van Wyck Brooks*, 1936. E. P. Dutton and Company; $4.00.

● Green Grows the Laurel; by Hazel L. Zimmerman, member of the City Club. Poetry sometimes strikes so deeply into the emotions of the reader that the intellect is very nearly hypnotized. "Green Grows the Laurel" is great poetry because it is the creation of fused intellect and emotion. But reading the sonnets, particularly if one reads them aloud, is so great an emotional experience that the critical intelligence somewhat loses its power to function. Therefore, it is difficult for the reader to do other than go into rhapsody over such lines as:

So was begun
The miracle of dawn against the night,
When all the hounds of heaven bounded through
The slanting paths of light to greet the sun.

Nevertheless, these very moving, lilting sonnets are highly intellectual. They are the record of the cumulative experiencing of a sensitive and intelligent person. They are distilled understanding transmuted into song.

The poets' philosophy of life is put into words in these lines:

words belong
Not to the singer, only to the song
That finds its way along a higher range
Than earth affords, and sends its echo back.

Since the meaning of life is found in the spiritual, which alone is real, Miss Zimmerman is not overwhelmed even by the passing of earthly love. She sings of the ecstasy of love and the sadness of its passing, but she knows love as a divine creator of that which alone is timeless.

To scorn love is to lay upon the wind
The spirit's music.

The sonnet form is a most exacting discipline, but Miss Zimmerman's sonnets are never labored; her expression flows spontaneously and in unbroken rhythm. Hers is a triumph of art.

One might well consider these sixty sonnets songs of faith sung by one who has, in the words of Plato, traversed the "road leading from a kind of night-like day up to a true day of real existence."

● The Flowering of New England—A Literary History, 1815 to 1865; by Van Wyck Brooks. . . . The method of literary history has been revolutionized by this book. It is as exciting as an intimately written novel, yet its material is not fiction; it is an invention of the imagination only in its method or style presentation.

The whole scheme of New England living for a given period, reflecting its morals and manners, is revealed in this account of the flowering of its intellect (or should one say of its ideas?). The reviewer can give only a very inadequate suggestion of the scope and significance of the book.

By 1815, Puritanism had been replaced in Boston by a mild and tolerant Unitarianism with its belief in perfectibility and its literary sermon. Channing was the most eloquent expression of this inner life. And indicative of the general shift of the Boston mind during this period, as a whole, is the gradual shift of Channing's mind to a consideration of the social questions complicating the merely ethical point of view.

For thirty years after Boston became liberal, rural New England still held on to the doctrine of total depravity, read only the Bible, the classics and books of sermons. Andover Seminary was founded to prevent the spread of Unitarianism. In Connecticut, also outside the Boston influence, Yale revived the Puritan Cult; only in the sciences was Yale liberal. Contrasted with these colleges was Harvard within the "Culture City" (which included Cambridge and Concord), whose object was to form the mind and thus the character.

In the early days of this period Boston saw herself as the leader of a successful, rich new republic. In her role as leader she was ably represented by the great orator and lawyer, Daniel Webster, who fought for "the solid facts of property and the good old Yankee motive of self interest."

The North American Review, edited by Channing, expressed the culture-city's literary criticism. This magazine ranked with the best in the world. The influence that turned men of wealth like Prescott, Motley, Parkman, who had leisure for scholarly research, to the field of history was that Boston possessed dis-proportionately large historical libraries. A whole generation became engrossed in history. One effect of this interest was that the preservation of American documents helped America to believe in herself.

In 1837 Longfellow came to Harvard as Professor of Modern Languages. He was a romantic, poetic soul who charmed his students. His poems expressed the state of mind of young America.

Boston believed in education. The young Bostonians were being educated by public lectures and such books as Sartor Resartus. They began to get new ideas and aligned themselves with various cults and movements, socialist, abolitionist, temperance, and dreamt of a new day not bred by commercial interests.

Into this scene came the real New England prophet—Emerson—"reviled by Cambridge theologians." The sound of his voice was like a trumpet to thoughtful and eager students. Of kindred nature was Thoreau, the fruit of a less fortunate environment than Emerson. Inspired by these prophets, young poets and writers expressed new ideas which found outlet in the *Dial*, edited by Margaret Fuller.

In line with the growing estimate of human values was Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," which opened a rich new vein for the story-teller and did as much for the sailors as Dickens had done for debtors in England. Related to and influencing this scene are: the accomplished and incongruous Lowell, who instinctively presented in his Biglow Papers the "folk point of view from which it sprang," and the witty Dr. Holmes, who preached a reform in the art of living.

Into the midst of prosperous Boston and its "cotton interests," Channing launched a treatise on slavery. Abolition gave poets and literary men a "cause," but left bankers and politicians unmoved. But Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips were voices to which New England had to listen. The Quaker Whittier outdid all the poets in arousing public feeling for abolition. Harriet Beecher Stowe, a "volcanic soul," was brought to the front on the tide of the abolitionist movement. Her "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was one of the major causes of the Civil War, since it blocked the operation of the fugitive slave law. It was also a world literary event.

The "high tide of the Boston mind" was marked by the founding of the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1857 with Lowell as its first editor. In this capacity Lowell was at his best. His essays "foreshadow the beginning of the end of the old New England culture," for his writing became "self-consciously clever" and his sentiments "rang hollow."

The Civil War brought to a head this phase, called by many the New England Renaissance, which Van Wyck Brooks sees

as a "collective impulse, exceptional in this history of the national mind." It follows very closely Spengler's pattern of the "culture-cycle" in which the "culture-city" dominates until contradictions arise and it loses its self-confidence and vitality, after which it becomes merely a provincial mind.

This epoch in New England was one of flowering because her writers were of the people and had a deep and affectionate sense of obligation toward the young republic their fathers had founded. Under this impulse they wrote well and sincerely and took their place beside intellectual leaders in other countries. Inevitably the West, in establishing her independence, turned against New England.

Much of what was written during the period of flowering was regional, but there are a few writers with "spiritual depth" whose appeal is universal. "Hawthorne, Thoreau and Emerson" are clearly of this group with "Emily Dickinson Whitman, Poe and Melville." Emerson alone of the three greatest went "to school" to the West and envisioned a "social state more excellent than history had recorded, one that turned its back on musket-worship and lived by the law of love and justice."

The Winds of God

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(Words and Music by Nellie Olmsted Lincoln)

Oh, the winds of God are blowing,
So keep your sails unfurled,*
For the winds of God would take you
To safe harbors of the world.

Forever they're in motion
To take you where you will,
Forever full of power
If there are sails to fill.

But they cannot do their duty,
If you shall reef your sail,
The winds would still be blowing,
But they'd blow to no avail.

So, if upon your voyage,
Becalmed your ship or slow,
Oh, blame it not to winds of God,
He doth not wish it so.

So take the helm, be master,
Unfurling sails your part,
And the winds of God will take you
To the Harbor of your heart.

*"The winds of God are always blowing, but if you wish to go forward you must keep your sails unfurled."—Old Eastern Proverb.

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A Spanish Pompeii

—ELSA PUTNAM POWEL

Reprinted from the American Women's Club Magazine of London.

● Antigua, the "Very Noble and Very Loyal City of Saint James of the Gentlemen of Guatemala," for 230 years the grandest city from Mexico to Lima, slept in the Vale of Panchoy, dreaming of its brilliant past.

There was a hush over the ancient far-flung ruins of the convent of La Concepción, where many of the daughters of Antigua's noble families were sheltered from the turbulence of seventeenth-century life. I seated myself beneath a deep archway and imagined the cloisters as they were in the days of their glory, with their delicately turned wooden columns on chiselled stone bases, and fountains as fine as any in Italy. Renaissance architecture, which was spreading over Europe when Spain was at the zenith of her power, found magnificent expression in beautiful patios with their elaborate Moorish details and the many carved fountains sending forth sparkling water to cool the gardens under tropical skies. I could almost hear the sound of water as I sat in what had once been the convent's inner courtyard. Above me towered the great volcano Agua, majestic in its symmetry. Seven thousand feet above the moss-grown churches and decaying palaces it rose, inscrutable, superb in the light of a golden sunset, but ever with treachery lurking in its fiery heart.

In this very courtyard Donna Juana de Maldonado y Paz must have lingered. She, a maiden of but twenty years, was the wonder of all that cloister in the golden era when Antigua was the capital of a glamorous empire reaching from Mexico to the Isthmus of Panama.

According to Thomas Gage, an English friar who lived for several years in the city during the first half of the seventeenth century, Donna Juana's beauty, her wit, and her low, clear voice so enchanted her Bishop that he wished to make her Superior and abbess of La Concepción. "Whereupon the fathers of the older nuns, many rich merchants and gentlemen, rushed to the convent with swords drawn, threatening to break in amongst the nuns to defend and to preserve the dignity of their daughters. Such a mutiny and strife was very scandalous to the whole city until the President, Don Juan de Guzaman, sent Judge Juan de Maldonado de Paz, the young nun's father, to entreat his daughter to give up her ambition of being abbess. Only then, when she consented to continue as before under command and obedience to a more religious, grave, and aged nun than herself, did the mutiny both within

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and without the convent cease.

"Donna Juana was as rich as she was beautiful, and her father thought nothing was too good nor too much for her. He gave her daily whatever costly and exquisite things would 'best beseem' a nun—cabinets faced with gold and silver, pictures and idols for her chamber, with crowns and jewels to adorn them. She became so 'stately' that, at her own charges, she built for herself a new quarter within the cloister, with rooms and galleries and a private garden walk, and kept at work and to wait on her half a dozen blackamoor maids. Above all, she placed her delight in a private chapel or closet to pray in, which contained many treasures brought from Rome. Her altar was decked with jewels, candlesticks, crowns, and lamps, and was covered with a canopy embroidered with gold. In her closet she had her small organ, and many sorts of musical instruments whereupon she played to accompany her own sweet singing.

"In carriage and education she yielded to none abroad nor within; she was witty, well-spoken, and above all, a Calliope, or muse for ingenious and sudden verses," which the Bishop said much moved him to delight in her company and conversation.

From my reverie, in which I could almost hear the dulcet voice of Donna Juana, I was aroused by a gentle touch upon the arm. I looked up and saw a black-eyed Indian girl standing shyly beside me, with a little statuette in her hand which she wished me to buy. It was the figure of a saint, not six inches high, carved out of wood, and delicately painted. The features were more lovely than those of any Tanagra figurine I had ever seen, and the graceful figure and poise of the little head were unbelievably beautiful. I knew at once that she had been carved by a great artist, one of the perfect things made by some genius of the Renaissance. Could she have belonged to Donna Juana de Maldonado y Paz? Perhaps she had had a place of honour in that lady's chapel beneath the canopy embroidered in gold. Nothing could have been more lovely to grace an altar than this exquisite little saint. The tiny neck was slightly cracked, and one of the arms was gone, but soft colours still clung to the folds of her flowing draperies and the features were as delicately cut as the finest cameo.

How long had she lain undiscovered in this Pompeii of the West? She may have stood beneath some strong, sheltering archway while the earth trembled and shook beneath her, and she was not crushed. Many earthquakes have passed over the city, and most of La Concepción has quivered and collapsed, but the little saint has watched it thunder by her while she tran-

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(The author of this article has quoted freely from the writings of Thomas Gage, appearing in "Santiago De Los Caballeros De Guatemala," by Dorothy H. Popenoe.)

Priceless Laughter

● We are starving for laughter. All about us are the tense, drawn faces of people whose eyes are turned inward, beholding their own glory, and laughter passes them by. The arranged smile of the anxious hostess, the dental flash of the popular girl, the empty booming of the professional seller—these are very much at our service, but there is no heart in the performance, no joy.

We have lost the art of laughter in our blind egoism. Whatever touches our lives immediately takes on an almost tragic importance. Each contact adds a weight to the spirit until living has become so ponderous an affair that there is no time or place for so idle and airy a sprite as laughter.

Yet we crave the solace of its glad forgetfulness. We go long distances, sit through weary hours, spend our treasure in quest of it, only to be mocked by the crackling of thorns under the pot. For we would be children of Care and still dwell with Delight, which cannot be. Care lives in a guarded castle, while Delight is gipsy-free, sleeps in a flower, and feeds on dew, rides a rainbow, knows nothing and pierces all wisdom, owns nothing yet possesses the earth.

Children know laughter—the simplicity, the elemental power whose expression laughter is. If we would know again the cleansing, healing power of laughter, we must become as little children. We must strip life down to its simplest terms of love and faith and acceptance. Laughter is not cheap. It is the rare essence of that most rare thing, simple living. It is the flowering of the mature spirit, the spirit strengthened and seasoned by the sort of courageous living that has dared to feel and to keep on feeling until pain ripened into peace. Then the soul was born again and knew afresh the carefree laughter of childhood.

From laughter to laughter is a span of thirty years. You can shorten the distance a trifle if you carry with you a charm against the egotist that dwells in your breast, a charm against the wiles of Care, a charm that will make you cousin to Delight. Carry with you on your journey the heart of a child. So you will preserve the power to discern joy in simple things. You will do more. You will enter the kingdom of heaven.—Angelo Patri.

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This better day, which warms the earth
With dancing flame, has given birth
To a new gladness which no man
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Secret, asleep the rapture lay,
At the core of the first day,
To wake at last in hours like these
After a billion centuries!

—Margaret Sackville.

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—No me sentí muy bien ultimamente.

—Ya lo comprendo. Sin duda comiste mucha sopaborracha.

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—DR. ADELAIDE BROWN, HEALTH EDITOR

● We are a League for Woman's Service, and as such may I ask you to watch, think and consider a trend in modern life in education which has cropped up very conspicuously in this last year—twice? In 1935, when Ellen Pendleton, President of Wellesley, reached the retiring age of 65, the trustees of Wellesley College addressed the alumnae of the college with the question of whether they wished to follow the precedent of a woman for president, or change to a man. Overwhelmingly a woman was preferred—fitness for the work the only prerequisite. Wellesley had Alice Freeman Palmer—then Miss Hazard and then Miss Ellen Pendleton—and now is about to inaugurate its new President, Mildred Helen MacAfee.

Mount Holyoke College, more recently a woman's college, 1888, but an institution which was the pioneer in higher education for women from 1837 on. Mount Holyoke Seminary and under its first leader, Mary Lyon, had established itself, and with constantly improving standards, until in 1888 it received its college charter.

No greater thrill ever came over me than on visiting the campus of Mount Holyoke College in 1898, I stood by the plot, fenced with an iron fence, where Mary Lyon was buried. Certainly a pioneer in woman's advancement! And now what has happened? Miss Wooley, known at the Institute of Pacific Relations and appointed a member of the National Committee for the Cause and Cure of War, having served to 74 years of age, retires in 1937, and although she warmly recommended the appointment of a woman in her place, the trustees acted, not unanimously, and have called a man "graduating from the University of California 1914, Ph. D. Yale 1925, an associate professor of English at Yale, a specialist on Dryden," Mr. Roscoe Gray Ham.

These *fraternal* decisions should be watched critically. A college endowment may specify sex of the president or custom may regulate it, but a *departure* from tradition in the face of many women graduates, well qualified by degrees and success in teaching English, sociology or the sciences, and with executive ability, who could be appointed, Mount Holyoke trustees, without learning the preference of their faculty and graduates, have arbitrarily advanced a man to a leadership position always held by a woman. The chances for advances for associate professorships are few; a college president's salary with an endowment of $4,733,278

and a drive for more for its centenary in 1937, provides a fair salary for its president, no doubt.

Feminists of Holyoke are supposed to voice this opposition to a man—but though I am supposed to be a "feminist with a small 'f'," my ire rises at the injustice of this action closing a position to women created by and carried on by women leaders and their friends for one hundred years.

This *fraternal* leadership "push" is hard to understand. It is often manifested of late. A job with a good salary will not remain in woman's hands without a rising consciousness on our part that precedent must hold unless a tryout for a candidate has proved unsuccessful. What we have created and supported by our gifts and those of our friends is certainly *ours*. No college has a greater asset and support than a loyal alumnae body, and a split by the administration is painful and hard to patch up. Loyalty to historical precedents is a strong force, and we hate to see this crushed and resent the setback to the position of women such an episode starts.

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Free Swimming Lessons for Beginners!

● For the benefit of members who are not acquainted with our methods of instruction, January will be "Learn to Swim Month" in the Pool. *Any member* who does not know how to swim may make appointments for two private fifteen-minute lessons (during January) in elementary swimming. Admission fee only. These appointments may be made any time during the day or early evening.

Swimming Classes

A new series of swimming and diving classes for members and guests is planned to start the week of January 18th.

Beginning Intermediate. Tuesday, 11:00 a. m.

Intermediate, Thursday, 11:15 a.m.

Advanced, Monday, 11:15 a.m.

Please register in advance. Girls' classes can be started provided there are six applicants, on any afternoon after school or Saturday morning.

Class Fees

Class instruction for members, members' daughters	$1.50
Guests (adults)	3.00
Guests (children)	2.50

(Admission extra.)

Classes will meet two times; registrants may attend any six.

Appointments for private lessons are invited. Instruction ticket for members, $4; guests, $6. Admission extra.

Just Arrived New CRACKERS *for* COCKTAILS, LUNCHEONS *and* DINNERS
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Excellent materials carefully selected, modern equipment, proper ageing and painstaking supervision, make

Monterey Beer

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50% MORE COFFEE-ENJOYMENT ASSURED BECAUSE

. . . you secure the important advantages of Caswell home-delivery coffee-service! The Caswell Coffee Man delivers this fine blend fresh from the roasters to your home . . . in the exact, steel-cut, chaffless grind for most delicious results with your brewing process. It's the sure way to secure coffee at the peak of its rich, freshly-roasted flavor and aroma. Call your Caswell Coffee Man tomorrow. He will also bring you a FREE coffee-measure . . . showing the exact amount to use for each enchanting cupful!

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Call SUtter 6654
642 Harrison St.

OAKLAND:
Call HIgate 1017
1150 Twenty-Eighth Street

Geo. W. Caswell Co.

(Continued from page 11)

In similar measure, the two giant hangars, costing $400,000 each, will be used as exhibit palaces during the exposition, but will afterwards accommodate planes larger than any planned by the world's greatest airlines at this time. Five minutes away from the downtown districts of San Francisco and the Eastbay, even faster by tentative plans for connecting air ferries, this centralized air terminal will be without a peer in metropolitan world centers. It is a fitting climax for the more than $30,000,000 in civil and military aeronautical terminal projects now being planned for the San Francisco Bay area. And it is a dramatic epilogue to the presentation of a $40,000,000 world's fair, dedicated to the achievements and progress of "Transportation" in the Western world.

So will the traditional success of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition of 1915 assuredly be that of the next world's fair in San Francisco Bay. San Francisco and her neighboring cities of California will once again welcome the world to America's portals on the Pacific at the Golden Gate International Exposition in 1939!

The Streets of San Francisco

(Published in *Westward* and *American Poetry.*)

The streets of San Francisco
Go winding up and down
Through valleys narrow, close and deep,
By cobbled hills and brown.
The streets of San Francisco
That roam by field and mart,
The streets of San Francisco
Go winding through my heart.

There's one that climbs the surging heights
And drops down to the shore.
It nestles in the huddled sands
To hear the breakers roar.
There's one that skirts the craggy rocks
Far up above the foam,
And one that tops a gloomy rise,
Where black pines make their home.

The streets of San Francisco
Are drawing me away:
The little lanes, the stately roads
That couch beside the bay—
The streets of San Francisco,
Of cloud and sun a part—
The streets of San Francisco
Are graven on my heart.

— *Louise Doran Ross.*

ANOTHER REDUCTION IN ELECTRIC RATES EFFECTIVE IN FEBRUARY

Pacific Gas and Electric Company customers will be saved approximately $3,000,000 a year through lower charges for electricity. This is the third major rate reduction instituted by the company in only a little more than twelve months. Here is the record:

January 1, 1936—electric rate reduction, annual saving, $4,000,000

May 1, 1936—gas rate reduction, annual saving, $2,500,000

February 1, 1937—electric rate reduction, annual saving, $3,000,000

Total annual saving to customers from voluntary rate reductions since January 1, 1936:

$9,500,000

This Company's fixed policy provides for the HIGHEST STANDARD OF SERVICE at the LOWEST POSSIBLE COST TO OUR CUSTOMERS.

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WCM-1-37

San Francisco Museum of Art

—WAR MEMORIAL — CIVIC CENTER

SCHEDULE OF EXHIBITIONS

"America Today," 100 prints circulated by the American Artists' Congress. Through December 31.

Albert M. Bender collection of the San Francisco Museum of Art, including oils, watercolors, tempera, prints and sculpture. Through January 3 (continuing in part through January).

Chinese temple hangings and priest robes from the collection of Mr. William Edward Colby. Through January 10.

Annual exhibition of the California Society of Etchers. January 3-January 24.

Drawings, studies for sculpture, by Maude Phelps Hutchins. January 2-January 31.

Paintings by Dewey Albinson. January 10-January 31.

Paintings and prints by Paul Klee. January 12-February 7.

Landscape architecture, its contemporary expression and historical sources. February 5-March 22.

Genre paintings, circulated by the American Federation of Arts. February 8-February 25.

Annual graphic arts exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association. February 12-March 18.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MOTION PICTURE

Three series of memorable films from the Film Library in New York, to be presented weekly at the San Francisco Museum of Art. Admission by subscription only.

AMERICAN FILM SERIES
Membership $2.00

Three programs given on Monday nights, January 11, 18 and 25, and repeated on Tuesday nights, January 12, 19 and 26—at 8 p. m.:

Screen Personalities, January 11 and 12, 8 p. m.: "Monsieur Beaucaire," with Rudolph Valentino (1924). "Enoch Arden," with Wallace Reid and Lillian Gish (1915). "The May Irwin-John C. Rice Kiss" (1896).

The German Influence, January 18 and 19, 8 p. m.: "Sunrise," by F. W. Murnau (1927), sound. "Hands," by Stella Simon (1928), sound.

The Talkies, January 25 and 26, 8 p. m.: "All Quiet on the Western Front" (1930). "The Jazz Singer," two scenes (1927). George Bernard Shaw, Movietone Newsreel (1927). "Steamboat Willie," Walt Disney (1928).

GERMAN FILM SERIES
Membership $1.50

Three programs given on Monday nights, February 1, 8 and 15, and repeated on Tuesday nights, February 2, 9 and 16—at 8 p. m.:

Legend and Fantasy, February 1 and 2, 8 p. m.: "Primitive German Films by Skladanowsky" (1896). "Don Juan's Wedding," a comedy with Giampietro (1909). "Misunderstood," a melodrama with Henny Porten (1913). "The Golem," one scene (1920). "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," most famed foreign film (1919).

The Moving Camera, February 8 and 9, 8 p. m.: "The Last Laugh," with Emil Jannings (1924). "Hamlet" (by Holinshed), one scene, with Asta Nielson (1921).

Pabst and Realism, February 15 and 16, 8 p. m.: "The Love of Jeanne Ney," a powerful essay in realism (1927).

FRENCH FILM SERIES
Membership $1.00

Two programs given Wednesday and Monday nights, February 24 and March 1, and repeated on Tuesday nights, February 23 and March 2—at 8 p. m.:

From Lumiere to Rene Clair, February 24 and 23, 8 p. m.: Films by Louis Lumiere, the French pioneer (1895). "The Runaway Horse," an early "chase" film (1901). "Fantomas," a serial widely circulated in Europe (1914). "The Crazy Ray," Rene Clair's first film (1923).

The Advance Guard, March 1 and 2, 8 p. m.: "The Smiling Madame Beudet," a psychological study (1923). "Menilmontant," directed by Dmitri Kirsanov (1925). "Starfish," directed by Man Ray, eminent photographer (1928).

Membership for all eight programs: $4.00. Tickets now on sale at the information desk of the Museum. If ordering by mail, state if you wish Monday or Tuesday nights. Make checks payable to the San Francisco Museum of Art. Audience is limited to 250.

● Many will be interested in the Special Children's Hours at the Museum Saturday mornings from 10 to noon. This feature of the educational program, only recently begun, has already had immense success. No formal instruction is given, but the children are given materials and encouraged to express their thoughts freely on paper. The older students — those in their early teens — have been working on a mural project. Others have been busying themselves with linoleum blocks. The youngest are learning for the first time to handle with confidence the materials of art. Expert guidance is given. The children are acquainting themselves with the Museum and with the art in it on terms of pleasure and confidence and intimate understanding. They are delighted with their activities, and their pleasure surely will endure and increase into a lasting enjoyment of art.

Color and Composition at the Club

COLOR AND COMPOSITION

Conducted by WANA DERGE

WHAT THEY SAY:

"You can never know the avenues you have opened up for me."

"You cannot know how much pleasure and knowledge I am getting from your classes! Each one is a revelation."

"One of the most delightful experiences of my life."

●

For the Ninth Season we present:
Seven Lessons—$11.00
Tuesdays 1:00-4:00, beginning January 26.
Evenings 7:00-10:00, beginning January 26.
First meeting may be attended with $1.00 fee, which may be applied on course.

Visual proof of points in color, proportion, rhythm, balance, organization, distinction, in their application to home and commercial problems.

To be followed by and prerequisite to
Six Lessons in
FLOWER ARRANGEMENT

●

ALUMNAE EXHIBIT

January 19th—Auditorium, 11:00 a.m., 9:00 p.m. Talk at 2:00 p.m.

Pictures Painted with Flowers and Objects

Relief for Unhappy Feet

● Life begins at Forty, perhaps, but actual living begins when busy, active feet respond willingly, and without pain, to the many demands of modern business and social life.

Science attributes foot trouble to three major causes: postural deficiency, disalignment of foot bones due to structural weakness, and improper and incorrectly fitted shoes.

"There are many feet," says J. I. Southwick, who operates the Foot Relief Shoe Salon at 362 Geary Street, "that need far more attention than can be given them in regular shoe stores, and that fact has been discovered by thousands of women, who no longer risk precious foot comfort."

The Foot Relief Shoe Salon, in keeping with the modern trend of specialized foot-culture, features advanced methods of foot correction based on the research and practical application of scientific methods. In providing relief for sensitive, complaining feet, Dr. C. C. Curtis, Orthopedic-Endocrine Specialist, is in attendance to give a complete postural analysis and determine by other modern means the cause and most effective treatment in each case.

You are invited to get the folder, "Start Today on the Road to Foot Health," which tells how to overcome foot trouble by scientific treatments and special measure shoes.

To **WOMEN'S CITY CLUB** *Members*

● In wishing you a Happy New New Year, let us remind you that Life, during 1937, will have a richer, fuller meaning if you enjoy foot comfort.

Women who live actively, interestingly, appreciate the need for keeping their feet healthy and efficient.

That's why so many have turned to famous Marshalaise Special Measure Shoes . . . designed, made and fitted by specialists.

Our folder . . . "Start Today on the Road to Foot Comfort," points the scientific way to Foot Health.

J. I. SOUTHWICK

Foot Relief SHOE SALON

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(Continued from page 12)

them for years," said a Goliath type of man. I looked at him in astonishment, and with an innate regard for every hobby, listened to his experiences in this odd field of collecting. Here was a born naturalist. Though a giant in stature, his propensity lay in the most delicate handling. Each specimen, with practiced light touch of his great hands, he placed between sheets of glass. He sketched various web formations, and in that very short visit imparted to me the elemental basis which no doubt forms the rudiments of the lace industry, borrowed from nature.

In a ramshackle hutch-like house overlooking San Francisco Bay, I found the good humor and the unmistakable mark of a hobbyist who had been a former occupant. The sitting room of this riotous place was entirely papered in very old advertising mats. The whole effect had been treated to paint of an eggshell tint which in no way obscured the advertising copy. I could have spent hours scanning those clownish walls, which featured hour-glass corsets, mustache cups, truculent chorus girls. What a collector, that hobbyist who placed them there! Surely, his knowledge of rival theaters, shops and newspapers formed this colossus intentionally. His conspiracy, a final resting place of ancient advertising, a deliberate joke of setting rival material side by side where vigorous combat could ever continue.

There are many restless, uneasy people who, when faced with the suggestion of a hobby, declare, "I've no time, besides I don't possess a penchant of any kind."

That very person may admire someone for a particular faculty—a faculty which developed from a hobby.

The person who denies himself a hobby reminds me of what the poet wrote —of the lady who ignored a magnificent sunset, who was oblivious of sweet roses in her garden, but who centered all thought on pulling a weed. If we must stoop to pull a weed, let us concentrate on life—uproot tedium, fear, worry, discouragement. Cultivate a hobby.

In your post-holiday house cleaning, do not forget the Book Mart.

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Free your home of any household pests now—get rid of them during the winter before new lots are hatched.

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LOS GATOS, CALIFORNIA

Women's City Club Calendar, January 1937

Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool — Every Tuesday, 5:30 to 7:15 p. m. Every Friday, 5:30 to 9 p. m.
League Bridge — Every Tuesday — Card Room, 2 and 7 p. m.
January 6—Silver Jubilee Tea—San Francisco Symphony Orchestra
Honoring Pierre Monteaux and Mrs. Leonora Woods Armsby
January 6—Twelfth Night—Cricket on the Hearth
January 21—Drama Tea—Mrs. Carol Eberts Veazie
Play to be announced upon Mrs. Veazie's return from the East

JANUARY

1—Special New Year's Dinner—$1.00 a plate	*Main Dining Room*	5 to 8 p.m.
6—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m.
Round Table Discussion following.	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
Silver Jubilee Tea—San Francisco Symphony Orchestra	*American Room*	3:30 p.m.
Honoring Pierre Monteaux and Mrs. Leonora Woods Armsby.		
Twelfth Night—Cricket on the Hearth—Directed by Dorothea Johnston	*Main Dining Room*	6:30 p.m.
Tickets, including dinner, $1.50. Single tickets, 75 cents.	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m.
7—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m.
Subject: "Why Travel?" Speaker: Miss Evalyn K. Shipper.		
8—Book Review Luncheon—62 cents a plate	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
Mrs. Daisy Reed will review "The Brothers Ashkenazi," by I. J. Singer.		
11—Young Members' Luncheon	*Cafeteria*	12:15 p.m.
Annual Election — Board of Directors	*Clubhouse*	9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
13—Spanish Round Table—Señorita Angela Montiel presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
14—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m.
Subject: "Observations of the Spanish Revolution."		
Speaker: Capt. Harry S. Whitthorne, U. S. Army, Retired.		
15—Travel Round Table	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
Mrs. Katherine Ashe will speak on "Interesting Places and Personages of Europe."		
19—Garden Round Table—Speaker and subject to be announced later	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
Color Class Exhibition—Miss Wana Derge, Instructor	*Auditorium*	11 a.m. to 9 p.m.
Preliminary lecture; no fee.	*Auditorium*	2:00 p.m.
20—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Lounge*	11:00 a.m.
Round Table Discussion following.	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
21—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemair presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Drama Tea—Mrs. Carol Eberts Veazie. Play to be announced later	*American Room*	2:30 p.m.
Tickets, including tea, 75c.		
Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m.
Dance recital by pupils of Shoemaker Sisters Studio of Dancing.		
25—Luncheon — Past and Present Board of Directors	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:00 Noon
26—Book Review Dinner	*Natl. Def. Room*	6:15 p.m.
Mrs. Daisy Reed will review "The Brothers Ashkenazi," by I. J. Singer.		
Color and Composition Class—Wana Derge, Instructor	*Chinese Room*	1 to 4 p.m.
		7 to 10 p.m.
27—Spanish Round Table—Señorita Angela Montiel presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
28—Lecture — Mr. W. Arnold-Forster. Subject to be announced	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m.
Reserved seats, $1.00; student tickets, 25c.		
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Members' Tea — Third of winter series	*American Room*	3:30 p.m.

FEBRUARY

3—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m.
Round Table Discussion following.	*Natl. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
4—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program. To be announced later	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m.
8—Young Members' Luncheon	*Cafeteria*	12:15 p.m.

BOOK MART AND RAG FAIR

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

"AMERICA SPEAKS"

The American Institute of Public Opinion, conducted by George Gallup, whose nation-wide poll was alone in predicting a landslide for President Roosevelt, continues its fact-finding surveys in The News.

Each week the Institute questions thousands of average American voters on issues of importance and interest. The subjects are widely varied.

One survey might be on the question: "Do You Favor Another Prohibition for America?" The next might be: "Would you vote for a Woman Candidate for President?"

"America Speaks," therefore, becomes an interesting, educational instrument in reflecting the thoughts and opinions of our fellow citizens.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

February 1937

VOLUME XI » » NUMBER 1

PRICE 15 CENTS A COPY

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

465 POST STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

GARDEN NUMBER

Women's City Club Calendar, February 1937

Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool — Every Tuesday, 5:30 to 7:15 p. m. Every Friday, 5:30 to 9 p. m.
League Bridge — Every Tuesday — Card Room, 2 and 7 p. m.

"BOOK MART AND RAG FAIR" — February 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th.

FEBRUARY

3—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m.
Round Table Discussion following.	*Nat. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
4—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program:	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m.
Speaker: Miss Katherine M. Ball Subject: "The Lights and Shades of Travel"		
8—Young Members' Luncheon	*Cafeteria*	12:15 p.m
German Round Table — Amelia H. Newmark presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
9—Lenten Lecture (first in series)	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m
Speaker: Mrs. James Otis Lincoln Chairman: Mrs. W. B. Hamilton		
10—Spanish Round Table—Señorita Angela Montiel presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
11—Thursday Evening Program:	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m
Speaker: Dr. Elizabeth Moses—Curator of Art, De Young Memorial Museum Subject: "The European Influence on American Furniture"		
Membership Meeting	*Auditorium*	12:20 p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m
French Round Table — Madeleine de Surville Le Brun presiding	*Mural Room*	6:15 p.m.
12—Book Review Luncheon—62 cents a plate	*Nat. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
Honored Guest. Miss Hazel Zimmerman, author of the Book of Sonnets entitled "Green Grows the Laurel."		
15—German Round Table—Amelia H. Newmark presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
16—Garden Round Table	*Nat. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
Speaker: Miss Elsa Uppman—California School of Gardening—Stanford University. Subject: To be announced later.		
"Book Mart and Rag Fair"	*Auditorium*	11 a.m. to 9 p.m.
Lenten Lecture (second in series)	*Chinese Room*	11:00 a.m.
17—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Lounge*	11:00 a.m.
Round Table Discussion following.	*Nat. Def. Room*	12:15 p.m.
"Book Mart and Rag Fair"	*Auditorium*	11 a.m. to 9 p.m.
18—"Book Mart and Rag Fair"	*Auditorium*	11 a.m. to 9 p.m.
Drama Tea—Mrs. Carol Eberts Veazie. Play to be announced later	*American Room*	2:30 p.m.
Tickets including tea, $ .75.		
Thursday Evening Program:	*American Room*	8:00 p.m.
Speaker: Mr. W. F. Darke. Subject: The College Traditions and Customs of Oxford, With a Sketch of the English Educational System.		
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table — Madeleine de Surville Le Brun presiding	*Mural Room*	6:15 p.m.
19—Travel Round Table	*Nat. Def. Rm*	12:15 p.m.
Speaker: Dr. Eleanor Chambers. Subject: "Ireland."		
"Book Mart and Rag Fair"	*Auditorium*	11 a.m. to 9 p.m.
23—Washington's Birthday Bridge Party	*Auditorium*	7:30 p.m.
Lenten Lecture (third in series)	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m.
Book Review Dinner	*Nat. Def. Rm*	6:15 p.m.
Mrs. Daisy Reed will review "Two Worlds in Conflict—We or They," by Hamilton Fish Armstrong.		
24—Spanish Round Table—Señorita Angela Montiel presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
25—Thursday Evening Program	*American Room*	8:00 p.m.
Concert—Arranged by Miss Anne Grigsby.		
Member's Tea—Fourth in Winter Series	*American Room*	3:30 p.m.
French Round Table — Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table — Madeleine de Surville Le Brun presiding	*Mural Room*	6:15 p.m.

MARCH "ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING AND DINNER — MARCH 9th."

1—German Round Table — Amelia H. Newmark presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
2—Lenten Lecture (fourth in series)	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m.
3—Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00 a.m.
Round Table Discussion following.	*Nat. Def. Rm*	12:15 p.m.
4—French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15 p.m.
French Round Table — Madeleine de Surville Le Brun presiding	*Mural Room*	6:15 p.m.
Thursday Evening Program:	*Auditorium*	8:00 p.m.
Speaker: Mr. J. C. Best—With Motion Pictures of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge.		

Women's City Club Magazine

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

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Hosiery Style Section, Street Floor

Announcements

● It is not too early to mark on the calendar the date of the Annual Meeting—the evening of March 10th. Every member will find the resumé of the year's activities exceedingly interesting. It is the one opportunity for an accounting of stewardship.

● Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman of the Thursday Evening Program starts the Spring Season with the following interesting events:

February 4th: Miss Katherine M. Ball
"The Lights and Shades of Travel."
February 11th: Dr. Elisabeth Moses, Curator of Art, De Young Memorial Museum
"The European Influence on American Furniture."
February 18th: Mr. W. F. Darke,
"The College Traditions and Customs of Oxford with a Sketch of the English Educational System."
February 25th: Concert arranged by Miss Anne Grigsby.

● The membership will be delighted to know that Mrs. James Otis Lincoln has graciously offered to give our Lenten Lectures for us again this year. Her subject will be "Philosophy of Life" and the lectures will be held each Tuesday morning in the Auditorium starting on February 9th. There will be a small admission charge.

● The Book Review Luncheon on February 12 will have as honor guest Miss Hazel Zimmerman, Poetess. Selected verses from her recently published book of sonnets entitled "Green Grows the Laurel," will be read by Miss Margaret Zane. Mrs. Daisy Reed will preside. Miss Zimmerman has been widely acclaimed by literary critics.

● A German Round Table will be started on Monday, February 8th at the noon hour. Fraulein Amelia H. Newman presiding. We know there must be many in our membership anxious to improve their German conversation. This will be their opportunity and we hope the beginning of one of many groups which will work into our scheme of things during Exposition days.

● League Bridge will hold a Washington Birthday Party on Tuesday, February 23rd. Chairman to be announced later.

● The "Hollywood Dolls" which have been on display in one of the lobby entrance show cases are now being offered for sale by the Beauty Salon at $2.50 each.

● In order that the "Book Mart and Rag Fair" may be a financial success we need the cooperation of the membership, and ask that our members remember us in their after Christmas weeding out of books, bric-a-brac, etc. If members cannot deliver their things personally, please ring the executive office and we will have one of our Volunteers in the Motor Corps call. We can use and sell anything from short lengths of cretonne to those really small "white elephants" so much the vogue.

● Dr. Eleanor Chambers will be guest speaker at the Travel Round Table to be held at noon on Friday, February 19th. Dr. Chambers' subject is to be "Ireland," which is the land of her nativity, and her talk gives promise of many an interesting anecdote and side light on the true life of the Irish people.

● On February 16th, Miss Elsa Uppman, of the California School of Gardening, Stanford University, will speak at the Garden Round Table. Mrs. Edward Rainey, chairman. As the magazine goes to press, Miss Uppman has not as yet decided upon her subject, but this will later be announced on the Bulletin Board.

● "Member's Tea" which is the fourth of our Winter Series, will be held this month in the American Room on February 25th. We would like our members to keep the fourth Thursday of each month in mind as that is the day upon which the Executive Committee decided to hold a tea for the membership—a day on which members are cordially invited to come in to chat with the President and members of the Board of Directors.

● The employees of the Women's City Club of San Francisco were most happy with their bonuses which were distributed Christmas Eve. Their quiet and efficient service throughout the year is a factor in the reputation of the clubhouse. Our expression of appreciation to them, tangible at the holiday season, has received grateful thanks from them. They have asked that in this issue of the Magazine we express their thanks to those members of the club who this year contributed so generously to the Employees' Fund.

● On Wednesday, February 17th, Mrs. Carol Eberts Veazie will start a course of twelve lessons in the study of a Shakespearean comedy. This course will embrace the reading of lines, moods, characterization, and pace. Several scenes will be presented at the end of the course by the group. Twenty persons must sign up for this course before it can be started. Fee $10.

● The Beauty Salon announces a ten per cent reduction on all permanent waves for the month of February. Be sure to come in to talk with Mr. Weitz, our expert permanent wave operator, and let him tell you which type of wave your particular kind of hair should have.

● The Book Review Dinner—"Two Worlds in Conflict—We or They" by Hamilton Fish Armstrong. February 23rd, Tuesday. National Defenders' Room.

● Due to the insistence of our drama loving members, Mrs. Carol Eberts Veazie has agreed to carry on with a series of Drama Readings, the third reading to be held in the American Room on Thursday, February 18th at 2:30. Mrs. Veazie has not yet decided on the play that will be read, but we know that it will be something equally delightful with her first reading which was "Tonight at Eight-thirty" and her second "The Wingless Victory." Tickets including tea are $ .75. Watch the Bulletin Board for announcement of her play in February.

● We are now to have a French Round Table in the evening during the dinner hour. Mlle. Le Brun to preside. We hope this activity will be the nucleus of a group of business women who may be interested in brushing up on their French conversation. The first meeting is to be held on Thursday evening, February 11th. Be sure to attend. Members may bring interested friends.

● Club members who face the problem of securing a suitable child's menu will be happy with the announcement that a special Children's Luncheon will be served in the Cafeteria of the Clubhouse on Saturday of each week.

● Miss Katherine M. Ball, former art supervisor for the San Francisco School Department, will be the guest speaker Thursday evening, February 4. Miss Ball recently returned from an eight year tour of the world, during which she not only visited the famous art centers but lectured and conducted classes throughout the Orient. She also collected during her travels many rare specimens of ancient oriental art. The subject of her forthcoming lecture at the Women's City Club will be "The Lights and Shades of Travel."

● The special "Learn to Swim" offer for members will be continued for the month of February. Any member who does not know how to swim may make appointments for two free private lessons in elementary swimming. Admission fee only (30 cents including suit). These lessons may be taken day or early evening hours.

A Children's Play Hour will be under the supervision of the swimming instructors every Tuesday in February. Games and races will be organized for children who can swim in shallow or deep water. Child's admission for this hour 20 cents.

Important Dates

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BOOK MART *and* RAG FAIR

February 16, 17, 18, 19

▼

DRAMA READING

February 18

▼

GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE PARTY

February 23

▼

ANNUAL MEETING

March 9

▼

ADVERTISERS' SHOW

April 20, 21

Courtesy of The San Francisco Museum of Art

The President's Message

A garden number in February may sound fantastic—but to all gardeners in fact or fancy, no other moment of the year's swift cycle lends itself so well to a rehearsal of past accomplishments and planning of future glories. This applies equally to the seed catalogue addict and to a real dirt gardener, for the lure is ever the same and the qualities of solicitude, patience and perserverance so characteristic of the true gardener apply to all of life's avocations. ℭ Within the domain of our Club this metaphor applies with equal felicity and as we review the many activities of our Volunteer program we realize what possibilities we, as good gardeners, have in tending the ideals of the National League for Woman's Service.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

BOOK MART *and* RAG FAIR

A bit of Paris brought to our door

BOOKS OTHERS HAVE LOVED — BOOKS YOU WILL LOVE
WHITE ELEPHANTS TO OTHERS—RARE BARGAINS TO YOU

February 16, 17, 18, 19

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday . . . 11 a.m. to 9 p.m.

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AUTHORS TEA

Tuesday, February 16

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COMMITTEE

Miss Elisa May Willard . . . . . Honorary Chairman

Mrs. John P. Coglan, Miss Marion Burr, Chairmen

Mrs. Harry Allen
Miss Lucy Allyne
Mrs. Jessie D. Ashley
Miss Ruth Gedney
Miss Frances Grant
Mrs. Josephine Martin
Miss Jean McIntosh
Mrs. Daisy F. Reed
Mrs. Bertha Walters
Mrs. Douglas Watson
Miss Georgea Wiseman
Miss Ethel Young

■

COMING

ANNUAL MEETING MARCH 10
ADVERTISERS' SHOW . . . APRIL 20-21

Editorial

● "I've gone home each night, taken a good book before the fire, and there I have stayed!" The cold days of January have made us all the more conscious of the joys of reading. How wonderful it is that the cold spell came so early, for now the Book Mart in February gives us golden opportunity to pass on the books which have served their purpose for us and which will bring joy to a fellow member who comes to the Mart to find just what she has been looking for and for just the price she can afford to pay. Old-and-rare will sit side by side with new-and-popular editions in the quaint stalls we have seen each year in our Auditorium.

At the Book Mart and Rag Fair annually, collectors browse happily, finding delightful surprises as they go. There is atmosphere in the room, the kind of "feel" a book lover appreciates.

And over in the corner, the bargain hunters, the audience who love an auction, the young and old who never tire in their search for second-hand treasures, pull at cretonnes and handle brass and pewter to their hearts' content.

At last the tea hour, and the tables with their quaint set-up filled with visitors who by now are glad to rest from their eager search for the right book, and to sip the delicious tea served by our volunteers; the odor of the crispy French bread and Camembert cheese. The Women's City Club will again make into history a delightful occasion. February is the date of all this, and not one single member can afford to miss being there.

● Mistakes do occur, but they are none the less unfortunate. Louise Shoup was the author of the letter from Ginling College which was printed in the January issue of the Magazine. It was not her request that we give her a nom-de-plume. We apologize for the mistake and hope the correction we now make will in some small way make amends for our carelessness.

● Sunny California is still sunny, but it is not warmly sunny. Clear cold days which have exhilarated have been devastating days for the gardens we love. It is a new experience for us to think of frost and protection and the things which our Eastern friends take for granted as part of a winter experience. It is therefore a particularly appropriate moment for us to bring forth in the Garden Number of the Women's City Club Magazine a story which tells how the Northern California Horticultural Society sprang into life and bolstered up the courage of the unprofessional gardener who might otherwise have wilted before the discouragement of just such another hard winter as we are now experiencing. It was in 1932 that this splendid group, gallantly fired by the enthusiasm of the pioneers, among them two of our own members, brought encouragement out of discouragement. Spurred by their enthusiasm we put on our gloves and sally forth, knowing that Spring is "just around the corner."

● The list of Board Members changes with Volume XI of the Magazine. We gladly welcome the new names which carry with them representation from other communities and varied interests. The leadership of the National League for Woman's Service has been particularly fortunate as succeeding Nominating Committees and the Electorate have balances the representation. The present Board is no exception to the rule. We welcome the new Directors and promise to them our continuing loyalty.

● AN APPRECIATION

Women's City Club,

Will it be possible for me to get ten — or less if necessary — copies of the last number of the magazine (New Year number)? I wish to send away — particularly for the article on Exposition — but also because it is such a very good number. Congratulations to the Editors and Happy New Year to the Club and its managers.

Sincerely, H. C. D.

LAST MINUTE NEWS

as we go to press

SPECIAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING

Thursday — February 11th

Promptly at 12:20 O'clock — Auditorium

Members are reminded to bring their Membership Cards

Shadows on the Mediterranean

By Mrs. William Palmer Lucas

● It is January 10th and an international broadcast from London by Alistair Cooke tells us that German troops are to land in Morocco, that the French Government will resist such a step, that the British Navy will surround Spain in an effort to prevent the giving of assistance by outside powers to either side in the Spanish conflict. No one can predict what the status quo will be when this magazine is in print. All we can do is to study the background of events, to realize the rapid changes taking place and to attempt to hold to constructive foreign policies.

Again as in 1914, "that great question mark" which is *Africa* lies at the feet of Europe, still a problem *unsolved*—its relation to European powers full of dynamite for all. For sixty years, Africa was the colonial grab-bag of the world. Any power with any strength at all could contend for some territorial or economic or political advantage in Africa. We can look back now and see so clearly the implications of that sharp trade war of forty years in which European powers struggled for control of the African continent. We can trace the lines easily—behind all sorts of subterfuges, diplomatic phrases and the like, the long struggle for territory, empire, raw materials, trade shipping, prestige, power in that rich continent, landed the world in a four years' war for which no one has paid but the ten million dead youths, and the greatest of the spoils of that war is still *Africa!*

We forgot it for awhile in the effort to reorganize the world. We forgot the fiddling of France, Britain, Spain and Germany over Morocco. We forgot the bargain which gave France a free hand in Morocco and Great Britain in Egypt in 1904. We forgot the importance to Germany of her African colonies. We thought peace could be achieved *without* paying the *economic price*. Today Italy, Germany and Spain are closing in upon Great Britain's supremacy in the Mediterranean. It is a favorite pastime of political commentators to jump upon British foreign policy as fumbling, mumbling stupidity. I suppose an empire that attained such size and power by such "stupidity" must expect such criticism! However, with all the blunders, we find steady improvement and we find Great Britain making definite suggestions that point to a new international attitude toward Africa. In 1935 at the assembly meeting of the League of Nations at Geneva, Great Britain spoke out and said that she was prepared to confer with other nations on a plan for wider and freer distribution of the raw materials of the world—more than that she gave as her reason the fact that she considered such a step necessary for the peace of the world. Nothing happened, and we saw Italy move into Africa in another war for empire which meant for raw materials. Nothing happened because Great Britain's discriminatory trade agreements were more powerful than her words.

Africa is the greatest, richest source of raw materials in the world and it is entirely possessed or dominated by European powers and it offers as such, the best experiment stations for *international* agreements upon the distribution of raw materials. We have seen, we of this generation, the greatest war in history fought and *lost*, as a result of the colonial exploitation of the African Continent in the struggle to get raw materials. Germany today is asking, is demanding the return of her African Colonies. The case for Germany is given by Hjalmar Schacht, Minister of Economics of Germany and President of the Reichbank in the Foreign Affairs Quarterly for January 1937. Herr Schacht makes a powerful plea for the return of German Colonies. He gives as his basic reason, the fact that the future of European peace depends upon Germany's *economic* life and that "the German Colonial problem is not a problem of imperialism" or of prestige but one of extreme economic necessity. He reminds us that it was not the German government that brought the colored peoples into the world war, that Germany on August 23, 1914, suggested to her opponents that the colonies be left out of the war. It is of course a matter of history now that England and France did put many thousands of colored colonial troops into their fighting forces.

We remember now the first dismay at this latter procedure—What the effect would be upon the colored races—These years since the end of the war have seen the growing unrest and suspicion of the colored races. Last year General Smuts was one of the first to warn the

Italian government what the Italio-Ethiopian war might do to Africa as a whole, "that the war threatened to quicken in the peoples of Africa an ominous sense of their oneness against the white man." Among the shadows on the Mediterranean today is the shadow of the African and if Europe were not half mad with economic and political fears she would try to understand that slowly increasing shadow before it is too late. This old talk of colonial exploitations for economic needs is falling upon a different Africa than the Africa of sixty years ago.

At the Versailles Conference, the questions of the future status of German Colonies brought from President Wilson the entirely new conception of trusteeship. Equitable claims of the Powers involved were given great consideration but the interests of the populations involved were of far greater importance for the peace of the world. It is well to go back to the actual words. "What are the interests of the populations? That they should not be militarized, that exploitation should be conducted on the principle of the open door, and under strictest regulations as to labor conditions, profits, taxes, that a sanitary regime be maintained, that native organization and custom be respected, etc. . . . It would seem as if the principle involved in this proposition is that a *colonial power* acts not as owner of its colonies but as trustee for the natives and for the interests of the society of nations, that the terms on which the colonial administration is conducted are a matter of international concern and may legitimately be the subject of international inquiry and that the peace conference may therefore write a code of colonial conduct binding upon all colonial powers."

The African has gained much from the mechanism of the white man but he has had an almost overwhelming amount of cruelty, injustice, economic hardness, and gross selfishness to bear from the white man and as the African travels, the drastic criticisms the African has to make of the white man's civilization and rule, swell into ever growing volume and strength—Again Spain's fascist forces under Franco have drawn colonial native troops into a white man's conflict—Again the African sees himself a mere military tool of the white man—he has been an economic tool for a generation—Inter-racial conflicts grow—France and Britain have pursued different colonial methods—generally speaking the French have made their colonists integral parts of France. Britain has ruled *through* the colonists, usually setting up parallel administrative systems native and British.—Belgium has striven hard to wipe out the blackest of stories, their early handling of the Congo. Young Leopold the III has appointed a new, young governor general of the Congo, a soldier-statesman with real vision if one can judge from an early message from him. M. Pierre Ryckmans said, "To rule to serve: this is the only excuse for colonial conquest and it is also its full justification. To serve Africa means to civilize her—not only to create new needs and provide the means of satisfying them, not only to develop the colony, not only to enrich it but to make the people better, happier, more manly—To be able to serve one must know—To be willing to serve one must love—and it is in learning to know the natives that one learns to love them." Splendid words but behind them stands a government's international trade agreements. Are they discriminatory as Britain's have always been? Would there be this "alibi" of *raw materials* if nations cut out the discrimination clause found in all trade agreement? Is the search or demand for fair and equitable distribution of the world's raw materials an honest one, in the face of international trade agreements filled with unfair discrimination? The shadows on the Mediterranean lengthen and deepen and the relation of colonial policies and trade agreements to those shadows is perhaps the greatest economic reality of the European struggle.

Such a struggle as we are witnessing is not alone a struggle between fascism and communism—That is, I believe, just a drop curtain for the struggle of rival economic nationalisms and the rearmament race between the great Powers themselves for colonies, markets and monopoly. The responsibility for war still rests upon the shoulders of Sovereign Nations who have not yet paid the *economic* price of Peace. The Russia Soviet Union is a direct result of the horrible world war, a war brought by the same blindness to the economic price of peace that is being shown today by European Powers. War, such wars, give the irresistible opportunity for communism and fascism. As we read the press today we hear nothing of the United States coming into the European struggle again but only the hope that we will remain sane in the midst of madness. The *one* constructive effort we could make toward World Peace we made at Buenos Aires—We stood for *commercial* peace through international trade agreements which are not discriminatory, and we stood for that in a group of South American Republics who have discriminatory trade agreements with most of the European Powers!

Our neutrality demands an *economic price* of us. We can pay it and keep out of war. But it is a big "if" in the intenseness of the economic nationalism of today. It is true that the world has achieved since 1914 a greater international economic consciousness but that is a long way from a sense of *social* interdependence—World products are familiar to us all but if one reads widely discussions of such products the very language used shows how far we are from a common society. "Native labor," "foreigners," "alien problems" are phrases which show us that as yet we have not achieved a world community—and to read the press items of the present Mediterranean crisis one realizes that the deepest shadows are those of economic nationalism and its twin brother social isolationism.

The California Horticultural Society

By Victor Reiter, Jr.

The Nebula

● Like so many other worthwhile enterprises, the California Horticultural Society is traceable directly to adversity, in this case the Big Freeze of December, 1932. The unprecedented icy blasts from out of the Arctic swept over Northern California leaving its gardens ravaged and its gardeners broken hearted.

There were at that time many keen plantsmen in the Bay Region who, because of the advanced or specialized character of their hobby, had never found a garden organization capable of holding their allegiance. They contended that the serious study of plants and scientific horticulture were incompatible with club politics and elementary gardening principles. Most of the clan was mutually acquainted but they had made no effort to share their experience through the convenience of an organization.

Probably no group suffered the marrowing chill of that cold December more keenly than these enthusiasts. To them it not only meant the disfigurement of their gardens but in many cases the irreparable loss of historical specimens and rare new collections of untried plant materials.

The Idea

Credit goes to James West as the first to conquer his gardening melancholia and to look to the horticultural future. He felt that these plants should not have died in vain and with characteristic conscientiousness set out to record the results of that icy holocaust. In cooperation with Mrs. Cabot Brown and Mrs. Helen Van Pelt, he undertook to arouse the gardening gentry out of its dejection sufficiently to attend "A Symposium on the Frost." Mrs. Brown graciously offered the facilities of her home in San Francisco and the grape-vine telegraph flashed the news around the bay that a frost meeting would be held in January.

The Big Freeze drove the dirt-gardeners out of their burrows most successfully. Seventy persons responded to the call and not only was the attendance gratifying but it also represented the important horticultural personalities of the region.

The spontaneous spirit of that first gathering was unquenchable. A thorough analysis into the hardiness of affected plants and the regional intensity of the cold was completed but the pressure of enthusiasm carried the gathering on into the small hours. Its work done, the group refused to disband and it was finally decided to hold further meetings. From these subsequent gatherings the C. H. S. evolved.

The Plant Materialists Are Born

On May 11, 1933, the second meeting, a dinner, was held at the Il Trovatore, on Montgomery Street. The decidedly Bohemian atmosphere included the caterwaulings of other guests and the competition of heavy crockery. The management, realizing our dilemma, supplied an empty upstairs room into which we were able to squeeze part of our membership and from whose door casement the gathering was addressed. Here, the decision to perpetuate the group was definitely determined and thereafter we marched forward under a strange title, The Plant Materialists.

The Plant Materialists Organize

No definite organization had been contemplated and the Materialists apparently hoped to operate as an ideal anarchistic body, a group with infinite spirit, no objectives and with a very nebulous outlook. The third meeting, however, proved the turning point. After a botanical tour of Golden Gate Park, conducted by Mr. Eric Walther, dinner at the Koffee Kup and an evening meeting with Miss Alice Eastwood, in the Herbarium of the California Academy of Sciences, an entry in the minutes of The Plant Materialists shows the election of an "Informal" Board of Directors. Thanks to the vision of this first Board the present Society was conceived.

Enthusiasm Gives Way to Purpose

The fourth meeting was again held at Il Trovatore but somehow the Bohemian spirit was waning, the Big Freeze was passing into history and our meeting place was losing its glamour. In short, The Plant Materialists were getting cold on our hands. The time had arrived when the group must either have a purpose or accept the shroud.

Thanks to Sydney B. Mitchell's leadership, the place of meeting was shifted to a downtown hotel where conditions were more suitable and our speakers had less

extraneous competition. After holding two reasonably successful meetings here the Society migrated to its present location, the Women's City Club, where it now holds its ten annual dinners.

Here in your club the Society has found a quiet haven for its meetings and a pleasant environment. The willing cooperation of your staff has done much to make us feel at home and although we may grumble at times I think we like each other. Even at his own table, the Gargantuan appetite of a Plant Materialist is hard to satiate and taxes the larder. If this gluttonous creature, so seldom encountered in a woman's city club, seems non-fillable, blame his voracity on the stubborn earth in which he digs. You are really very nice.

While the membership was being accommodated more satisfactorily the Board of Directors drew up a constitution, changed the name of the group to The California Horticultural Society and imbued the entire movement with a purpose. The re-organized leadership, now called the Officers and Council, was looking forward to filling the need in Central California for an authoritative serious minded horticultural group. Mr. Mitchell and several members of the Council who were aware of the splendid work done by the Royal Horticultural Society of London felt that it might not be amiss to pattern some of the features of our fledgling after that great organization whose objective is the advancement of horticulture in all its branches.

The Meetings

From its very inception the Society held to certain fundamental principles in conducting its meetings:

The Council has never bored its membership with futile discussions on policy and organization. Budgets, constitutions, by-laws and the rest of this time-consuming impedimenta were relegated to the Council leaving the general meetings entirely free for horticultural discussion.

The study of plants, particularly new items, and their application to garden ornamentation has always been the important feature of the meetings. Specimens of new plants brought by members are discussed in a most informal manner and it is no uncommon occurence to have a speaker brandishing a specimen while answering questions posed by other members. The Council feels that this spirit of instructive informality is our most precious heritage from The Plant Materialists and we all hope that the C. H. S. will continue to attract the superior type of well informed membership that makes these discussions practicable.

We are all emphatically opposed to the reading of elementary cribbed papers and, although organized talks and special features have been included to augment the general discussions there is no intention of allowing the collective membership to submerge its own important contributions.

With the continued increase in membership the problem of planning and arranging meetings became increasingly involved and Mr. Robert E. Saxe was persuaded to organize and take over the chairmanship of a Program Committee. Mr. Victor Reiter, Jr. accepted the task of creating a Plant Material Board to give the informal "Plant Materialist" phase more effectiveness.

Thanks to Mr. Saxe's efforts the meetings were smoothed out, programs were mapped, interesting speakers were contacted and the general routine was given a consistent policy whose success is evidenced by the ever increasing attendance.

In order to retain the spontaneity of the Plant Materialists, the meetings were divided into two parts, first the more formal discussions which are conducted during the earlier part of the evening and second the informal plant material period when the seasonal flowers brought to the meetings are discussed.

The organization of this second period proved a delicate task. The problem was to conduct the study of the heterogenous mass of plant material brought by members in such a way that informality would be retained while expanding the usefulness of the period.

To expedite matters a Plant Material Board consisting of willing and capable members was created 1) to handle the material with dispatch and efficiency, 2) to keep the discussion on a high level by discussing the facts disclosed authoritatively and 3) to serve members before and after meetings in answering the simple problems not important enough for general discussion. It seems to work.

Dr. Emmet Rixford, who represents 99.44% of the Record Committee is keeping a card index of all the newer plants brought before the membership. In future years this record will be invaluable in setting the date of plant introductions.

The basic policies upon which the Council has insisted in developing our general meetings combined with the untiring effort of the Program Committee in evolving a routine consistent with these policies and the efficient methods of handling informal discussion applied by the members of the Plant Material Board have all contributed to the development of our unique type of meetings. Admittedly still far from the ideals we have set, the society has traveled a long way since the door casement at Il Trovatore.

The Flower Show

The Society is opposed in principle to undertaking flower shows but we were practically driven to participating in the 1936 Oakland Spring Garden Show. Many of our leading members had decried the common practice in shows of stressing flowers with which everyone is acquainted and failing to bring the newer and more interesting plant material to the *(Continued on page 28*

The Art of Gardens

● The love of flowers and plants is so ancient and deep-rooted a feeling that it is impossible to guess when it first arose. Disciplined by the decorative and deliberate arrangement of growing things in gardens it was a part of civilized life from the earliest times. Indeed, it would not be an exaggeration to say that gardens are a sign of civilization. Are they not an aspect of man's power to use the forces of nature for his well being and pleasure. and is not this power the very root of civilized living?

Gardens were known to Babylon and Egypt. The delight men took in them is recorded in documents of the time, and in the rare reliefs and paintings of that distant past frequent representations of gardens appear. The Greeks and Romans appreciated the art of disposing plants in an orderly way to heighten the effect of their individual beauties. The Romans especially liked to make the garden a part of their daily lives and at the height of the Empire's power every house of any size had an enclosed court where ivy and flowers grew around a fountain. The reconstruction of Pompeii has allowed us to learn very exactly the plants that were usual in these enclosed gardens, which were often exceedingly elaborate and decorated profusely with sculpture.

In the Orient too, the love of nature prompted the development of gardens. In Persia and India flowers were valued and cultivated, and in China at a very early period gardens were developed as a means of bringing the beauties of nature the Chinese so greatly admired into close contact with man. From China, the art went to Japan, and, later, influences from both countries were carried to Europe and eventually America.

The history of gardens in modern Europe goes back to the Medieval period. After the destruction of Rome gardens appeared in the occasional intervals of peace in various parts of the continent. For example, Charlemagne has left references to his gardens, but until late Gothic times we find no very good descriptions or pictures. In that period, however, the age of the great Cathedrals and the beginning of a more stable and more peaceful society. gardens are very frequently depicted in the illustrations of manuscripts. We can know from their brilliantly colored pages the castle and monastery gardens of that day almost as well as our own. In them we become familiar with the grassy banks on which lords and ladies of the time delighted to sit and chat, with the raised small square beds of herbs and flowers among which they strolled. Castles were built for defense and there was little space within for gardens. A few raised beds in the court yard did not suffice the ardent flower lovers of the period, and soon more extensive gardens surrounded with picket or wattle fences, enclosing fountains and with grassy plots as well as flower beds were established outside walls and moat for the enjoyment of peaceful days. A symetrical or fanciful arrangement of beds and paths. a fountain from which the garden radiated, established a well conceived plan or design within which the various garden elements were fitted to produce an effect of agreeable unity in the whole, as well as the pleasure of the beauty of detail.

The early recognition of the importance of design in gardens in order to make most effective use of plant materials as well as to regulate and rule the impulses of nature and make them more useful to human living, was to develop during the succeeding centuries in Europe to a high degree of perfection. By the sixteenth century great gardens had been laid out in Italy, planned as a setting and part of the architectural scheme of the house. with terraces and fountains, elaborate flower beds and distant vistas.

From Italy the idea of the formal garden spread to France where it was to reach its most elaborate expression in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. This is the period of Versailles and Vaux-le-Vicomte and many

more equally splendid gardens. In this period garden designing, that is to say the planning of every detail of the garden in view of the total effect, prevailed. Not only was the garden conceived as a setting for the house but from the house as a center the garden was developed on all sides to give innumerable and splendid views. This is the time of the elaborately patterned flower beds which we still consider typically French. Low clipped box outlined intricate scrolls sometimes filled with blooming flowers, but more often, with colored pebbles or sand which would give color to the garden even when no flowers were blooming. Levels and divisions of the garden were well marked by such architectural devices as walls and terraces, or rows of statues. Lavish use was made of flowing and spouting water as well as of vast reflecting basins. The point of view in vast gardens was controlled by carefully planned alleys between great trees which invariably converged on a fountain, or led to some hidden grotto or garden such as one discovers in the forest at Versailles. These surprises supplied the romantic element in these gardens otherwise so rigidly supervised, but were in their careful calculation another evidence of man's supremacy over nature, so greatly prized in this period of French history.

The beauties of the formal garden spread from France to all parts of Europe, and for centuries the garden in which the plan of the landscape architect was emphasized prevailed. It is not surprising however, that there was a reaction against so rigid a formula in spite of its beauty and orderliness. The romantic spirit of the end of the eighteenth century turned to a type of garden in which nature appeared to dominate. The so-called English garden of rolling meadows, picturesquely arranged clumps of trees apparently placed at hazard in the landscape, and ruins overgrown with ivy replaced even in France the older type. The landscape architect continued to develop his art,for it was even more an art to place the apparently haphazard beauties of a perfect landscape than to lay out the geometrical patterns of the stylized gardens. During the nineteenth century and down to our own time the two types have flourished side by side. Their common problem of adapting nature to the use and pleasure of man allows wide latitude of adjustment to particular needs, particular ways of living. The insistence on planning for these needs is brought out by both.

Today garden design is still an important art. Never was careful planning more necessary, for a changed way of life has brought new demands. A new architecture, functional, austere and expressed in new materials stresses the need for gardens that may be in harmony by their simplicity, their brilliant use of the greatly enriched plant materials at our command today and by their perfect adaption to the life we lead. Landscape architects have responded by devising gardens which are an extension of the house, with equal attention given to usefulness. The new garden is beautiful by the clear logic of its planning for the site and for the lives of those it serves, as well as by the harmonious relation to the home for which it is a setting.

● To every one in California who has a bit of land gardening is an intimate experience. For this reason it is especially appropriate that the first exhibition of the art of gardens should be given in San Francisco. This exhibition which will be held at the San Francisco Museum of Art in the Civic Center (open free from 12 noon till ten in the evening on weekdays) from February 12 through March 22, illustrates in models and pictures not only what is sound and new in garden design, but the long history of gardening in all the countries of the world from ancient times to our own period. For example, the medieval period will be illustrated by a famous Gothic tapestry heavy with gold depicting Christ in the Garden—not a garden of Palestine of course, but the garden the weaver knew, with its wattle-fences and grassy banks. This priceless textile will be flanked by two exquisite models depicting respectively a castle garden of the Middle Ages and a monastery garden of the period, complete to the vivacious little figures that would have frequented them. Illuminations and other illustrations of gardens of the time complete the record of this period in which gardening in Europe was beginning to flourish again after the destruction of Rome and the dark and troubled centuries that followed.

Similarly Japan and China, Persia and Egypt, France and England, Spain and Rome have their models and illustrative material so that the important tendencies in garden design may be seen and traced, down through our own Colonial and 18th century gardens to those of today.

A large section of the exhibition will be given to the modern garden—the garden that is as useful and practical as it is beautiful considered from the point of view of our living needs today. The leading landscape architects of the East as well as those of California are represented in numerous models, renderings and plans. As a contribution to knowledge it is this part of the exhibition which is of the greatest significance for it will serve to review the problems of contemporary garden design and suggest solutions. It is significant that most of the gardens in this section represent rather small areas, or they are pent-house and apartment house gardens, not vast estates. No one who has a garden, or some day plans to have one, should miss this exhibition. It is the first of its kind and it may well have a great influence on garden designing not only in California, but throughout the country. It may also contain the answer to some of the small and intimate problems of garden planning that have worried you. As a permanent record of the exhibition an illustrated catalogue is being published. It will contain articles by such outstanding authorities in the field as Fletcher Steele, Richardson Wright and Russell Hitchcock, Jr.

Report of the Committee on Indian Arts and Crafts

(In Part)

By Leslie Van Ness Denman

● Products which may be classified as Indian arts and crafts are found in a great variety of forms, in various stages of preservation or development, among many Indian groups.

No really complete or accurate inventory of such products has been made, nor has this Committee been able to make one.

For the purpose of this study, however, the following are being used as examples:

1. Navajo rugs.
2. Pueblo pottery.
3. Pima and Apache basketry—herein may be included California basketry.
4. Navajo (and other) silverwork and jewelry.
5. Leather and bead work of Northern tribes.
6. Pueblo paintings.

It is recognized that there are many other products of value or importance to various Indian groups, which should be included in any plan for the development of Indian arts and crafts.

But the products listed here undoubtedly represent those making up the largest existing volume of production; represent the highest type of such production; are produced under representative conditions; and find their market in representative ways. They are, therefore, the ones to which the Committee has devoted most of its consideration, and from their study the conclusions herewith have been drawn.

THE PROBLEM STATED

The Committee recognizes three aspects of the problem relating to these products. These are:

1. These products as a part of Indian culture as a whole; inextricably related to Indian religion, ways of life, and self expression.

2. These products as art, and as part of the art heritage of the American people as well as of the Indian.

3. These products as a present and potential source of income to the Indian and to various trade factors; therefore, as an element in the economy of the tribes and of other population groups.

While the Committee recognizes and has given consideration to all three aspects, it seems clear that in the economic one lies the real heart of the problem.

As mediums of self expression these products are intimately related to the Indian's inner life, and have been shown by experience to have a direct bearing on tribal solidarity and self respect.

But the dominance of the problem of getting a living, here as elsewhere, tends to submerge all other motives. Many of the Indian groups which are still large producers of craft products have an economy rooted in the land, under which they supply for themselves all their basic subsistence needs. But increasingly these Indians tend to acquire wants which only a cash income will supply; and this develops a tendency to seek this cash income away from the land which is now their economic stronghold. Therefore the Indian's arts and crafts, as a source of cash income which may be developed in connection with his basic land economy, become increasingly important. Unless these products will sell they will cease to be produced, except perhaps for lingering ceremonial usage.The Indian craftsman may be an artist, conscious or unconscious, but he shows great willingness to adapt to the market. This is illustrated by the history of the Navajo rugs, which were developed from the Indian's weaving of blankets for himself.

Hence the very preservation of these products as expressions of Indian life, or as art, depends upon the market and upon bringing an attrative return to the maker. The Committee, therefore, states the problem in these terms: How can the economic welfare of the Indians be advanced by the Government, in cooperation with the Indians, through arts and crafts, without loss to the vitality of Indian art, and without damage to the integrity of Indian life?

THE CONDITIONS OF PRODUCTION

The production of these articles is almost entirely a spare time operation, carried on in the home, by individual workers or families. Only rarely is this work the chief economic reliance of the producer.

The methods of production are chiefly handcraft. Any tools or appliances used are of the simplest and most primitive kinds, and are usually less efficient than equipment used by non-handcraft producers. Thus, the Navajo vertical loom is less productive equipment than the Mexican horizontal loom, and the Pueblo pottery worker has never learned the use of firing kilns. There seems to be little or no conscious effort on the part of the producer to seek improved materials, appliances or techniques. Wherever such a tendency appears there are often influences which tend to discourage it, and to confine production to the traditional techniques, methods and equipment; from which in part, however, is derived the unique character and the present salability of the Indian products.

Being a home industry, the workers are sometimes found in groups, as in the Pueblos, sometimes scattered over a considerable area, as among the Navajos. The locations are often remote and difficult to reach.

In some cases the talent for production, or the skill necessary for it, is widespread among the group; sometimes it is confined to relatively few individuals. In either case, considerable degrees of variation in skill and talent are found.

As a whole dealers and traders are the strongest influence affecting the kind and quality of production. What they are willing to buy very largely determines what will be produced. There are notable cases where such a dealer or trader has raised the whole quality of production in a given area by insistence on high standards.

The whole process is one of thousands of small transactions, adaptions and bargainings between individual producers, dealers and consumers.

All Indian arts and crafts may be viewed as falling into one or all of three classifications, namely:

1. Works or objects of art.
2. Articles of utility.
3. Souvenirs or mementos of travel.

Pueblo paintings, for example, might be classified as purely works of art. A Navajo saddle blanket is primarily an article of utility. Many small pieces of pottery such as animal figurines, are definitely in the souvenir class.

Viewed purely as works or objects of art the better grades and examples of Indian products make a strong appeal to some groups. Students of art and handcraft are usually captured by the characteristic Indian forms, color and design upon first acquaintance with them. Others develop a growing appreciation of them, particularly as they come into contact with, and acquire insight into, the whole complex of Indian culture.

Those who have or acquire this interest in Indian products primarily as art, form a limited group of some importance through their high purchasing power and willingness to pay a high price for an individual object. Principally, however, it appears that contact with Indian life has been the root of most of the interest in Indian art, and that this develops out of travel in the Indian country. It may well be possible to develop this special market by other means.

It is therefore only when we come to Indian products as objects of art, souvenirs or mementos of travel, or as handcraft products, that we find claim to a market of any size. It is a characteristic of such markets the world over that utility and price values tend to be lost sight of by the buyer, and that art, novelty and local color values tend to dominate. In a field where such values are the determining factors in the sale, Indian products, as now made, have a natural claim. It is therefore such a market that Indian products as a whole have found, through the natural processes of trade. The purely art value and the utility value of Indian products do enter, in some degree, into nearly every sale. But the souvenir value—the purpose to own or to give a memento of a visit to the Indian country, plus the fact that they are handcrafts, appear to be the determining elements in the great bulk of purchases.

But in relation to all the above it should be remembered that these products as now made are only indirectly competitive in the national market. They do not compete with identical products, but generally with articles of an unlike character. Therefore, though the price element is of some importance the competition lies principally in the realm of taste.

THE NEEDS OF THE PRESENT MARKET

What would benefit the present market more than anything else would be improvements in production of the present types of goods. The work of the Indian Arts Fund and of the National Association on Indian Affairs has demonstrated that, within the present market, greater salability is achieved, with a better return to the craftsman, when the art and technical standards of the product are raised.

Such work involves no conflict with traditional Indian ways of working; in fact, it implies an adherence to tradition, but to the best in that tradition even when applied to new forms.

Such work involves education of the craftsmen in both the art standards and technical processes of his craft. It involves also dealing with the larger related problems which may affect the quality of production, such as that represented by the changing breeds of Navajo sheep, and therefore of wool available for Navajo rugs.

Such work also involves the dissemination of information to overcome preconceived ideas of Indian crafts. For instance, the idea prevails that Navajo rugs are always harsh or too bold, and there *(Cont'd on page 30*

I Have Been Reading

By Daisy F. Reed

Honorable Estate *by Vera Brittain;* 1936. The Macmillan Company; $2.50.

Night outlasts the Whipperwill *by Sterling North;* 1936. The Macmillan Company; $2.50.

Cradle of Life *by Louis Adamic;* 1936. Harper & Brothers, publishers; $2.50. Reviewed by Virginia Mysell.

● Honorable Estate by Vera Brittain. "Honorable Estate" like Testament of Youth," is a very impelling book. Miss Brittain has the ability to lay bare the human heart not of one individual alone but of mankind.

This story has so great a quality of vitality that it seems to be more than fiction. It is the record of three marriages. Each marriage is motivated by a different idea of marriage-relationship.

The relation between the Rev. Thomas Rutherston and his wife was based on an idea of morality "attainable only by persuading two individuals," who may detest one another to the point of separation to "resume their destructive association."

The relationship of Stephen and Jesse Alleyndene (contemporaries of the Rutherstons) was based on the idea inculcated by Jesse's mother: "Never refuse a man anything, my dear—and above all, never answer him back. He won't like you any better for it—and he'll only go on thinking he's in the right even if you do!"

Both of these ideas were based on the masculine concept that woman couldn't "possibly understand what you mean, and it wouldn't do her any good if she did." A condition in which the "honorable estate" for woman was acceptance of a position of inferiority without legal or human rights. Thus Miss Brittain exposes the weakness of the romantic ideal.

The third marriage, between the offspring of the first two marriages, was based on the realistic conception of human values gained by two young people who had, in the war, lost everything that made life worth living yet had been able to find life again and construct a marriage relationship in which both could be more themselves, not less.

In their mutual reaffirmation of life both gave themselves to the causes which looked toward a reaffirmation of life for mankind. "Some of us, perhaps, can never reach our honorable estate—the state of maturity, of true understanding—until we have wrested strength and dignity out of humiliation and dishonor."

"Honorable Estate" is a splendid history of the suffrage movement in England and is like "Testament of Youth," a valuable instrument serving the cause of peace.

● Night Outlasts the Whipperwill by Sterling North. This book just misses being good writing. In order to portray a condition of hysteria, bordering on the unreal, which war brings about in a small, otherwise normal, community the author has overreached himself. The effect of the book is to give the impression of confusion in the mind of the writer, for he has overfictionized the unreality of the real situation.

What Mr. North meant to say is worth while. Out of the war conditions one man came to see that "the crux of the matter is this, my boy. We've got to change the world's concept of a 'hero,' make mankind realize that living for one's country is better than dying for one's country. We've got to make these fat-headed politicians and obscene old ladies point with pride to men in laboratory aprons. We've got to make teen-age boys worship a new sort of idol—otherwise we're hell-bent for eternity on a red and green roller coaster . . ."

One regrets that the book as a whole is not as forceful as the paragraph quoted.

● "The Cradle of Life," by Louis Adamic. It was nearing the end of the nineteenth century, and across that beautiful land, Austria, lay great wealth and low poverty side by side. For centuries the peasant women of Zagorye, province of Croatian Austria, had trudged back and forth over Zagreb mountain from farms to market place, bringing into town their young pigs and lambs, poultry and vegetables; then bowed lower by greater poverty, the women went over the mountain to suckle the children of the aristocracy; bowed to the very limit they took the last step, disposing of babies born out of wedlock. They called these babies "fachooks." Over the great beautiful land man bowed his brother low and scorched the word infanticide.

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The poor little lurching cradle in Kuplenova, Zagorye, cracked, broken, wormeaten, rocked the children of the Slavic peasant woman, Dora Dugova, and for a short time the "fachooks." Rudo Stanka was rocked in Dora Dugova's cradle as a "fachook." But to the illiterate, superstitious Dora he was her lucky "fachook." For from the world beyond Zagreb mountain came quite regularly small amounts of money which abetted the poverty of Dora's home and kept Rudek alive.

When Rudo Stanka was ten his maternal grandfather Count Yaromir von Studenitz suddenly discovered him and had him installed as the young lord of the Croatian estate of Slavina. Here Rudek, a precocious child, was educated and in the succeeding years experienced the satisfaction of art, religion and travel, knowing frustration and happiness. Not until his seventeenth year did Rudek learn his identity, that he was the illegitimate child of Countess Zdenka von Studenitz by Crown Prince Rudolph von Hapsburg, son of the Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria.

In Adamic's "Cradle of Life," we have, therefore, a close view of the two worlds which lay side by side throughout Austria just before the guns of war. It was the aristocracy, "centuries of slow decline now coming to a climax, beside the blind patience and powerful, riverlike purpose and process of humanity." In the Dual Monarchy, nobility, once synonymous with a life of effort and excellence had declined to its extreme antitheses and become something inert and incapable of vital action. In the distance the rumblings of peasant uprisings in the Revolution of 1905 in Russia and elsewhere were heard, but only a few noblemen recognized their significance. Rudo Stanka reared in the crude, wooden cradle of life, educated in the aristocratic "Good World" of the Dual Monarchy, in his twenty-fifth year, weighed the two worlds against each other, His Serene Highness Prince Arbogast von Hohengraetz, his friend, last and best flower of the nobility, against Dora Dugova, his peasant "Doramamo," and found the former lacking. While the Slavic peasant woman, "she who had come from life's realities, to whom life and death were synonymous, from whose fundamental, deep and eternal qualities anything might be born, she was Croatia, the Balkans, humanity in struggle, the first radiance of a new world."

At the Castle Slavina, Rudo Stanka read in the news-journal of the day: "The Crown Prince Franz Ferdinand will be in Sarajevo tomorrow." In the mind of Rudo Stanka one dominating thought had developed: "The cradle must be balanced: It must not lurch—but must rock smoothly —not only in Zagorye—but everywhere, the world over."

Library Service

● Christmas shopping is an all-absorbing interest for several weeks before that festive day but now the holidays are just a pleasant memory; birthdays and gifts for the lucky "goers away" however are always with us and so book lists are helpful the year around. Too, there is always a place in our own library for books so well chosen that they will stand the real book test, that of rereading.

Orders placed at the Library Desk on the Fourth Floor will be promptly filled and deeply appreciated.

ADULT

THE VICTOR BOOK OF THE SYMPHONY. $3.75. A book for all music lovers.

THE BIRTH OF BALLET RUSSE; *Prince Peter Lieven.* $4.00. Important new material on the ballet.

MEXICO IN YOUR POCKET; *Jean Austin.* $2.50. An ideal guide for the southbound traveler.

JOURNEY WITHOUT MAPS; *Graham Greene.* $2.75. Uncharted Liberia and its civilization.

CATHERINE DE'MEDICI; Ralph Roeder. $3.75. A brilliant historical narrative written in beautiful English.

BEHIND THE SPANISH BARRICADES; *John Langdon-Davies.* $2.75. John Gunther, author of "Inside Europe" calls this book "the best picture available of what is going on in Spain."

JUVENILE

LITTLE BLACK ANT; *Alice Gall and Fleming Crew.* $1.50. Ant people, their friends and enemies.

THE GUNNIWOLF AND OTHER MERRY TALES: *Edited by Wilhelmina Harper.* $2.00. Anthology of famous funny animal stories.

THE CLEVER CAT; *Eleanor Frances Lattimore.* $1.50. How a real cat charmed a family.

THREE GOLDEN ORANGES; *R. S. Bogg and M. G. Davis.* $2.00. Spanish folk tales.

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Appreciation of Books

By Jessie Schuler Gregory

● I have an idea that books, to each of us, mean different things, serve us quite different purposes. I cannot recall existence devoid of The Three Bears, Jack and the Beanstalk, Little Red Ridinghood, The Three Little Kittens, Puss in Boots, and of course that friendly person, Mother Goose. I do not recall being confused by them, never feared the wolf, never expected to meet a cat in flopping top boots and hat with sweeping plume, never looked for "little maids all in a row" in our orthodox home garden.

Some member of our clan, growing discouraged said, "If Helen is not going to send Jessie to school she should learn to read," and produced a primer for me, and there was started the adventure of learning twenty-six letters which could then be turned into any words you wanted which could be read as you wished, they even made the tales of the linen paged books. Besides there were the pictures Webster had placed all through his dictionary, things, no backgrounds, things known, but quite too frequently perfect puzzlers. Elders were pleased that one would lie quietly on the floor with the dictionary, and the price paid was not to question. A tooled leather covered atlas, steel engraved and water colored within gave few clews and was of interest because it had met the verdict that it could not be understood. A Christmas that brought a little globe was the key to this puzzle that ended with journeys at will by atlas supreme over limitations that meet an itineraryist.

Luckily Helen Bell came home to be with her mother, bedridden invalid, while Louise went to Holyoke; and was importuned to teach the progeny of friends. So she turned out the furniture of two bedrooms got two tables and needed chairs and we all attended from nine to twelve. It was books we read there. Helen's Cruickshank edition of Dickens, Tennyson, Scott. It was Helen, and later Louise was with her, who made us disciples of the written word. Helen, charming, ingrained culture, humor, fun, love of children, experienced teacher who never taught, but spent the three morning hours showing us the joy in increasing knowledge, the fun and delight in books. I had met Tennyson earlier, for the custom of retreat to Grandmother's sanctum when life became ruffled resulted in being read to what ever Grandmother was reading. There had been met Enone, The Lady of Shallot, The May Queen, Enoch Arden and a fat, fat tome, The Villa on the Rhine, and The Observer, a weekly which to Grandmother contained news as it should be and was my pre-school "current events." My mother read a chapter of the Bible each night before turning off the gas and closing my door. Started at Genesis and ended when Revelations ended, included even begats. These were established ways, they were, and one existed with them.

Boarding school was the bluest blue presbyterian. My acquaintance with Holy Writ stood me in good stead there and the result, which of course, Miss Graham neither intended, nor knew, was a solid respect for Jews. Along with much Bible, school furnished lectures on geology with lantern slides, by Professor Fairchild of Columbia, which gave evolution as frame work of data, and which seemed quite compatible with that Bible, it went over my head that there was a choice, I took both.

There came a time later when a stray from my brother-in-law's Balzacs met me and we liked each other, so one by one Cousin Pone, Cousin Betty, Caesar Birotteau, Old Goncourt, The Lily of the Valley, Madame D'Espard, Eugene Grandet, Country Doctor and Country Priest became my friends. We happened to meet, I felt the attraction mutual.

Books were as natural as food to us all. There were permanent sets in the sitting-room bookcase and permanent singles. There were graduates in the bookcase in the upper hall. There were bookshelves in bedrooms. There were all sorts of strays in the attic. Even the bound copies of Harper for the four Rebellion Years. Always were The Tribune, father's orthodoxy, Harper's Weekly, Harper's Bazaar, Scientific American, Young Folks and Harper's Young Folks on the sitting-room table. Meals were discussions, each interpretation was quite individual, none were book worms. Books were an essential, were matter of course. It was seldom one was ruled out. The result, books are natural, delights, refuges and much more, much more. Fact and fancy, natural phenomena. There is no conflict, both legitimate outpourings of mind, both necessary proper functions.

Don't Cut Down Fuchsias

CLARA M. SCHAEFFER

● It had been our intention to suggest in this number of our magazine that members bear in mind when pruning fuchsias at this season that the prunings make good cuttings. However, the prolonged January cold spell has made a different type of suggestion more appropriate.

Where fuchsias are planted in the open and are unprotected, the frost has played havoc with them even here in San Francisco. Where they have some protection from walls or other shelters they do not seem to have suffered. Those growing in the patio and in the lathhouse at the Club building haven't even lost their foliage in most instances.

While the bushes may look very sad where they have been hit by the frost, do not be too discouraged, but be cautious. Don't cut them down until danger of frost is over, and delay pruning until that time unless it's already been done. If only the tops and not the roots have been frost-killed, the plant will send out new growth from the base. On the other hand, if the bushes are cut back now and we have a warm spell to force new growth and a later cold spell, this tender new growth will be killed and there will be no reserve strength left in the plant.

So we are not going to suggest starting your fuchsias for the Exposition from prunings this year. Wait until spring to take new growth cuttings instead of dormant wood cuttings now. Fuchsia experts like our own Mrs. Ware say they make better plants too.

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The Rag Fair

—JOSEPHINE MARTIN

Are you still treasuring and boasting of the bargains you got at last year's Rag Fair? I am! Apart from the old book that I've hunted for years and found there, and the ideal blank book for keeping certain recipes, I am the happy possessor of a fine cast-alumnium caserole and a beautiful hollow ball of pierced brass that hangs by a chain from a hook. Every time I look at it I smile broadly with pleasure. And every time the Man of the House asks "But what are you going to DO with it?" I smile even more broadly and say "I dunno! But I'm crazy about it!"

It's things of this sort, when we pick them up at these fascinating super-rummage sales held at our club early in each spring, that lend color and charm not only to our homes and our lives but to our conversation! For talk about great finds and bargains is such fascinating talk! It's the feminine equivalent of the men's tall fishing stories, and these trophies of the City Club auditorium are as dear to us as the spreading antlers and the stuffed fish are to them . . . and a lot more attractive, if you ask me!

Well, it's on its way again, the annual Rag Fair. And City Club members should remember that in this instance it's not only as blessed to give as to receive, it's absolutely necesary! For if all of us gathered there intent only upon what we would glean, and none of us contributed from our own store, what a dreary spectacle would be unfolded when those laggard doors opened!

And what a chance to find a new, more sympathetic home for those of our possessions that we look upon as white elephants! Even if they remain white elephants, at least they have a change of scene, and even a white elephant I should think, would appreciate that.

It is everyone's opinion that the director of this section of the Rag Fair has been most discriminating in her assembling of items for sale. She is able, apparently, to combine a discriminating eye with a sympathetic ear. The result is shown in several booths laden with lovely loot and buyable at delightfully low figures. For instance, handsome pieces of damask and brocade and other drapery materials, bric-a-brac of every style and period, desk fittings, kitchen equipment and usually a number of valuable pieces of sports equipment, whose owners, apparently, have either lost their enthusiasm or increased their weight! And not only delightful books such as novels, children's books, historical and biographical works (many of these, by the way, collectors' treasures) but books of and about music, sheet music, music paper and an occasional music stand.

Clothing is the only item that is not listed for sale . . . and I've never seen anything alive offered at our Rag Fair. That's perhaps worth investigating. If only one could go into a huddle with the family cat and make her see reason, who knows what basketfuls of charming kittens might be offered a delighted membership!

But meanwhile, all of us who have been customers and contributors to the Rag Fairs are well content. Long may they continue! For they not only enrich the club, but our own pantry shelves and whatnots, and our stories of personal adventures in the Land of the White Elephants!

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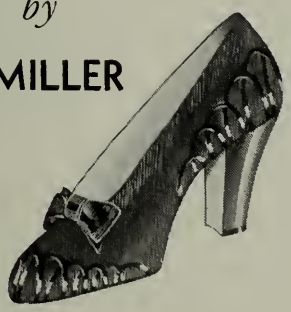

The smartest note in advance Spring footwear . . . this stunning town pump of gabardine patterned with appliqued kid. Black, brown or blue,

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New Resolutions for Our Membership

—DR. ADELAIDE BROWN, HEALTH EDITOR

● For the stimulation of thought and a a real insight into your own mental integrity, let me recommend two possible experiences.

Some interference with health which necessitates confinement to room and house and not too severe a physical tax from pain but a long rest to guarantee recovery—good eyes and an active brain—and you have time to read much you have to put to one side, to keep up with the daily press and current journals and, above all, time to *contemplate*, think things out and be sure your conclusions are your own.

Or a long ocean trip, say the circle of the Pacific, with the lesson the Hawaiian Islands teach us of race tolerance, public health, and community social work; a close look on Japan, ambitious for recognition as a class A power and getting little of Western political development—great army leaders and a small appreciation of public health, or any training of the people for personal expression in their government. China, too, with its intense struggle for existence—food, shelter, and clothes are *live* problems, winter clothes are put in pawn regularly and summer clothes taken out—again a great population is still a pawn in the hands of the over-lords, and a bait for aggressive nations on their border. Can a sleeping power be aroused without easy communication? In a population of 400,000,000 how many have ever heard their ruler's voice over the radio?

On down to Singapore, Java, and over to Australia and New Zealand, and we come close again to two great colonizing nations, Great Britain and Holland. Education and public health are close neighbors here—their power to impart, and guide, and train divisions of Empire to think, entails a personal development for leadership that few nations and fewer individuals have.

What am I leading up to? A slogan on which I was raised was this, "Many people put their thinking as others do their washing, *out*." We are living in *seething* times. Do we *think*, or are we expressing what we hear, or voice the religion, the political party, the types of education we were born to and have accepted?

Many questions are coming before us for *thought*. Social health insurance, a question which came up in our legislature in 1935 and will again. Are hospital insurance and unemployment insurance to be absorbed into health insurance or one or both parked to one side?

The "wolf, wolf" cry of "State Medicine" cannot come up if the cooperation of the

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medical profession is urged and organized medicine takes on its burden or realizes that otherwise the burden may be undertaken without consultation with it.

Eliminating domestic help and agricultural labor is begging the question. If the state or the government participates with employer and employee, why cannot industrial stamps and a book for stamps be added to the work of the post offices for transient laborers and domestics? They populate our tax-supported hospitals today. Why, if we are *sincere* about the *health of the people,* should not access to personal health betterment be given as routine to all the population earning under an established income? The health insurance should include the wife and family of the worker for an additional price from the worker and state, but the same types of care should be available to him and his family. The better they are in health, the happier he is in work. The level of wages at which social health insurance begins should be movable till tried out. There is room for plenty of thought on this subject. Be *independent* thinkers. Learn and read every side, but consider the subject always with the sadness poor health is and the *small amount* of health conservation for *adults* we do unless they are tuberculous or *insane* or acutely ill or surgical cases when our state and county taxes support them. Reducing the sickness of middle age is worth while and has large possibilities in protecting a great portion of a self-supporting and moderately earning group up to the old age pension time against the deterioration of the wear and tear diseases.

You can secure the Health Insurance Bill by writing the Legislature for it. There is such a Bill before the legislators for study during the Interim Legislature.

East Bay Children's Theatre

● Casting for the first play of the East Bay Children's Theatre this spring has been completed, according to Miss Marie Leasure, of the Mills College department of speech and dramatic art, who is directing the juvenile actors and actresses of the East Bay area in the forthcoming production of "Slumber Boat."

The play will be given two performances Saturday, February 13, at the Oakland Women's City Club. Assisting Miss Leasure in the production of the play, a work of Muriel Zahn, are members of the Oakland Junior League, who are supervising sets and costumes. Also lending assistance in the production are Mary Hobson, Barbara Crawford, and Truelle Jensen, drama majors at Mills College.

THE PENINSULA'S SMARTEST SHOP

SPRING

- As the blossoms form on the trees of the Peninsula, an equally colorful transformation is taking place at "The Peninsula's Smartest Shop."
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• ROBES and PAJAMAS made in a skillful manner for type models—the tall figure or the petite—the slender or rounded figure, for both men and women, in Oriental silks, at 430 Grant Avenue.

Madam Butterfly

Of Patsy Morbio We Shall Always Remember!

● Her sweet home was redolent with pungent Christmas greens—the subdued light of candles warmed the rooms.

We sat there—row upon row—friends from the Women's City Club—from the Century Club—a well known violinist here—members of her family scattered about—neighbors, that because of her busy life she saw infrequently—all chattering like mynah birds in a mango grove! But suddenly there was a hush—from the distance came a clear, sweet voice. An old English carol fell upon our ears. And then before us was a gentle English lady of long, long ago—in trailing satin—tall pointed hat, the chiffon from its tip floating gracefully. Our lady was planning the Yuletide festivities for her household—and singing as she planned. There was a quick tightening at my heart and throat, and my eyes were suddenly moist. There is something about these old carols!

It was our Patsy Morbio—crowding an extra bit of Christmas cheer into the already crowded holidays. Behind her stood two shimmering, silvery trees—between them, vivid red berries. To her side—the sweet scene of the nativity in miniature, with a background of midnight blue, shot with tiny stars.

And then while we blinked our eyes—she had changed! Before us was a quaint little creature just out of Dickens—flowered green frock, crisp white apron and tiny black slippers. We heard lines so familiar, but always new—for they have that perfection of ageless things.

And again, a lovely child stood before us—tossing her golden curls, her eyes like two lustrous stars! This time she was in holly red—with puffy-out petticoats and cunning pantalets! And she who understood the child heart so well, was bringing us from other lands choice children's songs and verse.

While we were still under this spell, she was suddenly in our midst—passing the fragrant cups of tea—and delicious morsels of food.

Taking all praise modestly—happy because she had given happiness to others!

We shall always remember.

—H. B. M.

EDITOR'S NOTE

● The above letter in memory of one who has brought happiness to us on many an occasion in our beautiful clubhouse expresses the affection we all have felt for this gay spirit which has winged its way heavenward.

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A Member Shares Her Travels

By KATHERINE BALL

● After an absence of nearly eight years, in which time she compassed a world tour, going by Europe and returning by the Orient, Katherine Ball returns. Her purpose for travel was to inform herself regarding everything pertaining to the art of all Oriental countries.

She traveled to substantiate her knowledge of things which she had read about but had not seen, and to add to her knowledge of the arts of the various countries.

Hence before proceding to her goal she felt the need of informing herself regard-the Japanese and Chinese art collections to be found in the principal museums of the United States. She spent several weeks visiting the museums of Washington, Philadelphia, New York and Boston, proceeding to London, where she spent seven weeks in the British Museum where she had the great opportunity of handling everything in the entire Japanese and Chinese collection. From London she went to Paris where she visited all museums containing Oriental collections. Then to see the art of the Moors she made a tour through Spain. Thence proceeding to Egypt where during six months she had the exceptional opportunity of seeing the noted monuments of antiquity.

After this she spent a year in India, five months of which were given to Kashmir. In this country she not only visited the usual sites but many others not included in the ordinary travel tour. After this she spent some months in Ceylon and a number of weeks in French Indo China, visiting the important places including the famous shrine of Angor Vat. Her itinerary then led her to Siam, Burma, Java and Bali, and finally to the Philippines. In the latter place she had planned to spend but one week but remained six months, being drawn in to lecturing. Previously her motive had been merely acquisition since she was traveling only in countries having an art, but upon arriving in the Philippines, where she found no art of any consequence, but a demand for knowledge in this field, she remained to lecture and seized the opportunity to give, and from this time on she not only strove to acquire fundamentals of oriental art, to collect examples which might be of value in her future studies, but to teach as well, hence she gave lectures all over the Islands, more than a hundred in all, during which time she endeavored to bring the people to a realization of a need for a native art to express their national ideals.

Then, proceeding to China, where she spent a year and a half, she did much sightseeing, in the vicinity of Peiping and its surrounding country; climbing the seven thousand steps of the sacred Mountain T'ai Shan, visiting the tomb of the great Confucious and the noted Confucian Temple, but sailing up the turbulent Yangtse River over its dangerous rapids and whirlpools, along its bandit riven banks, through the great and impressive gorges, where sheer walls of granite rose to a height of four thousand feet; making a tour into the fearsome interior of Sianfu and Yolang, the scene of the recent capture of Chiang Kai-shek—and visiting the celebrated caves of Lung men; spending a month in Hangchow located on the famous West Lake, reminiscent of the culture of ancient days of China, and some weeks in Soochow, renowned for its gardens and the production of the ancient K'ossu, the coveted tapestries of all collectors.

And then two years in fascinating Japan, land of color, charm and courtesy, where we are told the East blends with the West and the past with the present. There awed by the majesty of its mountain ranges above which rises the peerless Fuji, or soothed by the calm and quiet of its wooded plains, where not only the arts of the potter, weaver, painter and sculptor, but the picturesque temples and palaces with their imposing gardens attest to the profound esthetic sense of its people. A land where peace reigns, where all is orderly, cleanly and serene, and where the people are kindly, helpful and honest, ever smiling and merry whatever their condition. Then finally concluding with four months in picturesque and colorful Hawaiian Islands where the verdure of the forest and the colorful blooms are a perpetual source of delight.

Miss Ball, with the knowledge of Oriental countries—their philosophy and art which she carried with her—returns not only with much that is unusual to relate, but with collections rare and beautiful. She lectures on Oriental Gardens for the San Francisco Garden Club, and is to appear at the Women's City Club on Thursday evening, February 4 when she will speak on "The Lights and Shades of Travel," showing a few of her precious possessions.

Milady's Appearance

● To be well groomed is no longer a luxury reserved for a select number. It is essential to every American woman of even one of limited means.

Suavity, poise and ease so important today are possible only with the assurance of the perfection of one's grooming. The carelessness that was once considered youthful charm is no longer acceptable in the drawing room. Clean glossy hair is as necessary to a perfect ensemble as the materials of which milady's costume is made, or the lines after which it is designed. If the scalp is not conditioned so that it in itself is shining and immaculate, the hair even immediately after a complete hair dress will not be in good condition. The accumulation of dandruff, the dry particles that are being continually shed by the skin, cannot help but get into the hair and spoil its perfection.

In our own Beauty Salon in the Clubhouse you may find everything to give you that well-groomed look. The perfect shampoo Mar-o-Oil, scientific scalp treatments by expert operators, and restful and rejuvenating facials are among the many services our Salon can give you.

Why not come in and let us take the responsibility of keeping your hair, complexion, and hands in perfect condition?

Swimming Pool

● Hours: Monday through Thursday, 9:30 a.m. to 7:15 p.m.; Friday, 9:30 a.m. to 9:00 p.m.; Saturday, 9:00 a.m. to 4:45 p.m.

Prices: Single swim for members, 30 cents; guests, 40 cents; boys under 12, girls under 18, 30 cents; ten-swim tickets for members, $2.50; members' daughters under 18, sons under 12, $2.25; guest children, $2.50 (including Girl Scouts).

Private Lessons: An instructor is on duty whenever the Pool is open, and appointments may be made for single lessons or a ticket may be bought giving purchaser six half-hour or twelve fifteen-minute lessons within three months. Members and members' children, $4; guests, $6. Admission extra.

Classes can be organized at any time provided there are 5 or more applicants.

Class Fees

Class instruction for members, members' daughters	$1.50
Guests (adults)	3.00
Guests (children)	2.50

(Admission extra.)

Classes will meet 9 times; registrants may attend any six.

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(Continued from page 13)

attention of the public. Mr. Butler Sturtevant, in charge of the Oakland show and one of our members, challenged us to prove our contentions by offering a space at the show wherein we could do anything we pleased. We accepted the dare.

Under the experienced direction of Mrs. Cabot Brown and her show committee rare new plants and priceless old gardening books found their rightful place in a great show. Quoting from the Late Spring Number of the Garden Quarterly, "This society (the C. H. S.) successfully demonstrated the desirability of adding horticultural interest and educational value to the pageant of the show. Through their display they hoped to create a public interest which will lead flower shows beyond the sphere of architectural and floral beauty and from present indications their hopes are destined to materialize." The influence of our show experiment proved so far-reaching that the Society is establishing a permanent show committee to be prepared to participate occasionally in important shows when it is felt of decided horticultural benefit to do so.

The Award Committee

In undertaking the granting of the non-competitive "Award of Merit of the Calif. Hort. Society" to newer plants of exceptional local garden value the Council felt they were filling another need. Patterned after the Award of Garden Merit of the Royal Horticultural Society it is distinctly a dirt-garden mention. There is no scarcity of awards granted by specialized horticultural societies for such plants as iris, dahlias, roses and other highly bred specialties but many of our finest garden plants escape recognition because they do not fit the requirements of one of these categories. It is for these orphaned beauties such as Sydney B. Mitchell's gorgeous hybrid broom, Pomona, that the award was conceived. Quoting again from the Garden Quarterly: "It is intended to make this the most sought after award in California horticulture and to set a new standard of quality in show awards." Upon Prof. S. B. Mitchell, Mr. Eric Walther, Dr. Emmet Rixford, Prof. H. M. Butterfield and Mrs. J. D. Scannavino rests the responsibility of granting this award.

The Publication Committee

The Society's newest brain child, the Publication Committee under the chairmanship of Dr. Saxton T. Pope, Jr., is just hatching. The two preliminary leaflets already distributed to members were well received and regular publications are contemplated this year.

The Membership Committee

This committee, confronted with the ever-expanding pattern of our organization has found it difficult to formulate definite membership policies but considering our present state of formative flux, Mr. Eric Walther (carrying on for James West) has done remarkably well. The uncertain question of dues and eligibility have been pondered and a group of corresponding members have been appointed.

Appreciation

We owe a debt of gratitude to the officers and council for the many weary hours they spend untying the knotty problems of their growing charge and to members of committees, collectors of tickets, speakers, botanical advisers, compilers, material board members and particularly to our absent Chairman and President, Prof. Sydney B. Mitchell and our acting President Dr. Emmet Rixford. To our hard-working honary Secretary-Treasurer we owe the very life of our society and to her goes our very special vote of appreciation.

Excelsior

Still far from a complete organization, this product of the Big Freeze No. 1 looks forward to the ever-expanding field of an activity in which our Bay Region has lagged too long.

As a closing note let us quote a resolution from the minutes of the Society:

"Aside from the regular functioning of our Society it is felt that our group should have some definite objective as our contribution to California's horticultural advancement.

"Realizing the tremendous impetus given to horticulture in England by Kew Gardens and The Royal Horticultural Society trial grounds at Wisley some of our members feel that no greater contribution can be made than to promote interest in the establishment of a botanical garden, trial grounds and horticultural center. Abstract botanical research, they feel, is being adequately handled by our scientific institutions, but horticultural matters from the garden lover's viewpoint are not being given their deserved study in Northern California. In brief, they believe that an institution patterned on the British model is a necessity to our future horticultural advancement and that it is the duty of an organization such as ours to promote interest in such a development.

"Comprising as it does the leading horticulturists of the Bay Region and being officially a San Francisco organization they believe that such a development should be made in San Francisco. In the light of future transportational developments it is felt that San Francisco will be the most conveniently located spot in all of California for such a development drawing upon a vast horticultural area.

"The realization of such an objective would be a great contribution and would fill a tremendous need."

Present officers and council of the California Horticultural Society are:

Honorary President, Dr. John McLaren.

Honorary Vice-President, Miss Alice Eastwood.

President, Sydney B. Mitchell.

Vice-Presidents, James West (absent on an expedition); Mrs. Helen Van Pelt, Dr. Emmet Rixford.

Secretary-Treasurer, Cora R. Brandt.

Councillors, Eric Walther, Robert E. Saxe, Mrs. J. E. Wilson, Prof. H. M. Butterfield, Mrs. David Brown, Dr. Saxton T. Pope, Jr., Willa Clair Cloys, Dr. Sol Hyman, Mrs. J. D. Scannavino, Victor Reiter, Jr.

Training Courses in Girl Scout Leadership

● The training and personnel committee of the San Francisco Girl Scout Council invites members of the Women's City Club and their friends to attend one of the general training courses scheduled below.

DOWN TOWN COURSE

Tuesday mornings from 10:00 to 11:45, January 19, to March 23. Instructor: Miss Ida M. Smith, Hostess: Mrs. W. D. Horner. Women's City Club, 465 Post Street, Room 208.

TWIN PEAKS COURSE

Thursday mornings from 10:00 to 11:45, January 21, to March 25. Instructor: Mrs. C. P. McCarthy, Hostess: Mrs. George Pracy. Portalhurst Community Church, (Taraval and Funston avenue) in the Girl Scout room.

The general course is the basic course in Girl Scout training. It is adapted for new and prospective leaders and for leaders who have been longer in the movement who need fresh inspiration and enthusiasm, and for all interested in finding out what a Girl Scout troop actually does. Everything in this course is given in a form that will be practical and useful in working with girls.

The two courses will be conducted along similar lines with one joint out-door meeting at Camp Merced. After four weeks of training, there will be a four weeks' apprenticeship period, when members will be assigned to assist or to observe in troops. This period will be followed by two more weeks of training.

There is no fee for the courses. The only expense is for materials purchased and for lunch for the outdoor meeting.

All members must be enrolled by the second meeting. Registration blanks at Girl Scout Headquarters, 465 Post street, San Francisco.

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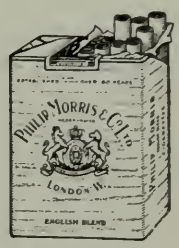

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(Continued from page 17)

is a need to make the public aware of the existence of a class of rugs of harmonious colors and design, suitable for more general use. The Indian traders must then he made aware of, and put in touch with, the demand thus created.

The present market is also in need of protection against imitation products. This problem is serious with regard to silverwork and jewelry. Machine and factory-made products of this type can and do undersell the individual handcraftsman's wares, partially by deception. The uninformed purchaser cannot distinguish between them, and even the expert cannot always do so. Both the buying public and the Indian craftsmen in this field need the protection of established standards and a distinguishing mark of identification.

FURTHER POSSIBILITIES EXAMINED

This Committee adopts the view that what is vital and essential in Indian art is: First, what the Indian has within himself—his feeling for form, color and design and, second, certain characteristics in his products which can only be retained by true handcraft methods of production. This view would prohibit the use of any more efficient aids to production which might alter the essential aesthetic character of the product. But it would encourage the use of such technical processes as better firing methods, which without altering the essential character of the product, would improve the product or lower the labor cost in producing it. It would assert that the Indian may retain his essential characteristics as an artist and a craftsman and make, as he has in the past, new adaptations to a changing world, and employ new materials, tools and facilities in the expression of his arts.

It is undoubtedly true that the adoption of this latter point of view, and the encouragement of such a program as here illustrated, involves risks to Indian art and ways of life. Unless such a program were guided by people acutely conscious of these risks, and prepared and equipped to feel their ways slowly and experimentally, in cooperation with the Indians, it would be unwise to enter upon any such program.

But it may be said without much doubt, that, if the extreme traditional point of view be maintained, if the Indian be prohibited or discouraged from making improvements in the technical processes of his arts, or deprived of the assistance of those qualified to help him develop these processes, then it is very questionable whether he can achieve any materially wider market.

CONTROLLING VIEWS

The touchstones for any judgment made or action taken under this point of view should be, in each specific case:

1. That it shall not act to the detriment of Indian life in the group concerned.
2. That it shall not change the essential handcraft character of the product or its production.
3. That it shall not lower the art standards of the existing product.

RECOMMENDATIONS

The Committee finds that there are sufficient opportunities to justify, and recommends, the formation of a governmental agency to deal with the problems herewith presented, from the point of view indicated.

This agency might be called the Indian Arts Development Board.

It should be composed of five members, appointed by the President for terms of six years, to serve at a compensation of $1.00 per year and expenses.

The broad purposes of this Board should be those stated as the problem of this inquiry: To promote, in cooperation with the Indians, their economic welfare through arts and crafts, without loss to the vitality of Indian art, and without damage to the integrity of Indian life.

It should have powers permitting it to:

1. Undertake market research to determine the best opportunity for various products.
2. Engage in technical research and give technical advice and assistance.
3. Engage in experimentation, directly or through selected agencies.
4. Correlate and encourage the activities of the various private and governmental agencies in the field.
5. Assist in the management of operating groups for the furtherance of specific projects.
6. Make recommendations to the Secretary of the Interior for loans for specific purposes.
7. Enter into management contracts with operating groups to supply management personnel and supervision at cost.
8. Create government marks of genuineness and quality; establish standards and regulations for the use of such marks; license corporations or individuals to use them; and charge a fee for their use.
9. Employ a full-time General Manager and such other permanent or temporary staff as may be found necessary, on such terms and conditions as it may determine.

It should be prohibited from borrowing or lending.

It should be prohibited from becoming a dealer in Indian goods.

Respectfully submitted,

COMMITTEE ON INDIAN ARTS AND CRAFTS

Kenneth M. Chapman, Oliver La Farge, Diego Abeita, Leslie Van Ness Denman, Charles de Y. Elkus, Lorenzo Hubbell, Thomas H. Dodge, B. I. Staples, James M. Young (Chairman).

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A San Francisco mother who feels that her home should be run with the same precision as her business, worked out this age-old problem by registering her own housekeeper for the Food Preparation classes, which include marketing, meal planning and serving, at the Institute of Practical Arts. Other elective subjects under Health and Child Care, Flower Arrangement and Home Management are available to women now employed in household pursuits. As this woman explained, "We like good food, nicely served, and I am perfectly willing to give my employee the opportunity to improve herself at my expense. My husband and I are away all day, and my daughter is in school, so the work can very easily be arranged to free the housekeeper for a few hours on the days these classes are held."

The Institute of Practical Arts, Page and Laguna Streets, opened its doors less than a year ago, under the joint sponsorship of the Emanu-El Sisterhood and the Y.W.C.A. Believing that household employment is being raised to a new plane by making it a trained-for vocation, this organization has developed a new and interesting career for intelligent women; that of Certified Household Employee. Completion of the intensive eight weeks' course in all branches of the household arts earns this degree for its graduates, and exceptional positions await them.

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Love Song

—EDITH HECHT

My chamber is swept and garnished,
For you, my dearest, to come.
Shrine of my heart, untarnished,
With love's own music 'twill hum.
The birds in their nests will warble
Their ecstacy's roundelay
In cascades of jewelled baubles
To deck our holiday.
And what brilliants could be fitter
For bliss without alloy
Than these gemmed songs to glitter
On our enchanted joy?

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

March 1937

VOLUME XI • • NUMBER 2

PRICE 15 CENTS A COPY

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

465 POST STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

Women's City Club Calendar, March 1937

Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool — From 5:30 p. m. to 6:30 p. m. Tuesday and 5:30 p. m. to 9:00 p. m. Friday

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday 10:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. and 2:30 p. m. to 6:30 p. m.

Friday 3:00 to 9:00 p. m. and Saturday 10:00 a. m. to 4:00 p. m.

League Bridge — Every Tuesday — Card Room, 2 and 7 p. m.

ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING — MARCH 9, 1937

MARCH

2—Lenten Lecture (Fourth in Series) — Mrs. James Otis Lincoln	*Auditorium*	11:00	a.m.
German Round Table—Martha K. Hack presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15	p.m.
3—Current Events — Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00	a.m.
Round Table Discussion following	*Nat. Def. Room*	12:15	p.m.
4—Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00	p.m.
Motion Pictures of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge — Directed by Mr. J. C. Best.			
French Round Table — Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15	p.m.
French Round Table — Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	*Mural Room*	6:15	p.m.
8—Young Members' Luncheon	*Cafeteria*	12:15	p.m.
9—Annual Meeting — Buffet Supper, $1.00 a plate	*Cafeteria*	6:30	p.m.
Lenten Lecture (Fifth in Series) — Mrs. James Otis Lincoln	*Auditorium*	11:00	a.m.
German Round Table—Martha K. Hack presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15	p.m.
10—Spanish Round Table — Señorita Angela Montiel presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15	p.m.
11—Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00	p.m.
Subject: "Preparing the Path for the China Clipper." Speaker: Mr. William Stephen Grooch (Author of "Skyway to Asia").			
French Round Table — Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15	p.m.
French Round Table — Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	*Mural Room*	6:15	p.m.
12—Book Review Luncheon — $ .62 a plate	*Nat. Def. Room*	12:15	p.m.
Mrs. Daisy Reed will review "Rameses to Rockefeller," by Charles Harris Whitaker.			
16—Garden Round Table	*Nat. Def. Room*	12:15	p.m.
Speaker: Miss Katharine Ball. Subject: "Oriental Gardens."			
Lenten Lecture (Sixth in Series) — Mrs. James Otis Lincoln	*Auditorium*	11:00	a.m.
German Round Table—Martha K. Hack presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15	p.m.
17—Current Events — Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00	a.m.
Round Table Discussion following.	*Nat. Def. Room*	12:15	p.m.
18—French Round Table — Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15	p.m.
French Round Table — Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	*Mural Room*	6:15	p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00	p.m.
Dancing by a group of Japanese Girls in Costume—Directed by Mrs. T. K. Terakana.			
19—Travel Round Table	*Nat. Def. Room*	12:15	p.m.
Subject and Speaker to be announced later.			
23—Lenten Lecture (Last Lecture in Series) — Mrs. James Otis Lincoln	*Auditorium*	11:00	a.m.
German Round Table—Martha K. Hack presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15	p.m.
Book Review Dinner	*Nat. Def. Room*	6:15	p.m.
Mrs. Daisy Reed will review "Rameses to Rockefeller," by Charles Harris Whitaker.			
24—Spanish Round Table — Señorita Angela Montiel presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15	p.m.
25—French Round Table — Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15	p.m.
French Round Table — Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	*Mural Room*	6:15	p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00	p.m.
Scientific Breathing and the Art of Relaxation — Scientific Food Chemistry. Speaker: Mme. V. M. Holmstrom.			
30—German Round Table — Martha K. Hack presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15	p.m.
31—Current Events — Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00	a.m.
Round Table Discussion following	*Nat. Def. Room*	12:15	p.m.

APRIL CALENDAR

ADVERTISERS' SHOW — APRIL 20TH AND 21ST, 1937

1—Drama Tea — Mrs. Carol Eberts Veazie — Play to be announced later	*American Room*	2:30	p.m.
Tickets, including Tea, $ .75.			
Member's Tea (Fifth in Winter Series)	*Lounge*	3:30	p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	*Auditorium*	8:00	p.m.
Subject: "Storybook Europe." Illustrated with Motion Pictures. Presented by Mrs. Kay Theill — With Fashion Parade of Travel Togs.			
French Round Table — Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15	p.m.
French Round Table — Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	*Mural Room*	6:15	p.m.
6—German Round Table — Martha K. Hack presiding	*Mural Room*	12:15	p.m.
7—Current Events — Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	*Auditorium*	11:00	a.m.
Round Table Discussion following	*Nat. Def. Room*	12:15	p.m.

Women's City Club Magazine

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

VOLUME XI MARCH, 1937 NUMBER 2

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Announcements

● The Garden Round Table, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Edward Rainey, will have as guest speaker Miss Katharine Ball on Tuesday, March 16th. Her subject will be "Oriental Gardens."

● Lenten Lectures, by Mrs. James Otis Lincoln, have met with a ready response from the membership. This is most encouraging, and as the Lenten season progresses, we look to an ever-widening circle of those seeking spiritual enlightenment.

● Language Round Tables are the order of the day. The Club now boasts four, all of which are regularly attended by enthusiastic groups of members. Spanish, Señorita Angela Montiel presiding, meets every second and fourth Wednesday at 12:15; German, Fraülein Martha Hack in charge, every Tuesday at 12:15; French Round Table at noon every Thursday, under the supervision of Mlle. Marie Lemaire; and an evening French Round Table, with Mlle. Madeleine le Brun de Surville presiding, every Thursday at the dinner hour. We cannot over-emphasize the worth of these Round Tables to members who wish to improve their conversational ability in the language of their choice.

● Young Members' Luncheon is held every second Monday in the Cafeteria. We do hope many of our younger members will make it a point to attend this luncheon each month and afterwards help in compiling our scrapbook, which is so necessary to the historical records of our organization. It is most stimulating to look over these old records which bring out vividly so many of the milestones along our road of progress.

● The Members' Tea which will be held on April 1st will be presided over by several members of the Board of Directors, ready and willing to discuss all phases of the Club's activities. Members are urged to attend, as we do want these meetings to be the contact point between the membership and the Board, where ideas may be gleaned and future plans clarified.

● At the Book Review Luncheon on Friday, March 12th, Mrs. Daisy Reed will review "Rameses to Rockefeller," by Charles Harris Whitaker. The Book Review Dinner to be held on Tuesday evening, March 23rd, will be a repetition of the review of the same book.

● When your children come in to swim on Saturday morning do not forget our special Cafeteria children's luncheon, either hot or cold, at 35 cents a plate.

● Members are reminded that there is a saving for them in securing the one dollar unlimited guest card privilege as against the fifty cents per card, which is the individual charge.

● Mrs. Carol Eberts Veazie will give a dramatic reading on April 1st at 2:30. The play to be read will be announced later. Tea will be served afterwards in the Lounge as April 1st is also the day on which the Members' Tea is to be held.

● The Annual Membership Meeting is to be held on Tuesday evening, March 9th. A buffet supper will be served in the Cafeteria, after which the yearly reports will be read. We plan on a large attendance, as this year, with financial reorganization under way, many interesting discussions will be heard.

● We are happy to announce three gifts of debentures which at this time, as we financially reorganize, have particular meaning—one $1000 from Dr. Marion Hooker, one $100 from Miss Ethel A. Young, one $100 from Miss Emma Noonan. We thank these members sincerely as we add their names to the growing list of donors whose generous coöperation smoothes our way.

● At the Garden Round Table which was held in February, a group of twenty Berkeley members from the organization called "Earth Worms" attended the luncheon, at which Miss Uppman was the guest speaker. Mrs. H. W. Fenton is the leader of this group.

● Beginning March 1st there will be the following change in the Swimming Pool hours: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday the Pool will be open from 10:30 to 12:30 in the morning and from 2:30 to 6:30 in the afternoon. On Friday, to allow members to take advantage of the men's guest night, the hours will be 3 to 9 and on Saturday from 10 to 4.

Please mark these hours on your calendar so you will not be disappointed by coming to the Clubhouse and find the Pool closed.

● Health Examinations are to be held in April. Members wishing to take advantage of the fine service extended to them by women physicians of our organization, should sign up immediately, because unless a reasonable number of appointments are made, these examinations cannot go forward. Registration slips may be found on page 16.

● Plans for an outstanding Advertisers' Show are now under way, with many surprises in unique set-up and entertainment. Please make a note of these dates: April 20th and 21st. Your attendance means furtherance of our plans for the Magazine in the coming year.

● Each week the number of persons attending Current Events increases. The never-waning interest of this group in the affairs of the world so finely elucidated by Mrs. Lucas, is a great joy to her, as well as to those of our leaders who plan the programs for the year.

● The ten per cent reduction on permanent waves still holds in the Beauty Salon for the month of March. Why not take advantage of the work which our expert operators have to offer?

● Many new and intriguing articles arrive daily in the League Shop. After our winter clearance sales, the gapping spaces on our shelves have been filled to the groaning point with the very latest things on the market. Have you noticed the Persian antiques now on display? There is a varied collection of rare metals and textiles.

● Miss Elsa Garrett, chairman of the Travel Round Table, plans a diversification of programs for the season, and members attending have a real treat in store for them, as always there is recounted not only a vivid description of the country through which the speaker has traveled, but also those delightful little personal highlights which are the speaker's own reaction to her experiences. If one has traveled through the same country, the talk is sure to prove doubly interesting. The speaker at the meeting on Friday, March 19th, will be announced later.

● The Book Mart for 1937 is over and there is a little lump in the throats of the Volunteers who worked so hard and so faithfully to make it a success for they loved doing it, even the hardest and grubbiest jobs. To see true book-lovers searching so tirelessly for some old favorite, coming back for each of the four days and nights, hopeful that it had popped in too late for the first day is an unforgettable experience and one of which these workers never tire.

The old world setting, which is so perfect a background, we greet as an old friend and yet it is ever new and when the book stalls go back into storage, our one comfort is that they will be there waiting for next year. Already we are making plans for surprises and extra special features.

● Mrs. A. P. Black's untiring effort in supplying varied programs each week should be met with a like effort on the part of the membership. We do hope that the attendance will show a marked improvement now that the winter months are on the wane. The following programs are planned for March: March 4th—Motion picture of the building of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, directed by Mr. J. C. Best. March 11th—Preparing the path for the China Clipper, Mr. William Stephen Grooch, author of "Skyway to Asia." March 18th—Dancing by a group of Japanese girls in costume, directed by Mrs. T. K. Terakawa. March 25th—Scientific Breathing and the Art of Relaxation, and Scientific Food Chemistry, by Mme. V. M. Holmstrom, who is a specialist in the art of breathing and relaxation for curative purposes and general health, and also in scientific food chemistry. Mme. Holmstrom is highly recommended and has been connected with several important colleges.

The Thursday Evening Program planned for April 1st is "Storybook Europe," presented by Mrs. Kay Theill. This program will feature England, France, Switzerland and Italy in motion pictures. An interesting interlude between films will be a fashion parade of travel togs showing what the well-dressed globe trotter will wear this summer. Attractive models will wear the newest in sports, street and evening wear.

● An Easter Ramble is being planned by the Travel Bureau of the Women's City Club. It is to be a two-day ramble to quaint Carmel, Highlands Inn, Hotel Del Monte, the Seventeen-Mile Drive and Carmel Mission. The following is an outline of the schedule:

Leave San Francisco via Grayhound Bus (Club) Saturday, March 27th, 9 a. m. Drive to Carmel via Sunnyvale, Saratoga, Los Gatos and Watsonville. Arrive Carmel about 12:30 p. m. and lunch at Highlands Inn. After luncheon look at the various shops in Carmel. Arrive at the Hotel Del Monte about 5 p. m. via same bus. After dinner, take in the movie at the hotel.

Leave Del Monte via Grayhound Bus, Sunday, March 28th, 10:30 a. m. Take the Seventeen-Mile Drive and see Carmel Mission. Luncheon at the Del Monte Lodge. Home the same afternoon via Grayhound Bus through the Big Trees, Watsonville, Santa Cruz, Boulder Creek, Big Basin, Skyline Boulevard. Arrive at Club about 5:30 p. m.

Price, double room at hotel, inclusive tour, $23.00; single room at hotel, inclusive tour, $25.00.

● Payment of your dues as soon as possible saves the Club the second notification to you and is a service not to be underestimated in a membership as large as ours.

● The financial reorganization of the National League for Woman's Service, although well along, is still to be completed. For continuity of policy, the present officers were persuaded to accept re-election and we are grateful to them for their devotion to our service.

Franc Pierce Hammon Memorial Window in the Hammon Gallery
To One Who Served.

The President's Message

The heralds of spring gather swiftly these March days leading us to a joyous Eastertide — a most heartening combination, casting its rainbow of hope around a struggling world. ℂ For the Women's City Club the Member's Meeting of February Eleventh was a particularly happy harbinger — confidence in a renewed vision and the loyal strength of its assembled members proved the value of its constant program of service. Encouraged we look forward to the continued cooperation of our Membership and to the development of a program valuable to the Community we are ever proud to serve.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

ANNUAL MEETING

March Ninth

TUESDAY EVENING

6:30 o'clock

■

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REPORTS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

■

Advance News

ADVERTISERS' SHOW

APRIL 20-21

Editorial

● Easter and Eternal life! We pause in memory of those whose past service among us makes our present path possible. The list itself is a long one. What name they were called as individuals is unimportant except to those of us who loved them. "Volunteer" will suffice, but the deeds they performed and the heritage they have left us is beyond measure. They live through us who are left behind to forward for our development the program they quietly laid down. Their spirit, our service, lives!

● It is most appropriate that Dr. Adelaide Brown should be requested to write the history of the Annual Health Examinations of the National League for Woman's Service for she it was who brought to us the idea which at that time was still in its infancy at the Women's City Club of Boston where it was initiated. She saw the value to us all of regular medical checking. We mention this here for she modestly disclaims her part in the history of this splendid phase of our program.

● It is with pleasure that at the request of the Museum of Art we print in three installments the "History of Gardening," as compiled for the exhibition now being shown at the Museum. The continuous demand for space in our columns is a flattering commentary on the value of the Women's City Club Magazine. Its "reader interest" is established in the community.

At the last Talent Festival, a valuable bibliography of garden information was given by one of our members. This copy is in our section in that library which is reserved for our own members' publications. The preface of this is printed in this issue.

● Anonymous correspondence is annoying. If it is helpful, we should like to discuss the development of the idea with the one making the suggestion. If it is harmful, we would like to correct the impression. In either case, it is wrong in its effect.

● Such a membership as the National League for Woman's Service can never meet all together. We are too far-flung, we are too busy at all hours of the day and night.

The care with which the Board of Directors discussed the time of day and day of the week for the Special Meeting to hear the Report of the Holding Company which was to recommend new dues of nine dollars was however rewarded by a capacity audience in the Clubhouse Auditorium at noon on February eleventh. The meeting was called for 12:20 o'clock in order to accommodate those in business who might rush from their desks at noon. The delay of ten minutes before the meeting actually started was due to the fact that the audience was still assembling. At 12:30, the gavel, in the hands of our President, Miss Donohoe, called the meeting to order. At 1 o'clock the same gavel dismissed the meeting. What history had been written in that short half hour!

As our First President, Mrs. McDuffie, said when she "talked it over" afterwards, "There have been three highlights in the history of the National League for Woman's Service — one when it was born in California at the meeting on the mezzanine floor of the building at the corner of Post and Stockton Streets, one at a meeting at 333 Kearney Street when on motion of Mrs. Chapman it voted to build its own clubhouse and embark on a million-dollar project, and one today when it voted to go on permanently."

There must have been some in that audience of February eleventh who came to say "I do not use the building much, why should I pay more?" or "I don't see why members of long standing should not be excluded from any present raise" or "I don't approve of this or that." but if they were there, no one knows it. There were no "I's" and the reason was this — Facts did the talking. The Report from the Holding Company gave the floor to facts (facts which comparatively few of those present of necessity could know beforehand) and after these facts had "had their day," they threw down the gauntlet and said "We have shown you the way to carry on and earn your house in this new era, just as our parent-facts showed you what to do in 1926. Are you willing to support us as you did them?" And with one voice and with the same old National League spirit which *always* rises at a crisis, the audience cried "Question!" "Question!" At this insistence Miss Donohoe read the motion and the members as one rose to their feet to vote, at the same time applauding with the spontaneous relief from pent-up emotion. With quiet dignity Miss Donohoe declared the historic meeting adjourned.

We are sorry for those of you who because of "flu" or for personal business elsewhere could not be there! But for your benefit let us say that the facts will be printed in these pages as soon as the bond-holders have been officially informed.

As a Member Saw It

By Hazel Faulkner

● A membership meeting to vote a raise in dues. The prospect at best often isn't alluring. At any time during the past three or four years, it would have been truly dismaying. But with that canniness which has marked their financial program since the days of the first announcement of the Building Project, back in those now historic rooms at 333 Kearney Street, the Finance Committee of the Women's City Club made known its plans.

A rainy noon hour — another prospect not so thrilling or so promising for an adequate representation of the democratic membership of the National League for Woman's Service.

Result — a breath-taking experience for at least one member — and I fancy for most of the more than six hundred who were present!

With the call for a rising vote, adopting the increase in dues, there was no one remaining seated, so far as the eye could see. So nine-dollar-a-year it is, instead of six— the fee for membership in the Women's City Club!

But that suggests only part of the story. There was something more to that meeting, on a stormy afternoon— attended by a goodly number of the organization's members, than the fact that they accepted the plan proposed by the Finance committee as the next necessary step toward retaining ownership of our Club building.

By registering her vote for the increase, every woman there added more than the three dollars per capita to the dues. She expressed unequivocally her faith in her organization, in its future — and she did it with a tear in her eye and a smile on her lips as there was shown clearly before her just how much she and other club members had already done to insure that future.

A glimpse of the past ten years, since the building of the clubhouse, brought many a lump to throats not given to choking when considering past actions.

But to know, from actual bank figures, that for six years of the ten, interest charges had been fully met on the six dollar a year dues, and that in addition each of these years the principal indebtedness had been amortized in anticipated proportion—this at a time when all other organizations of comparable character were failing in their interest or giving up their buildings all together, crystallized once more that feeling which is the accompaniment of Women's City Club membership.

When conditions, entirely without the Club control darkened the picture a bit, and when other organizations were requiring their membership to increase their dues, FOUR THOUSAND of the Club's nearly six thousand members VOLUNTEERED an increase in dues — and thus for a vital period tided the finances of the Club over what otherwise would have been troubled waters.

But that raise was determined on, only when a refinancing plan, satisfactory to the Club was a whole, and to the bondholders of the Post Street Investment Company, was submitted. That plan has been worked out. The first step in its execution was the recently voted raise in dues.

To many of the members of the Women's City Club (and this member is one), the task of financing a clubhouse building — even with such a record as the National League for Woman's Service always establishes for soundness and efficiency in all its works — must remain one of those things seen but never understood. That's because her mind doesn't work that way!

But it did realize on the day of the specially called Membership meeting that it was experiencing something more than a formal official vote on a constitutional amendment.

It "felt" — and how tremendously — that intangible something, that loyalty, and understanding, and cooperation for a common ideal, that "something" to life more than meat and to the body more than raiment, that spirit which IS the National League for Woman's Service, and whose tangible expression is our beautiful Women's City City Club Building, once more on the way to being completely earned for our own.

The Treasurer Comments

By Marion Leale

● "I was sorry I could not be there" has echoed throughout the Clubrooms ever since that Special Membership Meeting on February 11th, "but I'll read about it in the Magazine." Unfortunately not just yet, for although we were allowed to tell the story verbally in order that we might provide the setting for that raise of dues which went over so unanimously, we cannot by courtesy write it out for the world to read until after the Bondholders' Protective Committee has told those whom they represent. This committee is well named, but in the picture also has been a group of bank and debenture "protectors," and as a result of the conscientious work of these three earnest representatives, a splendid new financial set-up has been evolved—a set-up which is workable and therefore valuable for those who legally have "prior preferred" position. as well as for those of us who cherish the sentimental hope that some day we may burn the mortgage on this house of ours.

Even though we cannot reprint the report in toto at this time, we can give its major points. In 1926 the Post Street Investment Company financed the building and moved the National League for Woman's Service into its Clubhouse on Post Street, borrowing for this purpose $1.015.000. The first year they paid an interest charge of $61.858.88 and the next year began the increasing scale of amortization payments as well. For five years the schedule worked (a total of $354,330.56 interest paid. and $95,000 amortized). Then the depression — outside influences uncontrollable. In 1932 a deferment contract to postpone maturities, with the belief (backed by the best expert advice the community affords) that the depression was temporary.

In 1933-1934, income still reduced, rental values off. new members missing, non-use of the building persisting —but the situation was saved by the tremendous response to the call for a voluntary raise of dues (at the same time keeping in membership those who could barely afford the six dollars dues). The V. A. D. contributed $21.887.50 in cash and $26,200.00 in bonds. By this loyal V. A. D.. interest on the first mortgage bonds was continued through the July coupon of 1934. and because of this. it was possible for the Club to boast that it had carried on after all real estate loans of like magnitude in the state of California had defaulted.

But *delay* in the payment of this last obligation and the knowledge that the post-depression era would need entire new programs of finance, brought into being the Bondholders' Protective Committee. At the request of this committee, 1935 was continued in default in order to secure accurate figures of present-day income rather than embark immediately upon a new set-up which might later need modification.

1936 brought negotiations between the three parties involved—Bondholders' Protective Committee, bank and Post Street Investment Company (the holding company). and out of months of meticulous study has come a workable and fair program which marks a new era in the life of the National League for Woman's Service.

"But how does the February 11th meeting figure in this picture?" one asks. The original program in 1926 called for 6000 members paying $6.00 a year. The program in 1937 calls for 5000 members paying $9.00 a year. The 6000 became 8000 before the 1926 program was two years old. We believe the 5000 of the 1937 program will grow even faster than its predecessor. for have we not the Exposition ahead of us. with our Clubhouse built and its facilities at our disposal for activities which stagger the imagination.

An Article Without a Title!

By Mrs. William Palmer Lucas

● Since the last issue of the Magazine, San Francisco has listened to a number of distinguished lecturers on the current world situation, upon international peace and its price, upon neutrality legislation, upon the plight of the sharecroppers in our southern states, and other subjects of interest to the many groups who make up the audiences of the city. We who listen come away puzzled over the varying opinions, interpretations, definitions — charmed by personalities, antagonized by manners or methods, and sometimes wishing the world were really none of our business and that we might go about our own particular p's and q's and forget the "*crisis*" which each lecturer tells us is sitting upon our own doorstep!

We have some fresh books upon our study tables which intrigue us by their titles and terrify us by their conclusions — Bertrand Russell gives us "Which Way to Peace." His chapter heads are the usual ones. One reads it all with a shiver — one knows it is all true — one hurries through hoping for some new practical way of relating all those true paragraphs to the field of action today. The closing paragraph of the book is as follows —"the duty of every patriot . . . is simple and clear: To abstain from fighting and from all voluntary participation in war between civilized states; to use every effort to persuade others to do likewise; to bring all possible influence to bear to prevent the participation of his country in war; and within the limits of his capacity, to aim at similar results in other countries also." Yes, we believe all that. No one wants a war — no one believes in it and yet the vast majority of people today are thinking in terms of the war that seems "inevitable" and preparing for a war no one wants.

John Langdon Davies' book, "Behind the Spanish Barricades," is perhaps the most terrifying book of the month in the story it tells of what has been going on in Spain since July, 1936. Davies, as an Englishman, does not spare his own country when, in his last chapter, he discusses "What it means to us." He includes Americans in that chapter and that chapter should be read regardless of whether or not you can bear the rest of his tragic tale. He comes in the end to this conclusion. He says: "That brings us to the really vital thing revealed by the Spanish tragedy. *We have come to the end of a period of National wars. There will never again be a united nation fighting against another united nation. War from now on will involve civil war.*" Mr. Davies divides the European world into two parts, the Fascist International and the Antifascist International. He puts Russia, nine-tenths of France and one-half of England into the Antifascist International along with some smaller countries like the Scandinavian. His claim is "that without Russian assistance in the international field Germany, Italy and Japan are paramount in world affairs." The rest of us, the *democracies*, have no *unity* and no loyalty upon which successful war waging must rest. We still shiver. It is cold comfort in escaping war *between* nations, only to land in civil war!

We turn to another book, John Macmurray's small volume called "Creative Society." We look over the chapter heads — we find many safe familiar words, titles from the field of religion and philosophy: We find a chapter on Christianity and Communism. That looks suspiciously like "left propaganda," so we turn back to the introduction for reassurance. John Macmurray, we read, is of the University of London and "perhaps the most stimulating philosopher in England today — profound and original" and we find that our own Sherwood Eddy signs that introduction. It ought to be sound so we go ahead. It is a fine discriminating book. We are stimulated. We find ourselves reaching out and up and on, to newer levels of thought and comprehension. We feel ready for the last chapter, "Contemporary field of action," in which Professor Macmurray discusses the two postwar factors of greatest importance. First, "the development of the recognition of community between individuals and groups," "the spread of human conscious-

ness of community," and, second, "the establishment of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics." More than all, he makes the second dependent upon or the resultant of the first, and discusses Great Britain's relations to the development from the point of view of her own political organizations. We put the book down feeling perhaps more sympathetic, more hopeful of the Russian state.

Then we pick up the February Harper's and Max Eastman's article, "The End of Socialism in Russia," occupies us intensely for an hour. His last paragraphs are sure and positive. We find that he differs absolutely with Walter Duranty of the New York Times. To Eastman the confessions in these last tragic trials in Moscow are false — to Duranty they are true — and we find ourselves as readers, as those trying to understand International current events, sort of "sunk." Where shall we stand? It is all too far away from us. We do not know, we cannot relate it to *our* world. But we know we cannot *dismiss* the human problems involved. Our lecturers and our writers are trying to help. Some confuse us, some help us clarify but we know we must continue to grope for the ultimate reality in our human community, in government, in religion. Something down inside of each one of us tells us that a government that offers no political channel through which opposition may freely flow cannot long exist, be it a workman's state or a capitalistic state. This last Russian tragedy reveals once again *opposition within*, to the government at present functioning, and these executions show intense fear of that opposition, and refusal to allow that opposition to express itself in any legitimate political channel. "Political crimes punishable by death" sounds logical when written into constitutions and laws, but when translated into the field of action they may easily become the denial of all that a government is promising its supporters.

Again, what will the end of the present phase of the war in Spain mean? We know without reading any book. Those who conquer for the moment will attempt to stamp out the opposing *ideas* of government. Several weeks ago General Franco promised the restoration of law and order and the establishment of a new Spain for all. I have seen no statement from the loyalist government. We read opinions and factual evidence, the words, *democracy*, *liberty*, *freedom*, those words for which generations have died and are continuing to die, still weave the dreams of youth. We seek as ever the deeper thing, *truth*. Someone has said "there are two classes of men who learn the truth, those who think and those who suffer, that every great social reform has been achieved by the many underprivileged who have learned how to suffer and by the few highly privileged who have learned how to think." All true but not complete. When we pass from under the spell of such succinctly worded statements we find ourselves trying to fill in the gaps. The other night at a truly marvellously taken moving picture of the Irish rebellion of 1921, one suddenly realized anew that "*patriotism is not enough*." Those young Irishmen who gave their lives and took the lives of others for the dream of freedom which possessed their spirits are immortal not for the great ideas of government they believed to be right, eloquently as their ardent lives expressed them. No, one knows the immortality lay in the deathlessness of the reality of things spiritual which put them into the old battle for truth.

Out of the facts we memorize, out of the opinions we quote, out of passionate interest we possess in this or that cause, out of this method of procedure or that, we constantly attempt to strengthen the reality of *our concept of* Democracy, that is, to relate it to the field of action. Democracy in this our own country will die if it is not lived. Indeed the only *proof* of the truth of Democracy rests in the living of it — that is the only effective or convincing evidence. Democracy is a way of life and a big way. It includes in its stride so much men seek to impose by law or deny by penalties. Like peace it has its price — *to believe in it enough to live it.* How trite that sounds — and yet we know how it is with us. We proclaim it one day, and deny it the next. We establish it with blood and tears, and betray it with a laugh or a sneer. We know it must move as life moves, it is *growth* and yet we clamor to keep it fixed and immovable. We claim Democracy holds the only security for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness and yet how we fear the translations of that principle into the field of everyday work and action.

When did this dire thing happen to us? When did our fear of democracy become stronger than our faith in it? Is it because we fail to live it that it seems to be slipping through our fingers? Was that great onward, upward moving Dream of Democracy the reality, and all our pitiful petty living of it the illusion? Perhaps. The poet may indeed voice the ultimate reality for us. Sheamus O'Seele's great poem, "He whom a dream hath possessed knoweth no more of doubting," may be the simple answer to our search for the way of truth and democracy.

The Story of Gardening, Part I

By Richardson Wright

Prepared by the Educational Department of the Museum, for the Exhibition of Landscape Architecture of the San Francisco Museum of Art, February-March, 1937.

● In attempting to show the historic relationships in the art of garden design, we must follow the great highways of gardening. While they lead us afar into the East of Asia, into the West of Europe and finally into the New World, they have their single origin in the valley of the Tigris and the Euphrates, before recorded history.

But we do know that by 3500 B. C. the fertile lands watered by these rivers were supporting a pastoral and agricultural people. These were the Sumarians who introduced canal systems, drainage and irrigation, had extensive date orchards, grain and vegetable plantations and were using the plough. They built pools also with just such turf rims as are found today, and having come originally from the hills, they placed their temples on high mounds of artificially heaped earth called ziggurats. The Sumarian culture spread up the Euphrates and the Tigris rivers, to the West and to the East, to Egypt and to Babylon, to Persia, and to India.

EGYPT

The ancient records show two kinds of Egyptian gardens before 2000 B. C. that have bearing on the evolution of garden design—the temple gardens and the estates of officials.

Kings and wealthy citizens endowed temples with lands which became tree sanctuaries. Each temple cultivated its particular kind of tree sacred to its Divinity — its Tree of Life. As in later ages monasteries were the depositaries of learning, so these temple groves, these early arboretums, were depositaries of trees and the source of knowledge of them.

Planting of trees was really an act of kindness to the soul — inscriptions on the tombs lay stress on this idea. "Each day I may walk unceasingly on the banks of my water that my soul may repose on the branches of the trees which I planted, that I may refresh myself under the shadows of my Sycamore."

Ennenes, the writer, in the inscription on a tomb, says, "He treads once more his gardens in the west, he is cooled under his sycamore, he gazes on plots of fair trees which he himself had planted when on Earth."

Rameses III, describing his Temple at Medinet-Habu, wrote. "I dug a pond before it where the Ocean of Heaven flows over it, and planted it with trees and green growths as they are in lower Egypt. Gardens of vines, of trees, fruits, and flowers are around Thy temple, before Thy face," and he records that he gave to temples 107,180 measures of arable land together with 514 gardens of tree sites and 19,130,032 nosegays!

Both temples and private gardens were located on such hills as could be commanded above the flood line of the Nile, and were often terraced. The Egyptian took shelter from the realties of life behind a high wall, and made a garden of straight lines (often a checker-board), and systematic planting, with entrance gate, shady avenues, arched arbours, main and side paths, low walls, pavilions, pools, and plantations of trees. The system of irrigation was later passed on to the Moors who took it to Spain. Shrines were also found in these gardens and beds of bright flowers planted in color blocks — ancient progenitor of "Carpet bedding." Pools were, however, the most pronounced features of gardens of Egypt — one was a mile long and 1000 feet wide.

Topiary work began in Egypt with the clipping of trees into spherical or columnar shapes. "This fashion the Romans brought to a high degree of nonsense!" Many examples are still found in the Tudor gardens of England.

Another custom familiar to us was the growing of flowers and shrubs in pots and in wooden boxes placed along the walks near the house. The Egyptians were passionately fond of flowers, growing them for their color and perfume, for garlands used in all worship and festivities, and for grave wreaths. They were grown also, of course, for medicines. Housewives perfumed and adorned their homes with flowers as we do today, and in death they sent them as tributes of friendship.

This marked love of flowers made its impression on

architectural forms and interior decorations — walls were painted with flowers, floors simulated pools and flower beds, tombs resembled vine arbours.

Three types of columns were evolved from the garden — the lotus, the palm and the papyrus. The Greeks, learning this custom of floral decoration from Egypt, carried it on to the columnar decorations we employ today. By 450 B. C. Calhonachus had established the Corinthian order, using the acanthus.

An American order taking designs for the capitals from Indian corn, cotton, wheat, tobacco appeared in the early part of the 19th Century. In the Senate wing of the Capitol at Washington is a corn capital. At Montecello, home of Thomas Jefferson, is a tobacco capital. Corn capitals are also found at the University of North Carolina.

The Garden of the High Official of Amenholep (Amenophis) III, Thebes (a large rendering of which is on exhibition), admirably illustrates the principles of Egyptian gardening. In it we find nearly all the customary designs. The square of land surrounded by lofty walls, the dwelling house carefully hidden, shaded by trees, enlivened by ponds, the vineyard in the middle with all the trees of different kinds grouped about it in Avenues. Buildings are always subordinated, the garden is supreme.

If we look at the beautiful regular plan, the fine alternation of trees planted with prudent forethought, the elegant shape of the sunken ponds, the judiciously disposed buildings in the garden — we recognize with astonishment that we have here a formal garden in an advanced state of development on the very threshold of our history.

Rhythm, symmetry and a happy combination of elegance and utility, a blend often desired in later days of hope and struggle have been fully attained and with them a delight in quiet communion with nature — with her beauty in orderliness.

BABYLON

The Hanging Gardens of Babylon have been attributed to Queen Semiramis of the 9th Century B. C., but the usually accepted story is that Nebuchadnezzar, 600 B.C., built them for his wife, a Median girl from the high country, who wept for the green hills of her native land.

These gardens covered three acres, and were built like a stadium with stepped-back terraces 16 feet wide, supported by arches with an outside wall 22 feet thick. Over planks placed on the arches was a sheet of lead, over that, tiles for water proofing, then soil for planting the bushes and flowers was added. Trees were set out also and could grow because the columns of sun baked brick were hollow and filled with soil like a deep box into which the roots could penetrate.

Water for the plants was drawn up from the Euphrates by spiral pumps manned by slaves. The gardens were in reality a beautiful green hill terraced with flowers.

Eventually the taste for terraced gardens filtered downward from the king to the nobles, and Hanging Gardens became a fashion.

Their descendants are still to be found in Persia, and their counterparts in: "The Green Hill," of Marco Polo's Cathay; "The Garden of the Throne," at Shiraz; "Isola Bella," on Lake Como; "The Mounds'" of Tudor Gardens still to be seen in England; the artificial mounds of Chinese Gardens.

These ancient gardens were built by such great men as Sargon, Sennacherib, Alexander the Great, Xerxes, Nebuchadnezzar and mighty kings and warriors, and were thought worthy of description by Xenophon, Strabo, Deodorus, Seculus and many other writers of the past.

We cannot omit from this account Sennacherib (ruler of Assyria 706-681 B. C.), who laid out parks and gardens around Ninevah, or the King of Babylon, 721-710 B. C., whose clay tablets record that he grew 70 different plants in his especial herb garden, many for their fragrance. And one other amazing product of this civilization was the Assyrian Herbal compiled in the 7th Century B. C., containing the names of nearly 1000 plants and specifying some 250 vegetable drugs.

PERSIA

Ultimately Assyrian and Babylonian lands passed into the hands of the Persians, who raised gardening to a magnificent luxury and had perhaps the greatest influence on the spread and vitality of gardens throughout the world. Parks grew in size, rivalry in parks and villas sprang up between the nobles, gardening became a part of the culture of the people. Persian youth was obliged to learn the planting and care of trees, in addition to the forging of armor and the weaving of hunting nets. Gardening was truly the "sport of Kings." The younger Cyrus told his visitor, Lysander, the Spartan, that he had measured the ground in his garden at Sardis, arranged the planting and set out many of the trees with his own hands. When Darius transferred his capital from Pasargadae to Persepolis he first created gardens to beautify it.

The Persian New Year's Day fell at the vernal equinox which coincided with the outburst of flowers and verdure. Before this time the climate is bitter cold and afterward the heat is almost unbearable. Windswept and often barren the high table land of Persia enjoys only a few short weeks of spring which, with its short burst of flowers, was the lovely and poetic moment of the year.

Palace and villa gardens were developed into symmetrical courtyards so planned that they could be abundantly irrigated and could be cooled by the spray from fountains.

Always the Persian garden was enclosed with a high mud wall and strictly planted with trees, always watered through channels and pools, and always there was a summer house. Brilliant tiles gave color, and the beds were

made into a decorative pattern with colored earth or stones.

Persian religion also influenced the shape and ornamentation of the gardens. The ancient faith of Zoroaster promised Heaven to "Those who had built canals and aqueducts and fountains, who had established inns for weary travellers, who had laid out public parks for the poor, and who had never hewn down trees."

The religion of Mohammed, 800 A. D., later brought to this another heaven which was a series of great gardens. The gardens of Rest, of Eternity, of Delight, of Paradise, of Perpetual Abode.

To the Persians the world owes the romantic word "Paradise" (their name for garden), which in 400 B. C. Xenophon brought to Greece in his descriptions of the gardens he visited on his travels. Later the covered court of the early Christian Basilicas, which was also a sanctuary, was called the "Paradise."

INDIA

India accepted Buddhism, 500 B. C., centuries before the birth of Christ, and naturalistic temples, groves and gardens made by devotees flourished from that time and inculcated a great love of flowers and gardens among all classes of people. Their gardens shared the picturesque quality of their architecture. Feroz Shah, who reigned 1321-88, made a hundred gardens about Ferozabad (Ancient Delhi), planted miles of roadside trees, dug canals, bridged streams, and provided more than a thousand bathing tanks.

On this naturalistic foundation the Moghul conquerors, 1628-1658 A. D., laid the Persian garden taste, introducing straight lines and an archictectural character which reaches its highest magnificence in the Taj Mahal that Shah Jahan raised to the memory of his lovely Empress Mumtaz Mahal — a garden tomb of consummate beauty.

Many gardens were planned as pleasure places during the lifetime of the owner. At his death and his wife's the central pavilion became their tomb, and the garden was given to the care of monks. Many a famous Indian garden was laid out for this purpose.

Because of the heat, gardens were necessary to sustain life in India. Even in simple establishments there was a shady retreat in a summer house near a pool so that water could be sprayed on the occupants. Larger gardens of fifty acres or more were enclosed in a high battlemented wall with the four elaborate gates. The pavilion was in the center of the plot to catch cooling winds from all sides. Often this pavilion stood in an island in the inevitable reservoir.

Water canals lined with blue tiles formed the main and side axes of the garden to cool the air and feed pools and fountains; raised paths bordered them. To emphasize the general lines of the garden, shade trees were planted along the canals and pergolas. Beyond, a park was developed, joined by orchards or vineyards. Flowers were massed in beds of color about the buildings and along the main canals, whose bordering paths were always raised, so that the flower beds and the brimming waters of canals and pools and fountains could be seen from above.

Many records of these flower beds are found in the old "Paradise Carpet," which eventually developed into a great art, and in the Indian miniatures which exquisitely record their refinements. As in Egypt and in Rome, the pergola was an important feature, as was the summer house built into the corners of the square walls. To this day in England one finds that angle the favorite place for a garden house. Most gardens had waterfalls, even when only a foot in drop, for it is said that the Moghuls, a hill people, longed for the rushing mountain streams of their homeland.

Because life in the gardens was so much a part of the life of the people, they were planned for times of day and for moods—to be beautiful in moonlight with white flowers and the twinkling of lanterns, to be beautiful in the full glare of the sun. Separate gardens were consecrated to the worship of particular flowers. In Samarkand the tulip fields, near Cabul the violet garden of the great warrior Barbar, at Lahore the famous rose gardens. Festivals are still kept in Kashmire: that the lilacs, narcissus and tulips; the rose in June; and in July, the last of these festivals celebrates the flowering of the lotus.

Water, trees, fruit and perfumed flowers—these are the essentials of the Indian Paradise.

HEALTH EXAMINATION BLANK

I enclose herewith check for $10.00 to cover the expense of the Health Examinations to be given in April.

Name.....*Address*.....

Telephone.....

I prefer an afternoon ☐ evening ☐ appointment.

Make check payable to Women's City Club, San Francisco, and address to
Dr. Ellen Stadtmuller, Chairman, Health Examinations Committee.

There must be a reasonable number of applications for examinations or money will be refunded and the examinations not given.

Join in California Conservation Week

March 7 - 14

PEARL CHASE, *Chairman*

● The Third California Conservation Week will be observed March 7-14. Plans have been made to hold it on the same dates in 1938 and 1939, for it opens very properly on Conservation, Bird and Arbor Day, Luther Burbank's birthday as established by the Legislature years ago. California Conservation Council, which includes the leaders of over fifty federal and state departments and state-wide organizations, sponsors the week as one means of bringing about the cooperation of officials, schools, leaders of civic organizations and individuals in promoting a year-round educational program for the conservation of the state's natural resources.

Through the programs and special publicity, it is hoped to arouse public interest in improvement of our roadsides, the preservation of natural landscape values, and widespread participation in necessary conservation projects. Women everywhere are realizing that they should know more about the great natural resources of their state and that they should help work out the solution of some of the difficult problems which affect the lives of all Californians. Members of the Women's City Club should carry to other organizations to which they belong, and to their homes, a feeling of responsibility and a special interest in furthering conservation education.

The California Conservation Council has issued a four-page announcement which contains many helpful suggestions for participation in Conservation Week. Copies can be secured from the office desk. If you happen to be a teacher or a leader of a junior group, you will also find there a little green conservation leaflet for children, telling about the state bird, valley quail; the flower, California poppy, and the Coast redwood, which the Legislature plans to legally name the state tree.

Here are suggestions for which we urge your careful consideration:

CALIFORNIA'S OWN CONSERVATION PROGRAM

To encourage a greater appreciation and secure more effective measures for the conservation and development of the natural resources of California by:

1. Correlating all conservation activities of official agencies.

2. Furthering conservation through education in schools, forums, other agencies of public information, and particularly through efforts of planning and research organizations.

3. Increasing recreational and educational use of national, state and county parks, national forests and other publicly owned areas; also providing more wilderness areas and wildlife refuges.

4. Encouraging reforestation, tree planting and pest control by federal and state agencies, organizations and individuals, and the preseravtion of wildflowers and other native plants.

5. Aiding in prevention of forest fires by teaching habitual care with burning matches and tobacco in all seasons and prompt and vigorous prosecution of those setting fires.

6. Developing and conserving water resources by preservation of watershed cover, erosion control, economic use and storage of water.

7. Developing the work of soil conservation and restoration of submarginal lands to their natural state, also further protection of the beaches, by means of carefully developed regional plans.

8. Protecting wildlife and the life of the sea, and propagating birds and fish.

9. Enforcing all conservation laws and adopting new laws to further control the wasteful exploitation and wanton destruction of natural resources.

10. Increasing highway planting where soil and moisture conditions are favorable, and curtailing extension of roads into mountain areas except where necessary.

Did You Know That —

● In California are found areas — the driest, the wettest, the sunniest, the foggiest, the coldest, the hottest, the lowest, the highest (except Alaska), the flattest, the most rugged, the most fertile, and the most alkaline in the United States?

California has more native species of trees than any equal area in the United States — more species of highly colored flowers and conifers than any equal area in the world?

California has the tallest, the largest, and the oldest of living trees? *Professor H. E. McMinn in "Source Material for Conservation Week."*

The diversity of soil, climate and topography and the rapid rate of development and exploitation by man, contributes directly to the variety, complexity, interest, and importance of California's conservation problems?

To solve them, for the greatest benefit of this and future generations, requires the most thorough research, careful planning, widespread understanding and unselfish devotion to the best interests of the State and its people?

YOUR HELP IS NEEDED — Aid by developing and supporting a sound program of Conservation Education Now.

Final Statement on Indian Arts and Crafts Bill

74TH CONGRESS, 1ST SESSION: S. 2203

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES — MARCH 4 (calendar day MARCH 8), 1935

Mr. Thomas of Oklahoma (by request) introduced the following bill; which was read twice and referred to the Committee on Indian Affairs

A BILL

To promote the development of Indian arts and crafts and to create a board to assist therein, and for other purposes.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That a board is hereby created in the Department of the Interior to be known as "Indian Arts and Crafts Board," and hereinafter referred to as the Board. The Board shall be composed of five Commissioners, who shall be appointed by the President as soon as possible after the passage of this Act and shall continue in office, two for a term of two years, one for a term of three years and two for a term of four years from the date of their appointment, the term of each to be designated by the President, but their successors shall be appointed for a term of four years except that any person chosen to fill a vacancy shall be appointed for the unexpired term of the Commissioner whom he succeeds. Both public officers and private citizens shall be eligible for membership on the Board. The Board shall elect one of the commissioners as chairman. One or two vacancies on the Board shall not impair the right of the remaining commissioners to exercise all the powers of the Board.

The Commissioners shall serve without compensation: *Provided*, That each Commissioner shall be reimbursed for all actual expenses, including travel expenses, subsistence and office overhead, which the Board shall certify to have been incurred as properly incidental to the performance of his duties as a member of the Board.

SEC. 2. It shall be the function and the duty of the Board to promote the economic welfare of the Indian tribes and the Indian wards of the Government through the development of Indian arts and crafts and the expansion of the market for the products of Indian art and craftsmanship. In the execution of this function the Board shall have the following powers: (a) To undertake market research to determine the best opportunity for the sale of various products; (b) to engage in technical research and give technical advice and assistance; (c) to engage in experimentation directly or through selected agencies; (d) to correlate and encourage the activities of the various governmental and private agencies in the field; (e) to offer assistance in the management of operating groups for the furtherance of specific projects; (f) to make recommendations to appropriate agencies for loans in furtherance of the production and sale of Indian products; (g) to create Government marks of genuineness and quality for Indian products and the products of particular Indian tribes or groups; to establish standards and regulations for the use of such marks; to license corporations, associations, or individuals to use them; and to charge a fee for their use; (h) to employ executive officers, including a general manager, and such other permanent and temporary personnel as may be found necessary, and prescribe the authorities, duties, responsibilities, and tenure and fix the compensation of such officers and other employees: *Provided*, That the Classification Act of 1923, as amended, shall be applicable to all permanent employees except executive officers, and that all employees other than executive officers shall be appointed in accordance with the civil-service laws from lists of eligibles to be supplied by the Civil Service Commission; (i) as a Government agency to negotiate and execute in its own name contracts with operating groups to supply management, personnel, and supervision at cost, and to negotiate and execute in its own name such other contracts and to carry on such other business as may be necessary for the accomplishment of the duties and purposes of the Board: *Provided*, That nothing in the foregoing enumeration of powers shall be construed to authorize the Board to borrow or lend money or to deal in Indian goods.

SEC. 3. The Board shall prescribe from time to time rules and regulations governing the conduct of its business and containing such provisions as it may deem appropriate for the effective execution and administration of the powers conferred upon it by this Act: *Provided*, That before prescribing any procedure for the disbursement of money the Board shall advise and consult with the General Accounting Office: *Provided further*, That all rules and regulations proposed by the Board shall be submitted to the Secretary of the Interior and shall become effective upon his approval. *(Continued on page 29)*

The Story of the American Merchant Marine Library Service

Reprinted from "Books on Board"

● Freedom, the beckoning of far horizons, release from limitations of a world too crowded with human striving — these things life at sea offers as escape to the men who would turn their backs on cities and face other perils than those implicit in our modern industrial life.

It is not an easy escape, but one which carries a definite challenge. More than 200,000 merchant seamen have met this challenge. The rewards they can gain if they love the sea are obvious. But dangers go with them. The mariner's battle with the elements can be won only by a scientific knowledge of navigation, and an outstanding courage. A more insidious danger, but one to be feared no less, is the undermining effect of a life often limited in interests, and cut off too long from family or desirable social contacts.

The provision of books is one of the shields now offered these merchant seamen; books of entertainment and books of instruction, to amuse them in their hours of alternative boredom and to help them rise in their chosen profession. The one great agency now helping the American seamen in this way is the American Merchant Marine Library Association, of which Mrs. Henry Howard is President and founder.

In fifteen years this association has grown from a little pile of worn-out books on the floor of a Boston warehouse to a library which last year placed more than a quarter of a million books and 150,000 magazines on ships carrying the American flag to every major port in the world. To thousands of ambitious men it is the only means within their reach for continuing studies which were broken off by necessity. This service places practical textbooks, history, biography, treatises on navigation and engineering in the hands of men who want them and reach for them. To seamen whose time off watch, sixteen hours each day on many ships, is spent mainly within the limits of a narrow forecastle, recreation is essential. When men confined to a small space seek recreation they usually choose one of three outlets: cards, dice or reading. Therefore all books circulated by the association are not educational, but exciting books aimed to stimulate interest in reading itself, volumes about places and people and things of interest to men on ships, are provided. No propaganda is included, the only standard books for each library being a Bible, The Seamen's Handbook, health pamphlets and a manual on citizenship.

An effort is made to adapt the service to the varied requirements of various ships. The crew on a passenger ship making comparatively short runs may regard fiction with indifference. They have frequent shore leaves and other forms of recreation. Their demand is for history and biography, and for technical books. The men on an oil tanker that plies back and forth from New York to Texas, with time in port so short as to allow for almost no shore leave, want fiction. A ship off for a summer of iceberg patrol near Labrador is stocked with technical volumes dealing with navigation.

The publication and distribution of "The Seamen's Handbook for Shore Leave," is one of the most valuable services of the Association. Realizing the great need of a sailor's guide book, Mrs. Howard compiled the first volume and has edited six succeeding editions. The book lists nearly 400 world ports with names and locations of seamen's agencies, hotels and seamen's homes, as well as directions for obtaining medical and legal aid. Suggestions are made as to amusements and points of interest to seamen and occasionally there is a significant word of warning such as "Tsingtao, China, alcoholic drinks are likely to be of dangerous quality here."

These floating libraries have a vital effect on health. Recognizing that through the Association it could reach nearly every seaman afloat, the United States Public Health Service selected the libraries as the method of distributing pamphlets on venereal disease.

But our merchant ships are easier to serve than many of the isolated lighthouses and Coast Guard Stations on our own coasts. For the valiant men in this work, loneliness is real and everpresent. There is no "breather" of a few days a month in port to look forward to. In some remote stations a man "signs on" for three years. Frequently the keepers of these lighthouses have families, and children find their education as well as their recreation in the specially packed green boxes. Cutters often battle their way through terrific storms to deliver the eagerly awaited books.

To carry on its vital work the Association must have books and funds with which to distribute them. The minimum sum required for distribution is $50,000 a year. The necessity for maintaining it is patriotic, as well as cultural and humane. The proper books in the hands of 200,000 seamen may materially influence the entire tradition of American seamanship.

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I Have Been Reading

By Daisy F. Reed

There's Always Tomorrow; *by Marguerite Harrison;* 1935. Farrar & Reinhart, Inc. $3.50.

The Street of the Fishing Cat; *by Yolán Foldes;* 1937. Farrar & Reinhart. 1937.

● There's Always Tomorrow"; by Marguerite Harrison. . . . There are books one misses reading when they are first published. All-absorbing, compelling books. That they are postponed a year or two makes no difference, so long as one eventually comes across them. Such a book is "There's Always Tomorrow."

It is many kinds of books in one, and all are well told. It is a splendid example of a broad international (with emphasis on the inter) point of view; it is the exciting and true story of a government agent in the days just after the war when spying was a particularly dangerous calling; it is a tale of brave and fearless (sometimes perhaps foolhardy) adventure undertaken by a lone woman "in order to satisfy the constant craving to know the truth" about conditions in other countries; it is the story of the making of the film "Grass"—an amazing record which is perhaps the most absorbingly interesting part of the book—and it is also an impersonal autobiography which at times becomes almost tragic in its impersonality.

I know of few such authentic accounts, told without malice, of the human results of the World War and the Treaty of Versailles.

Marguerite Harrison's mind detaches itself entirely and almost uncannily from her own personal physical environment, to enter into the minds and conditions of Russian, German, Persian, of any people whom she is seeking to understand. In prison, in Russia, she respected the Cheka agent who had charge of her. She saw him doing his duty as a part of a system in which he believed. That she did not have absolute faith in his system did not make her hate him. Hers is a rare point of view and it is so naturally, so unaffectedly the point of view of the book that the term "wisdom" best characterizes it.

Marguerite Harrison was by profession a newspaper correspondent. Her activities as a spy were covered up by her newspaper work. The fact that she was known to have been a spy had far-reaching influence on her subsequent career as a correspondent.

This book is in no way inferior to those written, in the past few years, by the men of the press, Sheean, Duranty or Will Irwin. Her writing gives every evidence of the fact that she would deprecate any comparison with the men of her profession, for she more than held her own regardless of sex; nor did she ever take advantage of the fact that she was a charming and intelligent woman.

● The Street of the Fishing Cat; by Yolán Foldes, winner of the All-Nations Prize Novel competition, was written by a Hungarian who lived many years in Paris.

This is the story of the people who lived in Paris on the Rue du Chat-qui-Pêche, a little street two paces wide and thirty paces long. To this diminutive and ancient street came after the World War the exiles who could no longer claim the right of citizenship under the changed political systems of their various homelands.

The nucleus of this group of exiles, who led a "death-in-life existence," was the Barabás family from Budapest. The father was a furrier and the mother a laundry worker. There were few children among these exiles; but the Barabás family had three children. The best in each one of this motely group of outcasts was centered on these children. The point that the author makes throughout the book is that political animosities, bitter as they were, were of less importance than the personal tragedies resulting from the insecurity of their position. At times they fought verbal battles, but more often they were kind to one another.

The different types of exiles are well portrayed, for Yolán Foldes has a gift for delineating human character in a very few words. There is the Russian banker who repeats incessantly, "A year hence in my palace in Moscow"; there is the Rumanian professor, Vassja, the Russian mechanic, and István, the Hungarian who is a "grabber" and "makes the rounds of the charities."

But the book is really the story of the young—those who were "born on a volcano," the three Barabás children, who must take life in their own hands and learn not from their parents but from the world into which they have been thrown.

Anna, the eldest, became a successful dressmaker because she learned to accept things as they were. In the process of learning, she distilled a certain sort of wisdom for herself and she saw: "Here they are, living side by side, a lot of useless lives . . . sometimes one of them gets torn away." (Her brother Jani and Klári were very

young when they came to Paris.) "Saplings can be transplanted only at a certain age; later they do not take root. Maybe Klári was lucky, maybe it was the right moment for her . . . the others in the Street of the Fishing Cat, and in little hotels in Paris and all over the world. Very likely this is always the proportion. Very likely this always was the proportion among those who are cast adrift; the exiles, the emigrants. And so it will remain forever. One or two put up their tents on foreign soil, the others? They slowly vanish and leave no trace."

National League Library Service

● With the beginning of the Lenten season, we look forward to its culmination in the joyous Easter week-end, when again, because our hearts are glad, we want to share this joy with those who are dear to us. We are, therefore, giving a list of new books that will be available for Easter gifts. These titles represent just a cross section, and a small one at that, of what the publishers have to offer this spring.

Books for March Reading and Appropriate Gifts for Easter

Something of Myself, autobiographical material by *Rudyard Kipling*. $2.50.

Theatre, a novel by *Somerset Maugham*. $2.50.

We Are Not Alone; *James Hilton*, author of "Lost Horizon." $2.00.

Of Mice and Men; *John Steinbeck*. $2.00.

Croquet Player; *H. G. Wells*. $1.25.

Eating Around San Francisco; *Ruth Thompson*. $2.00.

Louisa May Alcott; *Katharine Anthony*. $3.00. First biography for adults of this famous author.

Beloved Friend, the story of Tchaikowsky and Nadejda von Meck. $3.00.

For little people, the Beatrix Potter books make delightful gifts, among the titles: "Peter Rabbit," "Flopsy Bunnies," "Jemima Puddle Duck" and "Benjamin Bunny"; each 75 cents.

Fluff, the Little Wild Rabbit; by *Lida*. As beautifully done as "Plouf" and "Pom-Pom." $1.00.

Little Book About God; *Lauren Ford*. $1.50.

First Bible; Oxford University Press. $2.50.

Round of Carols and Ten Saints, both illustrated by Helen Sewell and both containing beautiful Easter carols and stories. The first is $2.00, the second $2.50.

And for older readers:

Little Miracle; *Zoe Akins*. A play. 75 cents.

The Bible, designed to be read as living literature. $3.75.

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Practice Conservation Every Day

California Conservation Week, March 7-14.

● The California Valley Quail is our State Bird. It is considered a game bird. It is partly protected by laws enforced by the State Fish and Game Commission. The season when quail may be killed varies from six to nine weeks in different districts.

California has more than four hundred kinds of birds. Let us all get acquainted with some of them.

They eat insects which destroy our trees and grain. Owls and hawks eat mice, rats and gophers.

We could not control these pests without the help of the birds. They make us happy with their beauty and their songs.

We can do something for them in return.

Plant bushes that have berries for food and shelter. Feed them seeds, bits of bread or cooked vegetables. Give them clean water in a shallow dish for drinking and bathing. Put one feeding tray on ground, another 3 feet or more from the ground to make some of the birds feel safe from cats.

They need our care and protection if they are to continue to protect us. It is fun to be on friendly terms with the birds.

The California Grizzly Bear was our State Animal. You may see him on our Bear Flag, but you will not see him anywhere else except in pictures.

The California Grizzlys have been killed, because we did not think in time to protect any of them. So also the antelope, beaver and valuable fur-bearing sea otter have been destroyed.

Many other interesting animals, birds, trees and flowers will disappear in a very short time unless we learn about them and protect them.

The California Poppy is our State Flower. It is one of the most beautiful of the many wild flowers that grow in California. Its lovely color makes it a fitting emblem for "The Golden State."

Nearly all of our wild flowers need our protection, if we are to keep our hills and woodlands and deserts beautiful. Our State law says you must secure a permit to pick them on public or private lands. Some of them are so rare we may not pick them at all. Some counties also protect certain plants.

Wild flowers that are picked in the fields usually wilt before we can get them home.

They are more beautiful where they grow. If they are left there, many people will enjoy them.

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Your hats also skillfully remodeled.

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239 GEARY

They need to make seeds for new plants. Without seeds there will be no new plants for next year. We must not pull up flowers with the bulbs and roots.

If you love to pick wild flowers, grow some in your garden. The California Poppy is one of the easiest wild flowers to grow in a garden.

California Conservation, Bird and Arbor Day is March 7, Luther Burbank's birthday.

California Conservation Week was first observed in 1935. The dates in 1937, 1938 and 1939 will be the same—March 7 to 14.

The Coast Redwood is one of the finest trees in California. Its name is Sequoia sempervirens. Sequoia was a famous Cherokee Indian; sempervirens means always green. Some Redwoods are very large and very old. The cones of this large tree are small. The Redwoods grow near the coast in northern California where there is considerable rain.

One of them is the tallest tree known in the world. It is 364 feet high. This and many others grow in parks which belong to the State. That means they belong to all of us and are protected.

Our Redwood parks are very beautiful with lovely flowers and shrubs growing under the grand old trees.

California has many beautiful native trees. It has more native plants than any equal area in the United States.

We must be especially careful to protect our trees and brush from fire.

Without our trees, shrubs and grasses all of the soil would soon wash away from our hills and mountains and the land would be ugly and barren. What can we do to protect our trees?

"A Tree"

Mankind called the thing a tree.
We watch it sprout and grow and be.
Reflected strength divinely sown.
A gift of God we proudly own.

Mankind called the thing a tree,
It's more than all of this to me:
Inspired truth, a shade of glory.
Never described in word or story.

Mankind called the thing a tree,
We'll never have, all will agree,
A kinder thought of our Creator,
From Northern clime to the equator.

Mankind called the thing a tree,
In Eden's garden spreading, free;
Oh! Spare our forests here below,
Arrest the axman's cruel blow!

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To clean up your skin, this marvelous cream that cleans like soap and softens like a cream is the result of careful medical research.

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Tone Facial Soap Cream is just as effective for older skins.

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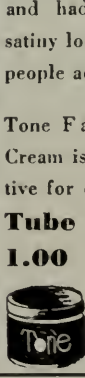

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BEAUTY SALON

An Empire Pageant

Reprinted from The Landmark of February, 1937, by courtesy of the English Speaking Union.

• England is busy preparing the setting for festivities next May that promise pageantry of mediaeval splendour. At the Earl Marshal's office, the official invitations to representatives of the British Empire, of the United States and of other countries, to peers and peeresses of the realm, to baronets, knights and commoners will soon be ready for despatch. Westminster Abbey is closed till the day when seven thousand, seven hundred distinguished guests will take their seats to witness the solemn and splendid ceremony of crowning a King-Emperor and his Queen. In Hyde Park and along the Mall and Constitution Hill, stands are rapidly taking shape to carry seats for some 85,000 more delegates and officials — rows of seats, which if placed end to end would stretch for twenty-seven miles. Leading artists and architects are designing plans for making the streets of London and other cities gay with flowers, flags, ensigns and banners, emblazoned with coats of arms, in picturesque colour schemes, ranging from silver-grey and red on Whitehall and the Embankment, to the rich red and gold of Parliament Square, near the scene of the main ceremony. By night flood-lighting of historic and public buildings will make the City a blaze of light and colour.

Cartmouth House, too, is busy making ready to help visitors from overseas to share in the festivities. Realizing the difficulties of finding accommodations, and of securing seats to view the Royal Procession, arrangements have been made for an all-inclusive and varied program of two weeks in London for members of the United States. Visitors who join these groups will make sure of seeing under conditions as easy as it is possible to make them, everything of particular interest on this historic occasion, as well as the many centres of permanent historic interest in and around London. There will be receptions and visits to gardens and country houses, a river trip and drives to view the decorations and illuminations, while for those who can spare time for other parts of England as well as the capital, a tour has been planned covering Devon, Cornwall, Bath, the Wye Valley, Stratford-on-Avon, Sulgrave Manor and Oxford, before the London visit. Those wishing to take advantage of these special opportunities should write immediately to the General Secretary of the English-Speaking Union of the United States, 19 West 44th Street, New York City, for a reservation. Numbers in each party are strictly limited.

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• ROBES and PAJAMAS made in a skillful manner for type models—the tall figure or the petite—the slender or rounded figure, for both men and women, in Oriental silks, at 430 Grant Avenue.

Madam Butterfly

In Tribute to William Polk, Architect

● Friends of the late Willis Polk, architect, feeling that he was among those rare designers who caught again the fine spirit of the Renaissance during the formative years that joined the Nineteenth Century to our own, have gathered together and given to the School of Architecture some of the objects which he was fond of having about him during his lifetime, and which bring with them something of his vivid and sensitive personality; books that he most often consulted and furniture that he himself designed and used.

In gratefully accepting this generous and appropriate gift, the University recognizes not only the worth of these beautiful objects but even more their value as daily reminders of a truly great exponent of a most significant period of American architecture.

University of California School of Architecture

February 14th, 1937.

Editor's Note: It is particularly appropriate that we of the Women's City Club Magazine print this tribute, for as architect of our beautiful Clubhouse, Mr. Polk gave to us a lasting memorial of his power of design.

The Cross

Who can gaze on that beautiful cross on Mt. Davidson,
When night has flung her purple protecting mantle over the world,
Without a quickening of the heart and of the pulse?
In all of its sublime purity and majesty it stands,
The background of our Christian belief,
An emblem of Christ and His Supreme Sacrifice,
His body broken, His side pierced, His blood shed
For the salvation and the redemption of the world.
Cirrus clouds float by, gently kissing and caressing the cross
As they hurry on their way, to be lost
In the fringed silver of the moonlight.
It was the keynote of an inspired thought
And a great spiritual vision
That could see, in the lighting of that cross
The golden mean, that would make that busy,
Hurrying throng pause; yes, pause
In their varied activities of life to recall
The teachings imbibed from their mothers,
And recall the faith and religion of their fathers,
Which alone through Christ can bring a
Peace that passes all understanding.

—By Metta Elaine Walsh.

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5th January, 1937.

Dear Madam:

My Committee feel that many of your members will be visiting England this year with a view to seeing the Coronation, and may be anxious to avail themselves of the terms of affiliation to the Halcyon Club. To mark this special occasion it has been decided to extend the hospitality of the Club to your members, *during the month of May*, without payment of the usual affiliation fee. This privilege does not include the use of bedrooms, and it will be necessary, of course, for the usual card of introduction to be presented.

My Committee will be glad if you will make this matter known to any of your members who may be coming over.

Yours very truly,

M. F. McWilliam, Secretary.

The Secretary,
Women's City Club,
San Francisco.

Charlas

● Celia, a qué no recuerdas los cuatro puntos del uso del verbo haber.

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Periodic Health Examinations

By Dr. Adelaide Brown, *Health Editor*

● Periodic Health Examinations have been a part of the Women's City Club service to its members for some ten years. The idea came to us from the Boston City Club, brought by Miss Leale. There, to arrange this service, they had called in a medical man who had made a specialty of such examinations. These services of health examinations are advocated by some of the large insurance companies, and health protection of their many employees is emphasized.

After a young husband takes out an insurance policy for his wife and children, he often loses sight of *keeping well.* Many of us have been reviewed in health by the Life Extension Institute, but very few continue at regular intervals this service to their own health outlook.

The health examinations at the Women's City Club have been most carefully and accurately conducted. The medical and gynaecological examinations have been made by women physicians of the best modern education and large medical experience. And the laboratory additions of urinalysis and blood examinations have been made by experienced laboratory physicians. Efficiency of eyes and ears have been tested and after two seances the case is reviewed thoroughly and the future for the best and most protective health care is outlined.

The comment of some of our brothers in medicine on the type of examination we have given has been interesting. A prominent insurance doctor said early in our program, "You have never started a piece of work more valuable to women." Another after reading over an examination made on one of his patients, said, "This is fine, and tell me, how much of what you have been taught are you following?"

It has seemed to me that in reviewing medical reports made by the Mayo Clinic by the Life Extension Institute and by various diagnostic centers, that the result of the examination was presented to the patient as a document, but its application to her health future was not clearly enough made. A much more intimate bond of confidence and frankness needs to be built up around this matter of consultation.

Some years ago at the Mayo Clinic a study was made of the length of time symptoms had been observed by the patient before coming in for a medical examination. An average of eighteen months had passed before the consultation, in what proved to be a group of cancer cases. The period of hope had been wasted—and yet the patients had been conscious that their cases should be under a doctor's care.

There are many fallacies which we indulge in, in relation to our physical conditions. The relation of the periodic divisions of a woman's life have gathered about them a cloud of superstitions. Many of these can be scattered by a frank interview with an intelligent physician. Laboratory tests and studies shed some light, but personality, personal strain in life, have to be appreciated and evaluated before wholesome advice for sane living can be given.

The emphasis just being put on tests for syphilis preliminary to marriage are important. Many of the diseases of later life, the wear and tear diseases, are aggravated by this infectious disease. Adequately treated, it can be eliminated as a health menace, but the treatment is long and expensive and the new attitude under the Surgeon General puts the work and expense of adequate treatment on the government, and no doubt the cured cases will increase with this adequate follow-up work.

During the war an enormous service was given to protect soldiers against venereal disease. With their education by movies, lectures, etc., a more intelligent population was developed. Now, eighteen years later, that group can be counted on for cooperation in this educational and service campaign.

The cancer campaign for which the services of lay women are being solicited will certainly protect many women of middle life; from twenty years of age on, these victims are gathered. Remember, *always,* a doctor does not cause these diseases, but is the *only person able* to *diagnose* and *care for them.* A life may be saved by an early consultation. Delay hinders — talk over your health at our health examinations. It can only augment your health prospects. Before taking long journeys, encountering high altitudes, undertaking violent exercise courses, it is true health conservation to know exactly where you stand.

The next health examination at the Women's City Club will be in April—and recall how this service is estimated by those who know its value—and as *guardian of your own health,* think over seeing how you stand in health.

(Continued from page 18)

SEC. 4. There is hereby authorized to be appropriated out of any sums in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated such sums as may be necessary to defray the expenses of the Board and carry out the purposes and provisions of this Act. All income derived by the Board from any source shall be covered into the Treasury of the United States and shall constitute a special fund which is hereby appropriated and made available until expended for carrying out the purposes and provisions of this Act. Out of the funds available to it at any time the Board may make or authorize such expenditures, consistent with the provisions of this Act, as it may determine to be necessary for the accomplishment of the purposes and objectives of this Act.

SEC. 5. Any person who shall reproduce, counterfeit, or colorably imitate any Government mark used or devised by the Board as provided in section 2 of this Act, or shall, except as authorized by the Board, affix any such Government mark, or shall knowingly, willfully, and corruptly affix any reproduction, counterfeit, copy, or colorable imitation thereof upon any products, Indian or otherwise, or to any labels, signs, prints, packages, wrappers, or receptacles intended to be used upon or in connection with the sale of such products, or any person who shall knowingly make any false statement for the purpose of obtaining the use of any such Government mark, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and be subject to a fine not exceeding $2,000, or imprisonment not exceeding six months, or both such fine and imprisonment.

SEC. 6. Any person who shall willfully and falsely represent any goods, with or without any Government mark, to be Indian products or Indian products of a particular Indian tribe or group, resident within the United States or the Territory of Alaska, when such person knows such goods are not Indian products or are not Indian products of the particular Indian tribe or group, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and be subject to a fine not exceeding $2,000 or imprisonment not exceeding six months, or both such fine and imprisonment: *Provided*, That the fraudulent corrupt offering or display of any such goods for sale shall be deemed a representation within the meaning of this section.

It shall be the duty of each district attorney, to whom the Board shall report in writing any violation of the provisions of this section which has occurred within his jurisdiction, to cause appropriate proceedings to be commenced and prosecuted in the proper courts of the United States for the enforcement of the penalties herein provided.

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A Gardener's Books

By Katharine Kilbourn

● A bibliography of garden books sent to the Talent Festival in October attracted the attention of our President, Miss Donohoe, and she has asked the compiler to write a word about it for the Club Magazine.

This is an attempt at an answer to her question about how it came to be. But upon sitting down before the typewriter one doesn't find the beginning too clearly defined. Let us say, perhaps, that an active interest in a Berkeley garden plus everyday contact with lots of books, formed the receptive background. Then one day there appeared an outstanding book that fitted in with the then main garden interest, "The English Rock Garden," by Reginald Farrer. It was almost a revelation that a book could be so entertainingly written, and yet be such a mine of scientific and practical knowledge. Followed a definite interest in Farrer, and all of his works were secured and devoured. Other writers on the same subjects were read; book reviews and publishers' lists took on an increased attraction, and shortly a list began to grow. Evenings and weekends were thus filled with a very lively diversion and as time for the Talent Festival approached, it seemed fitting that these treasures should be shared with members of the Club who are interested in gardens. The garden enthusiast has a wealth of fascinating literature to enjoy above and beyond the ordinary type of book, such as "A Manual of Gardening," "The Beginner's Garden," "Bulb Gardening," "Chrysanthemums for Amateurs" or "A Manual of Weeds." Excellent and necessary as these are in their way, there is a thrilling and exciting world of books for lovers of gardens, dealing with the poetic side. Then let us turn to such charming titles as "Lotus and Chrysanthemum," "Parsons on the Rose," "A Flower Anthology," "A White Paper Garden," "The Shakespeare Garden," and "Up From the Earth."

History and travel, too, form the background for a very enjoyable group of books. Who would not find a wealth of entertainment in the diary of a Scotch gardener at the French court at the end of the eighteenth century; the plant lore and garden craft of Shakespeare; Mrs. Keay's lovely book on old roses; Hampton Court gardens; Versailles; La Malmaison, les Roses de l'Imperatrice Josephine; the delightful books of travel by Reginald Farrer and "Chinese Wilson."

On the artistic side, too, there is unlimited wealth of enjoyment. Fine books such as "The Cactaceae" by Britton and Rose, a beautiful four-volume work, botanically accurate and beautifully illustrated in color. Two books by Josiah Conder, "The Floral Art of Japan" and "The Art of Floral Arrangement." Louise Shelton's "Beautiful Gardens in America." Mrs. Wilder's "Colour in My Garden" and Tipping's "English Gardens."

This brings us to another fascinating pastime in the world of garden books, that of old and rare books. John Gerarde wrote in 1597 "The Herball, or General Historie of Plantes, Gathered by John Gerarde, of London, Master of Chirurgie." It has a finely engraved title by William Rogers, portrait of the author, and hundreds of woodcuts. This is very rare. A copy was listed recently in an English trade catalogue at 75 pounds. Another, not so old, but rare nevertheless, by Humphrey Repton, written in 1816. Fragments on the theory and practice of landscape gardening, including some remarks on Grecian and Gothic architecture, collected from various manuscripts, in the possession of the different noblemen and gentlemen, for whose use they were originally written. With 53 colored and plain plates, it was offered in 1931 for 31 pounds. Another interesting title, dated 1745 and offered recently for sale at 1 pound, 15 shillings, J. Serle. A plan of Mr. Pope's garden, as it was left at his death. With a plan and perspective view of the grotto. With an account of all the gems, minerals, spars and ores of which it is composed and from whom and whence they were sent. Large folding plan of a garden, and two plates.

These titles and many others are included in the list sent to the Club's Talent Festival and presented to the Club Library, where it is hoped members may enjoy a leisurely perusal of its contents and that it may prove to be of some value as a work of reference, whom and whence they were sent. Large or as a guide to further reading.

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Why I Work In San Francisco

—BY AUBREY DRURY

Reprinted from "San Francisco," February, 1937.

● Because it is a city of the sea, we have the more zest for our work in San Francisco. The embracing sea freshens its airs; blesses the peninsula with an oceanic climate, temperate but not too soft; gives sparkle to the eyes of its people, vivacity to their manners. Thus the sea sets the character of the place.

Not often can a large city be described as possessing *scenery*, but San Francisco forever will hold that distinction; and it is scenery to be glimpsed and enjoyed even from office-window. Hills and the sea! They seem themselves to impart variety to the life of the inhabitants. In truth, we can scarcely imagine a many-sided city like San Francisco lying on a flat — or far inland.

Many, I know, when away from San Francisco have longed wistfully for its seascapes, for its brisk trade-winds, and even for the sea-mists that vanish so quickly before the summer sun; and many, upon their homecoming, must have done as I did, returning after a year in the flat and humid midlands of our continent. Straight I went to Land's End, to watch the giant breakers come bounding in, dashed to whitewater as they stormed the cliffs. Then, coasting around to Sutro Heights, I gazed long upon the bright, tremulous surface of the open sea, and breathed deep of the air, full-charged with ozone and savored with the tang of the salt spindrift.

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In this city-by-the-sea you catch the glitter of water at almost every street-end. The traffic of the port, with its ships from far countries, inspires you with "the wild romance of geography." A merchant city, sea-borne commerce is the lifeblood of San Francisco. It is as truly wedded to the sea as was Venice of old; and, like the queenly Adriatic city, it is creating an island from the midst of the waves, a wondrous island where "all the ends of the world" are met.

The millions who foregather at our exposition will find here a community truly cosmopolitan, with people tolerant and liberal, friendly and communicative. Surely not here can it be said that a great city is a great solitude.

Most fortunate of urbanites are those of San Francisco, for theirs forever is the companionship of the sea — and of hills and forests and gardens also.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

SAN FRANCISCO

Advertisers' Show Number

APRIL · 1937

VOLUME XI · NUMBER 3 · PRICE 15 CENTS PER COPY · PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB · 465 POST STREET · SAN FRANCISCO

Women's City Club Calendar
APRIL....1937

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. and 2:30 p. m. to 6:30 p. m.
Friday 3 p. m. to 9 p. m. and Saturday 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—From 5:30 p.m. to 6:30 p. m. Tuesday and 5:30 p. m. to 9:00 p. m. Friday
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p. m.

ADVERTISERS' SHOW — APRIL 20 AND 21

APRIL

1—**Drama Tea**—Mrs. Carol Eberts Veazie will read: "You Can't Take It With You" by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufmann. Tickets, including Tea, 75 cents	**Auditorium**	**2:30 p.m.**
Members' Tea (Fifth in Winter Series). Special Guests of Honor. Tea 35 cents	**Fourth Floor**	**4 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	**8 p.m.**
Subject: "Storybook Europe," Illustrated with Motion Pictures. Presented by Mrs. Kaj Theill—With Fashion Parade of Travel Togs.		
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.m.**
6—**German Round Table**—Martha K. Hack presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
Blossom Ramble to Saratoga. Fee $4.50. See Announcements for Particulars	**Leave Clubhouse**	**9 a.m.**
7—**Current Events**—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	**Auditorium**	**11 a.m.**
Round Table Discussion following	**Nat. Def. Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
8—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program: Musical Travelogue under direction of Armine Martin	**American Room**	**8 p.m.**
9—**Book Review Luncheon**—69 cents a plate	**Nat. Def. Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
Mrs. Daisy Reed will review "Of Mice and Men" by John Steinbeck.		
12—**Young Members' Luncheon**	**Cafeteria**	**12:15 p.m.**
Health Examinations every day for two weeks		**4 to 8 p.m.**
13—**German Round Table**—Martha K. Hack presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
14—**Spanish Round Table**—Señorita Angela Montiel presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
Current Events—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	**Auditorium**	**11 a.m.**
Round Table Discussion following	**Nat. Def. Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
15—**Thursday Evening Program:** "The Byways of Mexico," Illustrated with Motion Pictures; under direction of Mrs. Adelaide French	**Auditorium**	**8 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.m.**
16—**Travel Round Table**—Subject and speaker to be announced later	**Nat. Def. Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
20—**ADVERTISERS' SHOW**	**Entire Clubhouse**	**11 a.m.-9 p.m.**
German Round Table—Martha K. Hack presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
21—**ADVERTISERS' SHOW**	**Entire Clubhouse**	**11 a.m.-9 p.m.**
22—**Thursday Evening Program**	**Auditorium**	**8 p.m.**
Subject: "The Education of the Consumer. Speaker: Mr. J. G. Higgins.		
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.m.**
Members' Tea—(Sixth in Winter Series)	**Lounge**	**3:30 p.m.**
27—**Book Review Dinner**	**Nat. Def. Room**	**6:15 p.m.**
Mrs. Daisy Reed will review "Of Mice and Men" by John Steinbeck. 87c a plate.		
German Round Table—Martha K. Hack presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
28—**Spanish Round Table**—Señorita Angela Montiel presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
29—**Thursday Evening Program**	**Auditorium**	**8 p.m.**
Program of Folk Dances and Music offered by the San Francisco Recreation Committee. Directed by Miss Hester Proctor.		
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.m.**

NATIONAL LEAGUE PLAYERS IN A GROUP OF THREE PLAYS—MAY 20

MAY

4—**German Round Table**—Martha K. Hack presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
5—**Current Events**—Mrs. William Palmer Lucas	**Auditorium**	**11 a.m.**
Round Table Discussion following	**Nat. Def. Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
6—**Thursday Evening Program**	**Auditorium**	**8 p.m.**
Subject to be announced later.		
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.m.**

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XI April, 1937 Number 3

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FOOT SIZES 8 TO 11

THE LEG SIZE HAS A NAME

Brev . . . . . *for shorts*
Modite . . . . . *for mediums*
Duchess . . . . . *for talls*
Classic . . . . . *for plumps*

$1.00

Belle-Sharmeer
STOCKINGS
designed for the individual

O'CONNOR, MOFFATT'S,

Hosiery Style Section, Street Floor

ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ ADVERTISERS' SHOW well deserves first place in announcements for the month. As the Magazine goes to press, plans grow to such stupendous size that we are wondering where we can house all the exhibitors who clamor to join us. Its success is due to the loyal support of our members in the past, and this year we hope not one member will miss it.

■ MEMBERS' TEA—Our Members' Tea will be held on the regular day this month, which is the fourth Thursday, at 3:30 in the Lounge. Members are urged to join with our Board of Directors on this day which has been especially set aside for them in order that closer contact may be made and that our Board may have the opportunity to hear first-hand opinions and ideas which our members may wish to discuss.

■ MISS DOROTHEA JOHNSTON TO DIRECT NATIONAL LEAGUE PLAYERS—Our program committee is very happy to announce that Miss Dorothea Johnston will direct our National League Players in a group of plays to be selected by her. We cannot announce all of the plays at this time, but we do promise a repeat performance of the "Curious Herbal" by Constance Smedley. Miss Johnston gave this play as a climax to our Talent Festival program several years ago. This event will be given in May.

■ YOUNG MEMBERS' LUNCHEON—Now that a drama group is being formed, we hope that it will be the incentive which our young members need to bring them in to their round table, which meets every second Monday. We note that attendance at this luncheon has been falling off during the winter months, and hope to see the group increase appreciably from now on.

■ DUES — Second notices are to be sent out April 15th. Please save the Club additional expense by mailing your check immediately. We need the loyal support of every member.

■ CHANGES OF ADDRESS—Will members please send in their change of address as soon as they move, as we are compelled to pay postage on all returned magazines; also there is a great deal of time lost in checking back on addresses and one is likely to miss receiving her magazine for several months unless we have the correct postoffice address.

■ HEALTH EXAMINATIONS—Health examination dates have been set—April 12th to April 23rd, inclusive. Slips for registration will be found on page 28. Please make your appointments as soon as possible, as we must have at least twenty-five applications or the examinations cannot be carried on.

■ BEAUTY SALON—Glorify your hair by using Mar-o-oil, America's pioneer oil shampoo. It nourishes while cleansing the hair and keeps the shade true to its color, soft, smooth and glossy. It will restore life and lustre to dull, drab and neglected hair. For the month of April we are giving a special of Mar-o-oil shampoo and finger wave for $1.50; also plain shampoo, finger wave and manicure for $1.25—in the Beauty Salon, Lower Main Floor; expert operators.

■ The TOUR TO VANCOUVER FOR GARDEN WEEK includes a PRIVATE LIMOUSINE or BUS via Redwood Highway with STOPOVER at EUREKA, PORTLAND and SEATTLE. All INCLUSIVE: APRIL 24 to MAY 7. EMPRESS HOTEL. For particulars inquire at Travel Bureau in the Foyer.

■ CURRENT EVENTS WILL CONTINUE THROUGH APRIL—Due to the Advertisers' Show, however, the meetings will be held on the first and second Wednesdays this month, with discussion round table following. Mrs. William Palmer Lucas, one of the West's most well-informed women on world affairs, brings to us at each lecture an unbiased resume of world conditions. We are proud, indeed, of the audience which responds to her efforts.

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS BY MRS. A. P. BLACK—The following Thursday Evening Programs have been arranged by Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman. April 1st brings us "Story Book Europe," illustrated with motion pictures and a Fashion Parade of Travel Togs presented by Mrs. Kaj Theill. On April 8th there is to be a Musical Travelogue by Armine Martin. "The Byways of Mexico," illustrated with motion pictures, will be presented by Mrs. Adelaide French. April 22nd, Mr. J. G. Higgins is to be the speaker, and his subject "The Education of the Consumer." On April 29th there is to be a program of folk dances and music offered by the San Francisco Recreation Commission, directed by Miss Hester Proctor.

■ LANGUAGE ROUND TABLES — Attendance at language round tables increases each week. We can accommodate any number who may wish to join these groups. Please make note of the following dates and plan to attend at least once or twice a month. Spanish Round Table meets every second and fourth Wednesdays at 12:15; German Round Table, every Tuesday at 12:15; French Round Table, at noon every Thursday and an evening French Round Table, every Thursday at the dinner hour.

■ BOOK REVIEW LUNCHEON—At the Book Review Luncheon on Friday, April 9th, and the Book Review Dinner on Tuesday, April 19th, Mrs. Daisy Reed will review John Steinbeck's latest book, "Of Mice and Men." Mr. Steinbeck is the author of "Tortilla Flat," which caused such a furor in literary circles last year. Mr. Steinbeck is considered one of the most brilliant rising young authors. His book, "Of Mice and Men," has been selected as the April "Book of the Month."

■ PICNIC LUNCHEONS—Although as the magazine goes to press we are still enjoying our Spring showers, we do feel that by April first this will but add to the beauty of the countryside and that when Spring does finally burst upon us, we shall be doubly anxious to trek off to picnics. Make your first picnic a real event by letting our catering department supply your lunch. We are all prepared with complete out-of-door luncheon menus to meet your needs.

■ MRS. EDWARD RAINEY PLANS A RAMBLE—Mrs. Edward Rainey, Chairman of the Garden Round Table, plans a ramble in April instead of the usual luncheon meeting. Ramblers will visit the Niles Nursery and several other nurseries on the east side of the bay. A bus large enough to accommodate the group will leave from the Clubhouse. Exact date and hour to be announced on bulletin boards. Reservations will, of course, have to be made in advance.

■ BLOSSOM RAMBLE TO SARATOGA—We are to have a Blossom Ramble to Saratoga and San Jose on April 6th. The bus will leave the Clubhouse at 9 a. m., going via Sunnyvale, Los Altos, San Jose, to Saratoga Inn for lunch—leave Saratoga at 2:30 p. m., returning via Saratoga Springs and Skyline Boulevard—arriving in San Francisco at 5:30 p. m. Entire cost including luncheon, $4.50. Please make reservations in advance.

■ FLOWER SHOW — On April 22nd there is to be a flower show — given by the Marin County Garden Club. Four typical houses have been selected, each representing its distinct period and each to be fittingly decorated with flowers according to that period. It has been suggested that a group of our members might like to make this tour. If so, will you please register at the Information Desk. We would also like the names of any members willing to use their cars for transportation.

■ PERSIAN POTTERY AT THE LEAGUE SHOP—Have you examined closely the rare old pieces of Persian pottery, metals and textiles that are now on display in the League Shop? Some of the wine bottles and cruets, originally pewter over copper, are burnished to the point that only faint traces of pewter show at all, leaving that lovely mellow look that comes only from years of use and care. The textiles and pottery are equally fascinating.

■ TABLE TENNIS — We are planning to have table tennis on the Second Floor. If members plan to work up parties, we would advise their reserving the court in advance. Please make reservations at Information Desk, Fourth Floor.

■ On Saturday mornings children under sixteen may now swim for twenty-five cents. This rate coupled with our special children's luncheon in the Cafeteria at thirty-five cents makes an attractive and economical morning possible.

One of the outstanding exhibits at the Advertisers' Show of 1935, W. & J. Sloane.

The President's Message

From the very fact of its broad outline, the program of the National League for Woman's Service fosters a spirit of co-operation in its membership that has gone far in the building up of a splendid tradition. After twenty years it's past the experimental stage and in the harried world of today finds itself still in the lead—a thing for which we can congratulate ourselves—if credence be given to the fact that cooperation rather than competition be a saving grace.

To be more concrete it is the same spirit of cooperation that has proved the value of our Advertisers' Show—and on the eve of the third exhibit we may well emphasize the cordial relations of our membership and those who contribute such vital interest to the pages of our Magazine.

With displays of infinite variety and the perfect background that our Clubhouse affords all that remains is the response of the audience, the gaiety of surprise and the appreciation of members — and the Advertisers' Show of 1937 will spell Success!

KATHARINE DONOHOE

DOLLAR LINE DISPLAY AD SHOW 1936

Advertisers' Show and its Purpose

■ During the past few years, advertising expenditures have increased conservatively only. Time is devoted to careful selection of media. More care is taken to prove the medium capable of producing results. Faced with this conservative selection, the Women's City Club Magazine was called upon to show tangible evidence of its productivity, a task more difficult than appears on the surface.

We knew that the Women's City Club of San Francisco represented a cross section of the finest type of women to be found anywhere. We knew the Women's City Club Magazine afforded an unusual entre into the homes of these women. We knew that all club activities, and as a matter of fact the club itself, were dependent on the reader-interest in its publication. We knew the members patronized the advertisers, and that many members mentioned this fact at the point of purchase. We knew that in the case of the smaller advertisers results were directly traceable, but that where the point of purchase was far removed from those who determined policy, the story was sometimes lost in transmission. Also we knew that faked "success stories" were unfortunately one of the reasons why advertisers had grown skeptical.

Realizing that buyers of advertising had a right to be pursuaded of the value of advertising media, and that the burden of proof rested on the membership of the club itself, the Board of Directors decided to prove once and for all the real value of its publication. An Advertisers' Show was the answer. In 1935, the Club held its First Advertisers' Show. Four floors were devoted to the displays and exhibits of the regular advertisers in the magazine. Fashion Shows, Teas, Games, Lectures, competition Drawings added to the gayety of the two days. Over eight thousand members and their friends attended with one idea in mind—to Patronize their Advertisers. The Show was a success—beyond all expectation.

They learned the value of direct contact between producer and consumer.

They saw a huge membership willing to come to an Advertisers' Show to meet the Advertisers of their own Magazine circle:

They found women interested in educational exhibits — women whom their firms otherwise could not contact personally in any educational program.

They saw, actually functioning, the good-will discussed "ad lib" at conventions in New York and elsewhere.

They found in this San Franicsco Club women who believed in reciprocity—my club, my magazine, my patronage — your business, your advertisement, your sales.

They found a conservative group willing to turn over an exclusive clubhouse for a commercial story because that story was justified by a purposeful idea.

The Second Advertisers' Show was held on March 16 and 17 in 1936.

The Third Advertisers' Show will be held on April 20, 21, in 1937.

ROOS BROS. LUGGAGE DISPLAY

Editorial

■ Third Advertisers' Show! When one can write that, the idea is here to stay. This year it is in April because some of the merchants expressed their preference for this later date. Altogether it is proving a very happy decision, for the time after Easter is free to devote to the exhibits and to prepare for what has every indication of being an outstanding event, even in San Francisco, the city of shows of all kinds and descriptions.

The policy that only advertisers, who show their good-will by supporting us with advertising and whom in return we members recognize as part of our "family circle" can exhibit is still the policy of our Annual Show. This deserves comment, for some there are who have importuned to come into the Show but who do not wish to pay for this privilege by advertising with us. They have policies that block such advertising. The Women's City Club has policies too. It believes advertising with it **pays.** It is therefore selling it for value received. It is not accepting complimentary donations, as a charitable organization has every right to do, for the National League for Woman's Service is not a charity.

This is a word then to you, dear member. Advertising with the Women's City Club cannot pay unless you cooperate. The first step in this cooperation is "come to the Show." Bring your friends and prove your interest in something unique because Advertising never could have such a setting anywhere else.

This year the programs, the pageants and parades, the luncheons, dinners and teas will be replete with interest. They cannot be announced in detail for we go to print a whole month before the Show. And the additions of new features is a daily — yes, an hourly — experience. The daily press, generous as they are, can give only so much space to us. And so the bulletin boards in the Clubhouse will be the only means of announcing the final setup. But after all one does not need to know the details in order to be assured that the Third Annual Advertiser's Show is worth a visit. Eleven to nine on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 20 and 21. Mark your calendar now and support the Magazine Advertisers who bring to you in the Magazine each month the activities of your Club.

It is a wonderful experience to sell the Club. The Committee working for the Advertiser's Show have had that experience this month. And one of the points that counts most in any argument is the fact that the individual in this particular club takes a particular personal interest in all that is done in her name. Time and again when one is selling us the interruption comes "Do you mean to say that your members do so-and-so?" Yes, the members of the National League for Woman's Service do many things that no other groups do. For instance, all the Editor has to do is write to ask for sponsorship of the Show and lo the list is at hand, or ask for a story, and behold it is written. And all the Treasurer has to do is ask for prompt payment of dues to have the volunteer members who are receiving these dues tell her later that these dues never came in so quickly or with such fine spirit as they have this month. Each bill paid saves the Club the cost of a second notice. Is the point too subtle?

■ Debenture holders of the Post Street Investment Company must be reached this month. It is some time since the Club has been in direct touch with these friends. Any information concerning a debenture holder will be welcomed at the executive office, and will help to speed the reorganization program.

■ The May issue will have as its theme the Golden Gate Bridge, and will carry stories as interesting as those which told of the San Francisco Bay Bridge in the columns of this same magazine in January — and which have been so highly commended. Perhaps no other generation will ever have such gigantic engineering accomplishments to chronicle. The opportunity to boast — never missed by San Francisco so we are told — is this time justified. The Women's City Club takes pride in adding its contribution to the picturesque festivities by dedicating the May issue of the Magazine to the Golden Gate Bridge.

■ There is no incentive like appreciation. When appreciation comes from one who knows, then that stimulus is all the more powerful. The friendly interest of Anna Steese Richardson in our Advertisers' Show as evidenced by her splendid story in this issue spurs us on with our plans for this annual event. And our success will be due in no small measure to her encouragement of our vision.

THE THIRD ADVERTISERS' SHOW

Tuesday and Wednesday

APRIL 20-21

Come To The Show

A SHOW MORE ELABORATE THAN ITS PREDECESSORS ▪ ENJOY THE EXHIBITS SET UP FOR YOUR PLEASURE BY THE ADVERTISERS IN THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

MARK YOUR CALENDAR IMMEDIATELY

Honorary Chairman—Miss Katharine Donohoe

Chairman—Miss Marion Leale

Secretary—Miss Margaret Zane

Special Guests—Board of Directors

Exhibits—Mrs. J. P. Rettenmayer, Chairman

First Floor—Miss Marion Burr,
Miss Virginia Chilton

Second Floor—Mrs. H. L. Alves

Third Floor—Mrs. E. A. Wilcox

Fourth Floor—Miss Ethel Young

Decorations—Mrs. Blake Darling

Volunteers—Mrs. Goodell, Mrs. Woodruff

Programs and Fashion Parades
Mrs. Bjornstrom, Hostess

Morning—Mrs. H. L. Alves

Noon—Mrs. John P. Coghlan

Tea Hour—Mrs. A. E. Graupner
Mrs. John Eshleman

Evenings—Miss Lotus Coombs
Mrs. Julia Easley

The Sponsors of the Advertisers' Show

As The Magazine goes to print one month before the Show, this list can be given only in part at this time.

Abbott, Mrs. S. L.
Adams, Miss Elizabeth S.
Alco, Mrs. Julian H.
Allen, Miss Catherine
Allin, Mrs. Benjamin C.
Allyne, Miss L. H.
Alves, Mrs. H. L.
Applegarth, Mrs. George A.
Ash, Dr. Rachel L.
Ashley, Mrs. Jessie D.
Athearn, Mrs. F. G.
Austin, Miss Elizabeth M.

Bacigalupi, Mrs. Tadini
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Baird, Mrs. Dudley
Barkan, Mrs. Hans
Barkan, Mrs. Otto
Batte, Mrs. George McP.
Beaver, Miss Anna W.
Beaver, Mrs. F. H.
Bell, Mrs. Alexander C.
Bepler, Dr. Alice C.
Beronio, Miss Eda
Birmingham, Mrs. J. E.
Bjornstrom, Mrs. Harold H.
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Blanding, Miss Lena
Bliss, Miss Hope
Boardman, Mrs. Samuel H.
Booth, Mrs. F. E.
Bourn, Miss Ida H.
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Boyd, Miss Jean MacGregor
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Brown, Mrs. Hugh
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Eyre, Miss Mary
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Glass, Mrs. Severin Stanley
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Hertz, Mrs. Alfred
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Low, Miss Flora C.
Lucas, Mrs. William Palmer

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Meads, Dr. Romilda Paroni
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Mills, Miss Marjorie
Moffat, Miss Henrietta
Moody, Mrs. F. S.
Moore, Mrs. Elizabeth H.
Moore, Miss Isabelle
Moran, Mrs. Julia B.
Moran, Mrs. Nathan
Morrison, Mrs. A. F.
Morrow, Mrs. Howard
Mosgrove, Miss Alicia
Mott, Mrs. Ernest J.
McIntosh, Miss Jean
McKinnon, Mrs. Harold
McLean, Miss Fannie
McLenegan, Mrs. Samuel B.
McNear, Mrs. George P.

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Newhall, Mrs. Edwin W., Jr.
Noonan, Miss Emma
North, Mrs. Hart H.
Norton, Miss Elizabeth
Nutting, Mrs. Franklin P.

Oat, Miss Amy L.

Palmer, Mrs. Silas H.
Pauson, Miss Rose
Phillips, Miss Esther
Pierce, Miss Mabel
Pigott, Mrs. John T.
Potter, Mrs. Thomas M.
Powell, Mrs. Stanley

Rainey, Mrs. Edward
Raymond, Mrs. Frances E.
Reed, Mrs. Alfred C.
Reed, Mrs. Ruth Benjamin
Rehfisch, Miss Carol
Rettenmayer, Mrs. J. P.
Robbins, Mrs. Lloyd M.
Rodgers, Miss Marion
Roedel, Mrs. Alice M.

Sandona, Mrs. Mateo
Sawtelle, Mrs. Wm. J.
Seckels, Miss Alice
Sehested, Mrs. O. H.
Sharp, Mrs. James G.
Shaw, Mrs. H. K.
Shockley, Mrs. W. A.
Shoup, Mrs. Paul
Sibley, Mrs. John D.
Simmons, Mrs. Charles A.
Slack, Miss Edith
Sloss, Mrs. Ira W.
Sloss, Mrs. Joseph
Sloss, Mrs. Leon
Sloss, Mrs. M. C.
Son, Miss Helen
Speyer, Mrs. John W.
Stadtmuller, Dr. Ellen S.
Stanwood, Mrs. E. B.
Stoddard, Mrs. Thomas A.
Stoll, Mrs. Horatio F.
Stone, Miss Sibyl Kent
Strickland, Mrs. S. L.
Sutro, Mrs. Alfred
Sutton, Mrs. Effingham

Theobald, Mrs. J. J.
Thorsen, Mrs. William R.
Tibbe, Miss Madeline
Tobey, Miss Emmy
Treat, Mrs. Payson J.
Tucker, Mrs. Nion
Turner, Mrs. Frank
Turner, Miss Ruth A.

Van Pelt, Miss Alice
Von Hagen, Leonide A.

Walker, Mrs. Willis J.
Walter, Mrs. S.
Ware, Mrs. Howell
Watkins, Mrs. J. T.
Watson, Mrs. Douglas S.
Wheeler, Mrs. Chas. Stetson
Whitney, Miss Isabelle Violet
Williams, Mrs. W. Wilberforce
Wilcox, Miss Mary F.
Wiseman, Miss Georgea A.
Wolf, Mrs. Paul T.
Wollner, Miss Carol
Wores, Mrs. Theodore

Young, Miss Ethel

Zeile, Mrs. E. G.

Women Customers

by Miss Helen Kavanaugh

For centuries women were considered inferior to men. And of course they were, due to the fact that they were denied the advantages and privileges of men. Man monopolized the educational and athletic fields, and then with his trained mental equipment and super-strength, became the leader—the ruling power in the world.

But what a change in the picture since women have been allowed to develop! Figures on file at the Mayo Clinic, divulge the fact that woman through her greater resistance to disease is now the stronger of the two, and has at least a four year longer period of life—despite the fact that it is supposed to take the average woman ten years longer to reach the age of forty.

In an educational way she has not only crept up on man but indicates that she will surpass him. In many universities there are more women students enrolled than men, this is true of our own University of California. In the last decade the female of the species has gained 500,000 in number over the male. If women continue to increase at this rate, they will not only have a monopoly on education, but will also control the vote of this country.

While woman has been improving physically and advancing mentally, she has also been flourishing financially. Due to various changes in our economic condition the financial power of women of America is daily becoming more important. At the present time, according to figures contained in the magazine, "Nation's Business" for September 1935, and several other financial magazines, they legally own 60% of the dollars and have the spending of 85% of earned income of this country. Sixty-five per cent of the savings accounts are in their names, they are beneficiaries of 80% of life insurance outstanding, receive 70% of estates left by men and 64% of estates left by other women. They own the greater percentage of stock in many of the largest and finest companies, too numerous to mention, which give them in the final analysis control of practically three-quarters of America's wealth.

When you take into consideration that it has been only a period of about one hundred years since woman has been out of her enforced seclusion, and compare that hundred years with all the favorable circumstances that have surrounded the growth of man for thousands of years, you are brought to the realization that woman is to be seriously considered financially, and if she continues to prosper and increase in number as she has in the last decade, is it not possible that in time to come she will monopolize the field of finance. That may sound far-fetched and impossible, but who would have been bold enough a hundred years ago to prophesy that women in the space of one hundred years would travel as far as they have and gather unto themselves three-quarters of the wealth of this rich, fertile country of ours. In this short space of time they have accomplished three very important things . . . they have done away with the fallacious idea that they are the weaker sex . . . they have definitely broken the male monopoly on education, and they have gained control of three-quarters of the wealth of this country.

Strange as it may seem, as a whole the women themselves are not aware of the vast stake they hold in the financial set-up of this country. But, there is a national movement at the present time regarding women and their wealth, that is well worth mentioning. A little over a year ago there was an organization formed which was named "Women Investors in America, Inc." This organization held its first national meeting in the Palmer House, Chicago, on June 3, 1936, and it was attended by an outstanding woman from 42 of the 48 states. They called the meeting "The First Financial Congress of Women" held under the direction of Women Investors in America, Inc. Its national director is a woman by the name of Catherine Curtis.

The purpose of this organization is to awaken women to the realization of their tremendous financial interest in this country, and to enable each and every one of them to understand, as far as possible, the effect the laws proposed and passed will have upon them as citizens and taxpayers. It is a non-partisan educational agency to rally the nation's real stakeholders behind sound legislation. Surely a step in the right direction. The women need this counsel and protection, because in many instances they are ignorant of the effect that their vote will have upon their status as landowner and bondholder.

Women display an aptitude for the managing and saving of money, as the above statistics indicate. The fact that in the great majority, they own high grade bonds and stocks in substantial companies, proves that they are shrewd investors.

It is difficult to talk about women in the financial field, without going back a (Continued on page 22

Why an Advertisers' Show?

by Anna Steese Richardson,
Director Good Citizenship Bureau
WOMEN'S HOME COMPANION

When I heard that The Women's City Club was giving another Advertising Show, I was thrilled.

Not because such an event is a graceful gesture toward the advertisers who support the club's bulletin, nor because the club members and their visitors will be given a glimpse of lovely and alluring novelties. Rather because, underlying the exhibition, is a basic principle, a motive of serious import.

In this time of grave economic and social anxiety, of phobias and hatreds, any project which will allay ill-feeling and smooth out misunderstandings is desirable. For several years suspicion and bitterness have existed between consumers on one hand, manufacturers, merchants and advertisers on the other. And this ill-will has been fanned by propagandists whose motives have been anything but unselfish.

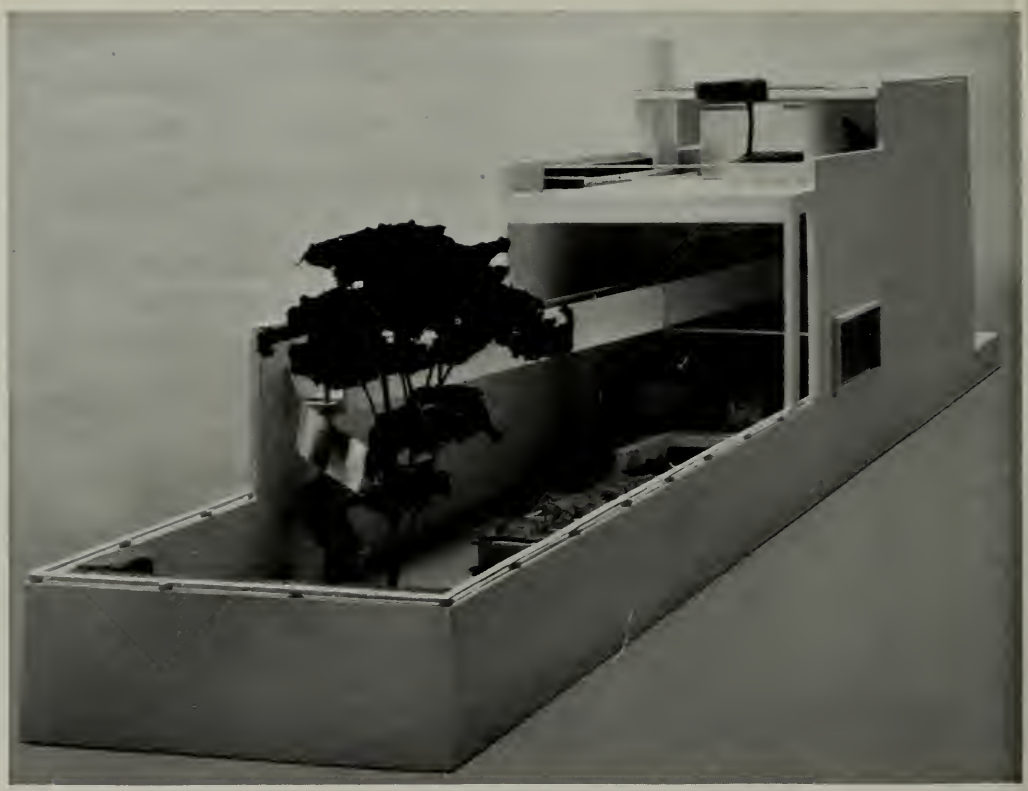
So I feel that any event like an Advertiser's Show presented by an understanding and charming group of women like the Women's City Club of San Francisco is more than a commercial enterprise. It is a gesture of good will, much needed in the present crisis.

For the economic future of this nation it is necessary that a more sympathetic understanding should exist between the consumer and the producer, the shopper and the merchant, the reader and the advertiser. After a long last the manufacturer and the merchant are beginning to realize this fact. I am glad that the women of San Francisco are meeting its business men half way.

Here in New York, in Chicago, and, I am sure, in San Francisco, the various associations of manufacturers and merchants have called into conference representatives of consumer groups in an effort to learn what the consumer wants not only in styles and prices but in such matters as instructive labeling, informative advertising, and information about the new products which chemistry is producing in this wonder age.

To one meeting, textile manufacturers sent their best speakers with exhibits of cotton, wool, silk and synthetic fabrics. At another, the National Garment Label Council presented the story of its efforts to insure shoppers that the garments carrying the label are made under sanitary conditions by workers who are not underpaid nor exploited. Miss Bessie Beatty, a popular social worker, is executive director for this group which is an outgrowth of the National Coat and Suit Industry Recovery Board.

At the annual convention of the American Canners Association, emphasis was laid on informative labeling, but perhaps the most interesting experience I have had was at the annual convention of the National Retail Dry Goods Association at which many San Francisco firms were represented. An entire session was given over to the consideration of consumer reactions and relations. I quote from one of the outstanding (Continued on page 25



CITY HOUSE AND GARDEN ON A TWENTY-FIVE FOOT LOT

The History of Garden Art

Part Two

■ Prepared by the Educational Department of the Museum for the Exhibition of Landscape Architecture of the San Francisco Museum of Art, February-March, 1937.

For the layman interested in the historical development of the art of gardening there is no better source book than **The Story of Gardening** by Richardson Wright. It traces the development of gardens from the earliest times in a readable and very informative fashion. More technical but indispensable for reference is Maria Gothein's **A History of Garden Art.** The facts set forth on these pages are found in more complete form with a great deal other very important information in both these books.

GREECE

Egypt greatly influenced Greece in everything pertaining to agriculture, and by 500 B.C. the Greeks had developed such garden luxury as they were to know. This included decoration of houses and banquets with flowers—a practice of the Egyptians which was later passed on to Rome.

Four important contributions to gardening were made by the Greeks: the botanical works of Aristotle and Theophrastus or Eresus; the Adonis garden; the country villa; the public park.

The Adonis garden is especially important as from it developed the use of plant and flowers in pots. Adonis, the personification of the spirit of the green growing world, was worshipped by Babylonians, Assyrians and Phoenicians and was borrowed by the Greeks before the seventh century B. C. When Winter came and the leaves fell it was believed Adonis died and he was mourned by the women. Aphrodite pursued him into the darkness and when she brought him back, spring returned. There was then great rejoicing among the women of Greece and their thanks took the form of the Adonis gardens.

Baskets or pots were filled with earth in which wheat, barley, lettuce, fennel and quickly sprouting seeds were sown and piously attended for eight days. When they had sprouted they were placed on the flat housetops or around a statue of Adonis as charms to promote the growth of vegetation.

From this regilious custom grew the custom of pot gardening. In the days of Theophrastus it was practiced throughout Greece and used for year-round decoration. It was common also in other countries. The Syrian women adorned their flat roofs with flower pots as did the Greeks and the Romans later. The Romans planted bushes in tubs for their courts and paths, and also developed window boxes, in common use today everywhere.

The public park was the other great contribution of the Greeks. Groves surrounding temples were preserved and even planted, special trees being dedicated to deities. From these developed great public parks open to the people. The gymnasium or public exercise ground, and the Academy, the Lyceum and the Cynosargos where various philosophers taught were all public parks or groves.

ROME

In its early history, before 200 B. C., agricultural Rome had already developed the custom of decorating its window ledges with flower boxes. The Republic saw the establishment of large town gardens with elaborate architectural ornament and by 274 A.D. Rome was a city of gardens. As the city grew and houses were crowded the average citizen was forced to the roof for his garden. Here were developed elaborate arrangements of flower beds, mosaic pots, and lead and stone vases, and often a pergola, from which the roof top loggia of Italy and Spain developed. In later times, with growing luxury, especially in the smaller cities and towns where land was available, a garden became an integral part of the house. Pompeii and Herculaneum provide excellent examples of the small town and suburban garden. Houses of this type had an atrium around which the living rooms were grouped and behind that a perislyte or colonnaded courtyard garden from which another series of rooms opened. This garden was laid out formally with regular beds of flowers, altars, miniature temples, a fountain and pools, sculpture. Often the walls were frescoed with garden scenes done in perspective. Flower boxes were often placed between the columns so that the garden often had flowers at three levels, on the ground, in the boxes and painted on the walls. Sometimes there were also gardens outside the house walls where fruit trees and vines were grown. Miniature groves, with grottoes, a waterfall and a cage for birds were sometimes added.

Suburban and country homes, greatly appreciated by all Romans, were highly developed. Cato (whose precept: "First plant, then build," we might remember), Horace with his Sabine farm, Virgil, Luculus, Cicero, Nero, Pompey, Caesar, Hadrian, Trojan, Brutus, Maecenus, Varro all had fine country estates. Here in addition to the portions devoted to agriculture, a garden was always part of the place.

The estates of the younger Pliny were typical. One at Laurentium had a garden hedged with box and roses, figs, mulberry trees, a tennis court, a long pergola with sanded walk, and, on a headland, a summer house. A larger estate at Citta de Castello in Tuscany had a natural amphitheatre, and before the house, a terrace with statuary outlined in box. A stretch of lawn varried by formal flower beds edged with box or a low trellis surrounded a fountain. Below the terrace a circular lawn with figures clipped in shrubs massed in the center was encircled in box hedges beyond which spread a meadow. A track for horse racing, cypress-shaded walks and winding paths, alleys lined with box to form separate little green rooms (as at "Brandon" in Virginia) decorated with topiary figures, more rolling meadows, various architectural features and a marble pool and summer house for bathing.

Large estates like small ones mingled artificial and naturalistic effects. Topiary work especially was greatly favored by the Romans and they raised it to an art. The Egyptians had clipped trees in columnar shapes; from Rome the custom of more elaborate trimming spread throughout Europe. The Roman poets inveighed against the fashionable but artificial style, just as English poets were to do in the 18th century. Much statuary was used; often the stonework quite overpowered the planting. Sundials introduced by Cursor in 293 B.C.

Public parks were greatly developed by the Romans. By the third century A.D. Rome had eight campi and thirty public parks in addition to the sacred groves, cemeteries and gardens about public baths. Many of the great gardens of Rome today are directly descended from those that Maecenus, Caesar, Augustus, Virgil and Horace enjoyed and admired.

(To be continued next month)

War, War, Who Wants War!

by Mrs. William Palmer Lucas

March and April bring continued discussion of "neutrality" legislation. As this is written, the Senate has passed Senator Pittman's bill by a vote of 62 to 6. Senator Pittman as chairman of the Senate's Foreign Relations Committee was expected to submit a bill desired by the Administration. Word comes from those close to the passage of the bill that neither the Pittman bill nor the McReynolds bill represent the Administration viewpoint. Mr. McReynolds is chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House. Nor were the Pittman and McReynolds bills alike in all their provisions. Senator Thomas of Utah also introduced a bill. Senators Clark, Bone, Vandenberg, Nye and Pope got together and introduced a joint resolution putting all emphasis upon taxing the profits out of war. Senator Lewis submitted a bill, not mandatory but permissive in all its provisions.

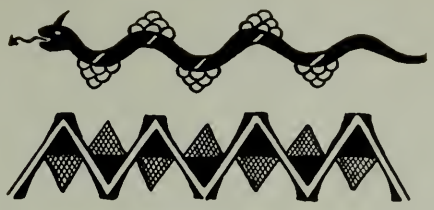
The bills most satisfactory so far to the great Peace organizations watching the neutrality steps are those of Voorhis and Kopplemann in the House of Representatives. They are alike in content, differences are matters of wording. There have been four or five bills introduced into the House to take the Profit out of War; Four bills on the munitions industry, aimed either at nationalizing the industry or setting up elaborate registrations and licensing-systems as a check upon manufacturer, trader or dealer in munitions; Four bills that urge a nationwide referendum and a majority vote to declare war—These would mean a constitutional amendment. Senator Nye also has a bill providing that no R. O. T. C. unit shall be established or maintained in any institution until the Secretary of War is satisfied that enrollment is elective and not compulsory. There are about a dozen other bills in both House and Senate dealing with other aspects of keeping the United States out of war. Senator Sheppard and Representative Hill have introduced identical bills in Senate and House based upon conscription not only of men but also of labor **and** capital. Strangely enough the Veterans favor these bills, thinking that will keep us out of war, and failing to see that conscription has always been the backbone of any war machine. The Peace groups are leaning more and more to the **"no conscription"** of anything idea. One suggestion is "that no man drafted for armed forces shall be required to serve outside continental U. S."

The Pittman bill which the Senate has passed has eight provisions which include some items found in almost all the bills. 1. A mandatory embargo on shipments of arms, munitions and actual implements of war to belligerent nations. 2. Authority for the President to list additional "articles or materials" which American ships would be prohibited from transporting to belligerents. 3. Shipment to belligerents of any materials whatever except on a cash and carry basis. 4. Mandatory prohibitions against loans or credits to belligerents. 5. A strict ban against Americans traveling on ships of nations at war. 6. President to prohibit use of U. S. ports as supply stations for belligerents' ships. 7. Prohibits arming of American merchant vessels touching belligerent ports. 8. Gives President power to apply all provisions against factions engaged in civil war within a nation.

The Pittman bill as it now stands does not touch the whole question of the manufacture, and sale or control of munitions **before** we enter a war or after. The emphasis is upon the trade with belligerents. What the House will do with that aspect of the war possibilities will probably have been determined by the time this is printed.

The Koppleman bill sets up a **Control** Munitions Board. When we are in the war, the licenses for exports of munitions to non-belligerent countries and the United States to buy only from registered firms. This in addition to the mandatory embargoes of arms to belligerents, to those engaged in civil wars, and to other nations as they become involved.

Senator Nye's plan of nationalization of munitions has not found favor as yet although it is certainly a fundamental step to be taken—but it strikes of course at great private industries. As we read the bills and listen to discussion, it almost seems as though the stage we have reached is about this—that we won't risk any more money—no loans, no credits but if anybody wants to buy anything for cash and take it away, all right! Some day we will come to the realization that the price of peace is greater than anything these many bills reflect. If we are going to be a part of a world that establishes a collective will or law for the common security of us all, we can not leave loopholes in our own laws through which smart and unscrupulous people can sabotage that collective organization.



Impressions

PART ONE

by Leslie Van Ness Denman

When an idea is present in one's mind there often comes about a curious relationship between those things which seem apparently diverse and unrelated in themselves.

During a recent visit in the East, the "Presentation of the Indian Cultures of the Americas" at the San Francisco Exposition in 1939 made the museums with their superb collections of the ancient arts of the Indian, the contemporary exhibits of architecture and sculpture, of science and industry, carry a new and vital interest.

Certain impressions have remained outstanding for their beauty; others were alive and intriguing in the stimulation they afforded to the imagination.

In "High Tor", a poetical play by Maxwell Anderson, where as in a dream there flows through the mind of a man, living in the present time on a high peak over the Hudson River, the past of that locale, the problems of the moment, and the question of his future adjustment to life. The steam shovels of the present day contractor are already at the foot of the place his family have lived in for generations. He may not live in an isolated world of the present—in his mind is the dream of the past, of those who were there before him, the Dutch settlers, the Indian aborigines, both of whom "tried to hold an age back with their hands." At the end of the play the spirit of the Indian says, "You cannot hold back the times."

In the exhibits one is conscious of "the times", of contemporary life, of new resources, and new materials. The influence of raw material and technique on the finished work of art or product is complex and extremely interesting. The modern trend is towards an aesthetic based on functionalism. In the contemporary reaction, the return to functional design—the materials and the technique of the artist or craftsman necessarily play an important part in determining the form which the completed work will take and the processes by which he brings out their inherent qualities.

In the more modern showings in the museums and in the exhibits of the present one feels the intention and the purpose of showing the coordination of man's achievement in the past with his present accomplishment and the suggestion of his future possibilities.

An exhibit of Indian arts or an exhibit of science and industry should not be a static display fixed in a given moment of time.

"Culture is never static either in quality, diversity or quantity. Our earliest glimpses of civilizations show man already inventing and modifying, increasing and diversifying natural raw materials and forces into forms of wealth. From the first product fashioned by man to the vast diversification of today's market, from the first crude tool of stone to a modern factory there runs a continuous and fruitful history, some small portion of which is represented in museum collections. The problem of modern education is to coordinate these examples of man's ingenuity and to represent culture not as static, but as continual in motion.

"Modern life draws its necessities and its essential luxuries from vague and remote areas known as industry; from gigantic and intricate forces generally incomprehensible to the lay mind. No age has known less about the processes of products which satisfied its needs and whims than our own age. We live in a complex and an abundant civilization, carried along by the patterns of our culture, most of which is incomprehensible to us. We can only gain some understanding of these matters by such expositions (as may be planned for our enlightenment). If we are to direct and guide these forces and ultimately mould them into a great culture, we must understand something of their limitations and possibilities.

"Color, pattern, texture and design on cloth are among man's greatest and most persistent luxuries. We have advanced in quantity production; we have advanced in our technical and chemical understanding of fabrics. But the standards of beauty, of charm and elegance in textiles are a matter of past history rather than present accomplishment. There could be no more wholesome association than one which brings together the producing genius of modern fabric and fiber masters with the genius for beauty of past textile ages."

One fascinating exhibit was that of rayon and synthetic yarns which showed the possibilities of fine fabrics that need not be limited by the fixed nature of such natural textiles as silk, flax, wool and cotton.

(To be continued in May issue)

I Have Been Reading

By Daisy F. Reed

FIGHTING ANGEL; by Pearl S. Buck; 1936. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.50.
BEYOND SING THE WOODS; by Trygve Gulbranssen; 1936. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.
THE BIRTH OF BALLETS-RUSSES; by Prince Peter Lieven; 1937. Reviewed by Virginia Mysell.

■ This "portrait of a soul" is the biography of the author's father, whom she calls throughout the book by his given name "Andrew." The portrait is the work of an artist. Andrew stands clearly delineated against his social background, both American and Chinese.

He wandered about China for a half century with his attention passionately centered on the souls whom he had been "called" to save. Things external to the soul were never of importance. Even his own wife and children he merely mentions, omitting one child, in an autobiography of 25 typed pages written toward the end of his life.

Andrew was one of seven sons, six of whom became ministers of the gospel. He was "called" at the age of sixteen. The only reason he married Carie (whose story was told by Mrs. Buck in "The Exile") was because his mother exacted a promise that he would not go to the foreign field without a wife to look after him. Carie more nearly fulfilled the specifications than anyone else he could find. His children were merely incidental. His paternal instincts were animated by his "flock."

He had a genius for languages, read his Bible in Hebrew and Greek and learned Chinese easily. He spoke Chinese as few white men ever do. He was to translate the New Testament directly from the Greek into the Chinese of the common people.

The pattern of his life after he became a missionary was one of "simple happiness"; he was always secure in the fact that he was right. He was charming, often gay, gentle and dignified, and never ill.

He was never popular in the mission stations for he did what he considered right regardless of rules. He was one of the first to foresee the necessity for a Chinese Theological Seminary where intelligent and educated Chinese coud be trained for the ministry.

He suffered hardships and indignities about which he seldom spoke. He lived through the Boxer rebellion, the only white man in the district. At one time he had two hundred churches and schools in his diocese, but in his later life a position in the Theological Seminary at Nanking was created for him where his "forthrightness" and energy, which were respected even by those who disliked him, could find useful expression.

The significance to others of this "Fighting Angel" does not lie in what he was as an individual, although that alone makes him a subject worth reading about when portrayed in Pearl Buck's inimitable fashion, but in the fact that he is representative of man untouched by scepticism and modern social problems. It was an age when man might still have contempt for things of this life and believe passionately without question in a life hereafter. Therefore it was an age in which man could be a "happy soul," untouched by human life.

■ "Beyond Sing the Woods," by Trygve Gulbranssen, is a Norwegian story belonging to the heroic-romantic tradition in literature yet with a difference, for into the fabric of the story is woven, with great artistic skill, legendary hero, folk tale and twentieth century interpretation.

From the Norwegian legend comes the family Bjorndal, heroic men who had lived for generations among the northern woods. Their strong house was rich in possessions of great antiquity. Each generation of the Bjorndal had two sons whose names were always Tore and

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Dag; each name shaped in advance the destiny of its owner. Tore, the elder, was a mighty hunter and inheritor of the family possessions. In fulfilment of his destiny he always met an early and violent death. Dag, handsomer and of superior intelligence, aways carried on the family and lived to a great old age.

It was a part of the family tradition—was in the Bjorndal blood—"the conviction that all injustice must be avenged sooner or later."

Below in the valley called the Broad Leas was Borgland Manor where lived Colonel von Gall. The people of the Broad Leas believed that "witchcraft, malignant spirits and all kinds of evil dwelt in the northern woods." There was misunderstanding, violence, hatred between the men of the valley and the men of the woods.

One sees Dag (the man by that name who actually appears in the story) wrestling doggedly with his thoughts. (It is in his wrestling with his thoughts that one gets the "knowing" that is very modern.) Dag failed to "understand why his forefathers had been allowed to live on through so many generations of feuds and killings and all manner of violence, while annihilation came now because of something he and Tore had harbored only in their minds" . . . Finally he came to understand why punishment had fallen at last: "Man's duty was not the same in all ages; it altered with the times. . . . It had been needful in former generations to defend themselves and their belongings fiercely . . . Now it was different . . . There was no longer any excuse in taking delight in vengeful thoughts . . . But—had he not a debt of honor within him, as a dark inheritance?"

The story hinges on the idea of the debt of honor and of what finally the payment of that debt came to be. The tale moves through violence, love, hatred, to tranquility, when Old Dag had won inner freedom for himslf.

Thus was fulfilled a prophecy made by Old Ane to Dag's mother, that "Those that come after you will climb as high as man can climb."

Dag had "made up his mind as to one's duty in life. It was to make oneself a free man, and if possible so independent that one could feel for others, and help them to become free themselves if they had it in them."

The book is rich in wisdom distilled from experience. It is heroic drama portrayed by an artist.

■ "The Birth of Ballets-Russes," by Prince Peter Lieven. To the credit of Prince Peter Lieven, a prince of Old Russia, the complete tale of the creation

(Continued on page 20)

National League Library

FOR SPRING READING

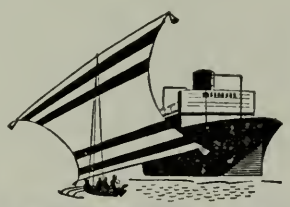
Present Indicative. Noel Coward. $3.00. Lively autobiography by the actor-manager-playwright.

Canada. Andre Siegfried. $3.00. An informative volume on Canada.

Book of Hours. Donald Culross Peattie. $2.50. A companion volume to his "Almanac for Moderns." There will be 24 full-page illustrations by Lynd Ward.

Midnight on the Desert. An "American Journey." J. B. Priestley. $3.00.

Juan in China. Eric Linklater. $2.50. "Brilliant, wicked and witty prose."



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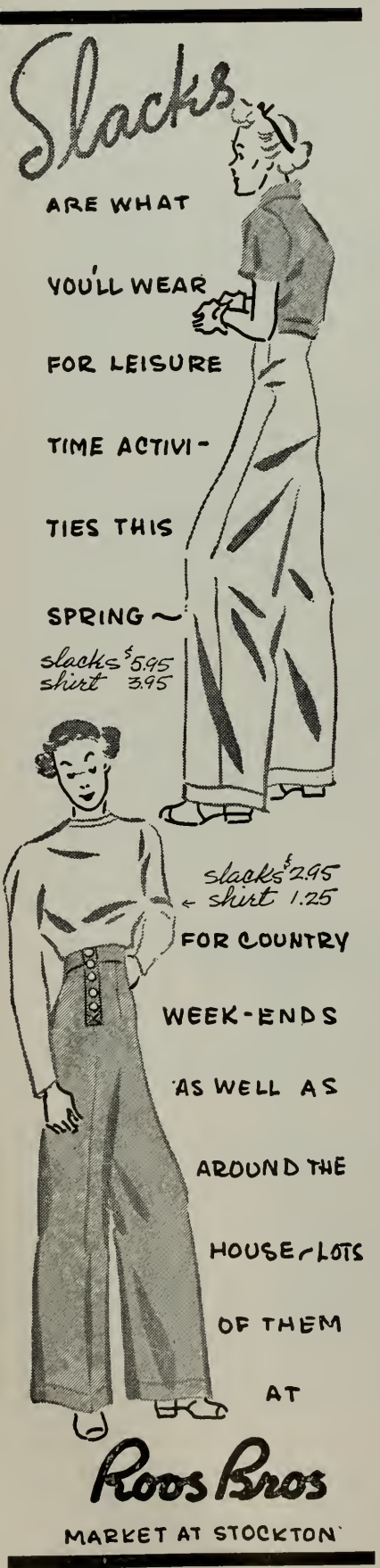

of Ballets-Russes is finally given to us. It is a wonderfully interesting tale, because it is the story of one of those creative movements which are compelled by a special creative urge (unwilled by any individual mind) which brings men and events and men's ideas and their abilities together to finally bring forth a supreme work.

St. Petersburg 1880, a group of gay enthusiastic youths — driving their high spirits into intellectual and aesthetic pursuits, thirty years later, mature, sharpened in critical thought, established in various kinds of artistic execution and still together—brought about an artistic revolution and created a new art form. Without intending it this had come about. For as Benois, the balletomane says, "We loved the old traditions, the classic beauty. With the creative urge within us we simply worked ahead to the best of our abilities. There was no idea of being revolutionary." A May evening of 1909 over Paris saw the flowering of the Ballets-Russes, the birth of this new art form from a Russian stem. The spectacle on this May evening in Paris was the culmination of many great factors coming together and falling into their particular places. First, the choosing of the background of the century-old traditional Imperial Russian Ballet of classical emphasis and form by that brilliant group of artists as the field upon which they would work out their own "bold creative thought." Second, Benois, the son of a French-Italian architect, who had been the leading spirit of that early band of youths in St. Petersburg, he it was who took the first steps toward the Ballets-Russes, when with Tcherepnin's music and Fokine's choreography he presented the "Pavillon d'Armide" in St. Petersburg in 1907. Prince Lieven especially wishes to point out in his book the place which Benois holds in the creation of Ballets-Russes. Behind the certain genius of the prominent, magnetic personality of Diaghileff, that organizing genius which fused the separate achievements of many great talents into one powerful whole, stood the originative, creative mind of Benois, the mainspring of Ballets-Russes. Beside Benois in the designing of stage and costumes worked Bakst. Then there is the daring choreography of Michael Fokine to point to, discovered by Benois, who in turn brought forth from obscurity the greatest dancer of the century, Vazlav Nijinsky. There is the rare art of the ballerinas, Anna Pavlova and Tamara Karsavina. As music has been made the basis of Ballets-Russes as it had never been in the Imperial regime, the position of the

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Madam Butterfly
430 Grant Avenue

composer was important. In 1910, Diaghileff brought into "the circle" a young composer, Stravinsky, who created brilliant and novel scores in sympathy with the work of the other artists. The fact that it was necessary for Diaghileff and his friends to sever their connections with Russia and create their art outside its borders was a factor which added to the whole, probably having as much to do with the refreshment of the ideas which they presented.

Prince Lieven takes us through the six years' creative development of Ballets-Russes 1909-1914. Each year the gay company descended upon Paris; and through Peter Lieven's pleasurable literary style we watch them bring forth their ballets. The Stravinsky-Benois creation of Petrushka in 1911 was considered the culmination of all their efforts. In this Nijinsky and Karsavina danced the leading parts. "After the London season of 1914 the company bade each other good-bye and went their separate ways to rest and recuperate for their return in the winter to their beloved work—already new ideas were presenting themselves, a Spanish ballet, Ravel planning the music (which later took shape in his glamorous Bolero) . . . but the War descended like a thunderbolt."

The Post War period, Diaghileff no longer the protagonist of all that was progressive in art. The field of art was now awake, with many in music, in painting presenting le dernier cri. Moreover there was no longer any permanent creative group. The artistic paths of Diaghileff and Benois had parted though their friendship remained. Without the three main powers working together: Diaghileff, the man of achievement, Benois, the artistic driving force, and Fokine, the choreographer, the Ballets-Russes of 1909-1914 at this moment could not be revived.

To-day Colonel de Basil has taken Diaghileff's place. To Serge Grigorieff, faithful assistant of Fokine, goes the credit of the revival of the ballets in authentic detail. In those eventful years of Ballets-Russes he saw and took part in everything and today has the faculty of being able to recall every detail. Without him it would have been impossible to re-stage any of the old ballets. The art of choreography is going forward under the genius of Leonide Massine, who was discovered by Diaghileff in 1913. Prince Lieven considers that the technical art of the three ballerinas of today, Irina Baranova, Tatiana Riaboushinska and the finest, Tamara Toumanova, could not be equalled in the past.

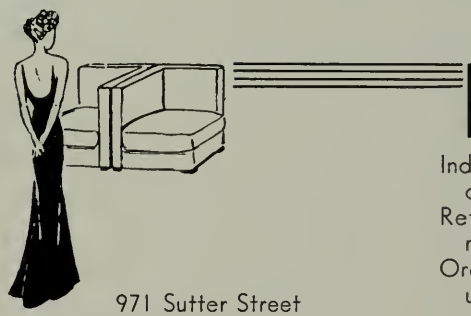
Antiques Old Arts

Mabel E. Kendall

Home Studio

Specializing in OLD SILVER
OLD GLASS
OLD CHINA

Telephone ORdway 7862 1309 Sutter



RICKLEE

Individual furniture and draperies made to order.
Refinishing, upholstering repairing, remodeling.
Orders taken for usual and unusual furnishings.

971 Sutter Street
GRaystone 7050

A TRIBUTE

Thousands quote Roger Babson . . . But when Roger Babson quotes someone, it is a real tribute.

■ ■

In his new book, "If Inflation Comes," Roger Babson, one of the foremost statisticians in this country quotes Miss Hazel Zimmerman, pages 47, 48 and 49, word for word, from her inflationary instructions to women investors. You should obtain and read a copy of this important and timely book.

■ ■

Appointments with Miss Zimmerman are without charge

Offices — 908 Russ Building Telephone DOuglas 2232

"If Inflation Comes" by Roger Babson (Frederick Stokes, Publishers)

Is on sale at your book store

KLYNE'S SHOE SERVICE

CLEANING DYEING
SHINING REPAIRING

We specialize in SUEDE SHOES . . . RIDING BOOTS . . . and FANCY DYE WORK to match your dress . . . also SUEDE BAGS.

Finest of Workmanship

FREE CALL AND DELIVERY SERVICE

ORDWAY 4665

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Guide to Shops and Service

Learn to make your own hand-stitched individual gloves. Lessons at Women's City Club, Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, also Thursday evenings.

THE GLOVE GUILD

Mary G. Walsh SPORT CLOTHES EXCLUSIVELY

453 Post Street — San Francisco

The smartest in fur creations, made to your order. . . . Or to be selected from a complete collection.

SCHNEIDER BROS.
455 POST STREET

Wicker Furniture — The Modern Vogue
STICK REED FURNITURE
We invite you to call and inspect the new designs and patterns for
The Sunshine Corner in your Living Room
The Sun Room . . . Sun Porch . . . Patio
ART RATTAN
422 Sutter St., SAN FRANCISCO
East 12th St. and 24th Ave., OAKLAND

CANAPES
HORS D'OEUVRES
FANCY TEA
AND SUPPER
SANDWICHES
To Order

•

CANAPE KITCHEN
Jeanne Burton Phone PRospect 9190
419 Leavenworth at Ellis

Compost and Composition

By Jean MacGregor Boyd

■ First comes an avid interest in seed catalogues, followed by days of weeding, digging and planting, then, as the spring flowers appear in ever increasing numbers, the annual avalanche of flowers shows is upon us. The primary urge to grab one's pet geranium from its place in the sun, in the window box and to transport it to the calcium glare of public exhibitions attacks us all. Spring cleaning brings forgotten flower vases to light and those who have spent the winter months attending classes in composition and design join the procession to the flower shows, flower arrangements in hand. There the harassed judges' heads ache while they try to decide where the coveted ribbons may be awarded with the least amount of embarrassment.

Efforts have been made to clarify the difficulties of judges and exhibitors and the flower show of today is a far step from what is known to the Initiated as the "Milk Bottle Era". To the general public, however, the purpose of flower shows is far from clear, and the months of planning and thought preliminary to a successful flower show receive little consideration. The corner stone of a flower show is the schedule, or list of classes. The schedule committee must consider exhibitor appeal, audience appeal, artistic, educational and decorative value as well as horticultural interest. Another important point is the fact that the schedule classes must have publicity value which necessitates the inclusion of some original or timely motif which has news interest for the press. Exhibitor appeal is achieved by phrasing some classes so that the timid inexperienced exhibitor is interested and other classes must be given an up-to-date twist or unusual angle to entice the flower show addict to renewed efforts. Audience appeal demands the inclusion of exhibits that will interest all the personalities found in an average audience from the Babbitts to the sophisticates. Flower shows are justified by the definite improvement which is achieved each year in the horticultural quality of flowers and in the artistry of their display. In the horticultural sections, uniform containers, accurate classification of varieties and the elimination of competition reflects the present day standard. In the decorative or flower arrangement exhibits there is a definite trend towards better composition and a less confused yet stronger use of color. Flower arrangements are really only pictures composed with flowers, a medium open to everyone and requiring only a discerning eye for color and form. The color combinations found in flowers are infinite in number and simpler far than paints and the technique of arrangement requires only the willingness to learn. Some flowers almost arrange themselves, others require coercion but in flower arrangements as in the major arts some of the finest things are the simplest. Apart from being a storehouse of ideas new and old, the flower show furnishes a standard of comparison in addition to suggesting new ways of placing flowers in the home.

PIANO
INSTRUCTION — ACCOMPANYING
Advisory interviews — by appointment only — gladly granted.
PEARL COOPER
Studio No. 12 683 Sutter St.
ORdway 6563

Rose O'Brien
DRESS SHOP
Specializing in Women's Dresses
Sizes 14 to 46, also smart half sizes.
Lovely Spring Prints. Moderately priced.
140 Geary Street—Second Floor

THE PENINSULA'S SMARTEST SHOP
Arriving Daily!
As the season progresses, new apparel is arriving daily, keeping apace with the changing style trend. Living up to the slogan, "Fifth Avenue to the Minute," Alma Walker has definitely achieved the distinction of introducing the smartest styles to an outstanding clientele.
alma walker
PALO ALTO

tissuefane

"THE BEAUTY DISCOVERY OF THE DAY!"

Simply banishes years from your appearance,—

Just a few minutes of your time to acquire a lovely — glowing — youthful — complexion, and to correct those unsightly — drooping — facial muscles.

Everyone is asking for TISSUEFANE.

For sale at Leading Department Stores Toiletries

WHITE HOUSE
O'CONNOR, MOFFATT & CO.
THE EMPORIUM

SUCCESS
TO WOMEN'S CITY CLUB
ADVERTISERS' SHOW

● We consider it a privilege to present in person, famous Marshalaise . . . tailored corrective shoes.

● You will be interested in the new "STYEL" heels, and scientific arch construction.

● New Spring models on display at the Women's City Club . . . Fourth Floor . . . April 20th and 2st.

Famous
MARSHALAISE SHOES
in stock and made to order.

Foot Relief
SHOE SALON

362 GEARY STREET
SUtter 7047

(Continued from page 12)

great many years to the time when Hetty Green as a young woman in her early thirties invaded Wall Street, literally charged the Celestial portals which, up to that time, tradition had closed to women. For forty years this intrepid woman carried on her amazing financial transactions. Her negotiation of "bull" markets and her handling of many types of business and industry, baffled other financiers of her day. When she died she left on estate of over one hundred million dollars, which set a mark few have been abe to surpass. The logical mind and tenacious spirit of this dauntless pioneer woman blazed the way for women in the financial world.

California Spring Garden Show

■ California Spring Garden Show has selected April 29th to May 2nd as the dates for its show this year to be held in the Oakland Exposition Building. In anticipation of the Golden Gate International Exposition, the directors are developing a California naturalistic theme. Mr. Howard Gilkey, who has already designed and developed five of the garden shows, will be the director this year, and has brought into the picture many of California's native plants. The entire Oakland Exposition Building, where the Garden Show will be held, will be transformed into beautiful meadows with waterfalls from unusual nooks and crannies. Semi-tropical gardens will be arranged. The California Horticultural Society is also developing another unusual exhibit this year. The entrance fee is 35 cents for mornings and 50 cents for afternoons and evenings.

Attention, Garden Lovers

■ San Francisco Garden Club Flower Show — April 1st at the Fairmont Hotel.

California Spring Blossom and Wildflower Show—April 15th, from noon till 10 p. m. at the Palace Hotel.

Forest Hill Garden Club Spring Tulip Tea—April 17th-18th, at the Clubhouse of the Forest Hill Association.

Sacramento Flower Show—April 17-18, at the State Fair Grounds.

Marin Garden Club—April 22nd. A tour of house and gardens in Marin County, and tea at the home of Miss O'Hara.

Spring Garden Week in Victoria, B. C. —April 24th-May 1st; sponsored by Hotel Victoria. Further information at Travel Office, foyer of Clubhouse.

City of Paris
DOUGLAS 4500 PAUL VERDIER PRES

LINEN FROCKS
by Kay Dunhill
5.95

Smart tailored styles in new monotone linens . . . also a large collection of gay patterns with white backgrounds. Perfect frocks for sportswear. Sizes 12 to 20.

Cotton Shop, Second Floor B

Good Coffee Lends Magic to the Simplest Meal

. . . and the proven Caswell Way will assure rich, delicious coffee all of the time in your home! Caswell's is a superior quality blend . . . carefully roasted . . . especially ground for your particular coffee-maker . . . and then delivered freshly roasted to your home by the Caswell Coffee Man. It's a simple, sure, and more convenient way to secure utmost coffee enjoyment. Call the Caswell Coffee Man tomorrow, at the number below.

Caswell's NATIONAL CREST Coffee

SAN FRANCISCO:
Call SUtter 6654
642 Harrison St.

OAKLAND:
Call HIgate 1017
1150 Twenty-Eighth Street

Geo. W. Caswell Co.

Good Housekeeping in City, County and State

Dr. Adelaide Brown, Health Editor

■ It was this argument that Mrs. Maude Wood Park presented so vividly in 1909 that made a suffragist of me.

The city was really a group of home women who spent their budget economically—made a budget in the first place and gave that service to the family, the school, the church—were **going** all the time. In 1911 many business jobs were open to them in offices and the value of their service, outside of salaries, in social service of all sorts could not be estimated.

Today the social service work of the volunteer has been greatly augmented and strengthened by the work of trained social workers. The present picture which in San Francisco has combined state, federal and city money with the problems of transients, the youth group, old age pensions and mother's pensions and supplementary incomes, where more money is a necessity for the group under study and advice. These problems, mixed with those of establishing residence, tax all the training and ingenuity of the social worker, be she or he equipped with a college A.B. or an advanced degree—or those marvelous qualities which come under the terms **sympathetic understanding** and **common sense.**

Now under the new plan established at the polls Tuesday, March 9, and to be ratified by the legislature, San Francisco will set up a union of Federal, state and local help and the problem of the unemployable under an unpaid board of five persons, staggered—which means only one to retire each year, appointed by the mayor who will in turn meet and appoint the director who is **not civil service** but will serve subject to the approval of the board. Under this director, the various funds of the city for relief will be assigned to the boards responsible for their administration and be in constant contact with director and central board.

At present a few are under special committees, the city and government relief are administred separately and the duplication on cases is a waste of human strength and energy of the investigators, and annoyance to guarantors of the case and, above all, think of the clients needing to be classified carefully **once,** having to be submitted to questioning and registration under two, or even three, set-ups to be recommended for relief. This is all necessary now but the **duplication** of **questions** is hard to bear and difficult to explain to the client.

Time for a better understanding and experience in life, with which no college can equip one, is what is most essential for the social worker who has to sum up a life experience of another person to recommend. There is no actual pattern you can fit over cases. "Mental cases" do not always mean an abnormal mental slant, but an inability to grapple with what life has handed out to them. Settle roof, food, and clothes and many a supplicant for relief can jog along unaided save for a kind and considerate friend which a social worker must be.

The economics of well organized committee and the heads of the various boards included, all under civil service, will make a standardization of study of cases rapid and the whole tendency will be to segregate and help the permanent group which "we will have with us always," the incapacitated; and work steadily to cure the dependency made so appalling in its injury to self-confidence. "Earn a little, spend a little less" —is the motto every social worker must emphasize daily. The group who can be moved onto self support and given friendship is the group that deserves and needs our best service. For the others we have a larger and new responsibility—but we have to know that those at the head of the service are surely working to "clear the files" of dependency.

May our Mayor be wise in his choice of his Board and they in their guidance of **directors.**

This plan will help our **social health**—if administered by our wisest and best citizens.

SAVE YOUR CLUB THE EXPENSE OF MAILING YOU A SECOND NOTICE FOR YOUR DUES.

(Continued from page 13)

speeches, made by Mr. Benjamin Namm, president of a leading department store in Brooklyn, New York:

"I speak as a storekeeper who believes: (a) that the greatest single need in the field of distribution today is retailer-consumer cooperation; (b) that retailer-consumer cooperation exists more in name than in fact; (c) that retailer-consumer cooperation will really begin when retailers first develop a constructive, forward-looking program and then take that program to the consumer public.

Surely we, as purchasing agents for the public, should render to that public an account of our stewardship, particularly during times when our mutual interests are gravely affected by impending questions of public policy."

A frank statement from an honest and respected merchant! When retailer-consumer cooperation is established, we women who are the purchasers for our families, the spenders of the money which our husbands earn, will find our problems less complex, and the cost of living greatly reduced by better buymanship.

Your Advertising Show is a step toward consumer-producer understanding and cooperation. It is part of this new campaign for a better understanding between consumer and producer. I hope that one result of your 1937 show will be contacting not only loveliness but also the men and women who produce that loveliness.

Northern California Drama Association

■ The Fourth Annual Northern California Drama Association Play Tournament will be held in the Women's City Club Auditorium on April 7, 8 and 9th. Awards will be presented on the evening of April 9. The Drama Association is sponsored by the San Francisco Recreation Commission and has been organized since October, 1933. The Northern California Drama Association is an organization of little theatre groups and individuals interested in drama. Several groups entered in this year's tournament have appeared in former years: The Vagabond Players, Piedmont Community Players, San Francisco M.I.A., Masquers from Stanford University, the Macondray Lane Players and the Edna Riese Players. All the groups have had much experience and it is expected that this year's tournament will be the best one that has been held. Tickets 40 cents.

Build Your Youngster's Body with a Quart of Milk a Day

—this comes from ELEANOR TENNANT, noted tennis coach

"For children who want to win, I advise a quart of milk every day," says Miss Tennant. "It helps develop a strong body, rugged nerves, reserve energy."

Why the "QUART-A-DAY MILK DIET" is so important from age 3 to 14

To ward off colds, sickness. A diet without milk can lead to illness. Milk contains "protective" factors that help keep children well.

To prevent easily decaying teeth. Milk supplies the calcium for sound teeth and bones.

To develop mental alertness. Milk has helped many under-par children to better health and quicker minds.

To protect health in adult years. Doctors agree no other food is so important as milk for lifelong health. A quart a day in childhood —a pint a day after maturity—actually helps to keep us young.

Lucerne Milk

Sold Country Fresh at Your Neighborhood Grocery . . . SAFEWAY

Electric Refrigeration

Pays for Itself

In Operating Economy

In Lower Food Bills

In Prevention of Waste

Summer Days are Near

Now is the Time
To Inspect the 1937

Electric Refrigerators

Beautiful in design.

Marvels of efficiency.

Silent and automatic.

Greater food storage space.

Perfected freezing and cooking equipment.

See your Dealer or

P·G·and E·

PACIFIC GAS *and* ELECTRIC COMPANY

Owned·Operated·Managed by Californians

WCC-4-1937

What Our Advertisers Say About the Advertisers' Show

The following are excerpts from letters about the Advertisers' Show:

"The Women's City Club is to be congratulated upon the success of its Advertisers' Show, and highly commended for the high standard and splendid character of the exposition." — J. P. Rettenmeyer, The Samarkand Company.

"We appreciate the courtesy and interest shown us by the members and their friends at your recent Advertisers' Show."—Lucien W. Simon, Simon Brothers.

"The Club is to be complimented in putting over a new idea in such a splendid manner, and our company wishes to express its thanks as a participant."—H. D. Lockwood, Golden State Company, Ltd.

"I want to express my thanks for your cooperation and tell you that we appreciate what the Women's City Club is doing."—C. E. Fisher, O'Connor, Moffatt & Co.

"The Advertisers' Show has brought our product to the attention of the Club membership in a way no other method of advertising could."—Chas. E. Taylor, Philip Morris & Co., Ltd.

"In short, the courtesy and cooperation received at the Show we feel only depicts the able and businesslike management of your Club which we shall always think of in the superlative."—Ellis Matlock, The Shasta Water Company.

"Its success, in my opinion, was apparent by the large attendance it enjoyed and the enthusiastic interest displayed by the members of the Club and their friends. Therefore, may I express my sincere wishes for its continued success?"—Dorris Crenshaw, Wells Fargo Bank & Union Trust Co.

"We wish to express our appreciation of the courtesies which you extended to us during the Advertisers' Show. Your members certainly are very enthusiastic over your Club projects and we made several very fine contacts." — Elmer A. Roberts, Roberts Company.

"May we take this opportunity of thanking you for the excellent cooperation accorded us by the Women's City Club in the Advertisers' Show. We feel that we received unlimited publicity with our booth and provided us with an excellent opportunity to introduce the new Bell-Brook Cream Spreads."—T. S. Swan, Bell-Brook Dairies, Inc.

"This is the first opportunity that I have had to thank you for the wonderful cooperation we received from you at the Advertisers' Show. You will be interesied to know that a number of your members inquired about Orient and Round-the-World cruises, therefore I am certain that some of these leads will develop into actual bookings."—Earl Tanbara, Dollar Steamship Lines.

"Your efforts to make the second Women's City Club Advertisers' Show a success were well evidenced throughout the entire Show. I heard several comments today at the Advertising Club luncheon regarding your fine work."—Elizabeth Banning, Town and Country Decorator.

Visit the
ADVERTISERS' SHOW
At the Clubhouse, April 20-21

If It Is Good

By Marie Hicks Davidson

■ Advertising may be said to be the life blood of modern business and commerce.

Without it there would be little of the things which make life so exciting.

Without it the streamline trains would lack passengers, the shops would be sluggish reservoirs of merchandise; airplane travel would drop to a minimum; shipping would "die on the vine" and the eye and ear starve for beauty.

Advertising is what impels us to call for our morning newspapers before we reach for the hot coffee.

It may not be overt and blatant, but subtle and indirect. The difference is only in technique, not in effect.

The thing advertised need not be in glaring headlines; sometimes its merits are set forth in intriguing picture or ambuscaded in a paragraph of "reading matter" which the reader would never suspect had a purpose.

Ask any woman who reads the eastern magazine what she first scans as she opens one of them.

"Why, the ads, of course," she will reply.

Because they are beguiling; because they appeal to her sense of acquisitiveness and her flair for the spectacular. Because the ad section of any publication is now as important as any other department. Certainly as much thought and artistic application goes into it. The ad writer is of a genus all his own. And a genius at times. Think of the slogans which have become a part of the language. Many of them are advertisements shortened to shibboleths.

And so, since barter is like breathing —an unconscious procedure that would cause dissolution if it stopped — we must tell the world what we have to buy and to sell.

And the world is being captious, we must tell the story as attractively, succinctly and modernly as possible.

That is what Advertising is.

It is pictorial, a thing of arresting type faces, artistic arrangement of the subject matter upon the page, a tabloid of fact and glamour so ingeniously put together that the reader never suspects where one leaves off and the other begins.

It has been said of "charm", that if you have it, you need nothing else; if you haven't it, nothing else will matter very much, for you'll be "sunk".

So with advertising. If it is good the story is told. If it is dull, it's money wasted.

Simon Bros. will be pleased to see you again at their Demonstration Booth at your Advertisers' Show. Tasty Tidbits will be served you.

SIMON BROS
GROCERS--IMPORTERS
2829-33 California Street, San Francisco - WEst 6100

ASK FOR

BUTTERCUP BUTTER

MADE FROM CALIFORNIA'S FINEST SWEET CREAM

$300 in Cash Prizes

GIVEN AWAY EVERY MONTH—THERE IS A COUPON IN EVERY POUND

FINE QUALITY IS NOT OBTAINED BY MERE LUCK BUT IS THE RESULT OF A DEFINITELY FASHIONED AND WELL CONTROLLED PLAN—

SAMARKAND ICE CREAM

IS OF FINE QUALITY BECAUSE IT IS MADE OF RICH SWEET CREAM AND GRADE A MILK, IN A MODERN PLANT BY A SCIENTIFIC PROCESS.

What You Should Know About the Swimming Pool

■ Now that the special classes and combination offers are over for the winter months, you may still avail yourself of other privileges in learning to swim and enjoy the Pool. Bring your friends, or families. Keep this data for future reference:

Hours: Monday through Thursday — 10:30-12:30, 2:30-6:30. Friday—3:00-9:00. Saturday—10:00-4:00.

Prices: Single swim for members, 30 cents; guests, 40 cents; boys under 12, girls under 18, 30 cents; children under 16 years, on Saturdays only, 25c; ten-swim tickets for members, $2.50; members' daughters under 18, sons under 12, $2.25; guest children, $2.50 (including Girl Scouts).

Private lessons: An instructor is on duty whenever the Pool is open and appointments may be made for single lessons or a ticket may be bought giving purchaser six half-hour or twelve fifteen-minute lessons within three months. Members and members' children, $4; guests, $6. Admission extra.

ONE, TWO, THREE minutes, and delicious PIE CRUST is ready!

Speed-i-Mix
FOR PIE CRUST THAT MELTS IN YOUR MOUTH

Just THREE minutes of your time will show you that you can create light, crisp, and luscious pie crust . . . with SPEED-I-MIX, the perfect already-prepared pie crust that comes to your kitchen ready to mix! You'll find that you can't have a pie-failure . . . because SPEED-I-MIX makes it impossible! Try this amazingly helpful product today . . . for gloriously good, home-made pie!

Ask your grocer for
Speed-i-Mix
or call

PARROTT and CO.
320 CALIFORNIA STREET
SAN FRANCISCO
DOuglas 2400

Interesting Bits

■ With her dues, a member writes—
"With sincere appreciation of the privilege of membership in the Women's City Club"

Another—
"I was unable on account of illness to come to the Meeting on February 11, but I thoroughly approve of the increase in dues"
Another—
"The raising of dues meets with my hearty approval"
Another—
"With best wishes for the success of the Club"
Another—
"I feel so strongly that we get so much for so little at our Club . . . I am proud of the Club"
Another—
"Enclosed please find my check for nine dollars, and I wish to be one of the first to pay my dues under the reorganization plan. Wishing our Club continued success."
Another—
"I know you can count on support from all the thinking members. I hope there may be 6000 or more"
Another—
"I have been a member since the Club was organized. My feeling is quite personal and a bit sentimental. We must keep the Club for the members."
Another—to the officers of the National League for Woman's Service—
"May I take this opportunity of congratulating you on the business-like manner with which you conducted the meeting on February 11, 1937. The meeting was held on time, concise information was given to the membership, and best of all there was no loss of time which was a boon to your many members who are in business. The old saying that women cannot get along together has certainly been refuted, and as one of the older members (the writer having joined in the old Kearny Street days) I wish the Club continued success in all of its undertakings."

Another—
■ "The staff of the Women's City Club can take a deep bow this week. A traveler, visiting here, said San Francisco is the only place in the country where she would consider stopping at a women's club, and that the last time she was here, when she didn't know anything about the city, the Club's staff was so helpful that she always comes back to the Club when she's in town."—Reprint From The Deuce of Clubs.

Another—
■ Dear Miss President:
During the month I have become very much acquainted with a phase of our Club that does not come, perhaps, under many of the better-known activities.

Due to a forced confinement to my room I found myself given much thoughtful and gracious attention by the various employees who served me. They made the Club really a "home" for me, and I wish to express my sincere appreciation for all their efforts. I think it especially noteworthy to find the spirit of "Service" so faithfully being carried along by them.

Sincerely,

. . . . . .

HEALTH EXAMINATION BLANK

I enclose herewith check for $10.00 to cover the expense of the Health Examinations to be given in April, from the 12th to the 23rd inclusive.

Name.....Telephone.....

Address.....

I prefer an afternoon ☐ evening ☐ appointment.

Make check payable to Women's City Club, San Francisco, and address to Dr. Ellen Stadtmuller, Chairman, Health Examinations Committee.

There must be a reasonable number of applications for examinations or money will be refunded and the examinations not given.

The Annual Meeting

■ Informality prefaced the formal Annual Meeting of the National League for Woman's Service on Tuesday evening, March ninth. No more delightful buffet tables ever tempted guests to forget the calories and taste of each appetizing dish. The board groaned in proverbial style, as the restaurant department showed what it could do in catering to the discerning. The visits which came from "jumping up from the table" and which even Emily Post would have declared "comme il faute" were thoroughly enjoyed. At seven-thirty when the conviviality which accompanies such a satisfying occasion results usually in after-dinner stories, Miss Donohoe went to the small platform erected in the west end of the cafeteria. All drew their chairs nearer and settled down for a rare combination of formality and informality. The reports of the year in birds' eye view were read by members of the Board. The annual audit was reported by Miss Noonan, a resume of financial reorganization work of 1936 was read by Miss Leale, hospitality programs and special events were reported by Mrs. Coghlan, classes and courses by Miss Hall, and drama by Miss Zane. Informal discussion followed, and all felt free to ask questions. Miss Phillips enquired: "Is the V. A. D. still in existence?" and the answer came "The V. A. D. always spells volunteer aid and a member can always volunteer and the aid is always welcome to the National League for Woman's Service. Gifts will substantially accelerate our earning of the building." Apparently satisfied with the answer, she handed to the President her latest V. A. D.—a debenture bond.

And so another Annual Meeting has come and gone. It was not just an ordinary one, for the reports of 1936 conclusively showed why there must be relief from the original financial setup, even though the income in 1936 did excede that of 1935. The response of the membership since the wonderful noon meeting on February eleventh has shown confidence in those who lead, and has also shown that the responsibility assumed by those few is now willingly shared by those who elected them. As a member said after the Annual Meeting—"Don't you feel that all are working together as they haven't for years?" True—a common enemy makes common friends. The enemy was the depression which was no respector of persons and which affected the National League for

(Continued on page 30)

A Worth While Thought

"THINK some time, will you, about cigarette names. What each name represents. Philip Morris, for example, is not a synthetic or fancy trade mark. It is a personal name, honored by 87 years of cigarette making — creating many famous brands — but always under the name "Philip Morris." So the name itself guarantees integrity of statement. But a statement by Philip Morris must be more than merely true. It must be important! When Philip Morris announces a new kind of mildness you may count on a measurably milder cigarette, made by a new formula, definitely established by the research of high scientific authorities. So please don't treat carelessly our assurance that the new Philip Morris mildness is a scientific fact, ethically presented to and accepted by the medical profession."

PHILIP MORRIS & CO., LTD., INC.

BELL-BROOK

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Time Flies, Why Don't You?

By Flora Boldemann

■ Many people who have never flown think that a trip by plane requires courage, nerve, and a seventh sense of some sort. All this is indeed foolish, for flying gives one a feeling of peace, comfort, cleanliness and a speed beyond comprehension.

The sky offers endless miles of unexcelled beauty and quiet—a relief from our busy, bustling life on "terra firma" which becomes almost unbearable at times.

To sit, or recline in a "down cushion" chair and merely float through the sky is something never to be forgotten. One of the most outstanding flights that I have made was between Los Angeles and San Francisco. It was a lovely January afternoon, three fifty o'clock to be exact, when I boarded a United Air Line's plane at Union Air Terminal in Burbank, chose a rear seat of the plane so that the view from my window would not be obstructed by the wing of this flying bird. The next step was to fasten the seat belt across my lap, (a Department of Commerce regulation) this done I sat back in my comfortable chair and scrutinized the rest of the 21 passengers traveling on the "Mainliner."

At four o'clock sharp the dispatcher gave a signal, the cabin door was securely fastened, we taxied down the runway, stopped at the East end of the field to test both motors—all in readiness and perfect order, as always, the large motors roared and off we were from all the confusion of civilization into the quiet blue sky.

The Panorama of Los Angeles, Hollywood and the surrounding country was lovely—quick as a flash we were gliding over the snow covered Tehachapi mountains and making our way up the coast. After leaving the valley one could see the coastline stretching for hundreds of miles, and out over the ocean was a red ball of sun which reflected into the water and lent an almost unimaginable hue to the sky and country.

Tea time and the charming stewardess in a trim dark green uniform, served tea and wafers to those desiring it.

Now over picturesque Carmel Bay the sun was beginning to descend below the horizon and a silver cloud in the sky clung to the red reflection of the setting sun, which with Carmel lending its white sandy shores entirely completed the picture.

On up the coast we sped, at about one hundred seventy miles an hour, with Santa Cruz approaching rapidly. After gliding over these mountains we could see the dotted lights of the ranch houses scattered along the Santa Clara Valley. We began losing altitude as we neared Palo Alto and Redwood City—by the time we reached San Mateo one was able to distinguish individual Neon Signs. Over the Bay and the Bayshore highway we zoomed into Mills Field after one hour and fifty-six minutes of clean, delightful travel.

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MASONIC *at* GOLDEN GATE AVENUE

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(Continued from page 29)

Woman's Service as it did all others who dared to oppose it, but the unity of the membership of the League was a surprise to this American Spectre, new to American idealism, and this service group rose as one and said "We shall succeed!" The payment of dues is the first step in the success of the new plan. One of the figures given at the Annual Meeting was that up to that hour 2500 had paid for 1937-38. What other organization can accomplish greater things? The annual reports one and all showed that one and one makes two!

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■ Civic Center. Hours: noon to 10 p. m. week days; 1 to 5 Sundays.

Exhibitions in April

Fifty-seventh Annual Exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association: through May 2.

Abstract paintings by Josef Albers, Katherine S. Dreier, Werner Drewer, Paul Kelpe: through May 10.

Exposition Architecture: through April 31.

35 oils circulated by the American Artists' Congress April 15 through April 22.

Water colors circulated by the College Art Association: April 5 through April 25.

The Art Association's Annual Exhibition is the major event for artists and those interested in current art production in San Francisco. This year the show promises to be finer than ever before. Nearly every local artist of importance will be represented with many others throughout the United States.

Exposition Architecture, an exhibition organized by the Museum of Modern Art in view of the World's Fair to be held in New York in 1939, has been brought to San Francisco, where it is of equal interest pertaining to the Golden Gate Exposition of the same year. The show surveys the history of exposition buildings from the first World's Fair in London in 1851. Final plans for the coming fairs are presented to the public in detail.

Expositions dramatize architecture for the general public, and they often have an undue influence on future building. Exposition architects are able to be more daring, more imaginative, freer in their use of new materials, than would be allowed them in regular practice. But they may also be more superficial, dramatic and unsound. Many expositions have had an unfortunate influence on general architecture. Especially did the Chicago World's Fair of 1893 retard architectural advancement, filling America with pseudo-classic pomposities which had no relation with structural practice, actual function or fundamental asthetic. Some, however, have been used as soundboards for real improvement in function, structure and taste. Such was the exposition at Stockholm in 1930, and there have been individual exhibits of several recent fairs which deserve attention.

Ideas in architecture have undergone tremendous changes in the period from 1851 through 1939, and this exhibition, by presenting the most dramatic embodiments of architectural thought in this time, will in itself help to clarify the reasons for these changes.

FUN and FROLIC at
CAMP ELLIS FRANKLIN
OUR SECOND SEASON OPENS ON JUNE 19TH

■

Separate Camps for Boys and for Girls from 7 to 14 years of age.

Camp Ellis Franklin is located three miles beyond APPLEGATE, California, on an attractive estate in the foothills of the Sierra Nevadas, where your child may count on all of the fun and adventure that can be crowded into the long summer vacation days. Swimming — Diving — Life Saving — Fishing — Boating — Hiking — Horseback Riding — Games — Camp Fires — Barbecue Suppers — Birthday Parties — Nature Study — Camp Craft — Hand Crafts — Music — Dramatics.

EXCELLENT FOOD—Fresh Milk, Cream, Butter, Eggs, Fruit and Vegetables in Abundance. Comfortable Beds under the star-lit heavens. Floored Dressing Tents. Hot and Cold Water. Sanitary Plumbing. Wonderful Climate. 2200 Foot Elevation. Enrollment limited to 60 children.

The 1937 Camp Season from June 19th to August 15th, is divided into two 4-week sessions. A camper may enter on June 19th for the entire 8 weeks, or for the first 4-week period; or on July 18th for the second 4-week period.

RATES: For the Full 8 weeks $150.00
For either 4-week Session 85.00

For further information, folders and reservations, address Mr. or Mrs. Charles Robinson, Directors, P.O. Box 186, R.F.D., Colfax, Calif.

Mrs. Charles Robinson will be at the Women's City Club Advertisers' Show on April 20-21 to interview interested parents.

A limited number of adult guests can be accommodated in the Main Building during the summer. Rates on request.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

SAN FRANCISCO

MAY · 1937

VOLUME XI · NUMBER 4 · PRICE 15 CENTS PER COPY · PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB · 465 POST STREET · SAN FRANCISCO

Women's City Club Calendar
MAY 1937

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. and 2:30 p. m. to 6:30 p. m.
Friday 3 p. m. to 9 p. m. and Saturday 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—From 5:30 p.m. to 6:30 p. m. Tuesday and 5:30 p. m. to 9:00 p. m. Friday
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p. m.

LATHAM FOUNDATION POSTER EXHIBIT—MAY 4TH TO 9TH

NATIONAL LEAGUE PLAYERS—MAY 20TH

MAY

4—	**German Round Table**—Martha K. Hack presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
5—	**Current Events**—Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas	**Auditorium**	**11 a.m.**
	Round Table Discussion following	**Nat. Def. Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
6—	**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
	French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.m.**
	Thursday Evening Program:	**Auditorium**	**8 p.m.**
	Subject: "Recent Advances in Psychiatry" Speaker: Dr. Margaret Smythe, Supt. of State Institute at Stockton, California.		
10—	**Young Members' Luncheon**	**Cafeteria**	**12:15 p.m.**
11—	**German Round Table**—Martha K. Hack presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
12—	**Spanish Round Table**—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
13—	**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
	French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.m.**
	Thursday Evening Program:	**Auditorium**	**8 p.m.**
	Musical and Literary Program by Girls High School		
14—	**Book Review Luncheon**—67 cents a plate	**Nat. Def. Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
	Subject will be announced later		
18—	**Garden Round Table**—Mrs. Edward Rainey, chairman	**Nat. Def. Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
	German Round Table—Martha K. Hack presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
19—	**Current Events**—Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas	**Auditorium**	**11 a.m.**
	Round Table Discussion following	**Nat. Def. Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
20—	**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
	National League Players—In a group of three plays—Dorothea Johnston, director "Joint Owners in Spain," "Pierrot's Welcome," "Overtones" Tickets—afternoon performance—50c including tea Tickets—evening performance—75c	**Auditorium**	**2:30 & 8 p.m.**
	French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.m.**
	Thursday Evening Program: Musical Travelogue—Armine Martin	**American Room**	**8 p.m.**
25—	**German Round Table**—Martha K. Hack presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
	Book Review Dinner—87 cents a plate Subject will be announced later	**Nat. Def. Room**	**6:15 p.m.**
26—	**Spanish Round Table**—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
27—	**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
	French Round Table—Mlle. Maleleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.m.**
	Thursday Evening Program: Omitted		
28—	**Open House**—Golden Gate Bridge Celebration—Tea 3:30 to 5:00	**Lounge**	

JUNE

1—	**German Round Table**—Martha K. Hack presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
3—	**Thursday Evening Program:**	**Auditorium**	**8 p.m.**
	"Chants at Midnight"—Life in the South Seas by Dr. Clifford Glessler		
	French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
	French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.m.**

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XI May, 1937 Number 4

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ DUES—Members who have not yet paid their 1937-1938 dues are requested to do so immediately, as the delinquent date is fast approaching.

■ NEW MEMBERS are appearing at our doors with a regularity that is surprising even to us. If you have friends whom you think should belong to our organization, now is the time to interest them so that they may come into the groups being organized for Exposition activities. The Exposition is not far off.

■ CURRENT EVENTS will continue throughout the month of May and June according to regular schedule, first and third Wednesdays. The third Wednesday in June will close Mrs. Lucas' successful season.

■ THE THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS under the direction of Mrs. A. P. Black, chairman, promise to be unusually entertaining this month. Mark the ones you are interested in and plan to bring a friend or two in to dinner on that night and enjoy the program afterwards. Programs for May include: Recent Advances in Psychiatry by Dr. Margaret Smythe, Superintendent of the State Institution at Stockton; a Musical Travelogue by Armine Martin; Musical and Literary Program by Girls High School; and on June 3rd Chants at Midnight (life in the South Seas) by Clifford Glessler.

■ MEMBERSHIP—We are endeavoring to contact personally each member who has resigned as we feel that some members did so on the spur of the moment when they received notice of raise of dues. Many have since regretted their decisions and have written asking to be reinstated. We therefore hope that all resigning members will carefully weigh the matter and will realize that after all, this organization is not just an ordinary club. It is the National League for Woman's Service, a service organization, and we know that in the months to come many may regret that their resignations have been sent. It is not too late to change any decision and by mailing in a check for dues before May 15th resigned members may be reinstated.

■ A THREE DAY RAMBLE via Redwood Highway to Eureka and back through Lake County is being planned from June 4th to June 6th, inclusive. Rhododendrons will be in full bloom at this time. Bus will leave Clubhouse at 9 a.m. Friday, June 4th and return Sunday evening June 6th. Cost $25.00 per person including all expenses. Please make reservations at Travel Bureau.

■ SWIMMING POOL—Spring days bring renewed interest in swimming and despite shortened hours, attendance increases each week. Classes may be formed upon request and arrangements made for private lessons. Ring Pool office for information regarding special rates.

■ CHILDREN'S USE OF CLUBHOUSE — Saturday mornings bring more and more activity to the Swimming Pool, the children coming in numbers afterwards to the cafeteria to lunch. It seems nice to see so many children enjoying the privileges of the Clubhouse and doubly nice for us who plan the menus to know that only the best and purest foods are purchased and that these are prepared in the most meticulous manner, all vegetables being cooked in steam cookers, preserving those precious vitamins so essential to our human needs.

■ LEAGUE SHOP—Picnic baskets of various styles and sizes are waiting in the League Shop to be filled with delectable lunches and taken on your next outing. There are also barbeque stands with pans to fit and metal pitchers for coffee.

The maple sugar candies from Vermont, besides being delicious, are very attractively boxed. To those who saw the League Shop exhibit in the Advertisers' Show, this is merely a reminder.

■ GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE FIESTA will be celebrated on May 28th at the Women's City Club by open house to all visiting ladies. Tea will be served in the Lounge with members of the Board of Directors acting as hostesses and Volunteers to escort our guests through the Clubhouse.

■ LUCKY NUMBERS for the Women's City Club Beauty Salon drawings during the Advertisers' Show are: Manicure 162; Haircut 404; Shampoo and Finger Wave 225.

■ GLOVE MAKING CLASSES are being held three days a week, instead of two as formerly—Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays. This is such fascinating work that we know more persons will be interested.

■ DINING ROOM—Due to the rise in food costs it has been necessary to meet this increase by a corresponding rise in our Dining Room prices. We hope our members will bear with us in this contingency, and especially that those not keeping house themselves will realize that any increases we may have to impose are unavoidable.

■ TISSUE FANE—The prize winning numbers for an ensemble box of Tissue Fane lotions drawn during the Advertisers' Show are: 1015, 1156, 1249, 1108, 3540, 4886, 3688, 4478.

■ NATIONAL LEAGUE PLAYERS, under direction of Miss Dorothea Johnston, are busy rehearsing a group of plays to be given on May 20th. There will be two performances, afternoon and evening. Members who attended Miss Johnston's production of "Cricket on the Hearth" may well anticipate the treat they have in store for them, as few directors accomplish the perfection of detail and performance that marks Miss Johnston's work. The plays to be given are "Joint Owners In Spain," "Pierrot's Welcome" and "Overtones."

■ BEAUTY SALON — Life begins at forty, they say, and years ago women started at forty to battle dry skin. Today it is different for really dry skin begins its ravages much earlier. Women of thirty rarely escape it and even young girls are frequently victims. Just what causes this premature lack of natural oils is a puzzle to skin specialists. Whatever the cause however, the fact remains that at the present time most women suffer from dry skin and need treatment. Formerly accepted as the inevitable accompaniment of the betwixt-and-between period, it no longer is. Facials have solved the problem, so try the restful Viburna Facial in our Beauty Salon and watch the improvement in your skin. Expert operators wait to serve you.

■ COLOR AND COMPOSITION classes held their final meeting on April 27th. The group attending this course of Flower Arrangement has been most satisfactory both as to number and enthusiasm, and we hope that the Fall Class will meet with equal response.

■ NEEDLE WORK GUILD groups meet in the Clubhouse on the 1st and 3rd Thursday each month, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Randolph Madison. As this group is the National League Branch of the Needle Work Guild, all members of the Women's City Club are welcome to join in the fine work under way. Interested members please register at the information desk on the fourth floor.

An Outstanding Exhibit of the Third Advertisers' Show in the Library of the Clubhouse.

The President's Message

Another Fiesta for San Francisco. Another bridge, remarkable in this age of marvels—and as ships of the world glide under its steel arch, giant "Clipper Ships" sail serenely over our Golden Gate, spanning the wide Pacific in a matter of hours. What a challenge to the imagination, and yet how little do the facts disturb the course of our lives! If this reflection arouses our interest or curiosity in such momentous events—it is a satisfaction to know that through our membership in the National League for Woman's Service, we may participate in events of historical importance in the community and enjoy a delightful sense of being hostess either as individuals to our friends, or as a member of a club group. The facilities and charm of background that the Club itself affords, play no little part in these possibilities and it is to be hoped the membership will share in the gala events of the opening Golden Gate Bridge—an ideal prelude to summer and vacation days.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

Editorial

■ The Staff of the Magazine thanks the Exhibitors of the Third Advertisers' Show for the style of their exhibits which made the Show an outstanding success. They thank the members of the Club who came as the audience and who by their appreciation repaid the firms who had expended so much in a desire to please and educate. They thank the committees who cooperated with the Magazine Committee in working out the Club's share in connection with the mechanical arrangements. They thank the volunteers who acted so graciously and sc ably throughout the two days of the Show itself.

In fact the editorial this month is one of sincere gratitude for many favors. The Advertisers' Show is historically founded. It has reached the point where those who participate know its worth. This—the Third Show — was vibrant with the splendid spirit of advertiser and of consumer. It was a gala two days. It was a friendly two days — it was a time when the spirit of play was uppermost in a commercial task. The "tempo" was right. The echo should reverberate now through the canyons. When our readers in turn visit those firms who visited our Clubhouse in the Show let them echo our grateful appreciation.

■ "Few people today base their opinion on facts." This was the gist of a survey recently made. How true to form our club runs! How many conversations in the Lounge are based on fact? "I hear" prefaces many a long dissertation. "I know," prefaces a short statement. Do you, as a club member, know much about your own club? Have you attended the monthly teas when Miss Donohoe has told things only a President can know and a President can tell to a small group only — the little things that garnish the bold fact? Are you an informed emissary of the National League for Woman's Service as you interest new members who want to support, either directly or indirectly, a service program in San Franicsco?

"Pondering many things," the editor sadly points out that headlines sometimes mislead, that enthusiasts as well as antagonists sometimes exaggerate, that tabloid information sometimes falls short, and she urges members to remember the next monthly tea-hour with the President on May 27th and to learn there of her Club.

■ History is in the making. With the financial reorganization "set to go," the deposit of bonds and attendant approval of the bondholders is well under way. The straight-forward recital of facts in the letter is receiving most favorable comment and it is confidently expected that the new plan will soon be the one under which the club works. The splendid cooperation of the membership by its ready renewal with the new dues is a loyalty which carries forward the same old League Spirit we have always known.

The 5000 memberships on which the new figures were based is in sight. The second bills went out on the fifteenth. This is a last-minute reminder to you who have not yet paid. We want you, we need you! When you hesitate as to whether or not you can afford us, or whether or not you haven't used us much, remember that your renewal with us this year is important to the new plan and to the carrying on of a history which is a proud one and justly so. Every member should be part of the National League for Woman's Service at this history-making point — the reorganization period which will put the club in the position of once again earning its own building.

■ Gifts have reached us this month in the form of debenture bonds which members "have intended to give the Club for some time past" and have awaited only a "particular occasion" to do so. The reorganization plan was mailed lately to all bondholders and became the "particular occasion" which necessitated a visit to the safe-deposit box. The question "Is the V. A. D. continued?" is thus answered by generosity, and we are grateful.

The deposit of bonds now asked by the Company is the next step in the reorganization program. Those who hold debentures are, generally speaking, club members. All bought these bonds to help the club. All can **now** help the club by promptly signifying their cooperation with the plan. How splendid it will be if the deposit of bonds is accomplished speedily.

The Third Advertisers' Show

The White House Exhibit in the Lounge.

■ "The exhibits are finer than ever." "Did you ever see a better group of advertisers!" These two quotations are general and can be repeated, but to begin to enumerate the flattering comments on the individual exhibits would be to list them all. The simplest way is to reprint this list on another page as a reminder to those who "came and saw." The advertisers "conquered."

"Where do we go next? I've been to the Lower Main Floor and Auditorium." A regular tour in a regular way was like a delightful journey through a lane of outstanding and interesting merchandise. Large and small, each exhibit had its special appeal.

The crowded elevators, the ever polite exhibitors, the greetings of members who were smiling with appreciation of this and that—it was all typically National League.

Over four thousand came during the two days and evenings, and the fashion parades of the City of Paris, O'Connor Moffatt, May Walsh, White House, Alma Walker, Greb-Bie Shop ran the gamut from bathing-suits to formal evening dress. The professionalism of real shows was distinctly present, and the members responded to the effort to please which these firms expended.

The S. & G. Gump & Podesta and Baldocchi Display at the East End of the Lounge.

And then the excitement of the arrival of the House of Westmore, with Shirley Deane in person escorted by Mr. Verdier and welcomed officially by our President Miss Donohoe and our members Miss Hall, Miss Speyer and Miss Zane.

It was all most happy and the education so sugar-coated that no one was conscious that there was a purpose behind it all, the financing of the Women's City Club Magazine for 1937.

The personal contact of which we had talked so long—contact between producer and consumer—was here an accomplished fact and was so well established that any discussion of it in the future, as though it were a mooted question, would be absurd. As some one at the Show said, "This Club is doing the thing others are talking about as being perhaps possible."

The advertisers who have been in our past shows had an air of coming back home in this Show—a very flattering compliment. They had planned their set-up to fit a particular spot in this particular clubhouse. They brought just what was needed and no more. They greeted other advertisers as old friends and started the two days with cordial hand clasps.

The club staff was as usual efficient and cooperative. Exhibits moved in and out of the clubhouse, and the attendant messiness was never apparent. By noon of the day after, all was in order.

The Committees functioned without hitch or ostentation, and the volunteers in their crisp League uniforms tied the Show together and made it one. Not an idle question went unanswered, not a single mishap marred the two days, all because the volunteers were alert and ready.

There is just one other thing (Continued on p. 24

The Golden Gate Bridge Fiesta

■ Clad in festival array, San Francisco will lift up her heart to entertain the world on the occasion of the completion of the Golden Gate Bridge.

A week-long fiesta will do honor to this mighty achievement, pursuing its colorful way from May 27th to June 2nd.

For it will be no mere local outpouring of enthusiasm and joy over a spectacular engineering achievement, but a festival that all the states of the West, yes, even Canada and British Columbia and Mexico and the Central American states, will join.

For the Golden Gate Bridge breaks the last remaining barrier to an all-wheel highway along the Pacific and the people of the western shore of America have been quick to see its international significance.

It is no free and careless use of words that prompts the statement that the fiesta of May 27th-June 2nd will exceed in the variety of its pageantry, the splendor of international cooperation and the full-hearted rejoicing of many peoples, anything that has ever been seen in the West.

Sensing the task before them, the citizens began early to prepare a fiesta that would be worthy of the noble bridge whose completion it commemorates.

With Mayor Angelo J. Rossi as honorary chairman and Supervisor Arthur M. Brown, Jr., as general chairman, a working organization was set up with Eric Cullenward as general manager and James Adam as publicity director.

A woman's division was organized with Mrs. Arthur M. Brown, Jr., as chairman, and one of their first activities was to start a campaign of beautification of the roadways and approaches leading to the bridge.

Cooperation of women's clubs, of Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts was enlisted and various improvement organizations joined in the campaign to eradicate rubbish and put things in order.

Poppy seed and lupine seed were procured and with the help of Scouts, planted on the hilltops and along the path of the approaches. A tree-planting campaign was also begun.

A speakers' bureau was opened and many of the women volunteered to arrange luncheons at which the fiesta could be outlined and the entire community won toward making the celebration one vivid with life and color.

Under the guidance of the women's division the children of the schools were brought into the picture, a Children's Festival was organized to take place in the Redwood Grove Theater at Crissy Field. The children were also invited to take part in the Memorial Day exercises on the bridge, when tribute will be paid to those who lost their lives building the bridge. They will drop garlands into the bay at a simple, religious service.

A Fashion Show was proposed to the merchants, and the big stores readily accepted the opportunity to do something different for the glory of the festival city and to make visitors acquainted with San Francisco as a style center.

All these activities went on hand in hand with the planning of other features of the fiesta program.

The fiesta will be one long and uninterrupted period of merrymaking. The entire American fleet will be here for the full length of the festival, with from 40,000 to 50,000 officers and men, and they will be an integral part of all the ceremonial and joy-making.

The sports program, it has been said by experts, will surpass in the character and variety of competition anything seen in the city since Panama-Pacific Exposition, 1915.

One of the central ideas of the fiesta is the mobilization of cavalcades. From the north in Canada and British Columbia one of these cavalcades will originate, and as it sweeps towards the Golden Gate it will be swelled by hosts of rejoicing pilgrims from the states of the Northwest.

From Mexico will swing another cavalcade, full of life and color, met at the international boundary by Californians and escorted northwest by ever-increasing bands of revelers from San Diego, Los Angeles and cities of the southland. Los Angeles is sending 5,000 motors alone, with five trainloads of visitors and an aerial caravan that promises to be the greatest civilian demonstration in the air ever seen along the Pacific Coast.

From the Rocky Mountains will come another cavalcade along a trail made romantically historic by the covered wagon and the Pony Express. Utah, Colorado and Nevada will make up units in this spectacular procession.

These three main cavalcades, embracing in their ranks many cavalcades joining the main stream, will merge at the bridgehead on the Marin shore on May 28, the day of the bridge dedication, and in a mighty procession swing across the span to the Presidio and the formal exercises in Crissy Field.

There is, of course, a pre-fiesta period of festivity, sort of a cocktail to prepare the visiting hundreds of thousands for the full week of festivity.

A Radio Stars Night will be held Tuesday night, May 25th, in which celebrities of the airlanes will demonstrate their gifts of entertainment.

On Wednesday, May 26th, there will be a city-wide luncheon at the Palace Hotel, sponsored by the San Francisco Advertising Club. That night the Queen of the Fiesta and her court will be enthroned at a brilliant ball in the Civic Auditorium.

Thursday, May 27th, will be Pedestrians' Day. Before any vehicle is permitted to cross the bridge, those who want to walk across or any part of the bridge will be permitted to do so. The Golden Gate Bridge is unlike the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge in that there are two sidewalks running the entire length of the span, ten feet wide.

That night the first performance of the Fiesta Pageant will be given in a huge amphitheater in Crissy Field. Seats for 25,000 persons have been made ready. John Charles Thomas, the celebrated American baritone will sing the leading male role. The pageant will be repeated three times during the week. It tells the romantic story of California's development from the aborigine to the present day. Men who have made the Grove Plays of the Bohemian Club famous have charge of the pageants. There will be a cast of 3,000 actors and a symphony orchestra of 100 musicians.

On Sunday, Memorial Day, a ceremony of deeply religious sentiment will be held on the bridge to pay tribute to those who lost their lives in building the bridge. Children from all the schools will join with the hosts of organized labor in making this ceremony memorable.

Labor, it should be added, is joining with its full strength in the fiesta program. Of particular interest to the men who built the bridge will be the Labor Ball of June 1 in Dreamland Auditorium. A nationally known orchestra will be engaged and the dance will be underwritten by the fiesta committee and the Golden Gate International Exposition of 1939. The receipts will be turned over to the committee representing labor to be distributed to the families bereaved by the loss of those dear to them in the construction of the bridge.

Add to these highlights of the program a city decorated in festival array, with wandering minstrels at every corner, nights brilliantly illuminated, with the Navy's searchlights radiating across the sky, and all the world and his cousin in carnival good humor and you have something of what San Francisco will be like May 27th to June 2nd.

Cabbages, Kings and Other Things!

by June Lucas (Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas)

■ In 1926 the Imperial Conference of the British Commonwealth meeting in London defined itself in the following words — "The British Commonwealth consists of a group of autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown, and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations." On the 12th of May, that "common allegiance to the Crown" will place a tall serious looking man upon the throne in Westminster Abbey, and then an actual jewelled crown upon his head. When King George the VI comes to the end of that London day with its splendour and superb properness of a British historic occasion he will know if he is as wise as his father that none of the "pomp and circumstance" has anything really to do with him. The crown which has been specially measured to fit his head on this May day is but a symbol of a "common allegiance" not written down in any law or constitution, — its entire significance lies in the realm of intangible things — traditions, memories, interests, common joys and sorrows, common risks, the slow anguish of Empire building, a common loyalty greater than any lesser loyalties to any individual member nation within the Empire. The great Empire may be divided in its admiration for the personality of a King or a Queen — it may love the person of a Prince but the "common allegiance" to the Crown is no respecter of persons or eyebrows!

And where will the "cabbages" be on that May day? No grandstands are erected for them, no passes issued to them — and yet not a King or Prime Minister in that great coronation pageant will be thinking of anything else. The smell of cabbages will, to be sure, come from many a tightly packed crowd as the procession touches the fringes of the area where such articles of diet are cooked! But cabbages like crowns are but symbols. Every foreign office in the world today is more concerned with cabbages than with kings —the economic fabric of civilization is being rewoven — designs altered, great rents in the 19th century patterns show. The representatives of the far away dominions are in London not only to see their King crowned but to discuss immediately the practical problems — economic revolution, political revolution in the world — the problems of defense, the danger to their sea routes upon which the life of the Dominions depend with perhaps the single exception of Canada.

Cabbages and Kings! — Yes, and other things come to minds of diplomats in their designated places before the Throne, and to the Queen Mother as she presses back the memories of the years in order to see more clearly the son who is crowned. The world will not blame her if for a moment she seems to see the face of another son — She knows the Crown belongs to a people, not to a person — And the diplomats know that too. They may still be muttering the same old phrases but they know the problem of "cabbages" must be met — They know the dictatorships are not meeting their domestic problems — They are weary of propaganda and the isms of political doctrines.

Today the sound of marching feet along two roads comes to them — one road leads to Rome, the other to Geneva — the method of a Mussolini, the method of a Briand — the totalitarian state or the parliamentary system of government. The Coronation procession and its line of march was a most troublesome matter to determine but the most nervous "fuss-budget" of official officialdom knew where the King was to go, when he was to come back and where he would be when the day ended. But those other Kings, those Prime Ministers, those foreign secretaries in that procession could hear the sounds from those other roads, above all the flare of trumpets and royal bands — King Leopold of Belgium has been granted a breathing space — Degrelle and his Rexists were defeated in April elections 4 to 1. Degrelle is the young leader of Belgium's Fascist party. President Benes of Czechoslovakia watches the Nazi propaganda seep across the Bohemian borders — he stands so alone as the storm gathers over the little entente. His beloved Republic for which the great leader Mazaryk gave all he had, — is he to see Hitler lead troops into that land of the Czechs — Will the hideous Spanish tragedy be repeated?

When the day in May is over, perhaps some men will go to sleep wiser, sadder men but more alive to the things of the spirit out of which "a common allegiance" can be built — If it is possible for a Commonwealth of Nations making up the British Empire to achieve, is it too much to hope that a sadder, wiser world can build up "a common allegiance" to the preservation of free institutions, to self government, to the democratic processes, to economic sharing and cooperation, to those other things which are greater than particular rights, interests and even sovereignties!

Impressions

PART TWO

by Leslie Van Ness Denman

In another realm and even more interesting was a study of the food of the present day Maya Indians of Yucatan, by the Carnegie Institution of Washington, in the Exhibit of Science and Industry at the Rockefeller Center.

This study was made to discover, if possible, whether their diet was responsible for the high metabolism of these Indians. "The male Maya of the Chichen Itza region have a basal heat production averaging from 5 to 8 per cent higher than the commonly accepted standard for white men living in the northern part of the United States."

The lines of the Penguin Pool of the London Zoo in the exhibit of Modern Architecture in England at the Museum of Modern Art was strongly suggestive of the pre-historic designs on the bowls of the Hopi Indians—something of the bird itself moves through these functional designs. The Penguin Pool is for a practical use, as is the Hopi pot which is also dominated by religious thought.

"The strongest force which propels modern architecture is the growing realization by an increasing number of people, that good architecture, classic or modern, is essentially of its time, growing out of the life of its time, fully aware of the requirements of that time—making use of the materials available at that time—of the methods of construction known at that time—erecting forms with those materials according to these methods—forms beautifully appropriate to the requirements of that time."

"Through thinking, through living and experiencing life, the architect readjusts forms to the life of today."

When it comes to the museums, three things were arresting in their expression of beauty and technical skill. The textiles from Peru, the gold work from Colombia and Equador, from Costa Rica and Panama, as well as from Peru; and the wood carvings from the Northwest Coast.

Some of these collections were new to me, and one finds oneself a little overwhelmed by the artistic heritage of ancient America and wonders whether we are as familiar with it as we might be.

Those objects taken out of the halls of museums and shown as works of art in a dramatic modern setting would give to the public an awareness of the power and beauty of the old art of America. We would then have an appreciation of the civilizations of the old world of art, an art which at that time was, as it is today, "rich in the accumulated experience of many generations, informed by memories of remote and primitive beginnings."

In technical skill, in beauty of design and richness of color, the ancient textiles from the cemeteries of Peru are equal to the oriental fabrics, and some think they have never been outdone in ancient or modern times.

"In tapestry Peru reached its highest development, placing this kind of textile in a class by itself,—making the Gobelin and even the Chinese silk tapestry appear coarse and heavy in comparison."

The water color copies of the designs on some Peruvian mummy wrappings in the collection of Dr. Tello which I saw last summer, made a strange impression on me. Here was something oriental, with a beauty and a quality not quite Indian, as we conceive Indian art to be.

One other art of the ancient Indian which is comparable in beauty and skill to the tapestry, is the work in gold. While gold was generally considered by these ancient peoples as a useful metal for decoration and ornament, it was often connected as well with religious thought. Jade, however, was regarded by the Aztecs as more precious than gold.

A plate and a jug of gold in the American Museum of Natural History in New York, beautiful and sophisticated, would not suffer if placed beside the work of the period of the Italian Renaissance.

Every sort of image was wrought of gold, as was every kind of jewelry. The various forms of these objects are exquisite in design and of a fine workmanship. Gauntlet cuffs such as the cowboy wears were of gold. Outstanding are the great golden breast plates — some of them twenty-two inches across. I doubt if Crete or Greece produced anything more lovely than this thrilling gold work of the ancient American Indian.

From the gold work of Central and South America to the carvings of the Northwest Coast seems a long flight. But the carved ivories of an unknown people found deep in the frozen ground of the Far North; the technical craftsmanship, the forms of an imaginative dramatic intensity based on realistic conceptions in the designs of the (Continued on page 21

The History of Garden Art

Part Three

CHINA

■ While the Romans and Greeks were developing a garden art in Europe, the Orientals were perfecting a garden art of their own. China, indeed, anticipated by centuries, the art in the West.

In 2700 B. C. the Emperor Hwang-Ti is reputed by legend to have founded the arts of husbandry and the science of medical botany, as well as written a remarkable pharmacopoeia. At any rate the medicinal properties of plants were early recognized, and much skill was developed in growing them for food and drug uses.

For the Chinese, too, gardens and hunting parks were an esteemed luxury. During the Han Dynasty, 200 B. C. to 200 A. D., so much land was used for this purpose that the people revolted.

A favorite artificial garden embellishment of the Chinese was the mound, first developed at this period. Palaces or fountains were set upon them, as the Sumerians of the Euphrates Valley had done in 3500 B. C. Similarly the Central American peoples built their pyramids surmounted by temples. Marco Polo remarked especially the great palace of Kublai Kahn at Kambabi, the hill covered with transplanted trees made of earth dug up to form a lake.

Flower cultivation was one of the Seven Arts and a part of every cultured man's education. The Imperial Court set the fashions in gardening, which reached highest development in the Ming period (1368-1644). Successive religions influenced it. Buddhism encouraged an appreciation of natural landscape. The picturesque style has since been the preferred influence in Chinese gardening design. The scaling down of nature to the miniature landscape, with exquisitely arranged detail and dwarfed trees is an important development of Chinese garden art. It was associated with symbolism, and took on elaborate formalism. The Chinese garden was always, however, an esthetic expression, and, a place in which to live and to contemplate and enjoy nature in all her manifestations and variety.

The Chinese garden was to influence European garden art centuries later when the development of Greece and Rome had found full flowering in Italy and Southern Europe in the 18th century.

JAPAN

Japanese gardens owe much to China in their origins, but the Japanese soon worked out a style of their own. The simplified ideals of the Zen sect of Buddhism influenced a simplicity in garden art. Clearly defined laws of gardens were evolved and much symbolism and philosophy entered into their design. They were associated with the Tea Ceremony and the naturalistic style developed in connection with it became the national type.

Chiuro Obata, the Japanese artist who made the fine model of a Japanese private garden in the exhibitions writes as follows in describing the ideal garden of his people:

"The garden is planned and constructed for its beauty in simplicity and a feeling of peace and restfulness.

"The observation points of the garden are: The first impression through the gate; second impression from the guest room, and looking over the highest points of the garden; third impression from the tea house.

"All through the year, with the four seasons distinctly marked, the owners can enjoy the garden. In morning or evening, day or night, the countless changes in the beauty of the garden, as the spring rain or the autumn moonlight, give deep enjoyment. Not only is the garden planned to give pleasure to its owners but also to the neighbors and to passers-by. Stone walls and iron fences are never used.

"In keeping with the garden, the Tea House is constructed with a feeling of a close contact with mother nature. Here the formal tea ceremony is performed and honored guests are received here away from the tumult and rush of the everyday world."

Japan's ideal of gardening art does not bear transplantation and to be appreciated must be seen in its own country.

SPAIN

Spain had known something of Roman gardening in the luxurious villas and gardens built by the Roman governors and the wealthy natives who soon acquired a taste for nature ordered for human enjoyment. The Visigothic invasion of the 5th century destroyed much of this Latin culture, however, and when the Arab hordes poured into the country they found a land which had gone to ruin. In it they built a fine new culture of their own sprung from the Oriental tradition of love of nature enriched by the influences of every country through which they had passed.

The need for crops prompted first of all the building of great irrigation systems. As the Arabs settled in the country and developed luxury they built palaces and elaborate gardens, patterning them on the Oriental gardens their ancestors had known and importing exotic plant materials from Asia. Water was used everywhere, a necessity and an ornament. The whole peninsula became a great garden under this regime for this Oriental race loved above all things nature and made their gardens a part of daily living.

Through these cultured, luxury-loving Mohammedans characteristics of Persian and Indian gardens found their way to Europe. Clipped hedges, flowing water, colored tiles and architectural settings, privacy and repose were typical of the Moorish gardens. The Moorish courtyard and the Roman peristyle are both ancestors of the Spanish patio.

The discovery of the New World and Spanish exploration and conquest led to the importation of many new plants. The Spanish garden style took root in the New World and underwent first modification there under the influence of the highly developed native agricultural developments of the Aborigines. The Mexican and Peruvian gardens especially were the admiration of the invading Spaniards. Meanwhile, Spain began to come under European influences again as the Middle Ages ended and the Renaissance dawned, with the expulsion of the Arabs.

THE MIDDLE AGES

Fragments of Roman culture were carried on through the dark years that followed the barbaric invasion. From these fragments to which new elements were added by new races and new conditions was to rise a different culture — that of our own period. The Christian monasteries were repositories of much that was preserved from the Roman period. They were especially helpful in carrying on the knowledge of agricultural and gardening held by the Romans. Monasteries were dependent often upon their own produce. They preserved in Western

Europe the general form of the Roman villa, and the peristyle became eventually the cloister. The cloister garden was not infrequently a beautiful as well as a useful place for meditation. As monasteries became more powerful and wealthier they often developed extensive gardens, orchards and vineyards. Many of the monks were horticulturists of achievement and some famous scientific works on medicinal and food plants date from this time.

Some gardens were developed by secular princes also, but more rarely. Most of them had little leisure in these troubled times for such peaceful pursuits. However, Charlemagne had fine gardens on his great estates.

The monks, as men of science in this subject, instructed the laity. From their teaching a taste for gardens grew and when peace prevailed as the Middle Ages progressed and even in intervals between turbulent periods, gardens developed,—first, little patches of herbs and flowering plants in castle courtyards, then more extensive checkerboards of raised beds beyond walls and moat. The frequent illuminations in works of lords and ladies conversing on grassy banks and tapestries sprinkled with flowers all reveal the deep rooted love for nature which the very confinement behind walls necessary for protection must have made more desirable.

The end of the Medieval period witnessed the establishment of vast open gardens in Italy and the beginning of such gardens in France and England. The Renaissance was to see a magnificent development in Europe that still influences us today.

Next month: Gardens of the Renaissance.

I Have Been Reading

By Daisy F. Reed

AE'S LETTERS TO MINANLABAIN; with an Introduction by Lucy Kingsley Porter; 1937. The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

OF MICE AND MEN; by John Steinbeck; 1937. Corici-Friede Publishers. $2.00.

THE SEA OF GRASS; by Conrad Richter; 1937. Alfred A. Knopf.

■ "AE's Letters to Minanlabain." Charming and revealing as letters at their best may be, a collection of such letters presents a difficulty, not to be lightly overcome, to one who undertakes to comment on them. Their very "casualness" which so subtly attracts the reader at the same time repels critical comment. To quote an occasional illuminating bit does not do justice to a collection of letters.

In order to savor the quality of AE's letters, they must be read against the introductory background set by AE's friend to whom they were written. But Mrs. Porter does not refer to the fact that George William Russell was an able and practical economist and social reformer (a fact important to the understanding of the letters) as well as painter, poet and writer.

However, having known AE almost entirely as poet who dwelt on "things invisible to mortal sight" it is delightful to know that he liked to have a place where he could "throw matches on the floor and not have them picked up." For the human AE is revealed by Mrs. Porter particularly in the following: "There was no question of reading aloud when AE was there to think aloud to us. Nor did we need to refer to books. I can see him now turning toward us with surprise, almost offence, when at one in the morning I suggested breaking up and going to bed. Kingsley's Greek sense of hospitality was equally offended by my dashing cold water on conversation still in flame. Laughingly AE would brush it away, stand up, light his candle and look on the library shelves to find a book as a night-cap."

Through the letters there runs a clearly defined consciousness of how deeply the whole being of the writer was rooted in Irish soil. Having spent his summers in Donegal for thirty years, when he was obliged to stay for a long period in London he wrote "The people are nice and kind and one might live pleasurably there. But it seems they are almost all living a posthumous kind of life. As if they were once alive in some real world and had died there and were living on in this world of the shades and did not know it."

The volume, illustrated by drawings from the pen of AE, is made up of letters written entirely during the last five years of AE's life. Hence they reveal the closing scenes of this poetically passionate existence which is perhaps best portrayed by four lines from AE's own poem entitled "The Secret."

"I saw the mystic vision flow
And live in men and woods
and streams.
Until I could no longer know
The dream of life from my
own dreams."

■ "Of Mice and Men," by John Steinbeck, and "The Sea of Grass," by Conrad Richter. In these days when many of the best novels (judgment based on list of best-sellers) are of extreme length, it is a great satisfaction to find some quite distinguished short novels. There have appeared recently at least two such books, "Of Mice and Men" and "The Sea of Grass." Either of these can be easily read in an evening.

The artistic effect of a story that can be read at one sitting is quite different from the effect that is built up by a slowly cumulating mass of detail. The artistic effect of the Steinbeck book depends on the fact that the style grows so naturally, is so integrally a part of, the material. There is not an extraneous or overcharged word in the entire story. This freedom from elaboration of form is based on a sense of rightness, in which the what and the how are truly related to one another, while Conrad achieves his effect by eliminating all extraneous detail from his narrative. His simplicity is based on a sense of what to express rather than how.

The appeal of both books is to the imagination. But the imaginative appeal of "Of Mice and Men" goes beyond the limits of the story to a universalized meaning while that of "The Sea of Grass" is constrained within the limits of the story itself.

"The Sea of Grass" is a tale of the Southwest in the days when the plowman was beginning to threaten the autocratic rule of the cattle-man. The story of the conflict is told in terms of a sensitive and intelligent woman and one of her children, to whom the loneliness of the range meant tragedy. "Of Mice and Men" is the tale of two itinerant workers in the Salinas Valley whose dream was to have a bit of land of their own. The way the two men went about making their dream come true was conditioned by heredity and environment. It is a tale of loyalty and understanding as well as stupidity and ignorance. It is a real social situation truly perceived.

Fortunately, artistic quality in fiction bears no direct relation to the quantity of pages bound between the covers of a book.

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PEDLAR'S PROGRESS. Odell Shepard. $3.75. Centenary Prize Contest winner, a life of Bronson Alcott which elevates him into his rightful place among New England intellectuals.

THEY CAME LIKE SWALLOWS. William Maxwell. $2.50. A sensitive novel of family life.

DEAR THEO. The Letters of Vincent Van Gogh to his brother. $3.75.

AN ARTIST'S HERBAL. Louise Mansfield. $2.50. The artist presents thirty-eight plates from her pencil drawings of herbs.

The first Children's Spring Book Festival sponsored by the New York Herald Tribune is to be held the week of May 9 to 16. The purpose of the Festival is to stimulate adults to make the purchase of books for children a year 'round affair rather than restricting it to one short season at Christmas. With these sentiments we have no doubt that you will all agree. For practical purposes we submit the following check list.

DRUCILLA. Emma Brock. $1.50. A first hand account of a journey to the west told by a delightful doll.

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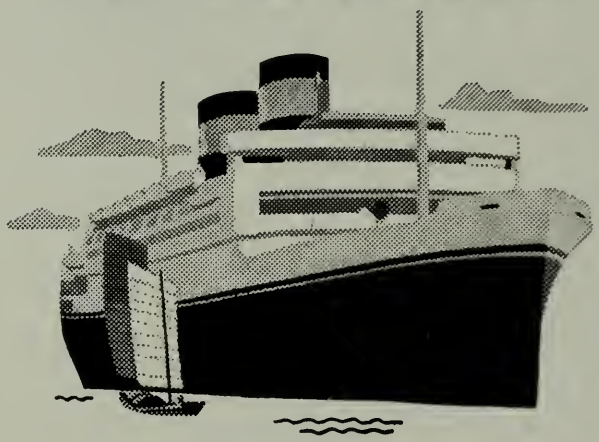

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A fantasy of a wandering minstrel frequently leaving his dainty little wife for long absences. While alone she suddenly discovers that she has learned how to think, and only after many overtures does he finally strum his way back into her heart.

Overtones

This play is a story of unrequited love, with the usual accompaniment of envy and jealousy which are characterized by each person in the cast appearing in a dual role.

CAST: Mildred Bailey
Adeline Haake
Frances Hall
Gladys Hall
Matilda Laist
Christine Ochernal
Margaret Zane

Swimming Pool

Pool hours: 10:30 to 12:30; 2:30 to 6:30. Fridays: 3 to 9:00. Saturdays: 10 to 4.

Prices: Single swim for members, 30 cents; guests, 40 cents; boys under 12, girls under 18, 30 cents ten-swim tickets for members, $2.50; members' daughters under 18, sons under 12, $2.25; guest children, $2.50 (including Girl Scouts).

Private Lessons: An instructor is on duty whenever the Pool is open, and appointments may be made for single lessons or a ticket may be bought giving purchaser six half-hour or twelve fifteen-minute lessons within three months. Members and members' children, $4; guests, $6. Admission extra.

Privileges: Members may bring women and children guests to swim at any time. A member may obtain at the Pool Office a guest card giving a woman or child the privilege of swimming ten times unaccompanied by a member, or arranging for lessons. Fee for issuing card, 25 cents.

Men's Guest Nights: On Tuesday evenings, 5:30 to 6:30 p.m., and Friday evenings, 5:30 to 9:00 p.m., men guests may swim in the Pool. They must be personally accompanied by a member.

Groups: Members bringing groups of any size to swim are requested to arrange with the Pool Office in advance. Sponsored organizations whose members wish to swim regularly either as individuals or in groups, who can use 100 admissions in ten weeks, may make arrangements for special rates.

Lockers are for rent in the swimming department. Small, 25 cents a month $1.25 for six months.

A Three-Day Ramble Up the Redwood Highway

Leave San Francisco Friday, June 4th, 8:30 a. m. Arrive Benbow. Lunch at Benbow Inn.

Leave Benbow Friday, June 4th, 1:30 p. m. Arrive Hartsook's Friday, June 4th, 6:00 p. m. Dinner, night and breakfast.

Leave Hartsook's Saturday, June 5th, 8:30 a. m. Arrive Eureka Saturday, June 5th, 12:30 p. m. Lunch, dinner, night and breakfast at Eureka Inn.

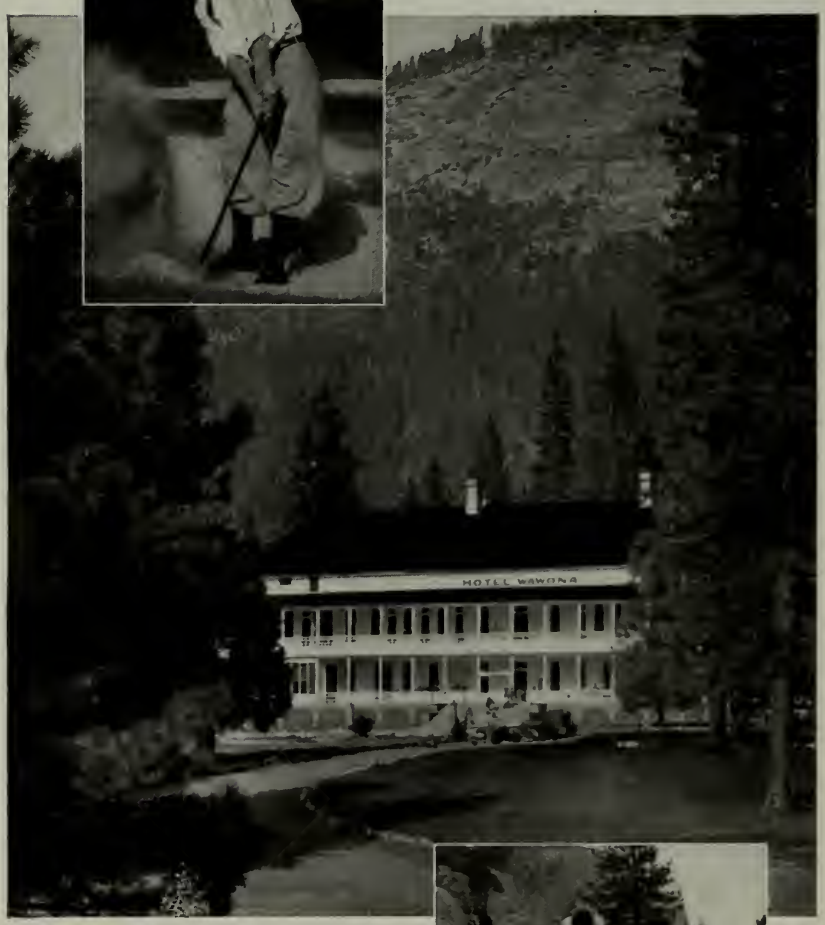
Leave Eureka Sunday, June 6th, 8:30 a. m. Arrive Laurel Del on Blue Lakes, Lake Co. 12:30 p. m. Lunch at the Lodge.

Leave Laurel Dell Sunday, June 5th, 1:30 p. m. Arrive San Francisco Sunday, June 5th, 7:00 p. m.

Cost of this tour all expenses included Per Person—$25.00.

For details ask the Travel Bureau in the lobby.

GOLF *and the mountains—*



WAWONA

IF you were building your own country estate you would try to find a site like Wawona...a green valley surrounded by pine-clad mountains...clear air filled with "high country" ozone... tennis, trout, fishing, swimming, miles of trails to ride or hike... and best of all, a sporty nine-hole golf course that is kept in real country club shape — one that you won't tire of no matter how many times you play it each day. (No need to worry about the children — they'll have the time of their lives!)

Wawona is ten minutes from the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees, and less than an hour from Yosemite Valley. May we send scenic folders? — they tell why the family will like Wawona.

A WEEK AT WAWONA:
$29.75 and upward — lodging and meals.

Ask any good travel agent for information, reservations—or the Yosemite office, 39 Geary St., San Francisco. EXbrook 3906.

YOSEMITE'S "Country club" VACATION

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LAMP SHOP *First Floor*

Shining with newness and brilliance, the remodeled and refitted Lamp Shop presents a fascinating parade of brand-new Lamps of smart decorative designs displayed in a novel and convenient arrangement.

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of individuality and decorative value

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GREAT REDUCTION SALE
BEGINNING FROM MAY 10
20% to 50% off On All Items

EMBROIDERED SLIPPERS—1500 pairs (low or high heels) $1.25 up

PEWTER WARE—both old Chinese hand made pieces and modern articles for the home

POTTERY WARE—flower-pots in many varieties: pillow-vases, oblong bowls and jardinieres for the garden

Members of the Women's City Club may take advantage of this sale by making their selections before the sale starts.

THE BOWL SHOP
953 Grant Avenue

Museum of Art

This program of brief dance recitals presented by exponents of different phases of contemporary dance art in the Bay Region is a new field for the Museum. It is, however, a logical one, an extension of its art educational function in the community. In bringing to public attention varied points of view and techniques of the dance it extends to this related art a policy it follows in painting and the other visual arts; provides a survey of what is significant and vital in art of our time.

For the person who has not followed contemporary movements in the dance these programs provide an introduction and insight into an important art which has developed richly during recent years. For those fully informed they offer an opportunity to review the local development of these movements.

These programs are made possible by the generosity and public spirit of the local dance groups themselves, of which a number present the series below. With intention the Museum has avoided scheduling programs on Sunday afternoons on which other dance programs are being given anywhere in the city. It is encouraging that every Sunday afternoon through June is marked by a dance recital.

May 9, San Jose State College; Miss Margaret Jewell, director.

May 23, San Francisco State College; Mrs. Ovilla Williams, director.

June 13, Peters-Wright School of Dancing; Mrs. Lenore Peters Job, director.

June 27, Carol Beals—School of Modern Dance; Carol Beals, director.

Dance programs for each group will be announced.

MAY LECTURE SCHEDULE

May 9—Sunday afternoon, 3 o'clock, Karl Hofer and German Expressionism. Alfred Neumeyer.

May 12—Wednesday evening, 8 o'clock, Paintings in the Hofer Exhibition. Claudia Davis.

May 16—Sunday afternoon, 3 o'clock, International Photography. G. Allen Young.

May 19—Wednesday evening, 8 o'clock, History of Photography. John Paul Edwards.

May 23—Sunday afternoon, 3 o'clock, German Painting Leading to Karl Hofer. Hamilton A. Wolf.

May 26—Wednesday evening 8 o'clock. Purist Photography. Roger Sturtevant.

May 30—Sunday afternoon, 3 o'clock, Composition. P. Douglas Anderson.

(Continued from Page 13)

Tlingit and Haida Indians of the Northwest Coast would be difficult to surpass.

This is true of the delightful smaller carvings as well as of the magnificent dance masks, superb in their bold originality both in form and in color.

And so, through these running impressions of the theatre, of modern fabrics, of the metabolism of the Maya and of contemporary architecture, of ancient weaves and works of gold, of carvings in wood and ivory, runs the cord of the creative spirit of man, his ever present desire for beauty and knowledge.

What he has done, what he is doing, and what he might accomplish in the potential future is the thrilling story the Exposition should tell us, the picture it will give to us.

What man has been, what he is, and what he may be, is an intriguing yarn; for, after all is said and done, man "is curious about himself!"

One might also add he holds the center of that unknown stage we call the world. His dramatic presentation of himself consciously and unconsciously is the most exciting "theatre" that can be presented to us.

Exposition Lectures Available

■ Comprehensive lectures on all phases of the Golden Gate International Exposition are available for clubs, lodges, schools and other bodies.

The lectures ranging from ten to thirty minutes in length, are presented by experienced speakers who have volunteered their services in behalf of the Exposition Lecture Bureau.

General lectures on the exposition as a whole and special talks on various aspects of the enterprise, such as architecture, landscaping, construction, theme, finance, history, government participation, etc., are available.

The address on architecture can be illustrated with newly prepared slides to make up a colorful half hour on "A Walk Through the Palaces and Courts of the 1939 World's Fair." Slides are now being prepared on the other topics.

More than 200 lectures have been given by members of the bureau without cost to organizations. Requests for speakers should be sent to the Lecture Bureau, Golden Gate International Exposition, 585 Bush Street, City. Telephone Garfield 6900.

...for fun

Photo by Ray Jones, Universal Pictures

A hand blocked, screen print linen, the brilliant color picked up in bandings, belt and straw flower, . . . 14.95

Hat in plain linen with scalloped brim and matching straw flower 6.95

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9—Peak deposits for all time.
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Appointments Are Without Charge

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Investment Advisor to Women Who Invest

908 Russ Building Telephone DOuglas 2232

The next investment class will be held at the Western Women's Club May 6th at 3 o'clock

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Golden Gate Bridge Fiesta Highlights

PRE-FIESTA PROGRAM

MAY 25—TUESDAY

Radio Stars Night—"The Fiesta Show"

MAY 26—WEDNESDAY

Arrival of Cavalcades from Canada, Mexico and Western States—Civic Luncheon.
Wrestling Match — Queen Coronation Ball.

FIESTA PROGRAM

MAY 27—THURSDAY

Bridge Pedestrian Walk.
Spectacular Day Parade to Crissy Field.
Thrilling Mounted Troop Exhibition.
Historical Pageant with John Charles Thomas.
Illumination of Bridge—Fireworks.

MAY 28—FRIDAY

Opening of Bridge.
Massed Airplane Flight—Flag Raising
Cavalcades Review—Bands.
Arrival of Entire United States Fleet.
Waldo Approach Dedication with International Log-sawing Contest at Bridge Head.
Ground Breaking of Western States Building on Golden Gate International Exposition Site.
Fashion Shows—Concerts—Official Banquet.
Mounted Troop's Show.
Sports—Pageant—Fireworks—Fleet Illumination.

MAY 29—SATURDAY

Marvelous Marin Fiesta.
Yacht Races—Marine Sports.
Special Exhibitions by Mexican Police Cyclists, Cowboys, Indians, etc. — Wild West Show.
Reception to U. S. Fleet by Army-Navy Club.
Illuminated Night Parade.
International Night—Fireworks—Boxing.

MAY 30—SUNDAY

Special Worship—All Churches.
Mammoth Yacht Parade—Pageant.
Memorial Services by School Children and Bridge-Workers in Tribute to Golden Gate Bridge Dead.

MAY 31—MONDAY

Memorial Day Parade.
Swimming Races.
Army vs. Navy Baseball Game—Pageant.

JUNE 1—TUESDAY

Children's Spring Festival—Fleet Cutter Races.
Massed Bands—Solos—Community Singing.
Labor Ball—Wrestling.
Grand Fireworks Finale.

JUNE 2—WEDNESDAY

Military and Naval Ball.
Mardi Gras Ball for Army and Navy Enlisted Men.

Golden Gate Bridge Facts

Length overall	9200 feet
Length of main span (Longest in the world by 700 feet)	4200 feet
Length of side spans	1125 feet
Cost	$35,000,000
Decks	One
Width of roadway (Six auto lanes)	60 feet
Sidewalks (each 10½ feet wide)	Two
Clearance over high water (Span center)	220 feet
Height of deck over water (At center)	266 feet
Height of two bridge towers (Highest in the world)	746 feet
Annual automobile capacity	70,000,000
Annual truck and bus capacity	6,000,000
Length of arch span (Fort Point)	319 feet
Height of arch span (Fort Point)	200 feet

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB OPEN HOUSE

Friday, May twenty-eighth
Tea in Lounge from three to five
Members will entertain guests of honor of the Fiesta

* * *

Special luncheons and dinners can be arranged with Restaurant Department.

Clipper Ships

"Men sing of a miracle, a highway
Of stars—and men who
wait upon the shore
For silver wings that flash along the
skyway———
These lads stand, sun sculptured,
To catch the reins and hold the great
ship steady
When it comes to the water from the
skies
And lead it to the shore."

"Quality is Economy"

"BLINDCRAFT"

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Patent Office

Refresh your Sunroom and Summer Cottage with "Blindcraft's" artistic Reed and Rattan Furniture.

DOWNTOWN SALESROOM, 393 SUTTER ST.
Factory Salesroom and Office, 1097 Howard St.

Guide to Shops and Service

(Continued from Page 9)

to say, one fact to mention and one which shows how far along the road this subtle education of ours has gone. The advertisers in the Third Show are planning the Fourth Show in 1938 and will take it out of the Club's hands and "Put it on" as they see fit. They will prove how unprofessional we really have been. In future we shall be shown by those who know, but having done it ourselves, we shall come to the Fourth Show remembering the Persian poet who said, "The eye sees what the eye bringeth to the seeing." We shall see every detail of future Shows but it is safe to say we shall enjoy none more than we have this—the Third.

LET US THANK THE ADVERTISERS AS WE VISIT THEIR SHOPS.

Exhibitors at the Third Advertisers' Show

Art Rattan
Blindcraft
Bell-Brook Dairies, Inc.
Camp Ellis Franklin
Carew & English
City of Paris
O. Casperson & Sons
Canape Kitchen
Dollar Line
Foot Relief Shoe Salon
Greb-Bie Shop
Glove Guild
Golden Gate International Exposition
S. & G. Gump
Klyne's Shoe Service
Montezuma School for Boys
Nippon Yusen Kaisha Steamship Line
Miss Miller's Private School for Secretaries
O'Connor & Moffatt Co.
Philip Morris & Co.
Panama Pacific Lines
Pacific Gas & Electric Co.
Podesta & Baldocchi
Roberts Company
Ricklee Furniture Co.
Maurice Sands Interiors
Samarkand Ice Cream
Simon Bros.
Speed-i-Mix (Parrott & Co.)
Schneider Bros.
Singer Sewing Machine Co.
Alma Walker
May G. Walsh
Betty Wells Cosmetics
White House
Yosemite Park & Curry Co.
Hazel Zimmerman

Learn to make your own hand-stitched individual gloves. Lessons at Women's City Club, Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, also Thursday evenings.

THE GLOVE GUILD

May G. Walsh SPORT CLOTHES EXCLUSIVELY

453 Post Street — San Francisco

The smartest in fur creations, made to your order. . . . Or to be selected from a complete collection.

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Wicker Furniture — The Modern Vogue
STICK REED FURNITURE
We invite you to call and inspect the new designs and patterns for
The Sunshine Corner in your Living Room
The Sun Room . . . Sun Porch . . . Patio
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Consult your nearest Singer Shop for assistance in making Draperies, Curtains, Slip Covers, etc., or Dresses for yourself and children.
SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.
59 Grant Ave.
1020 Market St. 1729 Fillmore St.

Rose O'Brien
DRESS SHOP
Specializing in Women's Dresses
Sizes 14 to 46, also smart half sizes.
Lovely Spring Prints. Moderately priced.
140 Geary Street—Second Floor

SALE of
STARTER SETS
May 2 through May 15
Gump's again offer "starter sets" at prices that brighten the season for budgeteers. The array of patterns includes the products of internationally famous potters. Sets for six persons at 19.85 . . . 29.85 and 39.85. All are open stock, making additions and replacements convenient.
GUMP'S
INTERIOR DECORATORS
250 POST STREET

PODESTA AND BALDOCCHI'S

creations are recognized throughout the world as the finest expressions of the floral art.

Podesta AND Baldocchi
"The Voice of a Thousand Gardens"
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RHODA ON THE ROOF

HATS

FASHION IN MILLINERY

Are you thinking about the New Hats to match your summer frocks?
A smart Breton with a soft roll, in either medium or small brim.
The new chic Sailor with a cup to the brim which makes it very becoming to slender faces . . . and many soft hats with that tricky trim to suit your individuality.
Your hats also skillfully remodeled.

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GIFTS
FOR TOURISTS

In the captivating shop of Madame Butterfly are hundreds of worth-while suggestions.

NIGHTGOWNS in embroidered crepe brocade of fine Chinese hand-made quality in beautiful shades of Tea Rose, Pink or White, or four-piece nightgown sets—slip, bra and panties.

ROBES and PAJAMAS skillfully made to various types and sizes for both men and women.

OBJECTS OF ART carefully selected from markets of the far east to please the most fastidious collectors.

Just look and see this colorful haunt of the smartest people of San Francisco . . . at 430 Grant Avenue.

Madam Butterfly
430 Grant Avenue

Institute of International Relations

Mills College, California
June 22-July 2, 1937

■ The purpose of the Institute is to encourage the study of world affairs and to promote the cause of peace through creating a better understanding of the domestic and international problems which endanger it. A major value of the Institute will be the opportunity for free, democratic exchange of ideas between the faculty and those in attendance. Leisurely, personal visits in the afternoon will supplement the morning round tables in meeting this need.

Membership is open to all men and women interested in international relations. The total Institute charge, including registration and tuition for the entire session is $10.

Lecture courses will be so arranged that all Institute members may attend all courses; there will be approximately five lectures in each course.

Round tables will meet simultaneously each day during the Institute. Members will choose one of these topics and continue with the same group throughout the session.

Evening meetings will offer special lectures, panels and forums. These will be conducted by the Institute faculty and other leaders invited to participate. tures, panels and forums. These will be conducted by the Institute faculty and other leaders invited to participate. Among the outside speakers included in this schedule are Dr. Edwin D. Dickinson, Dean of the School of Jurisprudence at the University of California, and Dr. Dryden Phelps, West China Union University, Chengtu, China.

Recreational facilities of Mills College will be available to Institute members, subject to college regulations. Unscheduled afternoons thus give opportunity for tennis, swimming, hiking or reading. The college library will be open from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. on week-days; from 9 a. m. to 12 m. on Saturdays. The Institute will provide a book room well equipped with books and pamphlets on international relations.

Again in 1937 concerts will be given by the distinguished Pro Arte String Quartet of Belgium. The first of these will be Sunday afternoon, June 27, and the second, Wednesday evening, June 30. The Instiute program will be so arranged that members may attend these concerts without missing any Institute sessions.

THE PENINSULA'S SMARTEST SHOP

Sportswear of Distinction!

There's a new vogue in sportswear. Correct styling . . smart tailoring . . brilliant coloring . . all elevate sportswear to a new high plane. Whether it's a new swim suit or lounging shorts, you'll be more than pleased with the selection we are now showing.

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PALO ALTO

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"THE BEAUTY DISCOVERY OF THE DAY!"

Simply banishes years from your appearance,—
Just a few minutes of your time to acquire a lovely — glowing — youthful — complexion, and to correct those unsightly — drooping — facial muscles.
Everyone is asking for TISSUEFANE.

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IS ALWAYS A GOOD CHOICE BECAUSE IT IS PURE —RICH IN HEALTH-BUILDING SUBSTANCE— DELICIOUS IN TASTE — DELICATE IN FLAVOR

GABILAN GUEST RANCH

Gabilan Guest Ranch is a great vacation spot in the "Wide Open Spaces." Not a dude ranch but a real ranch of 4300 acres, Horseback riding and good, wholesome outdoor life. The table is excellent. Most of the foodstuffs served are raised on the ranch itself. Barbecues are one of the special entertainment features.

For further information write Gabilan Guest Ranch, Salinas, California.

SALINAS—CALIFORNIA

The Woman's College Of Our Coast

Adelaide Brown, M.D., Health Editor

This last month (April 7th) saw dinners all over our continent and in the Hawaiian Islands celebrating two real events, first that our women's college, Mills, had served California for 85 years, first as a seminary, then since 1889 as a college under the charter of the State of California and furnishing to California ably trained women with their powers of understanding and appreciation of the deeper things of life developed and a grasp of the possibilities of using their privileges and opportunities in service in living in our communities.

The second great expression of these dinners was to honor Aurelia Henry Reinhardt at the completion of twenty-one years as President. I hope you all realize the true greatness of President Reinhardt. I could write an essay on her mind and her glorious expression of life in her development of Mills for western girls.

May I tell you a bit of my own college life? I graduated from Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts in 1888. Had it been the University of California my class would have had three women students. As it was we were fifty-two. Smith Alumnae raised its first million dollars (for faculty salaries —and it was hard pickings) from selling soap, rugs, fruit and a series of most informing letters to alumnae telling how much more our education cost than we paid for, etc., but we finally reached the goal sought. The alumnae, and their families and friends, responded variously to the appeals.

Some years later a campaign raised four million dollars and then we decided on another policy. The Alumnae Association pledged $40,000 a year for salaries and with its surplus has contributed other helpful projects. Each October the class secretaries send out the letters to their members—to the whole class—and solicit prompt payment of dues, subscription to the magazine, and, above all, donations to the alumnae fund. "Pay by October 1 though not due till June of the next year at Commencement, because the interest on your donation accrues to the Fund." Somehow this appeals to my New England inheritance.

In all of this I hope to make you feel that a college which, above all, trains women to live full lives, to give as well as to receive, and to have the opportunity on its own campus to learn the arts

as well as the sciences, has an important place in our educational system.

Women do not earn great fortunes but loyalty is one of their endowments and great fortunes may be left to them to dispose of. Our women's colleges need to be able to secure the best of facultys, and to keep them as long as they are productive of results. To do this means that we must develop the giving spirit through our alumnae and the community toward our colleges. Many steady small gifts will mean much—and the financial necessities of the college should be our first interest. Memorial funds are wonderful but the budget must be met annually.

Remember to add the interest, though it is low now, by sending what you can promptly to the Mills College Fund. This is their drive for a million dollars, as a part of woman's service, we can sympathize and help, but above all decide that you can give annually as a real service to woman's education.

* * *

N.B. The San Francisco Chronicle of April 21 reports the names of the appointments for the new board (unpaid) which will head the new merging of Social Welfare and relief in San Francisco.

Mr. Rossi, we thank you for the excellent public servants you have selected from our citizens. I know personally Guido Musto, a native Californian, son of the man who established the marble industry in San Francisco. Lottie Musto, his sister, was my school-mate in the '70's in the elementary jubilee school. Mr. Musto has known the labor problems and can serve us well.

Ruth Turner, a president of the San Francisco Center and a state officer for years, for relief, as well as a graduate of the University of California and earlier in her career a volunteer worker on the Associated Charities and later on the Juvenile Court of San Francisco, has certainly a clear picture of needs.

Miss Eugenie Schenk has been appointed administrative head of the merged work, and all of us who have contacted her office as I have for seventeen years know her mind is clear, exact and eminently fair. The rest of the board I do not know except by reputation, but Mrs. Eugene Prince and Mr. Florence M. McAuliffe have had rich experience and will be able supporters of Mayor Rossi in this service he has organized.

• •

"Rest is not quitting the
busy career;
Rest is the fitting of self
to one's sphere."

"If you want your child to win... GIVE HER MORE MILK— A QUART A DAY"

—urges FRED CADY, famous aquatic coach. He finds "Quart-a-Day Diet" in childhood develops needed strength, vitality, sound nerves

1. "The swan dive takes energy," Coach Cady says.
2. "Coordination, founded on good health, is fostered by milk in the diet.
3. "Steady nerves . . . milk has helped build them.
4. "Credit calcium in milk for strong bones and teeth . . . the protein for sturdy muscles. My word to children: a quart a day."

Why the "QUART-A-DAY MILK DIET" is so important from age 3 to 14

To ward off sickness. A diet without milk can lead to illness. Milk contains "protective" factors that help keep children well.

To prevent easily decaying teeth. Milk supplies the calcium for sound teeth and bones.

To develop mental alertness. Milk has helped many under-par children to better health, quicker minds.

To protect health in adult years. Doctors agree no other food is so important as milk for lifelong health. A quart a day in childhood—a pint a day after maturity—actually helps to keep us young.

LUCERNE MILK

Sold Country Fresh . . . at your neighborhood grocery **SAFEWAY**

Now It's Easy As Pie To Make Delicious Crust

Speed-i-Mix
FOR PIE CRUST
THAT MELTS IN YOUR MOUTH

Just Three Minutes

. . . and Speed-i-Mix is ready! You can't have a pie-failure because Speed-i-Mix is the perfect, ready-prepared pie-crust, containing every needed ingredient in exact proportion —it's ready for mixing—ready for creating the most luscious pie you've ever tasted! Speed-i-Mix does all the work—and with the greatest of ease you once again enjoy the inimitable goodness of your own home-made pies!

Ask your grocer for

Speed-i-Mix

or call

PARROTT and CO.

320 CALIFORNIA STREET
SAN FRANCISCO
DOuglas 2400

English Recipes

■ As appropriate at this time when all eyes are turned to London and the Coronation, the Restaurant Department offers us new-old recipes for our use.

CRUMPETS

1 tablespoon butter
½ saltspoon salt
1 cup hot milk
1 egg
1 yeast cake
2 cups flour

Pour hot milk over salt and butter. When lukewarm, add beaten egg and the yeast cake dissolved in lukewarm water. Add flour and beat mixture until smooth. Let rise until light, and cook in buttered rings on top of pancake griddle about 20 minutes, turning rings with cake knife. Small quantity of butter in ring.

■

TO FRY OISTERS

When they are dried with cloth, dip them in ye yolkes of egges, cream and greated bread. Fry them in a goode quantity of boyling hot dripping and fry them a pale brown; you need not turn them if you have suett enought to cover them.

■

YORKSHIRE PUDDING

1 pint of milk (fresh)
5 tablespoons flour, sifted with
½ teaspoon of salt
3 well-beaten eggs

Add the well-beaten eggs to other ingredients and bake in pan containing two or more tablespoons of drippings, hot from the roast.

■

SCOTCH TEA SCONES

½ lb. flour
1 heaping teaspoon baking powder
¼ lb. butter
1 oz. sifted sugar
1 cup milk
1 egg
Pinch of salt

Rub the butter lightly into the flour; add sugar and salt. Beat egg well and add milk to it. Mix all together to a firm dough. Roll out to ½-inch thickness. Cut into rounds. Score the top of each into diamond shapes and brush over with egg or milk. Sift white sugar over them and bake in a quick oven for about ten minutes. Split open, butter and serve hot.

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Geo. W. Caswell Co.

■ The three following Recipes are reprinted through the courtesy of Prudence Penny of the San Francisco Examiner.

■

OLD ENGLISH DATE PIE

Plain pastry
½ package dates
¾ cup sugar
½ teaspoon each salt, cinnamon, nutmeg
⅛ teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon fine bread crumbs
2 eggs
1 cup evaporated milk or cream
½ cup shredded cocoanut

Line 9-inch pie tin with pastry. Sprinkle sliced dates over surface of pastry. Mix sugar, spices, salt and bread crumbs. Beat eggs and beat into them the sugar, then add milk or cream. Pour this custard over the dates in the pastry-lined plate. Sprinkle cocoanut over the top and place in a hot, 425 degree oven, for ten minutes, then bake at 325 (slow) degrees for 30 to 40 minutes, until custard is set. (Test with a silver knife.)

■

SCOTCH WOODCOCK

2 tablespoons margarine
1 tablespoon flour
1 cup milk
5 hard cooked eggs
1 tablespoon anchovy paste
½ teaspoon salt
6 slices toasted bread spread with margarine

Melt margarine, add flour, cook until well blended. Remove from fire, add milk, eggs finely chopped, anchovy paste and salt. Cook over direct heat until sauce boils. Have bread toasted and spread with margarine and pour the creamed mixture over the toast. Serve immediately.

QUEEN'S CAKE

2 egg yolks, beaten
¼ cup orange juice
1 tablespoon lemon juice
¾ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon grated orange rind
2 eggs whites stiffly beaten
1 cup flour, sifted with
¼ teaspoon baking soda

Beat egg yolks, orange juice, lemon juice, sugar, salt and grated rind together very well. Fold in the balance of the ingredients in the order given and bake in a shallow pan, in a 325 degree oven for 20 minutes. Cut into fancy shapes and decorate with butter icing.

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MACAROON TRIFLE

12 macaroons
6 ratafias
1 gill sherry
3 oz. preserved fruits (cherries, apricots, etc.)
¼ oz. pistachios
1 gill whipped cream
½ pint custard
(1½ gills milk, 2 eggs)
1 oz. castor sugar

Make the custard by bringing the milk to a boil and pouring it gradually onto the eggs beaten up with the sugar. Place the macaroons whole and ratafias crumbled in a deep dish. Pour over them the sherry When soaked, cover them with the custard, which must be cold and thickened. Decorate the trifle with the preserved fruits. Whip the cream and heap it in the center of the dish, sprinkling it with the pistachios, previously blanched and chopped.

Interesting Bits

■ "How insistent is the demand of modern life that we keep our personal appearance groomed to a standard of taste and individual nicety! What a tax this often is upon our time and patience! To find a salon free from commercialism, restful in its atmosphere, understanding in its service to our individual needs is rare indeed. That is what I find in our Salon in the Women's City Club."

From a member in Pasadena:

"I wish I were where I could enjoy the Club oftener—I will read the Magazine and be comforted."

■ RHODODENDRONS in bloom—June 4th to June 6th (incl.) there is to be a three day Ramble to the Redwood Highway by Bus via Benbow to Eureka and returning via Lake County—Cost per person, all expenses, $25.00.

■

"Give us the calf of gold," the people say
Shrilling with loud accord the coward cry.
"Set up our graven gods of yesterday;
We fear this unknown Voice of Sinai."

A far-flung Brotherhood is phantom light
To earth-bound clods that grub among their mire.
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Toward God's white Peace leads on the Cloud and Fire.

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■ What would you like us to feature in the June and July issues of the Magazine?

The Fabric-Minded Will Find —

■ —a Balmoral plaid from Scotland that would pleat delightfully in the breakfast room or small bedroom.

—modern textured weaves from the Edinburgh Looms—and guaranteed unfadable too!

—gay chintzes and individual hand-blocked linens from England, inviting in their freshness.

—others from France in the provincial spirit so much in vogue at present.

—bridesmaid organdies for the boudoir, luxurious in their daintiness; nautical nets for the sea-minded; suave satins for those who wish to be elegant.

—so many unusual domestic drapery and upholstery materials, some hand-woven in California to your order.

Whether you need a yard or a bolt, you will be surprised at the range of prices.

All these—and more—await discovery as you browse in the fabric room of Maurice Sands Interiors.

E. S. U.

■ The California Branch of the English-Speaking Union will hold a Reception and Tea in celebration of the Coronation of Their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth under the patronage of H. B. M. Consul-General at San Francisco. The affair will be given in the Auditorium of the Women's City Club at 3:30 p. m. on Thursday, May 13th. Music by a string quartet under Mr. Douglas Thompson and an appropriate short address will add to the interest of the occasion.

Chimes

(Old St. Mary's at Noon)

The chimes ring through the city streets
At noon in height of push and din.
Their music warns us—us the fleet—
That mortals pass and senses dim.

"Noon—noon,"
They say;
"It cannot last alway—
"Alway."

Across the busy traffic sound the bells
Their message to the hurrying throng.
And this the burden that it knells,
"Why rush? You will not stay for long."

"Soon—soon
"Away, away—
"You cannot stay
"Alway."

—Edith Hecht.

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RATES: For the Full 8 weeks $150.00
For either 4-week Session 85.00

For further information, folders and reservations, address Mr. or Mrs. Charles Robinson, Directors, P.O. Box 186, R.F.D., Colfax, Calif.

Camp Ellis Franklin wishes to thank the Club and its guests for their friendly cooperation during the Advertisers' Show.

A limited number of adult guests can be accommodated in the Main Building during the summer. Rates on request.

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●That is just a sample of the many interesting and entertaining features to be found in The NEWS every day . . .

●Best authorities prescribe this treatment, so keep up with yourself by daily reading

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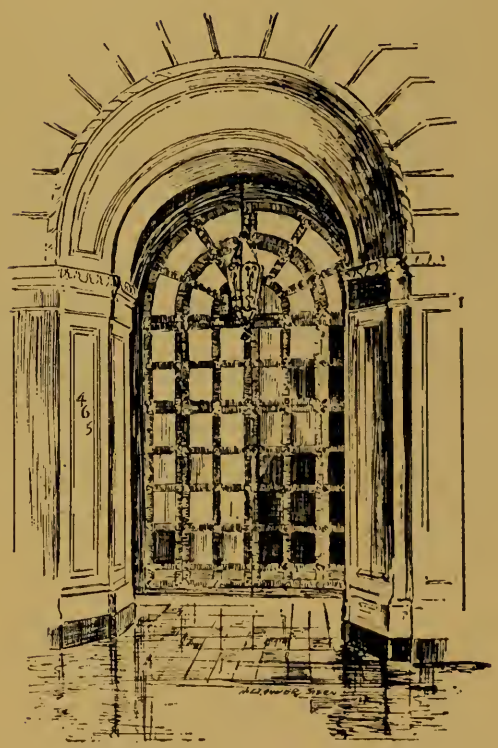

JUNE · 1937

VOLUME XI · NUMBER 5 · PRICE 15 CENTS PER COPY · PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB · 465 POST STREET · SAN FRANCISCO

Women's City Club Calendar
JUNE 1937

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. and 2:30 p. m. to 6:30 p. m.
Friday 3 p. m. to 9 p. m. and Saturday 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—From 5:30 p.m. to 6:30 p. m. Tuesday and 5:30 p. m. to 9:00 p. m. Friday
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p. m.

NEW MEMBERS' TEA — JUNE 15

JUNE

2—**Current Events**—Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas — **Auditorium** — **11 a.m.**

Round Table Discussion following — **Nat. Def. Room** — **12:15 p.m.**

3—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding — **Mural Room** — **12:15 p.m.**

Thursday Evening Program: — **Auditorium** — **8 p.m.**
Subject: "Chants At Midnight"—Life in the South Seas
Speaker: Dr. Clifford Glessler

9—**Spanish Round Table**—Señorita Angela Montiel presiding — **Mural Room** — **12:15 p.m.**

10—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding — **Mural Room** — **12:15 p.m.**

Thursday Evening Program: — **Auditorium** — **8 p.m.**
Subject: "Scenes in Germany"—Illustrated Lecture by
Courtesy of German Railroad Company
Directed by: Mr. Fred W. Schlichting

11—**RAMBLE—MARIN COUNTY—OVER GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE** — **Leave Clubhouse** — **10 a.m.**

14—**Young Members' Luncheon** — **Cafeteria** — **12:15 p.m.**

15—**New Members' Tea** — **Lounge** — **3:30 to 5:00 p.m.**

16—**Current Events**—Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas — **Auditorium** — **11 a.m.**

Round Table Discussion following — **Nat. Def. Room** — **12:15 p.m.**

17—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding — **Mural Room** — **12:15 p.m.**

Thursday Evening Program: — **Auditorium** — **8 p.m.**
Subject: "The Beauty of Japan"—Illustrated Lecture
Speaker: Mrs. George K. Ford

22—**Book Review Luncheon**—67 cents a plate — **Nat. Def. Room** — **12:15 p.m.**
Subject: "Edward VIII" by Hector Bolitho and "Coronation
Commentary" by Edward Denniss.
Speaker: Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard

Book Review Dinner—87 cents a plate — **Nat. Def. Room** — **6:15 p.m.**
Subject: "Edward VIII" by Hector Bolitho and "Coronation
Commentary" by Edward Denniss.
Speaker: Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard

24—**Thursday Evening Program:** — **Auditorium** — **8 p.m.**
Sound Motion Pictures Sponsored by Chevrolet Motor Company
Directed by: Mr. Roy W. Williams

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XI June, 1937 Number 5

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ DUES—May we remind those members who have neglected to send in their checks, that the delinquent date is growing nearer and as a waiting list may be in order before long, dues should be paid at once.

■ NEW MEMBERS—Graduation time brings such a feeling of "grown-up-ness" to be doubly enhanced by a gift membership to the Women's City Club.

■ THE SPANISH ROUND TABLE—will hold but one meeting in June—the second Wednesday, June 9th. The opening date for this group will be announced later.

■ FRENCH ROUND TABLE—luncheon meetings will be held but three Thursdays in June, June 3rd, 10th, and 17th. They will continue regularly thereafter during the summer months starting with the July 15th meeting. The French Round Table dinner meetings will be discontinued during the summer months.

■ GERMAN ROUND TABLES—are to be discontinued during the summer months. Watch for the opening date in the August magazine.

■ CURRENT EVENTS—will be held on the first and and third Wednesdays in June. June 16th marks the close of this section for the summer months. Announcement of opening date will be given later.

■ RECIPROCAL CARDS—give one a feeling of security while traveling—it is so nice to know that in each city visited and in every foreign country there is a central point to which you may go with assurance of a friendly welcome.

■ RAMBLE—Over Golden Gate Bridge to the scenic beauties of Marin County. The route will embrace the shore line from Sausalito to Bolinas, Inverness, viewing Tomales Bay—over the Sir Francis Drake Boulevard to the Meadow Country Club for luncheon—tour of San Rafael, including Hamilton Field. Bus will leave the clubhouse at 10 a.m. and return about 5:30 p.m.—Friday, June 11th. Fee $3.75.

■ BOOK REVIEW LUNCHEON AND DINNER—will be held on the fourth Tuesday in June which is the 22nd. Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard is to be our guest speaker. She has chosen as her subject "Edward VIII" by Hector Bolitho and "Coronation Commentary" by Edward Denniss. Luncheon will be 67 cents a plate and dinner 87 cents. Please make reservations in advance.

■ CLASSES AND COURSES—Vacation days bring a respite in our educational activities—the usual June and July hiatus occurring in the actual group meetings—not so, however, with the committees in charge of these groups because it is during these months that the real work of planning Fall programs goes on uninterruptedly. Many interesting announcements will appear in the August magazine.

■ NEW MEMBERS' TEA—On initiation into an organization depends one's future attitude toward it. The New Members' Tea each year at our Club cordially welcomes our initiates. The Board of Directors hope all new members will attend.

■ GUEST CARD PRIVILEGES—to friends coming from afar offer the use of your clubhouse—They will exclaim over its hospitable warmth and friendliness. Your thoughtfulness will long be remembered.

■ DEBENTURE GIFTS are reaching the Club daily. Grateful acknowledgement is herewith made. List of donors will appear in later issues.

■ BEAUTY SALON—To assure yourself of carefree days during vacation The Beauty Salon suggests a permanent wave.

■ LEAGUE SHOP—specializing in unusual gifts for the June bride—gifts that will be cherished by her through the years.

■ LIBRARY—Regular vacation service is again the rule—two books may be taken out at one time with renewal dates arranged before going away.

■ SWIMMING POOL—a swim—a luncheon—a happy hour of relaxation with a book or magazine in the library gives one the needed zest for a shopping tour or a keener enjoyment of an afternoon at the bridge table.

■ CATERING DEPARTMENT—June in California brings picnic days on wild flower covered hills and meadows. Call at the clubhouse for your hamper on the way out of town—a perfectly prepared luncheon—no bother about shopping or preparing—just telephone in the number of guests you are planning for—our Catering Department will do the rest.

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS—Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman of the Thursday Evening Programs, has arranged the following four delightful evenings during the month of June: June 4th, "Chants At Midnight," Life in the South Seas, by Dr. Clifford Glessler; June 10th, "Scenes in Germany," illustrated lecture by courtesy of German Railroad Company and directed by Fred W. Schlichting; June 17th, "The Beauty of Japan," illustrated lecture by Mrs. George K. Ford; June 24th, Sound Motion Pictures sponsored by Chevrolet Motor Company directed by Mr. Roy W. Williams.

Comments by Visitors

■ Would that it were possible for Club members to "listen in" behind the Lobby Desk and hear the comments made about THEIR club by members of OTHER clubs — "such a lovely clubhouse, the atmosphere is so homelike"—"how do you manage a club like this with such small dues"—"the best dinner I have had since I left home" (New Orleans!) —"I was told to return home by way of San Francisco if possible just to stop at Women's City Club so I could tell our Secretary about it."

Listening to such appreciative comments from strangers makes us realize all the more how beautiful our Clubhouse really is and how inclined we are to take it for granted.

Wedding Gifts

■ Are you puzzled what to give the bride? Let the League Shop solve your problem. We have unusual importations to suit any type of home; Persian brocades or Javanese batiks to lend color to walls. Egyptian bowls, hand-hammered silver or copper. Holland glass vases or flat glass plates from Pekin.

If she likes brass, we have beetle nut boxes from Bali, round trays from China or an altar piece from a Balinese temple.

A few moments in the League Shop will solve your problem.

Summer Coiffures

■ Now is the time to spend money preparing for your vacation, the time when good grooming is more necessary than ever. No one can successfully carry off the "careless" type of dressing. A new permanent is the essential of early summer.

The quiet unhurried atmosphere and sensible prices combined with master workmanship of the Club Beauty Salon will delight you. Telephone for an appointment—Garfield 8400.

Swimming Pool

■ Swimming for tiny tots seems to be the vogue in the Pool at this season, and Mothers who plan to take their small children to the country this summer, would be wise to avail themselves of the opportunity of giving them a course of lessons to safeguard them in their favorite sport.

A Summer Breeze on San Francisco Bay.

The President's Message

To complete this "Vacation At Home" picture which the June Magazine endeavors to present, it but remains to draw our members' attention to the diversions at their own Women's City Club. Try to imagine such a day spent at 465 Post Street —a real holiday, which, according to your choice, may be stimulating, pleasantly detached or full of the many activities of a Volunteer. ■ Brisk exercise in the Swimming Pool so much admired by all and used by too few—or, the rare treat of a quiet corner and a book,—one can suit one's mood. Therefore if wearied by constant "Bon Voyage" or if customary pastimes grow stale, one's membership in the Women's City Club offers variety and opens hospitable doors against a charming background pervaded with the spirit of friendliness and courtesy assuring members and guests of a most pleasant experience that will add zest to Vacation Days.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

An Irish Mixture

by June Lucas (Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas)

■ Ireland is changing her name. President de Valera's new constitution for Ireland gives it as Eire! If only changes in political development were as easily achieved as that! The new constitution has some interesting features—it is quite a clear and simple document. The composition of its parliament, its Dail, will be the usual two-chamber body with a new Senate, two-thirds of whom will be elected on a vocational basis, including a wide range of occupations—industry, banking, commerce, agriculture, et cetera. The republican form of government in some countries is wasteful in set-up—usually a president and a prime minister who either ignore one another or argue with each other! Mr. de Valera suggests one responsible head, a President, elected for seven years. Mr. de Valera has already served five years as the head of the Irish Free State Government. The President will have actual power — power to appoint all cabinet members and members of the judiciary—he will be the head of the National Defense Forces — Free speech is specifically guaranteed and just as specifically limited — "public order and morality" must be protected from influences which might undermine them! The position of the Catholic Church is made secure as the church of the Republic. Not that other churches are excluded or limited, but the Catholic Church is very definitely recognized. One provision of the constitution which follows logically from such recognition is that which forbids divorce and refuses recognition of divorces obtained in any other country. This proposed constitution must be approved by the Dail and then voted upon by the people in a national plebiscite.

In early discussions of the new constitution, Mr. de Valera suggested that it was now time to make the constitution permanent in form at least in matters pertaining to national affairs. The feeling has grown that changes in a new constitution should be made only by direct referendum or by special constitutional assembly and not as at present, by an act of legislature. It is true that Ireland's present constitution was drawn up after a tragic revolution and was actually put in force during a civil war. Under such circumstances the constitution did not represent the agreement among Ireland's best political thinkers, but a bundle of compromises bound together by the forces of cruel necessity. The result has been that in many of its political angles it has been impossible to realize. It is a matter of great significance that it has worked at all. For when one remembers the Ireland that set up the Free State, the very conservative agricultural country bred to an almost patriarchal idea of government, one is amazed that the democratic government has accomplished so much. The question of the character of the Senate, whether the Dail should be a two-chamber body at all, has been a difficult one. The Senate first set up was abolished not because it was too strong but because it was too weak. As some one said—"it allowed some of the worst legislation of both the Cosgrave and de Valera governments to pass without effective protest or amendment." The new constitution puts forth a new Senate apparently feeling that a second body with effective powers is better than just the one chamber.

This is in line with the ideas of three leading professors of the National University which were embodied in the main minority report made by the commission set up to make suggestions for the new constitution. It is suggestive to us all to read what they consider the main function of a senate—"to safeguard the fundamental human rights of the people as well as the continued existence and peaceful development of democratic institutions against encroachments by the executive." In both majority and minority reports, the right to call for a referendum on any measure of vital national importance was recommended.

When we turn to what has been done in Ireland since 1921, we find much to make us feel the power of a plan in the hands of the Irish people. They are intent upon capturing the land once more for this generation—and that had to begin with the economic problems. The Irish farmer is now growing the main staples needed by Ireland; the Irish are building their own industries to provide the necessities, to furnish work for Irishmen at home. DeValera's large building program already speaks for itself. When he took office, in the city of Dublin one out of every four families lived in a single room . . . It is true that the introduction of modern machinery and modern methods in factory and farm brings unemployment and the problem of leisure. To meet this, the elaborate program for language, literature, art, recreation and healthy living is being strenuously pushed. Mr. de Valera's political philosophy seems firmly rooted in the conception of the state existing only for the sake of the individual. He has a faith in the people as his belief in the referendum of the people illustrates. A newspaper reporter asked him not long ago if he really believed in the people. "Yes," he said, "I do. I find the people are as a rule, wise, calm, and in the long run, sane."

Editorial

■ Like Aladdin and his flying carpet, we were transported last month into Westminster Abbey on wings of sound. It was a thrilling experience. Those "who came to scoff, remained to pray." Why was this so? King George himself answered that question, as late that night he addressed his commonwealth of nations, "We will, God helping us, faithfully discharge our trust." In that Abbey of hallowed memories he pledged his life service to his people, and prayed for divine support.

Are there any of us who "listened in," who failed to catch a meaning which transcended the sectarian limits of that ceremony? Service was seriously the keynote, and service was recognized as a thing spiritual. May our National League for Women Service be given the grace to march forward in its path of service as successfully in the future as in the past.

■ The two bridges will bring to our doors many visitors. From the North as far as Canada, from the South, Mexico and even South America, from the East by plane, train or motor these guests will arrive. They bring to us of the Women's Club the role of hostess, for reciprocal clubs send their members to us. We find in this opportunity a happy occasion for service, which carries with it the immediate reward of making new friends. As we grow older, we are inclined to find ourselves as Macaulay said "like a May-pole in December," if we do not widen our acquaintanceship as we move along life's way. No more delightful circle of women than the group of women who will present their credentials to us this summer can be found for this enlargement of our horizon. A smile for a woman alone in the Cafeteria or for one idly wandering through the Lounge may "open up" a conversation which will prove a delightful summer interlude for the stay-at-home. "Round the town" in conversation with a new-comer may be the beginning of a new friendship and certainly it will be a helpful service to the stranger who feels herself a long way from home.

■ There is a theme running through this June number of the Magazine, altho its variations may carry us into by-paths which lead us far afield, as summer rambles are prone to do. "The joy of summer spent at home" is this motif. San Francisco and its environs is a nice place, despite its much maligned trade winds and its foggy afternoons which the hot valleys force upon us. But even then it isn't a hardship to stay at home, when home has the comfort of a temperate zone and when the arts with their culture and recreation and sports with their health giving characteristics are easily accessible to us and when work has no physical discomforts from sweating brow under torrid sun. It seemed appropriate for us to remind our readers how "nice" home is when it's San Francisco. With this in mind we present the June issue.

Do you like the new type face of your Magazine? Many have told us that they do, and we are delighted with the reception which our Advertising Manager gets now-a-days as he visits new prospects. "Oh yes, we know your Magazine." The Staff of the Magazine has worked hard for this reputation. Your pleasure is their reward. We hope you like the succeeding issues as they appear, but if you do not, the Editor will welcome your constructive criticism.

Just one little reminder—remember to tell the Women's City Club Advertiser why you are doing your summer shopping with him. Our advertisers are satisfied. You can keep them so.

■ Financial reorganization is a long, slow process. How we do procrastinate, when there is no danger around the corner. Emergencies bring quick action but security slows us up. It is well then to keep reminding ourselves that three tasks are directly before us, to deposit our bonds if we own any; to pay our dues if we have not already done so; and to bring in new members so that the initiation figure in the financial setup will become a reality. Now is the time to interest new members for they will thus reap the benefit of a full fiscal year.

■ My Summer Pledge:

I will go out of my way to use the Clubhouse whenever I am in the city—for I know that this summer it needs every member's pennies, and I have personal pride in these first year figures of the new financial setup.

I will give guest cards to my friends who are coming to San Francisco for a visit.

I will interest at least one new member whom I hope to meet on my vacation.

I will encourage the committees who stay at home and who are working to secure the necessary deposit of bonds, by turning mine in as soon as possible and by telling others to do likewise.

I will get from the Executive Office the correct answer to any rumors I may hear.

I will bring back to my President at least one new idea for her consideration.

I will share my summer experiences with fellow members when I return.

I will return refreshed and ready for volunteer service.

Music in Summer

by Marie Hicks Davidson

■ "Music in San Francisco," said the editor in the dulcet tones which fill me with a great suspicion, is what we want you to write about for the next issue of the City Club Magazine.

It was early in the morning, even for a telephone call. The sun was shining, spring had come and, to the naked eye, at least, all was well with the world.

And so I promised.

But where to begin?

The season is over, at long last, and there's nothing immediate to engage the attention of the music lover.

Consequently, the subject which Miss Leale so confidently stated must be discussed in a general way, in broad strokes.

"Music in San Francisco," like the waves that wash her shore and the trade winds that fan her cheek, always was, is now and forever will be. For that is the way of San Franciscans. They have the only municipally owned opera house in America. They gave opera and symphony all through the depression. Prodigies flourish here. It seems that one is born every season.

Since it is generally conceded that a symphony orchestra is a sign and symbol of a city's culture, we'll begin with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra.

It's a glorious ensemble, getting better every year. In fact it is getting so good that its conductor has been having ideas of taking it on the road, a la the Philadelphia Orchestra, to play in leading cities between here and the Atlantic seaboard.

The San Francisco Orchestra this year celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary, closing the season with a balanced budget. (It was a narrow squeak, but the red and the black ink finally flowed evenly.)

It is an ensemble of one hundred musicians who are now under the efficient baton of Pierre Monteux, formerly with the Boston Symphony, later and now with the Paris Symphony.

This coming year it will give eighteen weeks of concerts, beginning December 10, and allowing a two-weeks' lapse for the holidays. Distinguished artists will be soloists from time to time.

The orchestra is sponsored and maintained by the San Francisco Musical Association, which has at its disposal an "ad valorem" of the municipal taxation, which amounts annually to about $40,000. San Franciscans point with pride to the fact that no other American city thus sets aside a part of its official revenue for music. Music is as much a part of the civic fabric as the schools, the street department, the disposal of garbage or the public health.

Next comes the San Francisco Opera.

Opera is here fostered by the autogenous San Francisco Opera Association.

The Association each year asks the public to make up whatever deficit the box office reveals, and the public, being what it is, with a fine tradition as its example, "comes through."

The Opera House is in the center of a group of classically beautiful buildings known as the Civic Center, and there the great artists of the world sing their operatic roles against a background of local chorus and orchestra, with scenery built by local craftsmen. There each autumn a season of grand opera comparable to any in the world is given. It's not a lengthy season, but artistically as worthy as human endeavor can make it.

The Fifteenth Annual Season of the San Francisco Opera Company is to be presented in three distinct series of performances, a regular series, a repeat series and a popular series.

With the opening date set on Friday night, October 15, and the season extended over a full four-week period, the regular series presents a leisurely schedule. The presentation of extra performances of four regular series operas in a repeat series marks an innovation. The performances will have the same cast and otherwise duplicate the regular series performances of the operas. Following the success of the popular series presented for the first time at the 1936 season, what was then an experiment has become a fixture.

In the last two years another body of music has appeared on the horizon, the Federal Music Project, with a creditable orchestra, corps of artists and executives. It fills a definite niche and promises to blaze a trail into a realm of "intelligent idealism."

Mills College, the University of California and Stanford may always be relied upon to present summer music. Mills College has been fortunate in being able to be background for string quartet concerts financed by Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge.

The Greek Theater at Berkeley is the University of California setting for quartet (Continued on page 25

God's Gift

is a garden — anywhere, but a garden in San Francisco where flowers and foliage are always to be had is a gift especially wrapped for the occasion of "living."

Every-day living is all we have; yesterday is gone, tomorrow has not come; so living today is more wonderful than birthdays, weddings, Christmas or other holidays on which wrapped gifts are presented. Do you not agree with me?

It makes little difference if you have a garden to the East of you, a garden to the West of you or one on North or South. There are plants many and lovely — all happiest in one of these locations and while choosing the plants best suited for a particular nook or cranny you may take long imaginary trips to those far off lands from whence they came.

We need not have traveled in many lands to learn of different ways of life. San Francisco, being metropolitan, has attracted those from other countries who live in small, sharply defined districts in which the traditions and customs, so strange to us, are still carried on. Compare this with the population of any inland community like Muncie where the average American family is found—of which there are so few in San Francisco. Instead we have Italians, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Chinese, Japanese, Armenian, Irish, English, German, Norwegian, Swedish, Swiss, Persian, Algerian—each one contributing something to our enjoyment of new, rare, and unusual modes of living. Our gardens reflect this influence as well, and there are so many kinds from which to choose:

A SPECIMEN GARDEN

where only the most perfect of plants or flowers shall and can grow — tended with great and intelligent care;

A SHOW GARDEN

which satisfies a certain Ego (and none of us is without this trait, only some express it in unusual ways);

A FRAGRANT GARDEN

so charmingly portrayed by Beverly Nichols in his Book, "Down a Garden Path";

A FORMAL GARDEN

the perfect setting for beautiful entertainment — (a background for bouffant mousse lin de sois, flatteringly feminine garden hats and Empire iron furniture);

AN ARTIST'S GARDEN

where every flower is placed carefully for it becomes an integral part of the picture painted with growing things;

A BOTANICAL GARDEN

which leads you to Horticultural groups where you talk to kindred spirits in their own language;

(Continued on page 26

Going to Market

by Josephine Martin

■ The wholesale marketing district in San Francisco, looked at with a purely critical eye, seems to have been planned and laid out to insure everyone having to expend the greatest amount of effort, and for the creation of confusion worse confounded. Narrow streets, bumpy sidewalks, buildings that are four walls, a floor and a roof and that's about all—any construction engineer would relegate the entire set-up to the Dark Ages.

But, there's another side to this district, so hectic between the hours of 4 a.m. and noon, and that is the side that would delight the soul of an artist. At this time of year particularly, the wholesale marketing district presents a truly lovely, colorful spectacle in the early hours.

The main street, Washington, running East and West, shines in the morning sunlight as it filters through the Bay Bridge. It shines with the lights reflected from the heads of pale green lettuce packed in glittering ice, it shines rosily from thousands upon thousands of strawberries so neatly packed in flats and boxes, and from boxes of cherries whose top layer is like a scarlet mirror.

And the huge general market to which the growers from South San Francisco and Colma bring the products of the soil, no artist could resist that sight. It is so like a bit of Europe, with the great heaps of cabbages and greens of all kinds, a few horse-drawn vehicles ambling apologetically down the central lane, and most of all peopled by short, swarthy men who bargain vehemently in Italian, with a few good American expletives added. Somehow, the foreigner's profanity seems so much stronger than that of our native language! Even as the American delights in "Sapristi!" and "Carramba" and "Donnerwetter noch einmal!" these Italians reach for violent English expressions in occasions of emergency.

But sights and sounds are not all . . . there are also smells. And not too pleasant — again one is reminded of far away more "picturesque" countries! But the nose of the visitor has one haven of delight: the place that deals in pineapples. Here one may linger for a blissful interlude and inhale and inhale, and forget the poultry coops for a moment.

Pineapples are not the only tropical fruits that come into our market. Papayas and mangoes are becoming better known every year. The papayas are now being raised near San Diego, under a huge glass-covered area, acres in extent and costing who-knows-how-much to build. The mangoes come from Florida, and now and then a crate of chermoyahs comes in from the Imperial Valley — that new wonderland that each year produces something never before grown beyond the tropics. California fresh dates have just about supplanted the imported variety. And reflecting upon the cleanliness of environment and handling that our own product enjoys, this is indeed a change for the better.

Business in the wholesale district begins at 4 o'clock, when the men come down to open up the shops. But, as the placards sternly state "No business transacted until 4:30 a.m.!" The softies!

Meanwhile produce has been picked up from freight cars at the sidings a few blocks away and the huge trucks come lumbering in and discharge their cargoes . . . mountains of cabbages and cauliflower, crates of lettuce piled high, yet somehow escaping the overhead wires, and in the summer and autumn, giant bins loaded to the top with watermelons or winter squashes. One wonders where it all goes.

Bananas, taken from the ships, are drawn up beside the warehouses and travel into a storage room kept at a certain temperature, and the "traveling" is done sliding on hooks fascinating to watch.

After the produce has been received and stacked, then come the grocers, and the buyers for the hotels, clubs and restaurants.

They make their selections, get their bills, then either the boys and men who wheel the hand-trucks deliver the orders to the waiting machines, or the machine comes by, the driver shouting the name of the market wherever there is an order awaiting him, and usually adding a little verbal whip-lash . . . it sounds something like this:

"Hey! Little Caesar, and make it snappy!"

Or,

"Snow White . . . an' I ain't gonna wait all day neither!"

(Little Caesar and Snow White being names of two markets.)

The hand-trucks are trundled madly hither and yon, truck drivers yell at other truck drivers to move on, now and then (Continued on page 31

Summer Planning

by Maurice Sands

■ "It makes me sick," the San Francisco woman wrote her eastern friend, "to welcome summer by ordering another load of wood for the fireplace." Envy had something to do with her attitude. Envy and the magazine filled with summer furnishings, gay slip cover ideas, and new "hot weather" colors. She had forgotten that her husband wears a straw hat with his overcoat, that she smothers an organdy gown beneath caracul in July, and that both of them spend an extremely comfortable summer each year.

Fortunate persons, we San Franciscans, especially during the "sweltering months." Not being constrained by climatic changes nor seasonal fads in our furnishings, we are able to capture the spirit, the gayety and the color of summer in our surroundings and yet enjoy the weather to the utmost.

July and August are ideal for keying one's household activity to the season: — in town, getting things done to better enjoy the fall; in the country, leisurely planning fall changes in the town house. Home furnishing is a source of satisfaction if planned with discrimination. A scrap-book or file, filled with magazine cuttings and inspiring photos, is the greatest aid in abstractly expressing one's ideas or enabling others to interpret them.

The woman who would rid her home of that "tired look" can do so easily and economically. First, there is the process of analization, then elimination, and finally redistribution. One must not be too hasty to add to one's possessions. Enter each room as a stranger, consider it coldly and impersonally; look for comfort rather than borrowed ideas, for suitability rather than sentiment. Take out a rug or two, the floor space will give a feeling of spaciousness; eliminate some of the pictures and hang those that add beauty, not confusion; pile all the accessories in the hall and redistribute them sparingly, changing their locations, their use if necessary. Just because Aunt Minnie's vase has stood on the mantel for ten years is no reason why it cannot become a lamp.

Great care and thought must be given the choice of each new item; guard against "summer markdowns" so often much less effective when you get them home. Fabrics of all kinds must be "different" — not just a bit more yardage without prestige. Slip covers will work wonders the year around out here. Make them yourself if you must, but get one of the clever fabrics to be found in any decorator's shop. He'll gladly tell you how to get the tailored effect that's the secret of smartness itself.

More and more we are becoming "closet-conscious" thanks to the specialized shops devoted to this heretofore neglected factor in our lives. If your husband is forever bringing home a new bean-stringer gadget for the kitchen, try and switch him over to the closet side—it's newer and likely to be a more practical past-time.

"Decorator tablecloths" tailored to fit your individual table can be purchased or made in textures you'd never think of ordinarily. They'll do things in boosting your reputation as a hostess. Go over your house much the same as you would your wardrobe — remembering that a thing in good taste is not made obsolete by seasonal fads — retain the things you like most, using them as they are or make the necessary changes — it's great fun to find new uses for old things.

There are so many ways in which individual taste may be expressed in the home, that a desire for change must not be frustrated by decorative problems. A decorator's advice (Continued on page 25

Notes on New Zealand

by Edith Martin Clayes

■ If one approaches the Islands of New Zealand by way of Tahiti and Rarotonga in the Cook Group, the port is Wellington in the southern part of the North Island, a city of some 146,000 people. It is beautifully situated on the sloping hills about the large and deeply indented Port Nicholson, and affords many unique drives through the different residence sections. The traveler is astonished by the beautiful views of this harbor of Wellington, so correctly called "lakelike." Besides the fine vistas, there are sea-beaches, coast scenes and marine drives. To be sure, it is a windy place, but that is to be expected from the elevated position among the hills. If figures better give an idea of the size of the Port, then to say it has 20,000 acres of area will mark it at once at "huge." Too, it is the seat of Government, and its central position with reference to the whole Dominion gives it the right to this distinction. The great Marine Drive around the waterfront has two parts — the Southern, which takes in various Bays — Evans, Karaka, Worser, Lyall, Island and Oriental (with return through Happy Valley Road) about 26 miles in all; and the Northern and Eastern, which goes straight around the harbor, through Petone, Lowry, York, Day's and Rona Bays to Muritai a round-trip distance of 30 miles. To speak particularly of some of these: Oriental Bay is one of Wellington's favorite promenades and on Sundays has many visitors. At Point Halswell is the burial place and monument to Mr. Massey, one of New Zealand's favorite Sons, who served her faithfully and well. At Worser Bay is a quaint tearoom where one may refresh oneself while listening to amusing stories about the origin of this Bay's name. Lovely as is Wellington with its fine buildings and carillon memorial tower, its library of old books, first editions, MSS., and examples of artistic binding, its up-to-date hotels, Botanical gardens, and Zoo, not forgetting its Museum and Maori collection and its celebrated Wilton's Bush, a mile beyond Wadestown — one must proceed on the voyage of discovery in this truly different land.

Turning to South Island first, we proceed to Nelson situated off Cook Strait on Tasman Bay. This is well named the "Garden of New Zealand." Surrounded by bush-clad hills of such familiar famous names as Grampian, to its right is the fruit and hop-growing district of Moutere close by snow-crowned Mt. Arthur. Tobacco is grown in lovely Motueka Valley; and, as well as being the leading orchard country of the Dominion (I can hear Dunedin disagree) large crops of raspberries and tomatoes are justly celebrated. The harbor is formed by what is known as the Boulder Bank, a natural breakwater nine miles long, forming a haven where vessels of 10,000 tons can be berthed at the wharves. It is an educational center, boasting of a School of Music, the Cawthron Institute of Scientific Research, a college for girls, and Nelson College for boys, one of the oldest and most famous secondary schools in New Zealand. All in all, Nelson is renowned for its climate. The average annual "tally" of sunshine for this "satisfying town" is above 2500 hours, a higher total than even Italy can claim. Altogether with its fine parks, all manner of gardens large and small, greenery of trees, the loveliness and color of flowers, it is indeed as is claimed for it, "A Miniature Arcadia." As one proceeds on one's way, peaceful landscapes and wooded, snow-clad mountains, scenes of majestic beauty, on a clear and brilliant spring day, gladden the eyes and make one glad to be alive. On Hope Saddle (2000 feet) there is a view of the mountains around the Sound in the North, the wooded ranges in the rear of Nelson — a "wave of green and blue" — of mountains to the South and the snow-fields of the distant Spencer Range. Zigzaging we go down to Hope Valley and strike the head waters of the Buller. It is a cool, forest-shaded "creek" (in California parlance). The mountain country has beech-woods, and the trees are thin of foliage and we see the silvery-toned trunks in contrast to the deep green of the leaves. Soon the Hope loses itself in the Buller, described as a "strong, rushing stream." Murchison is 80 miles away, and now we enter the Gorge itself at Sullivan's Bridge. Every mile is rugged, magnificent and wonderfully scenic. Up and up we climb to Dublin Terrace, through dense brush and along the Lyell Range, then wind down to the almost deserted Lyell a "ghost town" where formerly gold was feverishly mined. Now it clings to the mountainside, just a single street of shabby old houses. Soon we see the site of the terrible earthquake of 1929, when the slip filled the gorge from side to side and dammed up the river to a level almost with the beetling cliffs on either hand. Seven days they tell us were needed for the river to work through; and even now great masses of huge pebbles and boulders make (Continued on page 17

From One Girl Scout to Another

San Francisco, Calif., May 20, 1937.

Dear Jean:

You ask how the Girl Scouts of San Francisco spend their vacations.

First of all, Girl Scouts are now in three age groups; the Brownies, from seven to ten; and the Girl Scouts from ten to eighteen, who are again divided in two groups, with the high school Scouts being either "Mariners" or being occupied with other progressive programs suitable to their age.

The "Mariners" are interested in water sports and activities, as their name implies. They swim, row, and eventually sail their boats; with greater opportunity for all these during vacation, of course. They, and the other high school Scouts have dances, picnics and parties for boys and girls, winter and summer.

The mounted troop enjoys an occasional moonlight ride and picnic at Lake Merced, to vary the usual ride through the park or along the beach.

However, of all the summertime activities, that which holds the greatest interest for the greatest number is camping. More San Francisco Girl Scouts will have a happy, interesting camping experience this year than ever before. Even the little Brownies will have each Wednesday from June 23 through July 28 for day-camping at Lake Merced. The regular summer camp program there for Girl Scouts will start with a Birthday Celebration and Arbor Day on June 21. Every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday thereafter and until August 12, from ten to four, they will enjoy varied activities, as well as five-cent hot lunches. Those attending will have the privilege of Thursday to Saturday trips to the Over-night House, "Tamelpa," at Larkspur, the expense being $1.50 plus the fare over by train and ferry.

San Francisco Girl Scouts will have, for the first time, their own long-term summer camp, for two periods of ten days each, commencing July 26, and August 4, at the Berkeley camp site, "Far-Away-Mine," near Alta. The railway fare will be $3.75 round trip, and the cost, $11.00 for ten days. Some may motor the 160 miles via highway No. 40 with parents or friends. There is a swimming pool for warm summer days, dry air at 4,300 feet altitude, and joyous life and experience in the out-of-doors.

"Camp Chaparral" at Big Basin is also open to a limited number of the local Scouts. This is, primarily, the regional training school for Girl Scout leaders for the entire west coast, Hawaii and Panama. The cost is $8.00 per week, plus transportation.

At all these camps, the leaders are given "Animal" names which are used to eliminate artificial barriers, that all may be good Scouts together. "Squirrel," "Kite," "Fawn" and "Elk" are the "staff" at the San Francisco Girl Scout Headquarters, The Women's City Club, 465 Post St. They give out the camp application and health certificate blanks.

"Heron,"—otherwise.

Sincerely yours,

Louise.

Note: This letter was written by the Camp Committee Chairman, Mrs. Louise C. Watson.

Summer Diversion for Children

by Loretta E. Ringham

■ June 18th means vacation for our children. Let us consider how it can be spent in a healthful, happy and constructive way.

If they are members of an organized group their time will be quite taken up. If not, some of your outings may follow the pattern of such a group, and this may stimulate their interest in such activities.

Take one day for a trip to Mt. Davidson to study wild flowers. Be prepared with note book, pencil, reference book and a book to press specimens collected. Collect some beautiful leaves and use them for ink printing another day.

Spend another happy day at the Zoo studying the birds and animals which have come from far countries. This can be as interesting to the adults as the children if we really want it to be.

Stow Lake, in Golden Gate Park, would provide recreation and education for one day if you consider all the water birds there. I think the black swans and their babies' antics provide (Continued on page 23

I Have Been Reading

by Daisy F. Reed

THE PROMISE OF AMERICAN POLITICS; by T. V. Smith; 1936. The University of Chicago Press. $2.50.

The author of "The Promise of American Politics" has the unique distinction of being both Professor of Philosophy at the University of Chicago, and Illinois state senator representing the fifth district. He sees politics through the eyes of a philospher and philosophy through the eyes of a politician. He is at one and the same time a realist and a practical idealist in whom "the warp of knowing is interthreaded with the woof of doing."

The plan of the book is excellent. The different contemporary political systems are placed side by side for comparison. "These differences," he avers, "divide us not merely on questions of how to do things but also as to what things are to be done."

The philosopher-politician (Plato coming into his own) bases the arguments of the book on the idea that we must all be some sort of individuals, and that it is the politician who is "the final custodian of the conditions of individuality." Politics is a "moral enterprise"; it concerns everybody; and the "generous hope" is that it "can be made a means of universal welfare." In other words, T. V. Smith holds that the good life, whatever may be held as good, should be available for all individuals. This makes politics in fact a neutral means to an end—an end which is not the system itself, however perfect, but the well-being or happiness of all men. For this reason he calls politics "justice."

The first section of the book is devoted to a discussion of the different kinds of individualism: ragged individualism, which eventuates in "raggedness of soul"; rugged individualism, which is "a monopoly of the few upon the concrete means of individuality"; ringing individualism, which "offers the individual something to die for in order to persuade him not to live for the tolerance which is civilization"; and finally practical individualism, preached by our poets and prophets, which substitutes for an individuality limited to a minority, an individualism within the reach of all.

The significance for the American of this study of contrasting ideas might be stated in the following quotation: "If our sense of individual significance is tied indissolubly to such goods as must be monopolized before they can be enjoyed, America is done for, as the culture of Italy and the Germany of science is done for.... The rich inner life is the only one that will enable democracy to survive through long hard times." This point of view is splendidly amplified, and concludes thus: "All men can be great individuals only through the sharing of what to have is not to consume, and what to share is not to exhaust."

Then in turn the author surveys the different political "isms":

I. **Liberalism,** defined as "individualism conscious of social necessity and intent upon mastering necessity through organization." Liberalism is realism in politics. It allows to the individual as much room as possible. Therefore, the principles of liberalism "get their significance from relevancy to life and person." These principles include freedom of thought and speech, this means consent of the governed. This society would "guarantee opportunity, exact liability, and produce responsible men."

II. **Fascism,** based on the idea of the state as the absolute entity, and the inferiority of human individuality. "All are in the state," which becomes an instrument of coercion. The dictator is made identical with the nation; he is the only man to whom full individuality is allowed. Community is the one real value of Fascism: "We acknowledge the end, community; we deny the means, coercion."

III. **Communism,** the most self-conscious philosophy in the world today, "represents a glorification of the ends pursued under liberalism, through the means exemplified by Fascism." The means common to both systems is coercion, but in communism the connection between means and ends is so hypothetical that it raises a very reasonable difficulty. The "belief that out of the purest moral evil can somehow come the purest political good" is loose thinking which is characterized as being "very risky clairvoyance of the future." The achievements of communism are listed to offset the disadvantages—the balance still falls on the negative side.

IV. **Parliamentarianism.** The author believes there is no "common will" in the sense intended by the modern totalitarians. There are two ways of creating a "society," the dictatorial way, and the democratic. The democratic way, at its best, uses the methods of intelligence. "It starts with the assumption that among adults, wants must be allowed to stand as needs until wants can be corrected by those who have them, corrected in the light of their own consequences; and it realizes that this process must be one of voluntary participation, in which growth proceeds from within. [Implying that each man is as good as any other.] . . . This process is the only path to a will that is rational, as well as common.... It resorts to reason and compromise to effect its announced ends."

The real significance of this discussion lies in the author's views that there are no "concrete common ends." There are only abstract ones, of liberty, equality and fraternity. So that democracy is a "method of getting along," and not "something to be got to. . . . As a state, democracy is anything which can be arrived at democratically. Democracy is a society of democratic men, and democratic men are men who will compromise with one another as regards all things which must be shared in order to go along together, each merrily thinking his own thoughts. What does not have to be shared in order to keep going in the same direction will be treated as private by each, and as such tolerated by the others."

The final section of the book is entitled **Americanism.** It has as its subject matter "the good man who is good for something," and what he might accomplish in America.

The tone of the book as a whole is that of mutuality rather than animosity.

There are many, both vocal and inarticulate, who believe that we have in our American form of representative government, possibilities worth cherishing. That however far from perfectly these are realized, there is no alternative so good, and that we too, like the communists, should become politically self-conscious. "The Promise of American Politics," whether or not one is in agreement with every step of the discussion, has the quality of presentation that may "open the oyster" of the world of today as Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" opened it for the world of one hundred years ago.

National League Library Service

■ In the vagabond months of summer when everyone's mind is either on a vacation that is imminent or one to come, the library suffers from a falling off in fines; this makes the financial going particularly hard for the demand for new books never ceases. We therefore encourage our borrowers to be a bit absent-minded and thus pay big and better fines and do all their book-buying through the library because the revenue from our book sales helps tremendously. Buy books for bon-voyage gifts; for stay-at-home friends; for yourself, for summer time is the time to catch up on neglected reading.

TRAVEL BOOKS FOR THE VACATION MONTHS

FRANCES TOOR'S GUIDE TO MEXICO. $1.75.

MEXICAN INTERLUDE. Joseph Henry Jackson. $2.50.

VIVA MEXICO. Charles Flandrau. $1.00.

ESCAPE TO THE TROPICS. Desmond Holdridge. $2.50.

DISCOVERING SOUTH AMERICA. Lewis K. Freeman. $3.00.

RIO. Hugh Gibson. $3.50.

THE CALL OF ENGLAND. H. V. Morton. $3.00.

LONDON AFRESH. E. V. Lucas. $2.50.

SO YOU'RE GOING TO ENGLAND. Clara Laughlin. $3.00.

THIS ENGLAND. Mary Ellen Chase. $2.50.

DENMARK, KINGDOM OF REASON. Agnes Rothery. $3.00.

KAPOOT. Carveth Wells. $1.00.

1937 IN EUROPE. Fodor. $3.50.

A SATCHELL GUIDE TO EUROPE. $5.00.

SWEDEN, THE MIDDLE WAY. Marquis Childs. $2.50.

SO YOU'RE GOING TO FRANCE. Clara Laughlin. $3.00.

ROAMING IN HAWAII. Harry Franck. $3.50.

ROAD MY BODY GOES. Clifford Gessler. $3.00.

Swimming Pool Information

Pool hours: 10:30 to 12:30; 2:30 to 6:30. Fridays: 3 to 9:00. Saturdays: 10 to 4.

Prices: Single swim for members, 30 cents; guests, 40 cents; boys under 12, girls under 18, 30 cents ten-swim tickets for members, $2.50; members' daughters under 18, sons under 12, $2.25; guest children, $2.50 (including Girl Scouts).

Private Lessons: An instructor is on duty whenever the Pool is open, and appointments may be made for single lessons or a ticket may be bought giving purchaser six half-hour or twelve fifteen-minute lessons within three months. Members and members' children, $4; guests, $6. Admission extra.

Privileges: Members may bring women and children guests to swim at any time. A member may obtain at the Pool Office a guest card giving a woman or child the privilege of swimming ten times unaccompanied by a member, or arranging for lessons. Fee for issuing card, 25 cents.

Men's Guest Nights: On Tuesday evenings, 5:30 to 6:30 p.m., and Friday evenings, 5:30 to 9:00 p.m., men guests may swim in the Pool. They must be personally accompanied by a member.

Groups: Members bringing groups of any size to swim are requested to arrange with the Pool Office in advance. Sponsored organizations whose members wish to swim regularly either as individuals or in groups, who can use 100 admissions in ten weeks, may make arrangements for special rates.

Lockers are for rent in the swimming department. Small, 25 cents a month, $1.25 for six months.

Special Saturday rates for girls under 16 and boys under 12 years, 25 cents.

(Continued from page 14)

islands in the bed of the stream. At Inangahua Junction, three roads branch off to Reefton, Westport and Murchison, which leads to Greymouth, the largest place on the West Coast of South Island. Near the latter town are gold and coal mines in plenty and interesting scenery. If the famed Franz Joseph and Fox Glaciers are on the itinerary, Hokitika must be visited; and from there ninety-two miles are to be negotiated. The township of Kanieri is passed, then over the Hokitika River through Woodstock, Rimu and Ross — 20 miles from Hokitika — an old-time mining center.

New Zealand abounds with lakes and rivers and magnificent scenery — to detail each move on a ride so filled with beauty would be tedious in the telling. Suffice to point out certain places of special interest. Lovely Lake Ianthe is on our course — a marvelously beautiful and tree-fringed body of water. Mt. Hercules gives us successive views of deep, fern-clad gullies. Mt. Adam's snowy dome appears and the gorge of the Wataroa River. On and on we go, through dense forest-ways, across the Waitangi River, hugging cliffs covered as before with ferns, creepers and mosses. Waterfalls and fairy, fern-decked pools and fountains reflect with startling clearness the loveliness around them. It seems as though all lakes and streams in this southern land have marvelous reflecting power and recall our own Yosemite's Mirror Lake. They tell us, there are 1500 varieties of native trees and only three shed their leaves. The tea-tree (Manuka) with its red white and pink starlike flowers is everywhere seen; white, red and black pines; the eucalyptus; Rata Tree which bears the startling red blooms; toi-toi grass, like attenuated pampas; flamboyants; wild fuschia (Ronini); the yellow tree (and bush), the national flower — the Kowhai; Prince of Wales spreading ferns, with tree ferns of every size and shape, some 40 feet or more. The roads and paths seem through forests particularly planted, though all is wild and natural, a marvel of forest beauty and no snakes, or lurking creature — only in a few scattered spots, a spider which is deadly. Bird sounds delight all through and liven up the wayby fluttering and flashing of wings and sweet calls. The Bush or scrub is really yellow flowering gorse (there is Spanish broom also) imported long ago from England for hedges and now a nuisance. They burn the gorse out, though sheep will eat the young plants, if these are pruned down. There are tangles of blackberries, now gone wild and dangerous to stock — sheep especially. As in the case of the gorse, this is burned—an almost hopeless task so wide-spread has this pest become. Willow trees are numerous, and poplars. The tender branches of the former are fed to sheep when other food is scarce. A real danger, because a poison, is the rag wort, especially between Rotorua and Waitomo. It is said that cheaper sodium chlorate is needed and more care in uprooting it before the seeding of the plant. Proceeding on the chosen route Lake Whahapo is still another "bush-girt" body of water. There are native game. The road follows the lake for its length and then on to the Forks. On we go to Mapourika, a lake of great

(Continued on page 28

this Summer...

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—Christina S. Madison

■ Vacation!

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Our goal throughout the year as it brings to us visions of ourselves doing just what WE wish to do, rather than what we should do—duty in its many forms. Routine is forgotten and play becomes of paramount importance to some while for others a slight change in their everyday mode of living is sufficient.

So regardless of whether you are a stay-at-home with only a few hours daily for recreation, or a returning traveler from a long sea voyage or motor tour, you may add to your happiness in prolonging your vacation by taking advantage of the facilities of the club.

Words are unnecessary to tell you of the joy to be found in a brisk swim, if you are proficient in that art. But there is a real treat in store for those, who fearfully afraid of the water soon change from wall flowers into lovely mermaids rivaling the denisons of the deep and this is possible through special classes of instruction as those of us who attended the classes last year can vouch for the health giving (slimming), and pleasure to be found in our clear sparkling pool. And the fees are small too. So be sure to include the use of the pool in your vacation plans.

If possible, swim in the morning, then have your friends meet you for luncheon. You will be rested and an attractive hostess. Above all do not worry over losing your wave. A few precautions will protect it. A net, then a chamois band and a close fitting rubber cap should do the trick. If not, due to poor adjustment (for it works) then it is but a step to an electric dryer where the damage is soon repaired, or plan your deep water activities when your hair requires resetting and go directly from your dressing room to the beauty shop.

And have you ever considered how much enjoyment a few beauty treatments add to your vacation days? Your hair and complexion need the expert care of competent beauty operators and this is a grand time to get ready for your Fall social and club affairs when you will want to look your best.

There is no substitute, of course, for the glow and sparkle of good health. That may be found in exercise but with these in your possession, a few treatments will do much for your skin and crowning glory—perfecting the picture as it were.

Next to this, there is the fun of living differently. Some dine out of doors. Fine, for those who have homes and maids. But where one must prepare the meals, or serve them in smaller quarters, every day is like its predecessor. So for them, there are the dining room facilities. These include a variety of meals. The cafeteria service, with its awning covered tables in the fresh air. The regular service in the dining room—a wonderful change for dinner. And the special services in small or large rooms, just the right size for parties. Arrangements may be made so you may play cards. Just a table in the card room after a cafeteria luncheon. Or, your own party in the Board Room, or dining room annex. Think of the joy of restful nerves, a composed hostess and for very little more than in your own home where you have all the responsibility as well as the work.

All in all—a little thought, a little planning, and you may have a wonderful vacation at home by using the club's facilities from the roof to the lower main floor—not forgetting the pool.

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Drama Festival, Stanford University

■ Comedy is the keynote of a full summer quarter of classic and experimental theater studies at Stanford University, June 17 to August 28. Theory and craftsmanship are combined in the work of production at new Memorial Hall; a series of important extracurricular events widens student backgrounds and gives an informal course to the community. Activity formal and informal leads to the final production of Shakespeare's TWELFTH NIGHT in an August festival.

Master Lectures in Theater are given from June 22 to 26 by the eminent designer, Lee Simonson. The series begins with an illustrated survey of staging from 1535 to 1935, and proceeds through discussions of changing methods in designing and directing to the pertinent topic, "Theater and Community."

Stage Classics Production, an integrated project of theoretical and active work in preparing drama for the stage, is the course in which students and faculty together create the production of TWELFTH NIGHT. Every detail of performance is executed on the campus in conjunction with study of the text. The course is supported by electives in various University departments, covering the theory of drama, English comedy, Shakespeare, Elizabethan English, and folk-dance.

The Tudor Lectures treat domestic life in such a household as Olivia's; prints and rare books in the Library Exhibits illustrate the literary and dramatic tastes of the renaissance afternoon recitals present the beauties of Old English Music.

A practical history of comedy is offered in marionette shows of ancient plays and in formal group readings of recent comic successes. The development of comedy in cinema is given in showings from the Film Library of the Museum of Modern Art, presented by the Department of Graphic Art in connection with the course on cinema arts.

Studies in Techniques assist those who wish to specialize in speech, stage design, lighting, costuming, or the business of the theater. Acting and directing classes (elementary and advanced) are integrated in the Experimental Theater, in which independent production is encouraged.

The class in Dramatic Composition may be taken as a critical course in the analysis of dramatic form, or as a creative writing course. Original work is spurred by the needs of the acting classes and visiting directors, and by the University's prize for verse drama known as the Maxwell Anderson Award.

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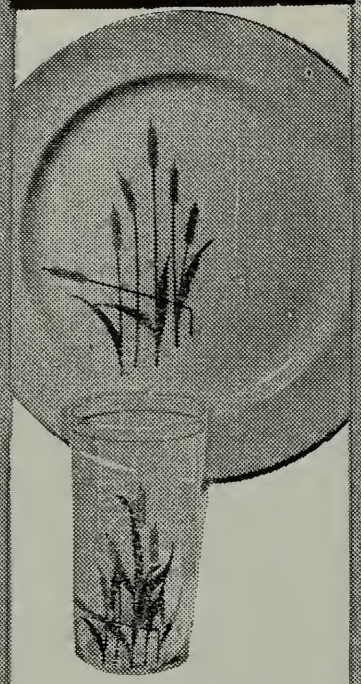

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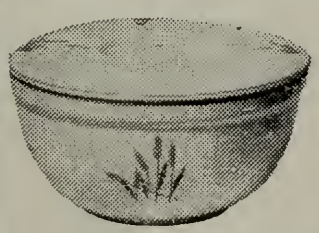

La Maison Francaise

—By Helen Marburg

■ Creating a small French world on the Pacific Coast, la Maison Francaise, in its fifth season as a part of the Mills College Summer Session June 27 to August 6, brings to the San Francisco Bay region two distinguished Frenchmen of international reputation, to head the faculty for the six weeks period.

Directly from Paris comes Pierre de Lanux and from Princeton University Professor Maurice Edgar Coindreau returns for another summer at la Maison Francaise. Associated with the two distinguished leaders will be a number of competent assistants, having special training in the various fields of language, literature and civilization.

Daily association in work and play of French teachers and American students is the outstanding feature of la Maison Francaise. Since avoidance of non-French contacts is essential in making this session profitable to the utmost degree, residents of la Maison Francaise undertake to speak no language but French.

Looking beyond the immediate task of language study or teaching, we hope the united efforts of all will succeed in forging one more link in the chain of international friendship.

There will be as in previous years a great variety of courses. Some of these will appeal particularly to auditors who like to hear French spoken and are interested in French literature and thought.

Wednesdays are organized especially for visitors. On these days the professors, M. de Lanux, M. Coindreau, and others will lecture. Further information regarding these lectures is contained in printed programs which are available at the Summer Session office at Mills College.

Other courses will attract the serious students who are anxious to perfect themselves in spoken and written French or to tackle personally some problem of literary research.

Classes will be small, enabling most students to find exactly what they need or desire. Some of the courses are planned particularly for the benefit of teachers of French.

Life in la Maison Francaise is most pleasant; men and women, students and teachers, professors and artists, old and young, form a harmonious group and live in unforgettable experience. Eager conversations over numerous cups of coffee and around the tea table give proof of a spontaneous desire to exchange ideas with visitors whether they come from across the ocean or from across the bay.

The new San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge will wonderfully simplify the problem of paying a visit for a morning or afternoon or even a single lecture. The new motor coach bus service from Fourth and Market streets in San Francisco via the bridge direct to the Mills College gates adds to the simplicity and ease of participating in the program of la Maison Francaise.

Some visitors prefer to stay for luncheon or dinner or even reserve a room for a night or two. These accommodations are available to those who are unable to reside in la Maison Francaise for the six weeks period of the Summer Session.

A charming campus offers opportunities for tennis and swimming and other means of enjoyment of leisure hours. The concerts of the Pro Arte String Quartet of Belgium and the piano recitals of Marcel Maas of Brussels are well known to San Franciscans. Also in the Mills College Art Gallery during the Summer Session will be an exhibition of the works of Kokoschka, the first such showing of this famous artist held in the United States since 1915. In la Maison Francaise itself are planned many social entertainments for the French group.

For the third time, the Comité France-Amérique of Paris has graciously offered a gold medal to be awarded the winner of an oratorical contest, known as the Concours Oratoire France-Amérique. This contest will be held in la Maison Francaise on Thursday, August 5, during the closing exercises of the session.

A pleasant welcome awaits the newcomer; over the entrance door of la Maison Francaise, please read in imagination Rabelais' advice to the well-mannered habitues of his "Abbaye": "Fais ce que voudras," but please do not forget our one, all-important, and inescapable rule: "Ici on parle francais."

Summer Session at Mills College

■ Instruction in Lacrosse, a game as speedy as hockey, as aerial as basketball, and as good for the posture as archery, will be made a part of the curriculum of the Dance and Sports program at the Mills College Summer Session, June 27 to August 6.

Miss Margaret Lockley, internationally known English lacrosse and hockey player and coach, will be in charge of instruction for these two sports.

A member of the United States Lacrosse Selection Committee, Miss Lockley is at present a member of the Smith College faculty.

The first exhibition of the works of Oskar Kokoschka of Prague, considered one of the greatest living painters, to be held in the United States since 1915 will be shown in the Mills College Art Gallery.

At the same time the noted artist will come from his Austrian home to the Mills campus to join the faculty of the Summer Session during the six weeks period. Kokoschka will direct classes in drawing and painting and added to his instructions, students will have the opportunity of studying, at first hand, the works of this artist in the exhibition in the Gallery.

Serving with Kokoschka on the art faculty will be Dr. Alfred Neumeyer, lecturer in European Art and director of the Mills Art Gallery and formerly professor of Art History at the University of Berlin; Dr. Grace L. McCann Morley, director of the San Francisco Museum of Art, and Bernice Weimann and Gustav Breuer, of the resident Mills Art Faculty.

Andres de Segurola, for twenty-four years leading singer-actor in the principal opera houses of Europe and America, including twelve consecutive seasons with the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York, will come to the Mills College Summer Session as teacher of voice.

In addition to de Segurola the internationally known Pro Arte String Quartet of Belgium will return to Mills for the fifth year to present a series of concerts and serve as members of the Summer Session faculty. A Mozart Festival is planned as a part of their concert season. Marcel Maas, pianist of the Royal Conservatory in Brussels, also returns for a second season at Mills as a member of the faculty and to present his Monday evening recitals which proved extremely popular with music lovers last year. The summer session music faculty will also include several other resident and visiting staff members.

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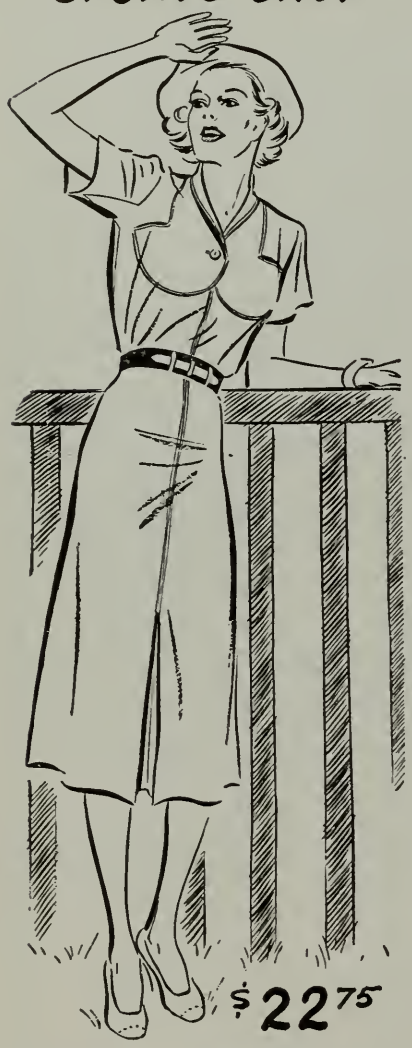

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Mission San Juan Bautista at San Juan, Calif.

Dolores of San Juan

■ Romance and drama of the Spanish life in the California of long ago will be re-enacted before old Mission San Juan Bautista, on Saturday and Sunday, June 26 and 27, when the four-act pageant-play, "Dolores of San Juan," will be presented.

The ancient Plaza in the quaint California town will again echo to the laughter of dark-eyed senoritas and gay caballeros as the venerable Mission's 140th birthday is commemorated—an event of unusual color and charm, and brimful of activity.

The drama, rich in historic interest and vividly portraying a love drama of long ago, has been written by Lucy Cuddy, prominent San Francisco playwright and author and active member of the Women's City Club. Music for the production has been written by Francisca McGettigan, grand-daughter of General Vallejo.

There will be three performances of "Dolores of San Juan" — on Saturday night, and on Sunday afternoon and evening. Reginald Travers, well-known San Francisco producer, has in rehearsal the play, which will be presented against a background of the cloistered walls of old Mission San Juan Bautista.

Maryknoll Father Francis C. Caffrey, energetic pastor of the Mission, has been fortunate in securing most of the actors for the drama from among the residents of San Juan Bautista and vicinity. Many of them are descendants of pioneer Spanish families.

In addition to the dramas, there will be an historic parade, featuring old carretas, or ox-carts of the Spaniards; an old-fashioned barbecue on the grounds adjoining the Mission; exhibitions of early horsemanship games, and many other attractions.

The very location of the Mission, established in 1797, is one of delightful appeal. The Mission buildings stand on the edge of a low mesa overlooking the fruitful San Juan Valley, at the base of the Gabilan Range. It is said that more of the atmosphere of the olden times lingers at San Juan Bautista than in any other place in California. There are picturesque old galleried adobe houses; streets overarched with ancient trees, and a number of historic places, including the old Castro House, facing the Plaza.

Each year, thousands of Californians and visitors attend the Mission Play. Father Caffrey anticipates a record crowd this year to witness the pageant play centering about his beloved Mission, and to partake of the other entertainment planned.

San Juan Bautista is located 93 miles south of San Francisco, in San Benito County, and is reached via Highway 101, El Camino Real. Special bus and train service is also being arranged.

In recent years, special parties comprising members of the Women's City Club have been arranged to attend the Mission Play.

Emergency Peace Campaign

■ The garden of Miss Maude Gibson and Dr. Ann Martin, 20882 E. 14th St., Hayward, will be open to the public each Saturday in June, from 2 to 7. Admission 35 cents, for the benefit of the Student Volunteers of the Emergency Peace Campaign.

Western Summer School of English Folk Dancing

■ Cecil J. Sharp, the founder of the English Folk Dance and Song Society, and the man responsible for collecting the traditional Morris and Sword Dances of England, once stated that one of his dreams was to travel to California and establish there another branch of this Society, as he had done in many parts of the eastern coast of the United States. Unfortunately, his wish was never fulfilled, but some four years ago, one of his earliest students in America, Gene Gowing, was able to carry out Mr. Sharp's dream and has seen this wonderful work grow and flourish, fed by the tremendous interest of many physical education heads in the western schools and colleges, plus hundreds of rhythmic minded individuals who welcomed this delightful form of good exercise and its great cultural society.

What more superb setting could one find for dances that hundreds of years ago were performed through the country roads and hedge bordered fields of rural England than in our California sunshine? Ceremonial dances danced May week and at Christmas time by stalwart teams of village men to welcome the spring planting, or the winter's harvested grains; joyous sixteenth century social dances done by both men and women, and later the favorite amusement of good Queen Bess—all are now ours, not only for our pleasure, but for our mental and physical wellbeing. California has been quick to recognize all these values in the English Morris, Country and Sword Dances that Mr. Gowing has brought to them. Its colleges, playgrounds, schools and civic recreational bodies have welcomed them and him. Its men and women, both young and old, have entered the work with anticipation, and continue in greater numbers to revel in its joy-giving activity. Men have no feeling of embarrassment or self-consciousness in its strenuous accomplishment—for were they not men's dances in the beginning? Women find in it the perfect exercise and rhythmic expression that all can do.

Thus we again announce our fourth Summer School in the West, and the second at Highland's Inn at Carmel, where every moment of the two weeks, June 27 to July 9, are so full of happiness and good things that all who came last year eagerly await the present period of dancing and vacation, starting the twenty-seventh of June. We hope and know many new friends will want to join us, and we welcome you.

(Continued from page 15)

enough amusement to warrant the trip.

If you have never had an outing at Sigmund Stern Grove you have missed a real treat. It is one of the most beautiful spots in San Francisco. Get permission from Recreation Headquarters to use it. An outdoor grill and clubhouse make it ideal for a large gathering.

A swimming party at our own Club, with luncheon upstairs afterward, would be something to look forward to eagerly.

If your child enjoys tennis, let her invite some friends to play at your neighborhood courts, then bring them home for refreshments. Be well prepared for the appetite created by such vigorous exercise.

Perhaps you will include some trips down the peninsula this summer. I never tire of rambling around the Allied Arts Guild at Menlo Park. The gardens are beautiful, the shops most unusual, and the weaving and pottery making most interesting. The wood-working shops also provide interest. Maybe you will see something very distinctive being made for the home of one of our beloved novelists as I did on one trip.

Some time should be spent this summer in cutting pictures for scrapbooks for less privileged children and making some plans for helping the good work of supplying Thanksgiving or Christmas baskets.

How about an afghan made by a group, then sold and the money used for such a purpose?

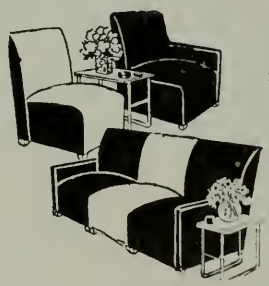
—Loretta E. Ringham.

HAND-EMBROIDERED SLIPPERS

The new Hand-Embroidered Slippers are far more attractive than ever before in style and workmanship. See them displayed in the foyer of the Women's City Club.

THE BOWL SHOP

923 Grant Avenue



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RICKLEE

Individual furniture and draperies made to order.
Refinishing, upholstering repairing, remodeling.
Orders taken for usual and unusual furnishings.
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CLEANING SHINING DYEING REPAIRING

We specialize in SUEDE SHOES . . . RIDING BOOTS . . . and FANCY DYE WORK to match your dress . . . also SUEDE BAGS.

Finest of Workmanship

FREE CALL AND DELIVERY SERVICE

ORDWAY 4665

2248 POLK STREET

Guide to Shops and Service

Why don't you, too, learn to make your own hand - stitched leather gloves? Lessons now available at Room 212, Women's City Club, Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. Also Thursday evenings and Friday mornings.

RUTH TANBARA

The smartest in fur creations, made to your order. . . . Or to be selected from a complete collection.

SCHNEIDER BROS.
455 POST STREET

Mary G. Kalsh SPORT CLOTHES EXCLUSIVELY

453 Post Street — San Francisco

Wicker Furniture — The Modern Vogue
STICK REED FURNITURE
We invite you to call and inspect the new designs and patterns for
The Sunshine Corner in your Living Room
The Sun Room . . . Sun Porch . . . Patio
ART RATTAN
422 Sutter St., SAN FRANCISCO
East 12th St. and 24th Ave., OAKLAND

GUMP'S
250 POST STREET - SAN FRANCISCO
2200 KALAKAUA AVE. - HONOLULU

Advertisers Speak

■ April 20-21 the members of the Women's City Club turned over the full facilities of their Clubhouse to their magazine advertisers. Printed words became realities; realities which had form, color and interest. The Advertisers' Show was not only a commercial Exposition; it was a social occasion at which Advertisers met Club members and Advertisers met each other; at which Club members proved that they are "a cross section of the finest type of women to be found anywhere," and at which Advertisers, representing a quality of merchandise and service worthy of that membership, were proud to be allied with each other.

We learned much about women from you, and much about advertising Shows from the Third, which will make the Fourth even better.

We found that you like drama, action and eating; don't we all! And—didn't the Advertisers enjoy the delicious meals in your dining rooms, which they had at your invitation.

We, the Advertisers, each had something to prove to you. Those of us who represented Floral, Furnishing, Cosmetic and even Food lines, appealed above all, to your sense of the aesthetic. We proved that skill in the use of form, color and accent made for an artistic harmony, pleasing to the eye. We proved that smartness and effectiveness are not a matter of price but of selectivity.

—Jeanne Burton
CANAPE KITCHEN

CANAPES
HORS D'OEUVRES
FANCY TEA
AND SUPPER
SANDWICHES
To Order

CANAPE KITCHEN
Jeanne Burton Phone PRospect 9190
419 Leavenworth at Ellis

THE NEW SINGER
HOME DECORATION
SERVICE
Consult your nearest Singer Shop for assistance in making Draperies, Curtains, Slip Covers, etc., or Dresses for yourself and children.
SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.
59 Grant Ave.
1020 Market St. 1729 Fillmore St.

MISS MILLER'S PRIVATE SCHOOL
FOR SECRETARIES
Established 1917
A select modern school for young women
Marian Nealon and Mildred Dodge
Managers
26 O'Farrell St., near Grant
Telephone GArfield 6975

SPECIALIZING IN UNUSUAL
FABRICS AND FURNISHINGS
MAURICE SANDS
INTERIORS
451 POST STREET · GARFIELD 0850

RHODA ON THE ROOF

HATS

Hats for Your Vacation to match your frocks, either in Summer Felts or the Fabric Straws. Both are light and cool. Your Hats also Remodeled.

RHODA ON THE ROOF
233 POST STREET · DOuglas 8476

(Continued from page 10)

and symphony music at intervals throughout what otherwise would be an arid season.

With these organizations as the axis of our music life, San Francisco draws the great and the near-great to her concert platforms and nourishes "resident artists" of fine talent.

String quartets and similar ensembles find considerable support and prodiges spring up with almost rythmic regularity.

Among these may be enumerated:

Ruggiero Ricci, Grischa Goluboff, Isaac Stern, Miriam Solovieff, Laura Dubman, Yehudi Menuhin, Lina Pagliughi, the coloratura soprano who has made a great name in Italy and who will be back in this country next season; Peter Paul Loyanich, Libero Filippo, Ruth Slenczynski, and others.

No other city sends such a steady stream of genius burgeoning over the earth.

No other city so bountifully provides the ways and means for the Muses.

For, like the Angel Israfael, "Her heartstrings are a lute."

THE PENINSULA'S SMARTEST SHOP

annual summer sale

COATS
SUITS
DRESSES

A selection of distinctly styled, finer apparel at marked reductions.

alma Walker
PALO ALTO

JUNE BRIDES

What to buy for the June Bride is made easy at the captivating shop of Madame Butterfly.

Luxurious silken pajamas with outer robe to match (just the thing for Pullman wear) . . . Nightgowns too of the finest silks, beautifully tailored, ranging in price to $50.00. . . . And for the bridegroom, the greatest variety of brocaded or striped pajamas. Also summer gifts for beach wear, made to order or a large assortment for your selection.

Just look and see this colorful haunt of the smartest people of San Francisco . . . at 430 Grant Avenue.

Madam Butterfly
430 Grant Avenue

(Continued from page 13)

can be of great assistance in such matters and a money-saver, too. Should you, by any chance, be one of those who stand somewhat in awe of the decorator, let a visit to his shop be a new adventure this summer. You will find him interested in your problems, eager to interpret your taste. His years of experience have given him an exact knowledge of materials, designs, colors, sources. His services cost you nothing, his advice is gladly given and the items you buy from him will cost no more. Your discussion of preferences and expense will be welcomed for he is as interested as you are in seeing that you receive the utmost in value. There will be no mistakes to pay for, no regrets for having bought the "next best thing," no tedious shopping. Everything will be handled in a business-like manner, efficiently executed.

Whether you intend to freshen up your home yourself or have it done for you, whether you wish it to be grand or charming (there is a difference, you know) keep one thing in mind: It is your home and should appear as such. The furnishings are there for your comfort and your pleasure and no other reason. Great satisfaction can be derived during the entire summer in the planning and carrying out of your ideas — make them a joy — not a burden.

tissuefane

"THE BEAUTY DISCOVERY OF THE DAY!"

Simply banishes years from your appearance,—

Just a few minutes of your time to acquire a lovely — glowing — youthful — complexion, and to correct those unsightly — drooping — facial muscles.

Everyone is asking for TISSUEFANE.

For sale at Leading Department Stores Toiletries

WHITE HOUSE
O'CONNOR, MOFFATT & CO.
THE EMPORIUM

WHAT SHALL BE THE DESSERT OF A LUNCHEON
OR DINNER YOU HAVE ESPECIALLY PLANNED?

SAMARKAND
ICE CREAM

ANSWERS THE QUESTION TO THE PLEASURE OF THE
GUESTS AND TO THE SATISFACTION OF THE HOSTESS

ASK FOR

BUTTERCUP
BUTTER

MADE FROM CALIFORNIA'S FINEST SWEET CREAM

$300 in Cash Prizes

GIVEN AWAY EVERY MONTH—THERE IS A COUPON IN EVERY POUND

Ask for our Specials on Wines and
Liquors May 17 to 24th

SIMON BROS
GROCERS--IMPORTERS
2829-33 California Street, San Francisco - WEst 6100

"Quality is Economy"

BLINDCRAFT

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Patent Office

A swinging Rattan Couch and a wide Recliner
will add to your comfort in the Summer Home.

DOWNTOWN SALESROOM, 393 SUTTER ST.
Factory Salesroom and Office, 1097 Howard St.

(Continued from page 11)

AN HERB GARDEN

is rare but most delightful—herbs being beautiful plants and adding to the popularity of the hostess and her cookery. Herbs are such grateful plants and only one who has been able to gather as many as fifteen different, fresh, green, fragrant bits to chop and sprinkle over a huge bowl of crisp salad can know the delight to palate—and gratification in the thot—"they grew in my garden"—

But most of all is the joy that attends the

GIVE AWAY GARDEN

Is there a garden or a gardener who has given or received some plant or seed or shrub—which can be disassociated from the day, the thot or the person who was the other half of the giving or receiving?— No.

Gardens bring bird song to the most forsaken desert—they attract and hold the songbirds longer in a busy city. What sweeter sound than the sudden trill of a bird to emphasize the silence of night—

Thus to gain respite and release from the man-made complexities of life what better way than working in a garden letting the soil—Mother Earth—crumble between one's fingers—

Earth—other than
Life—is God's greatest gift.

No one has drawn so clear a picture of the many component parts that make this our greatly loved City than Walt Whitman in these few lines—

"Behold thy fields and farms
Thy far-off woods and mountains,
As in procession coming—
Behold, the sea itself,
And on its limitless, heaving breast,
the ships;
See where their white sails,
Bellying in the wind,
Speckle the green and blue,
See, the steamers coming and going,
Steaming in or out of port,
See, dusky and undulating
The long pennants of smoke."

—Philippine Schmidt Rettenmayer.

■ "In conformity with the reflections of the great Mexican chieftain are various ancient hymns and orations which are ascribed to the kings of the Incas by one Joan de Santa Cruz Pachacuti Yamqui Salcamaygua who wrote shortly after 1600. The hymn to Viracocha, a master deity and creator god of Peru, is an oft-quoted fragment of American Indian literature:

O Viracocha, Lord of the Universe,
Whether Thou be male or female
At least lord of heat and generation!
O such a one as can divine with spittle,
Where art Thou?
If only Thou wert near thy son!

Thou mayest be above,
Thou mayest be below,
Or round about Thy rich throne or staff.
O listen to me!

From the sea above in which Thou mayst dwell,
From the sea below in which Thou mayest be,
Creator of the world,
Maker of man,
Lord of all lords!

With my eyes on Thee which fail to see Thee
Yet desiring to know Thee!
Might I behold Thee,
Know Thee,
Consider Thee,
Understand Thee!
For Thou beholdest me,
Knowest me!

The Sun, the Moon
The Day, the Night
Summer, Winter
Not vainly, in proper order,
Do they march to the destined place,
To the end!
They arrive wherever Thy royal staff
Thou bearest.
Hear me!
Heed me!
Let it not happen
That I grow tired,
That I die!"

NOTE: "Go forth all evill go forth . . ." It is stated that this was the foundation of the life of the Inca—fundamental in his social philosophy. Today, as well as in the past, the great rituals of the Navahos are held for the purpose of driving away all evil from the patient and from the tribe. The Navaho Indians hold that thought is a thing which lives and evil thinking a crime against the spirit.

. —Leslie Van Ness Denman.

"Start them early and start them on Milk"

That's the advice BENNY COLTRIN, famous golf instructor, gives parents of growing children

"GOOD GOLFERS NEED STEADY NERVES, strong bodies, plenty of stamina," says Benny Coltrin, professional at the Lake Merced Golf and Country Club, San Francisco. "And the 'Quart-a-Day Diet' in the early years is the best assurance you can give youngsters that they'll grow up with these characteristics."

Why the "QUART-A-DAY MILK DIET" is so important from age 3 to 14

To ward off colds, sickness. A diet without milk can lead to illness. Milk contains "protective" factors that help keep children well.

To prevent easily decaying teeth. Milk supplies the calcium for sound teeth and bones. It takes a quart a day to insure results.

To develop mental alertness. The "Quart-a-Day Diet" has helped many listless, under-par children to better health and quicker minds.

To protect health in adult years. Doctors agree no other food is so important as milk for lifelong health. A quart a day in childhood—a pint a day after maturity—actually helps to keep us young.

LUCERNE MILK

Sold Country Fresh

at your neighborhood grocery . . . SAFEWAY

NO Pie-Failures WITH

Speed-i-Mix

FOR PIE CRUST
THAT MELTS IN YOUR MOUTH

This perfect already-prepared pie crust comes to you ready-to-mix, eliminating all of the usual hard work of creating light, crisp, and tender pie crust. SPEED-I-MIX contains every necessary ingredient in scientific balance. That's why Speed-I-Mix pies always are so successful —so perfectly delicious.

Ask your grocer for

Speed-i-Mix

or call

PARROTT *and* **CO.**

320 CALIFORNIA STREET
SAN FRANCISCO
DOuglas 2400

(Continued from page 17)

beauty. In the center of the panorama "The Roof Garden of New Zealand," are the highest peaks of the "Southern Alps"— Mt. Cook in Maori Aorangi, the Cloud Piercer, 12,349 feet; Mt. Tasman, 11,435 feet, and Mt. de la Beche, 10,058 feet. Below is the impressive sweep of the Franz Joseph. It is unique, because it comes from 9000 feet to practically sea level, the latter part of the way through native bush. Other accounts tell us it is 8½ miles long and descends 8800 feet to an altitude of 692 feet, much lower than any glacier in Europe. Its snowfields are about 5882 acres and its fall exceedingly precipitous and so it moves at an average rate of from 3 to 15 feet a day. The terminal face is half a mile wide, breaking into huge cliffs of solid ice. On either side the steep lower slopes are flowering rata trees, Alpine broom, tree ferns and other growths. We see the mountains and then the road crosses Callery Gorge and the Tatare River and we are in Waiho Gorge, South Westland. Native birds are numerous and one notes wood-pigeons, mocking-birds and tuis which approach quite close. If one revels in ice sports and hikes and other than those the Franz Joseph affords, a drive of 17 miles more brings one to the picturesque hostel at Weheka for Fox Glacier. This is said to be not so roughened as the Franz Glacier to explore.

The fine hotel at Waiho is owned and run by the delightful Graham family, whose sons are among the safest and most experienced guides of the region. The glacier is about a 3-mile walk away from the place, said to be "easy."

Tho extremely cold in the large bedrooms, with lovely furniture and glorious views not to be outdone anywhere, a compensation awaits the "tenderfoot" in luxurious beds and silken eiderdown comforters, regular "cream puffs" of softness and warmth and the ubiquitous hot water bottle at night, as well as the early morning cup of scalding tea.

Of course, all public rooms are marvels of comfort and warmth and good fellowship. The lovely little chapel (St. James Anglican Church) was one of the chief attractions for this visitor. Here the reredos is a three part plate glass window looking towards the glacier, and mountains, a glorious sight in clear weather and we were fortunate to have long and satisfying visits. The dedication plate reads:

To the Glory of God
This foundation stone was laid by the
Rt. Hon. Baron Bledisloe, etc.
Gov. Gen. of New Zealand
3-2-31

Did your coffee have an "Off" taste this morning?

THEN you will get a double thrill out of your first taste of Caswell's National Crest Coffee! You will enjoy each sip, sparkling with aroma, sunny with flavor! A telephone call right now will start the Caswell Coffee Man on his way to your home!

Then...look for a taste-thrill beyond your fondest hopes! Look for a superb blend of coffee in the exact grind for your coffee-maker... brought freshly roasted to your home! You'll relish every sip of Caswell's National Crest Coffee... yet it costs but slightly more.

Caswell's NATIONAL CREST Coffee

SAN FRANCISCO:
Call SUtter 6654
642 Harrison St.

OAKLAND:
Call HIgate 1017
1150 Twenty-Eighth Street

Geo. W. Caswell Co.

One cannot leave South Island without a word or two about beautiful Christchurch on the East Coast.

The fine city of Christchurch is beautifully situated on the "Avon"; settled by Englishmen, of course. The lovely little river winds thru the city and has been charmingly parked and acts also as a bird and duck sanctuary. Colleges and schools abound and all have substantial and old-world looking buildings, many in park-like settings. Fine homes and bungalows, lovely gardens and a general air of prosperity, and in fact a wealthy place, is the impression given. The Bishop's house in fine grounds is a show establishment and we saw many groups of students, nattily attired, strolling about near their campus grounds. Its port is Lyttleton; and between Christchurch a line of boats makes the run to Wellington overnight.

In North Island are many wonderful sights also. But we can only take time to mention a few of the more celebrated. North from Wellington, the road, climbing gradually to the summit of Paekakariki Hill, opened a magnificent panorama of the coast line and the mountains of South Island in the distance. The road was by the Tasman Sea, glittering in the sun, then inland thru thriving townships and fine country, along the Ruahine Ranges, past many well-tilled farms and large stock runs. Hastings and Napier were the "end of the trail." The fine Marine Drive of the latter is quite celebrated and the Pacific was a thing of beauty, reminding us of the California Coast. After an object lesson in geology and land formation, due to the earthquake not long since, when the contours of the country were much changed, we left for Wairaki and its thermal wonders. The Geyser House Hotel is the only hostel and a pleasant memory is the lovely flowering peach seen thru the glass door into the luxuriant garden which was at the end of our corridor.

The route to this wonderland lay over mountainous country. A run across foothills gave way to a long ascent to the Titiakura Saddle, which could be seen a long way off across country, as the road circled again and again to approach it. Marvelous panoramas of hills and valleys came into vision. Then there was a long descent, followed by a long climb over Turangakumu, 2800 feet up—the highest point along the route. Again a descent to Tarawera and then the long run across the Kaingaroa Plains, where the road was a white ribbon, stretching miles ahead, seemingly almost in the very middle of the whole expanse of vision, and finally lost along the line of the horizon. Wild horses abound on these

BELL-BROOK

SOLD BY INDEPENDENT STORES

Fresh PASTRY Cream

Grand

WITH STRAWBERRIES

Bell-Brook's rich, thick cream makes strawberries a dish to make your mouth water. And in strawberry shortcake it simply "takes the cake"! Plan to use lots of it this spring and summer. Remember, it makes ALL desserts temptingly tasty.

SOLD ONLY AT INDEPENDENT STORES

BELL-BROOK

Eighth & Howard — UNderhill 4242

"THERE CAN BE NO BETTER"

AMAZINGLY MILD

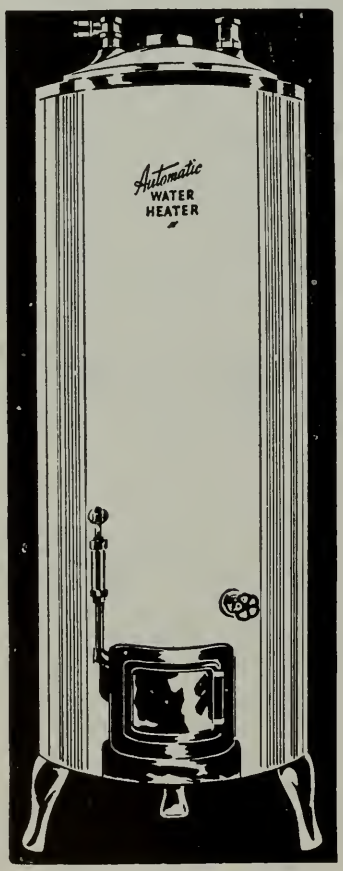
- NEW
- BETTER
- SMARTER

Try Them Yourself
CALL For
PHILIP MORRIS

NOW
20 for 15c

STOP Striking Matches!

Use a Modern Automatic Gas Water Heater



HOT WATER ON TAP AT ALL HOURS

See your Dealer or

P·G·and E·

PACIFIC GAS *and* ELECTRIC COMPANY

Owned · Operated · Managed by Californians

GOLDEN GATE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

WCC-6-1937

plains and we saw one band of about twenty (20) and a man mounted on a tamed and lovely specimen — a piebald, to be sure, but of great bodily beauty and fire. This man catches these roving steeds for sale and lives alone in an isolated hut under the far-away bluffs. At last, lovely and unusual, Lake Taupo, the largest lake of all—hot in "spots" and steaming along the shore. They tell the story of 37 intakes and only one outlet. The steaming one-half mile is called Waipahihi or Dribbling Water. We skirt the lake for a distance and across its "sparkling waters" is a glorious view of three famous mountains—Tongariro, Ruapehu, and Ngauruhoe, the active volcano of New Zealand. The Waikato River is crossed (the source of the lake). En route, one sees the beautiful Hauka Falls, which cascade 35 feet into a "seething Cauldron" below. Lake Taupo is twenty-three square miles in extent and 534 feet deep. At last the picturesque hotel at journey's end comes into view, beautifully situated on the banks of the Waikato. Its geyser valley has nature in all its glory and weirdness — geysers that still play at stated intervals (notably the Prince of Wales, Champagne Cauldron, Paddle Wheel and Great Wairepei). This is really a narrow and deep valley — a steep gorge. There are scores of fumeroles and the steam is ever rising with sulphur smells galore. The greatest sight of all is one you have at night — Karapiti Blow Hole, in Maori "The Great Force!" The opening is 19 inches across and the throat is built-up hard deposit, like concrete. The pressure is 180 pounds to the square inch and dry steam is emitted with a constant roar, which is heard at a great distance —an unearthly experience, as one drives out to the confines of the territory, owned and controlled by the Maoris. Leaving the machines, one passes the gate and is conducted by the guide with the aid of flashlights, across a rickety bridge to a sheltered position at one side of the thundering column of steam. The temperature is between 350 and 400 degrees Fahrenheit. The first white man to see this marvel of nature was a missionary, 95 years ago, tho the Maoris claim to have known of its existence and continuous play for 300 years. A very great spectacle is made by igniting packing, soaked in gasoline and this is then thrown into the steam which rises 80 feet or more into the sky, and a series of pyrotechnic displays succeed. A five-gallon tin is then also thrown into the column and its is immediately ejected like a bomb and to a great distance.

Of course, every one goes to Rotoria to see the famous "Whaka" and its model village as well as the town, baths, and thermal wonders, with all the many sights of the surrounding territory. These have been many times described and the Maoris with their dances, costumes and carvings are well known from pictures and descriptions.

In reaching this "show place" we again rode over plains, barren and typical of thermal regions. An afforstation scheme carried out here; and one sees forests of pines, Norwegian larch (also Japanese) and other trees, giving great beauty to an otherwise waste stretch of country. Rainbow Mt. at last, with its varied colors, made an excellent landmark—in Maori, Maunga Kaparamea, Mt. of Colored Earths. "Whaka," as it is called, is a short distance from the town proper of Rotorna, situated on the beautiful lake of the same name and buses run every 15 minutes, the ride out the wide avenue takes only a few moments.

There are many lakes in the vicinity and one excursion is to the lovely Six Lakes. En route is passed one of the most uncanny of the thermal regions, called Tikitere, where many fumeroles, geysers and mud pools give thrills not soon to be forgotten. Then there are the magic Blue and Green Lakes and Tarawera with its marvels of the Waimangu disaster of 1886, when the devastating eruption and earthquake destroyed the Pink and White terraces of Lake Rotomahana.

Wonderful and exciting as is the neighborhood of Rotorna, we pass on to see at least the Waitomo Caves. The road climbs over the Mamaku Hills and on thru beautiful Mamaku bush. Then open farming country. Often this part of the way is very foggy and rainy and we were glad to skirt a heavy fall and storm at our left and turn inland, on thru Putaruru in Maori, "Owl's Nest" and Arapuni, where is the largest hydro-electric power scheme in New Zealand. Leaving the great power project we saw masses of Corsican white heather and what is called the "Cabbage Tree" here, a swamp plant or tree, but in Arizona and New Mexico, a desert palm.

Of Waitomos' many caves three are open to the public — Aranui and Ruakuri, and the greatest and most unique of all, the Glow Worm Grotto. This is

FREE

The Electracide

your home and garden of pesky insects. Electracide lures them, then destroys them on its electrified grids—easily placed out of reach of children and pets—plugs in any household light socket. Write for complete information.

ROBERTS COMPANY
Burlingame California

Table Linen, Napkins, Glass and Dish Towels furnished to Cafes, Hotels and Clubs

Coats and Gowns furnished for all classes of professional services

GALLAND
MERCANTILE
LAUNDRY COMPANY

Eighth and Folsom Streets
SAN FRANCISCO
Telephone MArket 0868

Radios.... Electricians

The Sign of Service
BYINGTON
ELECTRIC CO.

1809 FILLMORE STREET
Phone WAlnut 6000 San Francisco

Electrical Wiring, Fixtures and Repairs

Service from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M.

PILLOW RENOVATING

A third of your life is spent on a pillow. Let us renovate them regularly to keep them clean, soft, fluffy and STERILIZED. Remodeling, recovering, also—moderate prices.

J. A. & M. H. CALDWELL'S
SUPERIOR
BLANKET AND CURTAIN CLEANING WORKS
HEmlock 1337-8-9 160 Fourteenth St.

visited at night. A walk of beauty, along well-kept paths of the garden, led to the entrance. We were provided with heavy shoes for there is considerable slippery mud and water to be negotiated. Coats and burdens are left at the entrance (the air of the cave is warm and heavy) and one proceeds thru various chambers and sees the "usual" fancied representations — a bottomless pit, "cameos" in the rocks, "cathedral room," hollow pillars of translucent stone, organ pipes, and an Aladdin's cave in grotto form on a higher level and with brown and white effects. Then the platform of the underground river "station" is reached, after a climb down steep and slippery stone steps. A wire-conducted boat takes us along the river. The silence is profound, as all are warned to make no noise and to move with the greatest quietude. Looking aloft, we are awed by a splendid vision — a sky of pale blue stars massed overhead in lovely patterns—the glow worms, our empyrean. These creatures send out long filaments to attract their insect prey; and if disturbed at once put out their lovely lights, hence the absolute silence necessary. Only the lapping of the water is heard. On we go to the underground river's mouth and then back, beneath a star-lit sky of palest blue in the bowels of the earth, amazed at the beauty and breathless with the wonder of it all.

I need not speak of the cities — Auckland, Napier and Hastings, Plymouth and Palmerston, North, all worthy of description, and of lovely Mt. Egmont, the "Fujiyama" of this country. All I can say is "New Zealand is well worth a visit and exploration. Go and see for yourselves this "Brighter Britain of the South."

(Continued from page 12)

there occurs a traffic tie-up, and anyone desiring a post-graduate course in profanity could do no better than be on hand when one of these situations arises. But with all the crowding and the narrow streets and the hundreds of machines, miraculously enough, no one is ever hurt.

It's a man's world down there in the wholesale district. Even the mother cats seem to have a masculine point of view. They never trouble to turn out kittens that are prettily marked. The colors are daubed on any old way, as much to say "Life down here's all business and no nonsensel Leave the fancy frills for the kittens who'll lap the cream that's poured on the berries that are in the boxes packed by the man who owns the ranch back in the hills of Watsonville!"

FUN and FROLIC at CAMP ELLIS FRANKLIN

OUR SECOND SEASON OPENS ON JUNE 19TH

Separate Camps for Boys and for Girls from 7 to 14 years of age.

Camp Ellis Franklin is located three miles beyond APPLEGATE, California, on an attractive estate in the foothills of the Sierra Nevadas, where your child may count on all of the fun and adventure that can be crowded into the long summer vacation days. Swimming — Diving — Life Saving — Fishing — Boating — Hiking — Horseback Riding — Games — Camp Fires — Barbecue Suppers — Birthday Parties — Nature Study — Camp Craft — Hand Crafts — Music — Dramatics.

EXCELLENT FOOD—Fresh Milk, Cream, Butter, Eggs, Fruit and Vegetables in Abundance. Comfortable Beds under the star-lit heavens. Floored Dressing Tents. Hot and Cold Water. Sanitary Plumbing. Wonderful Climate. 2200 Foot Elevation. Enrollment limited to 60 children.

The 1937 Camp Season from June 19th to August 15th, is divided into two 4-week sessions. A camper may enter on June 19th for the entire 8 weeks, or for the first 4-week period; or on July 18th for the second 4-week period.

RATES: For the Full 8 weeks $150.00
For either 4-week Session 85.00

For further information, folders and reservations, address Mr. or Mrs. Charles Robinson, Directors, P.O. Box 186, R.F.D., Colfax, Calif.

Camp Ellis Franklin wishes to thank the Club and its guests for their friendly cooperation during the Advertisers' Show.

A limited number of adult guests can be accommodated in the Main Building during the summer. Rates on request.

MONTEZUMA
MOUNTAIN SCHOOL FOR BOYS
• • "THE SCHOOL BEAUTIFUL" • •

GRAMMAR SCHOOL ◆ HIGH SCHOOL
NON-SECTARIAN ◆ NON-MILITARY

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

SAN FRANCISCO

JULY · 1937

VOLUME XI · NUMBER 6 · PRICE 15 CENTS PER COPY · PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB · 465 POST STREET · SAN FRANCISCO

Women's City Club Calendar
JULY 1937

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. and 2:30 p. m. to 6:30 p. m.
Friday 3 p. m. to 9 p. m. and Saturday 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—From 5:30 p.m. to 6:30 p. m. Tuesday and 5:30 p. m. to 9:00 p. m. Friday
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p. m.

JULY — 1937

15—**Ramble**—Sonoma and Jack London Ranch ..... **Lv. 10:00 a.m. Ret. 5:30 p.m.**

French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding ..... **Mural Room** ..... **12:15 p.m.**

Thursday Evening Program ..... **Auditorium** ..... **8:00 p.m.**

Speaker: Dr. Aurang Shah. Subject: "Afghanistan."

22—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding ..... **Mural Room** ..... **12:15 p.m.**

Thursday Evening Program ..... **Auditorium** ..... **8:00 p.m.**

Exhibition and Description of Dolls of Thirty Countries by
Miss Margaret Davey

29—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding ..... **Mural Room** ..... **12:15 p.m.**

Thursday Evening Program ..... **Auditorium** ..... **8:00 p.m.**

"Flying Around South America in a Pan-American Clipper Ship."
Directed by: Mr. H. Wm. Bernhardt.

AUGUST

4—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding ..... **Mural Room** ..... **12:15 p.m.**

Thursday Evening Program .....

"Musical Travelogue," Mrs. Armine Martin.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XI July, 1937 Number 6

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ RECIPROCAL CARDS—Do not forget to use our Reciprocal Clubs while traveling, and do come in and tell us about them upon your return.

■ GUEST CARDS—Issue guest cards to summer visitors. For the nominal sum of $1.00 a year you are entitled to issue an unlimited number of guest cards.

■ NEW MEMBERS—Suggest a membership in the Women's City Club to that delightful new friend you have made while vacationing this year.

■ Mrs. H. L. Alves, member of the Board of Directors and Chairman of Volunteers, will be interested in contacting any of our members who care to come into the Volunteer Service.

■ CHANGE OF ADDRESS—Please notify the Executive Office of your address for the summer so that you will not miss receiving your Magazine. New fall classes and courses will be announced in the August issue.

■ RAMBLE — Because of many requests we are having another Ramble to the Jack London Ranch in Sonoma County on July 15th. The bus will leave the Clubhouse about 10 a. m. and return at 5 p. m. Luncheon will be served at the ranch and the fee, all inclusive, is to be $3.50.

■ DUES—All members who have not paid their dues for the year 1937-38 are now delinquent, and it will be necessary to be reinstated by special arrangement with the Executive Office. If you are still holding a "yellow" card you are delinquent.

■ AUGUST RAMBLE—Members will be interested to know that a Ramble to delightful Feather River Inn is being planned for the middle part of August. The party will leave San Francisco Friday night, August 20th, via train, and spend Saturday and Sunday at Feather River Inn — leaving there Sunday night by train and arriving in San Francisco Monday morning. The all-inclusive cost will be $35. Please sign up for the Ramble early so that reservations may be made in advance.

■ Gifts of bonds continue to be made. The list of donors will appear in the next issue.

■ FALL CLASSES AND COURSES will be announced in the August Magazine.

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS arranged by Mrs. A. P. Black for the month of July:

July 15—A lecture on "Modern Afghanistan" by Dr. Aurang Shah.

July 22—Exhibition and Description of Dolls of Thirty Countries by Miss Margaret Darvey.

July 29—"Flying Around South America in a Pan-American Clipper Ship." Directed by Mr. H. William Bernhardt.

■ CLASSES, COURSES AND ROUND TABLES TO BE RESUMED IN SEPTEMBER:

Spanish Classes—Round Tables
German Classes—Round Tables
Drama Classes
Young Members' Round Tables
Book Review Luncheons and Dinners
Travel Round Table
Garden Round Table
Current Event Lectures and Round Tables

■ The Wana Derge School of Color and Composition will for the tenth season present a class under the auspices of the Womens' City Club. Seven lessons —$12.00—beginning August 31st. In these seven lessons you may see demonstrated and have individual experience in using the main principles of color, balance, proportion, organization and rhythm in their application to every-day home and business life.

■ MRS. LUCAS HONOR GUEST—Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas, who is leaving for a year's sojourn in Ireland, was honored at a luncheon by the Board of Directors on June 15th. The preceding day, which was also the day of her last lecture in the Clubhouse, a large group of those who have followed Mrs. Lucas' course of lectures also planned a special luncheon—presenting Mrs. Lucas with many lovely gifts.

■ GLOVE-MAKING CLASSES — Will continue throughout the summer months. Classes are held each Tuesday and Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Thursday evening at 7 o'clock, and Friday morning at 9:30 o'clock. Three lessons, $1.50. Material extra.

■ BEAUTY SALON—During the month of July the Beauty Salon offers a 10 per cent reduction on all permanents—Eugene Spiral, Combination Spiral and Croquignole and the all Croquignole.

■ LEAGUE SHOP — Beverage sets and vases of American-made glass in pleasing shapes and interesting colors. Gay luncheon sets for the summer table in plain colors or design.

■ LEAGUE SHOP—Announces its usual "After Inventory Sale," at which time all articles are reduced 25 per cent or more.

■ RESTAURANT DEPARTMENT—Should you want to give an especially nice dinner party, come in and let Mrs. Ashbrook plan one of her delightful menus.

■ CAFETERIA—A new plan is being tried out for Saturday noon service in the Cafeteria. It is practically impossible for any one person to give every Saturday noon, so it is suggested that perhaps many could give one Saturday noon a month. We need five each Saturday. Could you give the first or the second or the third Saturday? We hope to have enough people on call so that if an unexpected call on Saturday morning invites you to a special picnic that day you would call up and ask the Club to put in a substitute. Volunteers please report to Mrs. Rivers' office.

■ LIBRARY—When in quest of a particular book, do you make use of your Library catalog? Remember this, if you have absentmindedly forgotten the author but do know the title of the book you can find it by looking up the title card; if it is the author you remember and the title you've misplaced, look for your author card; if you know neither but are aware of the nature of the material the book contains, find your subject card and all will be well.

■ SWIMMING POOL—Inquire at Swimming Pool Office about special group rates for children's lessons during the summer months. Teach your children to swim before they go on a vacation.

■ GARDEN—Miss Schaeffer, who takes care of our Patio, announces that she has many geranium cuttings. These are procurable from Miss Schaeffer if members will ask for them. Members are asked not to attempt to slip these plants themselves.

THE MIRROR IN THE LIBRARY

Flower Arrangement by Mrs. J. P. Rettenmayer

The President's Message

Fortunate are those whose vocation can be their life work and livelihood—it does happen, but quite as often a true vocation remains undiscovered or from force of circumstances in the background of our lives till later years. ■ The term as accepted has the intriguing quality of belonging to any age and of applying to Arts and Crafts as well as to the more utilitarian things of life. ■ In this respect the National League for Woman's Service in the wide scope of its program has been the means of discovering more often than we may know, the joy of responding to "a calling to" or "fitness for." There is a coincidence in the fact that this Vocational Number also carries an affectionate tribute to one whose association with the Club exemplifies all that a vocation may be to an organization and an example of the personal happiness that comes from the gratification of serving "a cause we all love."

KATHARINE DONOHOE

Bridge Approaches

by June Lucas (Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas)

■ How much we have heard about them these days as we have shared in the completion of the second Great Bridge! For one whose task it has been to try to build some "bridges" in international affairs, this phrase has particular significance. It is easy to find fault with the bridges between countries when at last a structure is built, a treaty, a pact, a trade agreement or what you will, but to solve the problem of approaches or of entrances and exits upon which the lasting efficiency of the structure depends is most difficult. It was a wise philosopher who said that "Heaven is a Temper, not a Place," and to create that Temper we must never lose hope because as a brilliant Englishwoman said "Hopefulness is a Duty, not a mere temperament."

In the field of international affairs the duty of hopefulness rests upon the consciences of all who would help build bridges of sympathy and understanding between Nations. Such a duty means some very practical attitudes. It is a sick world and there is nothing to be gained by Pollyannish remarks that ignore the real symptoms, but neither is it helpful to walk around making remarks which lower the temperature of the patient! Internationally it is a duty to be hopeful and to base the hope upon the best in human nature, human aspirations and human achievements. Many of us base our attitudes upon the worst. "Men have always fought and always will fight"—"You cannot change human nature"—and all the rest of the depressing, repressing philosophy known as "realistic."

The Western World is becoming increasingly interested in the attitudes and spirit shown by the peoples of the Scandinavian Countries, because of the achievements in matters pertaining to their national well-being. For a long time we regarded them as small countries outside the economic currents of Europe, indulging in a policy of isolated idealism in such matters as peace and disarmament. More and more, students of political science credit Sweden, Norway and Denmark with a very shrewd and practical perception of the forces that produce peace and prosperity in their countries. Fascism and Communism do not threaten them because the forces that produce either of these shifting, ever-changing types of political structure, have never gained a foothold in their national soil. The Scandinavian Countries have learned by careful experimentation that social and economic justice for their peoples is the only cure for "diseases" that spring from social and economic discontent. It is well for us to remember that Sweden, Norway and Denmark have reached these levels of national well-being under the leadership in recent years of socialists and liberals who have possessed a genuine pacifism and who have hated any exaggerated political or economic Nationalism. There is nothing sentimental about their belief in their own tradition of neutrality and collectivity. These countries have been among the strongest supporters of the League of Nations and have not used their pacifism as a smoke screen for their own national interests but that the collective security of all could be advanced. A great many people feel that they wish the world to march on in a certain general direction and they proclaim their belief that human rights are more important than property rights. The Scandinavian peoples have done little proclaiming—human rights, property rights both difficult to define because the concepts of both are ever changing—but human welfare could be made the cornerstone of the new political structure.

History, that scientific recording of human behavior throughout the ages, surely demonstrates to each generation the invigorating fact that "all things are being made new." Youth today feels as the youth of yesterday felt that they cannot be content with the mere upholding of traditions, however constructive, but that they must make the new Traditions of tomorrow, and history proves them right. It was our own Emerson who said that "The years teach much that the days never knew." This should comfort the timid ones who are alarmed when old Sign Posts are pulled down forgetting that their accustomed paths were blazing new trails of yesterday. All these old old "bridge approaches" are eternally necessary for the very safety of the bridges. There is undeserved wrong and almost mad injustice in our world today. Men, women and children again dying horribly for a faith in a social order that seems doomed to fail them at the moment, and yet if history says anything to us, it certainly records that "the broken spirits of the world are its torches" lighting the way to tomorrow and in spite of what appears today as "unendurable and gainless agonies," the years will show the enduring achievements, not in final forms of government,—there are no final forms—but in the attitudes of the spirit, in the intellectual approaches to human problems.

Editorial

■ The sport of reaching out into a membership and saying "We want a story on this or that," knowing that an expert will be immediately available, makes the life of an Editor a thrilling experience. Be it garden, travel, sport, bridge, Exposition—anything at all, there it is for the Women's City Club Magazine. This month the President suggested a Number along vocational lines. The Editor's head fairly swam! Where to stop? Not where to begin, mind you, but where to stop. There are so many vocations, and having had a Vocational Bureau all these years, we are so well aware of them all. One could not play favorites. Finally the problem was solved by choosing those who haven't had their say very lately in our Magazine. The July issue presents stories along vocational lines, all by members, and all expert. You'll enjoy this Number, we know.

What would you like the next Number to be?

HAVE YOU A FRIEND?

■ Who thinks she may join the Club sometime? Persuade her that there is no better time than now, before the Exposition rush closes the membership list.

Who now finds herself crossing the East Bay Bridge and the Golden Gate Bridge in a few minutes and in town much more often than when she had to "catch a boat?" Tell her of the conveniences of our Clubhouse for out-of-town membership.

Who has been coming once a year to San Francisco and as a guest using and enjoying the Women's City Club? Remind her of the Magazine which is her's each month if she becomes a member, and also how she can send other friends from her home to us as guests when they in turn visit California.

Who once belonged but dropped out and is now sorry? Inform her that payment of back dues will remedy this fault.

Who thinks she has to be invited by a committee in order to be initiated, as is the case with exclusive clubs? Correct this impression by asking her right now, yourself.

Who never heard of the Club and its purposes until she heard you tell of it this summer as you vacationed together. Ask her to join now.

Your friend, plus my friend, will make the thousand more members we need so that our count will be what it was when we moved into our beautiful building on Post Street. It was built for six thousand and we became that number. Let us make it that number again and let us do it immedately at the beginning of a new fiscal year, so that a new member can have a full year's enjoyment of her dues.

■ The time for payment of dues has expired, and members who have not paid for 1937-1938 we must reluctantly drop. We hope they will soon ask for re-instatement. This brings to mind a rule, which has often been explained in these columns—a rule made, not just to make it disagreeable for our members, or inconvenient for those who have a new bag with every new costume. Have you guessed what it is?

HOUSE RULES

"Membership Cards and Passes:

(1) Membership cards must be shown upon leaving elevators at third and fourth floors and at other times upon request. If a membership card is lost, a new one may be secured at the Information Desk on the fourth floor upon the payment of fifty cents.

(2) Passes may be obtained at the Room Secretary's Desk and must be surrendered to the operator upon leaving the elevator.

(3) All visitors to bedroom floors (be they members or guests) must obtain each time a special pass from the Room Secretary."

We were 6,300 last year. It is impossible to believe the elevator operators knew each one of us, but they certainly knew those of us who came often to the Clubhouse, but now they do not know if we are one of the 5,000 who this year are paying nine dollars, nor does the other person in the elevator know this. And so we must abide by the house rules which save our Club rooms for the membership against those who would abuse a privilege. Our friends come to us with guest cards and no one really having a right to enter is denied. Passes are provided for such.

Please show your card without being asked to do so.

Librarianship As a Profession

by Helen Dunne

■ The old-time conception of a librarian as a person who guarded books has long been superseded by the conception that his principal business is to get them used. The motto of the American Library Association is: The best reading, for the largest number, at the least cost.

Libraries may be divided roughly into three main groups: public, educational and special libraries, each of which has a wide, and to a certain extent overlapping, field of activity. Then there are three main departments of work: those which deal with the books themselves, their acquisition and preparation for use: those which are concerned with the circulation of books for home use, and finally those departments which help inquirers who come to the library for information and research.

Then there are various non-technical positions in connection with these departments. It is with the public libraries that I am chiefly concerned in this discussion.

Today the public library is recognized as a vastly significant part of the social fabric of American life. It is an indispensable adjunct to our educational system. It is perhaps the greatest agency for adult education existing in the country today. Next to the public school, it is the greatest step in the evolution of our democracy.

Stand by the door of any of our large public libraries and you will be impressed with the different types of persons who come in and out of its doors. There is hardly an occupational activity which the public library does not serve. Study and reading are carried on voluntarily and whether for pleasure or profit, the motive emanates from the individual. It is apparent that such study and reading have definite influence on character and ideals.

Men and women everywhere because of the changing world conditions are interested as never before in world policies, in history, government, politics and sociology. Then, too, the foreign-born population is now being stimulated by the Americanization movement in all its phases; to learn not only the English language, but something of American politics, social and cultural ideals, history and traditions. There is a positive hunger for books. The public library is, indeed, the people's university.

From the growing realization of the value of the libraries, not only are public libraries growing and expanding rapidly, but independent special libraries of many kinds are being created or expanded. In the light of the growing responsibilities of the libraries, it augurs well that the Bureau of Public Personal Administration reports after the application of Army Alpha tests to large numbers of library workers that "the abstract intelligence of library workers is absolutely and relatively high even among those doing sub-professional work, and that those librarians engaged in strictly professional work are equalled and excelled in this respect only by engineers and architects."

There is a large and necessary need for many workers in the wide and increasing field of library work. Its developments are so many-sided that it permits a wide range of specialization. It offers opportunity for women of widely different aptitudes and equipments. It is a profession into which women are welcomed, and in which they constitute a large majority of workers. There is as yet little discrimination in favor of men.

Because I am an enthusiast about my profession I have perhaps emphasized its advantages. There are disadvantages, the chief of which are the irregularity of the hours and frequent night work in some departments. Then there is very often Sunday work and no long weekends.

I cannot recommend the profession as a means of simply making money. The limits of pay and position are narrow, but with the increased demand and a growing appreciation of the value of the work, salaries will be raised; they will undoubtedly approximate the standards of the teaching profession.

I have pointed out that the public library will always attract those whose interests are sociological, who see in the library an instrument of social welfare. There are, of course, other requirements.

Many fine librarians have developed through experience alone, but more and more librarianship is demanding a college edu- (Continued on page 29

Occupational Therapy

by Mildred Holden

■ From splices and half hitches to French knots; from marline spikes to tapestry needles, and from tarred rope to delicate yarns, may seem a far cry, but the scene shifts from the deck of a ship to the ward of a hospital—the Marine Hospital in San Francisco, a magnificent building overlooking the Golden Gate. And the actors in this scene are seamen from our merchant ships, temporarily or permanently disabled by accident or illness.

Under me, as head occupational therapist, a work is being carried on here which is unique in hospital annals.

I had the idea that when a sailor was not scrubbing the deck or pulling ropes, he was whittling, so we started by making toys and sailboats, at which we were very successful (wood carving being my best craft), but we soon found the bed patients needed to work more than those that could walk about, so then we started making these coarse tapestry purses and bags that I have here to show you. After the design is drawn on the canvas, it is tacked to a frame and the needle we use has a dull point, so it is a bit more masculine than just sewing or embroidering, and the bright colors we use make the work rather fascinating. In fact, to see anything in front of you growing is lots of fun. We are told over and over again by our patients to wake up in the morning and know there is something one has to do is such a blessing, rather than nothing to look forward to all day.

Up and down the wards we see men working with eager interest making bags — work bags, knitting bags, handbags and purses, with interesting tapestry stitches enriched by myriads of French knots. The canvas is stretched on wooden frames, so light that they are not tiring to weakened hands, and the work is done with soft yarns.

The clever designs and the lovely color combinations so carefully selected by us have produced bags much in demand by smart women in San Francisco and elsewhere. They are sold at very reasonable prices, and the men themselves receive all except the actual wholesale cost of materials. This has all been carefully thought out and is planned for greater volume in order to keep many men occupied. By means of a "revolving fund" each man is paid at his bedside as soon as his part of the work is done. The task of sewing on zipper fasteners, putting in linings and adding the distinctive "sailor-made" labels is done by Miss Holden and a corps of devoted and enthusiastic volunteer workers. The interest in these bags is widespread and is growing enormously. Orders come from far and near. Friends in Boston and friends in Hawaii refer to the "Marine Bags" when sending their orders. It is interesting to know that in the few years since this work started the receipts have exceeded $21,000.00, which has been earned by hundreds and hundreds of men. But the value of this work cannot be measured in dollars and cents. To the individual man it has been a great boon.

Early in this experience we (Continued on page 21

Women in Advertising

by Alice Finch

■ For the woman who has a sense of the dramatic and a desire to write, coupled with ambition, enthusiasm, patience and vitality, advertising offers immeasurable rewards. From her first timid efforts to the time when the accolade of success has touched her shoulder repeatedly, it satisfies the creative urge; it arouses the best competitive spirit; it offers concrete evidences of achievement and it assures above the average earnings.

Every year about this time, girls just out of college begin coming into my office to ask me how to go about getting an advertising job. Usually they have majored in English or at least have taken a course in journalism or perhaps a course in copywriting. Often their curriculum has been much less specific for the work they have in mind. But believing they have a certain facility for using words, they think of advertising as a quick bread-and-butter road to seeing themselves in print. Their premise is entirely reasonable but they overlook some of the more prosaic subjects which would make them of value to an employer.

When a girl seems too flighty in her imagination of herself as a full-fledged advertising woman, I sometimes hard-heartedly suggest that she first learn something about merchandising; that a job behind a counter would be time well spent if she only held it six months. I encourage her to take University Extension work in advertising at the same time, and to study the advertising columns and pages of newspapers and magazines. Or I suggest that she get a job as a proof-and-cut girl in the advertising department of a retail store where she can watch the workings of a busy copy department and get a slant on merchandising too.

Very often this cold advice is enough to cool her enthusiasm for "the advertising game" and I next hear of her as a contented secretary in a broker's office. But from the girl who is willing to begin most humbly, all but hiding her ambitions, I sometimes soon hear that she is holding a copy job in a small town agency or as the newest copy cub in a retail store. And from then on there is nothing to stop her but her own limitations of personality and creative ability.

Here on the Coast there are not many women in advertising agencies either as executives or copywriters. Perhaps it is because there are fewer manufacturers—with the exception of food manufacturers—making products with a strictly feminine appeal. Whatever the root of the prejudice against women, it is weakening and it is to be hoped that soon less distinction will be made between advertising work of which men and women are thought to be capable. One has only to be told that the copy for one of the higher-priced automobiles has been written for years, with outstanding success, by a woman to believe the hope is well founded.

Perhaps the natural field for a woman in advertising is the retail store. There her instinct for fashion and her flair for voguish patter will have quick recognition, if she has a glimmering of either. And there is no reason why she should not go on to the executive end if she has vision and merchandising sense too. To be the advertising manager of a large store is one of the best executive positions a woman can hold. Two of San Francisco's most brilliant women in business have won national recognition in this field And the salaries are exceedingly attractive!

Genevieve Callahan, associate editor of Sunset Magazine, wrote not long ago of advertising copy as work for women that "it demands a peculiar feeling for what will appeal to people, and a willingness—nay, an eagerness—to keep learning and to keep abreast of all shifts of thought and habit. . . . It demands, too, a feeling for the dramatic, for poetry, for practicality—in short, a feeling for people. And, it should be added, it requires an immense capacity for work."

To that let me add that once an advertising woman always an advertising woman. Advertising is work that takes hold of all your thought and energy with a grip that makes it a real vocation. Still a young business, it changes so rapidly that unceasing enterprise is required to keep up with it.

I have not spoken of radio and its relation to advertising, or of art and its extraordinary satisfactions in the commercial field, but they, too, offer success to women in advertising.

Presently we shall have television, and there is no predicting how far that new venture may enlarge feminine opportunity in the business of telling the public what it wants to eat, to drink, to wear, to live with and to luxuriate in!

News Reporting—a Profession

by Zilfa Estcourt

■ How many people do you suppose, as they glance at their paper across the morning coffee, give a thought to the thousands of men and women whose joint efforts have made that paper possible?

The latest news from the war in Spain, the moment's gossip on the honeymooning Windsors, the inside reports on political Washington, the smart sketches of the newest New York modes—all these are the work of armies of journalists who comprise the personnel of world-wide news services. And the gleanings from the best they have gathered are laid before you every twenty-four hours.

But even more interesting to the average reader is the close-up of the day's events in his home city—latest developments in the police graft investigation, death of a public official, marriage of a pretty society girl, report on the progress of the exposition fund—all gathered at considerable effort, written, edited, illustrated, printed and laid at your door in the course of a few hours.

To most people the making of a newspaper is a fascinating mystery. But to those whose task it is to produce this miracle of speed and efficiency, it is an exacting and complicated business in which the efforts of hundreds of workers are coordinated and joined.

The commercial side—advertising—must have its place, for the cost of getting out a metropolitan daily runs into millions in the course of a year, and the subscription price scarcely pays for the paper it is printed upon.

In ordinary parlance the word journalism connotes only the profession of newsgathering, news writing and editing, and journalists (we prefer to call ourselves newspaper workers) are that combination of queer birds and glamorous personalities who live a life of thrills "meeting so many interesting people" and hectically pursuing the elusive "scoop."

How contrary to this bit of mass imagination is the sober reality. It is true there are scoops and thrills and people to meet, some interesting and many uninteresting. But in the main the work of all editorial employees falls into meticulously drawn lines of routine. There are courts and police stations, city government departments, military and naval headquarters, clubs and civic institutions to be "covered" daily by regularly assigned reporters. And it is out of these spots that spring the occasional banner-line stories that give zest to the news-hawk's work.

Added to these there are, of course, the occasional tremendous stories based on disasters, crime or a throne-shaking romance. But often the spaces between the big stories are long ones, and while reporters yawn and sigh for a "good murder," the regular routine of news coverage goes steadily on while front pages are headlined with politics and strikes and the more dramatic happenings of other lands.

To those of us who spend the best part of our lives in the newspaper game, it is never without interest. When among ourselves we "talk shop" constantly. We compare notes on the idiosyncrasies of the great and the near great of our acquaintance, and match amusing incidents in the day's happenings. Nothing is sacred from the sharp tongues and nimble wits of the cynics. But this is only among ourselves.

As a profession, journalism makes heavy demands upon energy, ability, resourcefulness and imagination. It requires as a foundation a wide range of information. Without a moment to prepare, reporters are sent to interview visiting notables. They may be philosophers, scientists, explorers, musicians, painters, educators—the Einsteins, the Millikans, the Adlers, the Walpoles, the Priestlys, the Tibbets. Unless he has a smattering of information on nearly every subject of current interest, the reporter may find himself floundering when he attempts to ask an intelligent question of the great one and so start him off on a line of comment that will make interesting or entertaining reading.

In exchange for what the newspaper man or woman brings to the profession what does he or she get?

The answer is long and often irregular hours of work; the protracted effort that burns out brilliance before its time; comparatively small financial return; and a love for the work that (Continued on page 30

The Architect's Work

by Geraldine Colby Frickie

■ Architecture! To nearly all of us the word is a symbol of interesting works and thrilling achievements down through time. It is the story of man's growth writ in mud and timber and stone and steel, much of it left from bygone eras to speak in universal language to the world of the slow but certain progress from cold and darkness to warmth and light in living.

In essence it is still man's need for shelter that causes him to build, but what a far cry from the crude caves of prehistoric man to our modern homes, from a bonfire with an open hole in the roof to the central-heated and air-conditioned and multi-windowed home of today.

Through all the stages of architectural history the work of building has been entrusted to craftsmen and artists whose special function was the assembling of materials and labor and whose knowledge was the sum of all building experience. In ancient times the architect was often one of the master craftsmen who performed the functioins of designer and supervisor in addition to his hand labor. As invention and progress enlarged the importance of various units of the work the architect assumed his present status, which is defined by law in much the same manner as a doctor's. In order to meet the exacting requirements of his license he must be trained in not only architectural design but in engineering and law. In preparation for his profession he studies and works with the plastic materials of sculpture and ornament; he is trained to express himself on paper through varied courses in drawing and painting; he is an advanced mathematician and must qualify as an engineer; he must know and use constantly the laws regulating building practice; and must learn to act as his client's legal representative, authorized by the state to prepare and execute all documents, papers and drawings relative to the work.

When an architect is commissioned to handle a building, the first consideration is the client's needs and special requirements. Exhaustive study and research is given to each phase of the problem. This study is a large part of the work on even the smallest residence and is extensive on such a building as a factory. Contrary to popular belief there is very little in any building that is standard or routine. The more completely each detail is studied the more satisfactory will be the functioning of the finished work. Final drawings and comprehensive specifications covering every item of construction and careful supervision as the work advances are the clients' safeguards against shoddy materials and careless workmanship. These drawings and specifications are made a part of the owner's contract with the builder and the architect is empowered by law as the owner's representative to see that they are properly carried out.

It is, of course, the most interesting part of the work to design. At this stage in the work the various suitable materials are considered and in modern design the material used affects the design possibly more than in any other area. The manufacture of all materials and appliances has so broadened in recent years that substances that were formerly limited in their use are now practical for other purposes. Glass is probably one of the most dramatic examples. Once used exclusively for window panes it is now available in structural bricks, flooring slabs, surface finish, etc. This one material alone has played a large part in the development of modern design and will doubtless expand its adaptability still further. Steel has given the architect opportunity to design with great freedom and has completely supplanted masonry as a structural element. We are not limited today by the limits of our materials and the result has been to produce a new design and a new mode of thought that is free of traditional rules and taboos.

As an instance let us cite the homes of our grandmothers. Heavy cast iron coal stoves, inefficient plumbing, cumbersome woodwork at doors and windows, oil lighting, no heat, damp cellars, etc. Compare every detail of those homes with our modern homes with light, warm rooms, and slick, clean surfaces. Insulation, fireproofing, dampproofing, acoustics, scientific lighting, easily controlled heat and air-conditioning all are familiar today and in putting them into our service the architect has developed his modern design and given us homes and offices that contribute to our comfort and enrich our lives.

South Gallery, San Francisco Museum of Art

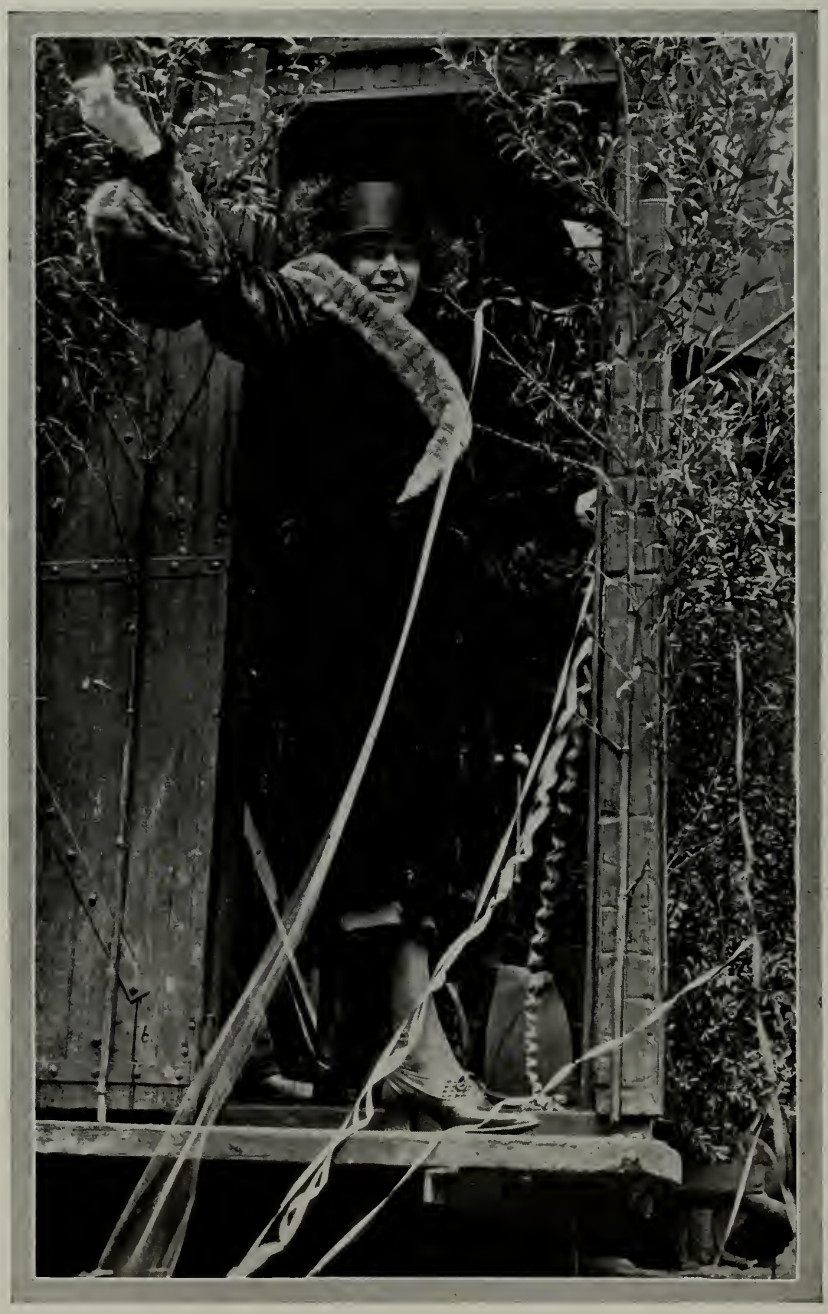
Painters and Sculptors as Illustrators

■ Painters and Sculptors as Illustrators, at the San Francisco Museum of Art, June 21 to July 12, shows the masters of modern art adapting their skill perfectly to the finest literature of the past and present. The exhibition was assembled for the Museum of Modern Art in New York by Monroe Wheeler, an authority on modern de luxe editions.

Says Mr. Wheeler: "This exhibition may be studied as a miniature survey of modern art in general. Many people still believe that modern art is or should be non-literary; that the best modern painters feel not mere timidity but repugnance in regard to the pictorial treatment of dramatic or poetical subjects. In this exhibition we have evidence that the great men of modernism themselves, even cubists, have not consistently held this opinion, nor felt any real repugnance to the forbidden themes. On the contrary, with obvious enjoyment, they have welcomed opportunities to try their skill at legend and symbol and sentiment, adapting their style to new uses, if necessary, and accepting whatever restrictions complex subject-matter may impose."

The exhibition contains original drawings, proofs for illustrations and pages from rare books—a delight for the bibliophile as well as for the art connoisseur. The material is installed in unusual fashion: instead of showing books opened so that only two pages may be seen, the pages have been removed and placed on the walls so that an adequate idea of the entire book may be obtained.

Art enthusiasts will be surprised to discover here in the role of illustrators artists who are known almost exclusively as painters and sculptors. And the enrichment which these great artists have brought to literature greatly adds to their stature. A few examples are: Picasso's etchings for Ovid's "Metamorphoses" and his etchings and wood engravings for Balzac's "The Unknown Masterpiece"; Maillol's lithographs and woodcuts for Ovid's "The Art of Love," his woodcuts for Virgil's "Eclogues," and his etchings for Ronsard's Poems; Rouault's magnificent color etchings for his own book, "The Circus of the Flying Star," and his copper engravings for his books "Miserere" and "War"; Matisse's etchings and drawings for James Joyce's "Ulysses" and Mallarme's poems; Segenzac's etchings (Continued on page 31



Mrs. S. G. Chapman, at the Ground Breaking of the Women's City Club of San Francisco.

THE CORNERSTONE

"You have heard of the National League for Woman's Service—the past and the present—of the service which has made it all possible—service of many, not of a few.

"You have heard how this great building was financed in six weeks' time, how it rises with every modern equipment to care for our physical needs.

"I see us now a great army of women—6,000 strong—moving forward into the future with resolute spirit, with service in our hearts, high ideals in our souls, volunteers in a community which needs our help. Such an army should be housed in a dignified manner, for are we not to entertain women of other nations who have these same ideals; are we not to meet women of our own land, east and west, and bid them welcome; and must we not gather together to talk over our local problems and learn of and from each other?

"The future then holds many promises. In reverence we lay the cornerstone of the Women's City Club of San Franciscol Conceived in idealism, moulded in service, cemented in friendship!"

(MRS. S. G.) MAY EUGENIA CHAPMAN.

Prophetic Words from Mrs. Chapman's Address at the Laying of the Cornerstone.

BIOGRAPHY

One cannot disassociate finance from the name of Mrs. Chapman. A trained business woman, she gave the last wenty years of her life to a Volunteer Service which few vomen would have been equipped to give.

When the war brought poignant responsibility, Mrs. Chapman was one of the leaders who mobilized the Business Women's War Service which did outstanding work with the Liberty Loan Drives in their solicitation for funds and with he American Red Cross. In the Red Cross she further became ne of the directing heads who tirelessly coordinated the arious activities of that far-reaching emergency organization n San Francisco. In conferences which later ensued, Mrs. Chapman was introduced to the National League for Woman's Service of California.

With the sudden death of a devoted husband in 1919, she urned to service for salvation, and now a member of the Board of Directors, accepted the Presidency of the League. During this Presidency, the daring idea of permanently housng this organization was presented by Mrs. McDuffie. The urvey of possibilities passed before Mrs. Chapman's stern blue pencil, and when the present site for a clubhouse was nally voted, it was her surety that the proposed figures were ound (her figures) that gave the members of the National eague for Woman's Service the stamina and the courage to et forth on a project which then staggered the imagination f women.

Under Mrs. Moore's Presidency, Mrs. Chapman became Chairman of Finance for the Building Project and worked ssiduously to keep the spending within bounds. By the ime ground was broken, she was again President and when he turned the lever which started the steam shovel, the noney was available for the million-dollar project, thanks to ier ability in selling the investment as safe. She continued n office for three years and in turn accepted the Treasureship nd the Chairmanship of Finance, which kept her at the conrols while the initial operating figures were set up.

Her financial plan as scheduled worked successfully for he first five years, but when, together with all other organiations, the Club faced the depression era, she it was who levised ways and means which made possible the coninuance of interest payments on the loans one year longer han any other real estate loan of like magnitude in the state f California.

Fifteen years, 1919-1934, she had given her major service o the community through the National League for Woman's Service, a non-political organization. Her interest then turned to media through which women could gain information on important contemporary problems of government and learn the technique of political participation. Early in 1932 she organized a round-table discussion group, which held its first meeting at her home. The program for the series of meetings embraced a discussion, under the guidance of a qualified leader, of the major economic and political questions confronting the country. The first meeting was so successful that the attendance at successive meetings increased to the point where it was advisable to create an organization through which participation could be extended to a larger group of women. The lectures and round table discussion groups which Mrs. Chapman sponsored had been carried on informally under the title of Democratic Women's Committee on Education, but when it was decided to create an organization, it emerged from the discussion group into the Democratic Women's Forum, of which Mrs. Chapman was the first president. In 1935 she became the regional vice president of the California Federation of Democratic Women's Study Clubs.

In April, 1936, she was stricken with mortal illness and on Memorial Day, May 30, 1937, passed quietly to rest. It was the Club's privilege to provide the pall as the immediate expression of the affection of her innumerable friends.

This brief biography is totally inadequate. It is hard to think of the National League for Woman's Service without the strong guiding hand of this beloved leader, for she was an integral part of its history. It is impossible to tell of the manifold individual services there, of chairmanships with Loan Exhibits, Talent Festivals' committees.

To these were added community services. In June, 1928, she became a member of a committee then appointed by the Board of Education for the study of teachers' salaries in San Francisco, which committee reported back with recommendations to the Board of Education in December, 1929.

Mrs. Chapman was a member of the advisory committee that conducted the campaign for the adoption of the new charter for the city and county of San Francisco, under the chairmanship of Francis V. Keesling. Others of that committee were Harold Caulfield, Bruce Cornwall and Robert Searls.

Conservative always but daring when she envisioned the course ahead, she was respected in the community by men and women alike, for the courage of her convictions. Her years of service will be an inspiration to all who knew and loved her. Her works will be an inspiration to the generations who follow. Requiescat in pace.

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. S. G. Chapman, Third and Fifth President of the National League for Woman's Service, passed away peacefully on Memorial Day, May 30th.

Many friends have expressed the wish that they might send to the Club a gift in her memory. The Board of Directors invites contributions for such a memorial and asks that checks be sent direct to the Executive Office as soon as possible.

Vocations for Women

by Adelaide Brown, M.D., Health Editor

■ Our Magazine Editor has a way with her!—has she not? You surely try to do what she assigns to you. I could have written on vacations at this moment very easily, as mine is all planned—but, you see, one vowel changes the subject and content entirely.

Health—as a vocation—is universal in its appeal. There is no age free from this responsibility for the individual or for those on whom the little boy or girl depends. Mothers, fathers, teachers, relatives, dentists, nurses, at various points assume part of this responsibility, but behind them all stands the effect of all this teaching and training on the individual. How much actual character development comes with health training, and how much does the child assume of responsibility?

I had the privilege of visiting an elementary school in Massachusetts and seeing children graded by health habits. The care of the teeth was emphasized, and I asked to look over the teeth of the eight ten-year-old children. Each one carried a toothbrush, brushed his teeth after lunch and night and morning, and reported on it. The child's dental needs were met by the schools and the results were spectacular.

In an adjacent town a little lad of nine was fitted at a "dame" school for the fifth grade, but the principal of the public school could not believe that he knew his whole multiplication table because he had not lost his baby teeth! Children's dentistry is a vocation for dental hygienists who teach the child in school and at home to cooperate in daily care of the teeth.

Dental hygienists (women) are licensed in California and find occupation in public schools to clean teeth and explain to mothers the dates to expect new teeth and the value of the six-year molars which, with the incisors, are twelve of our permanent teeth. They are really key teeth, and fix the time that twice-a-year visits to the dentist as well as the orthodontist, if necessary, should be made.

Another vocation, training for which must begin in the well-ordered home in which the child, the young boy or girl, which makes a real contribution in assuming part of daily service, is household economics. Cooking and sewing in the elementary grades and junior high schools. Budget making for both girls and boys. Diet planning for camp. Cooking for boys and cost of living, recreation and outfitting for camp give an appreciation of his wife's work later in the home, and her contribution by household management. Whatever vocation a boy or girl chooses for self-support, a bit of handiness in carpenter work, repairing electric connections or washers in plumbing to control leaks, etc., are financial investments for homemaking. And whatever one's income, the American home for an application of the early vocational training is a wonderful laboratory to give practical appreciation of school lessons.

Gardening is a new vocation for women and in digging and planting and watering, many a boy can brighten dull places, learn how much beauty he can create, and keep going and build up in himself an appreciation of the problems and disappointments of the farmers of our population. The study of products and their distribution is really grasped when the boy or girl cares for and produces even radishes, geraniums, marguerites or nasturtiums.

The work of domestic service should be a profession. If we are to require our children to stay in school till 18 years of age, there can easily be as part of a girl's studies, child-care and psychology of children, care of their clothes, mending, sewing and washing. Costs, etc., of ready-made and hand-made clothes are easily learned from 14 to 18. Any girl equipped well never waits for a job. And what a bargain she is to the man she marries! A dancing partner is fascinating, but an untidy house, inadequately cared-for children and poorly balanced meals, or brought in from the delicatessen, are unattractive things to come home to. Above all, real foundations of respect for ability in homemaking are an antedote to the American divorce crop, which is in no way a credit to our nation.

When the vocations of nursing or medical work make their appeal, you must have truly founded health, and the understanding, trained to keep well.

It is a tragedy to know that tuberculosis still takes out of life or handicaps by a (Continued on page 31

I Have Been Reading

by Daisy F. Reed

LIVING CHINA. Edited by Edgar Snow. 1937. Reynal and Hitchcock. Reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

■ The American reader has long had stories exposing the western view of the Chinese scene, but he has had almost no translations of authentically Chinese stories. The publication of this volume of modern short-stories, the work of the foremost living Chinese writers, was undertaken in order to answer these questions: "What is the Chinese intellectual really thinking about himself, and what does he write when he is not writing to please foreign readers?" This first comprehensive collection of Chinese stories is a "fresh and authentic" portrayal of a "decisive new cultural stage."

Of this new cultural stage Lu Hsün, who is without question one of the ablest of Chinese intellectual leaders and critics, says: It is left-revolutionary culture—the only possible culture for China today. She "cannot go through a period of true bourgeois literary development" for she has made the leap from the feudal social concept to the proletarian concept. The only alternative to this leftist culture would be for China to accept an invading imperialist culture, in which case China would have "no independent or national culture at all." Yet it is true that none of these proletarian writers have yet emerged from the workers or peasants.

These revolutionary intellectuals, the leaders in the struggle against an ancient and outworn social system, have put up a gallant fight. They have been imprisoned, executed, exiled, forced to live in hiding, and to write under innumerable pen-names, but they are giving China a new realistic literature. Since 1928 they have been revealing China to herself.

During the decade from 1917 to 1927, now known as the Chinese Literary Renaissance, the Chinese literary mind was under the dominance of the returned student and fed by translations of Western literature. It was during this period that the Chinese classics, which had become an empty shell of formalism, were put where they belonged on the "ancient history shelves" and the plain speech of the people, known as "pai-hua" became the literary medium. However, this Renaissance movement touched only a small circle of students.

The movement was primarily important because it gave birth to the revolutionary intellectual and developed the technique of creative writing.

It is not possible to review the stories of this collection; most of them are very short. The style in which they are written is completely and naturally Chinese. The force of their realism would be unforgivably marred by re-interpretation.

Let no one think that because these stories belong to what is known as Revolutionary writing, they are unworthy of a place in universal literature. They are magnificent examples of the artist's effort to overcome human inertia.

SELECTED SUPREME COURT DECISIONS. Edited and arranged by Myer Cohen, San Francisco School of Social Studies. With a Foreword by Alexander Meiklejohn. Harper & Brothers. 1937. Cloth, $2.50. Paper, $1.25. Reviewed by Constance D. Howard.

■ One of the inhibitions from which too many of us (and hence, our surrounding friends) suffer greatly, is that which keeps us from opening books with titles like this. Why struggle over corrugated paragraphs, through arid legalistics, about questions of academic (or no) importance to our lives? Why when the very air has been hurtling with invectives, read more about the Supreme Court, anyway?

Such at least were the misgivings, the apprehensions, of one reader when called upon to sit down to this book: but with an incredulous joy she longs to share, turning day by day from its pages to the stupendous pages of life in this great and fearful hour, she has seemed to find her consciousness of the meaning in them heightening; her faith in the heavenly and abiding future to which our country may yet win through, deepening—thinking not the struggle naught availeth,—and from former indifference and trivialities, having once listened well to Justice Holmes on freedom, she must in some measure be forever free.

"The reasons for this are not far to seek. In the first place, the Constitution, as it now actually functions in our daily life, has become a matter of immediate practical concern to all of us. It is no longer merely an ancient document to which we owe reverent and remote affection. It is now a living influence with regard to which difficult decisions must constantly be made. And so important are these decisions for all of us in our daily concerns that any . . . mind which is brought within their range must be stirred to the strenuous attempt at understanding which is Adult Education.

"And, secondly, . . . If we could understand our Constitution, if we could follow . . . the lines of interpretation by which its meaning has grown, . . . if we could trace the forces within our society by which those lines of interpretation have been influenced and determined, we should see, as in no other way it can be seen, the American mind at work." (From the Foreword.)

This book then consists of the original Constitution with its amendments (and how long since some of us have read the Constitution?) with selections from Supreme Court decisions interpreting it, laying down the law of our land, the framework within which each one of us must live and move and have our being. "The Law has many characteristics which enrich it as an instrument for the study of our society. As an institution, law changes slowly. Therefore it provides us with a focus for viewing the rigidities and inflexibilities of our social structure. These . . . are points of social tension. . . . We discover the areas of conflict. . . . It is for the discussion of these problems that these decisions have been selected. . . . The editing has been guided by a desire to eliminate technical legal aspects while retaining enough of every case to give . . . an understanding of the issues involved." (From the Preface.)

There are 55 decisions, arranged in groups headed Freedom, Federal Powers, Private Property and Freedom of Contract, Competition and Monopoly, Labor, The New Deal. Two decisions go back to 1819 and give us a chance to see what Chief Justice Marshall thought; more than half of the dates however are since 1913, and six of them last year. Many a title has a familiar ring—Dartmouth College case, Child Labor, Debs,

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■

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Northern Securities, Standard Oil, Whitney v. California, NIRA, TVA, and so on. The other day I picked up a newspaper at random and counted references to fourteen now familiar cases. The encouraging thing was, that meant fourteen luminous references, which a few weeks ago it would never have occurred to me I could hope to understand. (Anybody who can play contract can understand this book.)

First comes a short statement of the facts and what each side claimed. One finds herself at once thinking this or that would be fair. Then comes the majority opinion, with the name and in the words of the Justice who delivered it, then, often, a dissenting opinion. Four or five pages, perhaps, in all. Not quibbles, but often statements of profoundest faiths—of fighting faiths. It is a temptation to quote passages which once read can not be forgotten—but surely if there is a book to be owned and marked each for herself, it is this. A Justice said, the greatest menace to freedom is an inert people: seek to understand our own Constitution and show forth its spirit not only with our lips but in our lives, lest flaccidly we lose our liberty, dear-bought with brave men's blood and strong men's difficult tears.

National League Library

■ Commonwealth Club Annual Awards in Literature: (Books by California authors, published during 1936.) Awarded Thursday, June 10, 1937.

RIM OF CHRISTENDOM. Dr. Herbert Eugene Bolton. $5.00. The story of the life and work of Father Kino.

IN DUBIOUS BATTLE. John Steinbeck. $2.50.

ORDEAL BY HUNGER. George R. Stewart, Jr. $2.75. Story of Donner Party.

SNOW COVERED WAGONS. Julia Cooley Altrocchi. $2.50. Story of Donner Party. (Verse).

GOD AND MAN'S DESTINY. Dr. Hartley Alexander. $2.50. Inquiries into the Metaphysical foundation for man's faith.

NON-FICTION

THE DIARY OF MARY ATKINS. $3.00. Eucalyptus Press. A Sabbatical in the Sixties. 115 days in a brig, sailing from San Francisco to Shanghai.

LUZENA STANLEY WILSON, '49ers. $3.00. Eucalyptus Press. Breath-taking experiences told thirty years later to her daughter, Correnah Wilson Wright (Mrs. E. C. Wright)—a Mills graduate, 1876.

ORCHIDS ON YOUR BUDGET. Marjorie Hillis. $1.50. Author of "Live Alone and Like It"—a worthy successor.

SERVE IT FORTH. M. F. K. Fisher. $2.50. Not a cook book, but an enchanting book about food for everyone who eats good food.

BULWARK OF THE REPUBLIC. Burton J. Hendrick. $3.50. A "Biography" of the Constitution. (Very timely—Book of the Month for June.)

THE NEW ETIQUETTE. Marjorie Wilson, author of "Charm." $3.50. Up-to-date to all details of social form and an exposition of smooth, happy, efficient living.

CAPITAL KALEIDOSCOPE. Frances Parkinson Keyes. $3.50. Intimate reminiscences of a Washington Hostess—the wife of Senator Keyes of New Hampshire. Its candor, kindliness, informality, and inside knowledge of Washington life set it high among diverting comments on contemporary people and events.

FICTION

AMERICAN DREAM. Michael Foster. $3.00. An American chronicle

NORTHWEST PASSAGE. Kenneth Roberts. $2.75. Excellent historical novel.

TRUTH TO TELL. Alice Grant Rosman. $2.00. Appeal and charm.

Edward J. O'Brien's selection of THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1937. $2.50.

STAR-BEGOTTEN. H. G. Wells. $1.75. Mystery, phantasy.

NEIGHBOR TO THE SKY. Gladys Hasty Carroll, author of "As the Earth Turns." $2.50. Substantial, thoroughly American.

THE OUTWARD ROOM. Millen Brand. $1.25. Fascinating full-size novel.

NEW PLAYS

EXCURSION. A comedy by Victor Wolfson.

HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME. A comedy by Arthur Kober.

MISS QUIS. A play by Ward Morehouse and Peggy Wood.

CONVERSATIONS AT MIDNIGHT. Edna St. Vincent's new book of poetry coming late in June. $2.00.

MYSTERIES

MURDER IN G-SHARP. Kurt Steel. $2.00.

CRIME FILE NUMBER 2. Helen Reilly. $1.95. File on Rufus Ray.

Every Bond Deposited Speeds Reorganization

(Continued from page 11)

realized that in this particular hospital there was a real economic problem. The merchant seaman, when sick or injured, receives excellent care at the hands of the United States Public Health Service in marine hospitals, but his pay ceases and he receives no compensation except for permanent injuries. Hence the problem was to devise work which would be suitable and at the same time bring a financial reward to the individual man.

It must be remembered that, to be suitable and effective, any undertaking in occupational therapy must fulfill certain requirements: viz., it must not strain the eyes nor be tiring to hands and arms; it must not be tedious, monotonous or fatiguing; and it must possess interest and variety. The bags, which fill these requirements, have been an evolution. The idea was first suggested by similar ones sent from France, made of raffia. It was soon discovered that the raffia as a medium was out of the question. It was too stiff for bed patients to work with and was too fatiguing, and worst of all, bits of it would drop between sheets or slip inside of a cast!

In one ward is a patient with a broken back who has been tightly strapped for five years. His patience has been wonderful, but he was getting very weary of all the monotony—the same uniforms of doctors and nurses, the same walls, same ceilings, same trays, etc., etc. The bags have brought a new interest and a little variety into his life. That man now wakens in the morning with something to look forward to, something that he can actually accomplish. And he now has a new feeling of self-respect. In addition to more important things, he can pay for his own newspapers and fill his own pipe.

Here is another case, that of a red-headed boy, brought in an ambulance from an accident at the shipside. He had nothing but the clothes he had worn—overalls and shirt, stiff with blood. When he left the hospital five months later he had paid in full for hat, shoes, undergarments and a very nice-looking suit. Coming from non-smoking Scotch ancestors, this boy had saved every penny, and after buying this outfit had enough money in his pocket to pay his board while finding another job. Think what this means in self-respect and good citizenship. Thanks to this work, many a man leaves the hospital with his pockets jingling and his chin up.

All of this is part of the work being done here in San Francisco by the Seamen's Church Institute, an agency of the Community Chest.

The most important result of this activity is the effect upon the men. It promotes a spirit of friendliness and contentment during their stay in the hospital. They take a great interest in each other's work, the experienced ones teaching the stitches to the newcomers. In admiring the work of one of his pals, a husky seaman was heard to say, "Gee, you sure do know how to put in a French knot."

The money earned is spent for every imaginable need. One day a man hobbled into the workroom, glowing with pride. "See what this here work has done for me." He put his hand up to his mouth and pulled out a set of gleaming false teeth.

Many interesting stories could be told if space would permit, but the following illustrates how one man felt about it. Believe it or not, but it is true. A young Mexican seaman was in the hospital and after three months was discharged, well. During that time he had made many bags. After several trips around the globe, he was taken ill in an eastern port and again sent to a hospital. After a short stay he left, before having the operation which was advised. He took the last of his money and bought a bus ticket to San Francisco. When he reached the Marine Hospital all that he would say, in answer to questions, was, "I want hospital where we make bags."

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Writing — As Craft and Art

Carolyn Lisberger

■ Journalism, the clear effective recording of daily events in the newspaper or weekly, is an expression of writing as a craft. Whereas a lengthy article, essay, story of any kind from "short short" to the novel, or the drama, no matter what the form, enters the realm of art when the words chosen for precision and richness develop a theme structurally balanced.

Many a book finds place in the list of best sellers despite the fact that not even the least captious critic would call it well written. The story may be so powerful it captures the reader's imagination. Or it may concern ideas contemporary with the prevailing interests of the times. "The Sisters," by Brinig, is one of these which has caught the fancy of the reading public dspite the fact that the English in which it is written is often awkward, and the author's manner of telling his story lacks distinction. A novel, furthermore, may have its appeal because the characters are psychologically true, leaping from the pages as vital human beings. Or the plot may be developed with insight and authority. Dreiser's "Sister Carrie" is an illustration of the latter points. But undoubtedly books marked for classics must have something more than these merits—they must have style in writing. Although this alone, of course, will not carry a book. For example, Ludwig Lewisohn's last publication, "Trumpet of Jubilee," is so beautifully written the stream of words is as exciting to the reader responsive to these values as a symphony to the music lover. Despite this appeal, however, it is not a great book, since the author has made the plot structure secondary to his main object, the communication of his vision.

It is difficult for the aspirant for writing honors to realize these are not to be attained by the mere matter of putting words and thoughts and plots on paper without practice and training. It comes as a revelation to the beginner that the ultimate form in which her composition appears must be conceived architecturally—the principle of unity, coherence and the build toward climax being the cement to unite the words conveying the writer's idea or story. This can be learned by those who have something to say to the world, even as the builder of houses studies his craft, or the architect, the lawyer, engineer, his profession.

Writing is not an esoteric affair—it is based on understandable things, such as an elementary knowledge of rhetoric. The woman, or anyone wishing to write, must write—and write continually. Then study the way to communicate what truth lies within her to the literate public.

"Mazpulki"— The Young Farmers Clubs of Latvia

Hilda Zolmanis

(Reprinted from "The Countryman.")

> "I solemnly promise to carry out all my duties and, in order to become a useful member of the Young Farmers' Club I shall do my work to the best of my ability."

■ By this declaration a pupil of a primary school, 8 to 12 years of age, is adopted as a member of the Junior Young Farmers Club of Latvia. If he keeps to his given promise and shows an interest for further achievements, then, after reaching 12 years of age, he is admitted to the Young Farmers Club proper.

There are at present in Latvia 848 Young Farmers Clubs, including other youth organizations; the total number of organized youth in Latvia is about 50,000.

The spirit of youth may be compared to a swift-flowing stream. When the direct care of parents is left behind, we in Latvia would like to see that spirit given the opportunity and guidance to become of real use to the community, just as a properly regulated stream gives us power, energy and light. The Y. F. C. is a movement to educate the youth of Latvia, morally and physically; to teach youth to see and judge things individually; to adopt the right things and to stand for them; to adopt initiative and self-reliance; to understand the necessity of self-control and the feeling of responsibility; to be unselfish and be able to give help and make sacrifices.

Work in the garden, orchards, or fields, the breeding of live stock, all help young people to like and love the results of their work, make them good observers of Nature and their surroundings.

Their young ambitions and energy are not suppressed by compulsory duties, but inspired by free competition with

their fellows, and their natural desire to be first.

To the Y. F. C. are admitted boys and girls, 12 to 16 years of age. Still younger boys and girls, 8 to 12 years of age, as mentioned before, are admitted to the Junior Y. F. C. The latter usually are concentrated round county primary schools and a small proportion only—about 15 per cent.—of members of those Junior Clubs come from outside. The members of Junior Clubs are entitled to wear an approved uniform. They are formed in separate parties of not less than four and not more than eight members in a group. The work of these groups is supervised and directed by meetings are organized at the Y. F. C., The junior members have the right to attend the meetings of the Clubs, but are not entitled to vote, and, with the permission of their leader, also to participate in excursions and other occasions of the Club's activities.

The junior member has a plot under cultivation which must not be smaller than 45 sq. ft. and not exceed 225 sq. ft. The junior members are entitled to participate in Y. F. C. shows, but must have their own separate stand. They are not awarded official prizes, but the best exhibits receive certificates and very often useful presents are distributed to their owners. In the programmes of the gatherings of Junior Y. F. Clubs a prominent space is allotted to games.

Winter Lectures

The Young Farmers Clubs have their management and their boards meet every month to discuss current matters and to decide the programme of future activities.

During the winter months special meetings are organised at the Y. F. C., and usually lecturers and instructors are sent from Headquarters or by the Chamber of Agriculture. At these meetings various questions concerning progress in farming, state, or social affairs are discussed. The lectures include such subjects as forestry, field work, canning, horticulture, poultry keeping, handicrafts, and national history and traditions. Excursions are arranged to inspect the best farms, factories, sporting events, and social gatherings. One of the Y. F. C. aims is also to teach its members to know and love their country, and frequent hiking expeditions are arranged.

A total area of 595 acres was cultivated by the members of the Clubs last year, and various produce, such as tomatoes, cucumbers, sprouts, carrots, various seeds, cereals, etc., were cultivated. As many as 1,224 girl members were occupied directly in household matters and 226 girls were engaged in rearing cattle, sheep, poultry, rabbits, etc.

Once a year the leaders of Y. F. Clubs gather together to discuss all current affairs and to draw up plans for the future. The Clubs lend their hand also to help beautify their countryside. About 107,000 trees were planted and two plant nurseries erected by the Y. F. C.

As a result of recommendation by the Y. F. C. headquarters, about 500 children from the towns have been taken by the parents of members of Y. F. Clubs to spend with them their summer holidays.

Altogether 757 shows of goods produced by the Y. F. Clubs were held last year. At these shows books and farming implements are usually distributed as prizes to the best exhibitors. The value of the prizes distributed last year was about 500 pounds.

Help From the Schools

The work of the Clubs is guided by the Chamber of Agriculture, which provides them with instructors and all the local expenses are made good by the Clubs themselves. Very substantial help to the movement is given by the headmasters and teachers of local primary schools.

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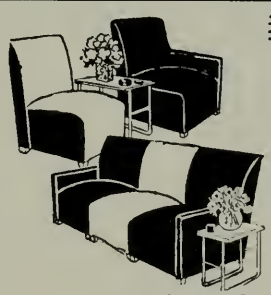

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■ **1. Can you help us trace any of the following debenture holders by bringing information to the Executive Office?**

Baker, May P.
Brayton, L.
Chubbick, Mrs. Ethel C.
Coggins, Mrs. Lowell Y.
Cromwell, Carlina
de Flou, Marie
de Gez, Ellen Marie
Dodge, Mayme E.
Doyle, Mrs. G. P.
Dunn, Catherine E.
Freidman, Mrs. T.
Gelders, Mrs. Flora M.
Granella, Miss Monica Louise
Greene, M. V.
Harbison, Carmie R.
Hinman, M. F.
Huse, Miss Maud
James, Mrs. M. E.
Kirkland, J. B. (Mrs. E. W.)
Kudocq, Mrs. C. G.
Kuhn, Edna B.
Lendow, Edith (Ludlow)
Litke, Louise C.
McKane, Mrs. John
McKay, D. W.
Markley, Audrey
Monaco, Louis P.
Morgan, Annie May
Mulist, Caroline
O'Meara, Miss Frances
Parsons, Elizabeth G.
Peems, Mrs. Lucy F.
People, Bernice
Pickering, Mary May
Powers, Jennie Louise
Price, Frances Irene
Purson, Mrs. Grace F.
Reed, Margaret S.
Retter, Dorothy J.
Rice, Anna Marie
Sander, Miss M.
Seymour, Miss Celia
Strong, Sarah L.
Snyder, Sophie M. (Mrs. A. Y.)
Tumbloa, L. D.
Walsh, Mrs. Mary A.
Whittlesey, Elsie B.
Wilcox, Mrs. W. C.
Windt, Edna A.
Wirkheim, Alma
Woedwald, Eva Jane
Wood, Miss Evelyn

2. Have you deposited your bond?

3. Has your friend deposited his or her bond?

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Questions and Answers

Question in 1936: "What will the Club itself do?"

Answer: "Raise the dues to Nine Dollars and maintain 5000 members."

Question in 1937: "The Club has done this—now what remains?"

Answer: "The bondholders must deposit their bonds. This they are doing, but a peculiar problem presents itself. Some of the bondholders do not know there is a refinancing program in process of making. This is due to the fact that the Club has not a present address or because the bonds were bought by the present owners long after the Club had a list of bondholders.

On another page is a list of one-time debenture holders who cannot now be traced. Any help to do so will be most gratefully received at the Executive Office. Every bond deposited speeds us toward reorganization!

One Plus One

■ Said one Women's City Club member to another recently within our hearing: "Wouldn't it be wonderful if our Club members generally could realize the opportunities that our own Beauty Parlor offers? When our members wake up to what we may have here, the Women's City Club Beauty Salon will be one of the choicest places in town for a genuine and delightful service."

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430 Grant Avenue

Pro Arte

■ The internationally famous Pro Arte String Quartet of Belgium is presenting for the fifth consecutive year a series of twelve concerts as a part of the Mills College Summer Session, June 27 to August 6. During the summer session period of six weeks the quartet is offering semi-weekly concerts, Sunday afternoons at 3:30 o'clock and Wednesday evenings at 8:30 o'clock, in the Hall for Chamber Music on the Mills campus.

Again this summer, Marcel Maas, pianist from the Royal Conservatory in Brussels, is appearing with the quartet in nine of the concert programs.

The members of the quartet — Alphonse Onnou, first violin; Laurent Halleux, second violin; Robert Maas, violincello; and Germain Prevost, viola — are following their usual custom of serving as members of the summer session faculty in music, affording instruction in their favorite instruments.

Marcel Maas, brother of Robert Maas of the quartet, likewise is a member of the summer faculty. This year again Marcel Maas is appearing in his Monday evening piano recitals in the Hall for Chamber Music. Inaugurated last year when Marcel Maas made his first appearance at Mills, the recitals proved increasingly popular as the summer wore on and were greatly in demand when it was learned that he planned to return to Mills again this year.

A distinctive feature of the quartet concert season this summer is the Mozart Festival which the group is presenting as a part of the concert season.

On the Sunday afternoon programs the quartet will play works by such noted composers as Hadyn, Martinu, Debussy, Casella, Prokofieff, Berezowsky, Franck, Brescia, Schmidt, Schumann, Ravel, Jongen, Honegger and Milhaud. Marcel Maas will appear with the quartet on the Sunday afternoon programs of July 4, July 18 and August 1, in addition to the entire Wednesday evening Mozart Festival series.

For the greater convenience of music lovers of San Francisco and the peninsula cities, the starting times of the concerts have been changed to 3:30 o'clock on Sunday afternoons and 8:30 o'clock Wednesday evening. These new times conform to the scheduled arrival at the campus gates of the recently inaugurated motor coach bus service direct from the college to Fourth and Mission Streets in San Francisco via the Bay Bridge. Likewise the Marcel Maas Monday evening recitals will start at 8:30 o'clock.

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Echoes from Members Abroad

■ Reciprocal cards told us that members were to travel to Europe this Spring, but not until letters came back, did we realize how many were to be "in London for the Coronation." These excerpts are a very small part of most exciting accounts which, for lack of space, but not of interest, could not be printed in full in these columns.

. . . . . .

The great day is over, and what a wonderful one it was and well worth the long wait. Jane and I arrived at the office about 11:30 p. m. where many guests were already there. I think the party consisted of about forty people. It was a sight to see the people on the street taking up their positions as early as noon the day before. After we had supper at one a. m. several went down to the movie. It was a good show and we were well entertained until four a. m. but when we returned to the office we found a very sleepy crowd—Jane and I were wide awake and I was so interested in watching the dawn come up over Piccadilly and the crowds arriving by the thousands and there were plenty of street entertainers to keep us amused. Then after a good breakfast some played cards, etc., and soon the Abbey service began. I wonder if you happened to listen in? It was most impressive. Before that was over we had to rush out on the balcony to see the first part of the procession—all the different regiments in their colorful uniforms—all new for the occasion—the Canadian Mounted Police got a tremendous ovation. I really believe it was louder than that for the Scotch band in the kilt, some in the Royal Stuart, the other the Mackenzie and such horses in the parade—it was a pageant one will never forget. The Indian soldiers with their turbans — the South African Negro soldiers with the red fez, the Maharajahs in their gorgeous robes and jewels all went by us in carriages drawn by beautiful horses with coachmen and footmen in scarlet suits seated on red cushions and each was escorted by a regiment of soldiers. It certainly was a show day for the horses—not an automobile to be seen anywhere—except the police car. When the glass coaches in gold, red and black drawn by black horses in sparkling harness—the brass had had an extra rub—the postillions standing like statues at the back of each carriage, garbed in mediaeval costumes of red and gold—then the drooping of the colors as each member of the royal family passed and the cheering—it just made a lump come up in my throat to think those people had stood for twelve hours or more and had strength enough to shout—the loyalty to the royal family is really very beautiful. Queen Mary received the most, the King and Queen, Mr. Baldwin and the Canadian Mounted—at least that is how it stated it in the paper.

The Golden Coach was like something out of a fairy-tale drawn by eight Windsor greys with maroon colored harness—it was a pageant all right, and Britain must feel very proud of the way it all went off without a hitch. The underground carried nearly six million people in the two days without an accident.

. . . . . .

Catherine Allen

. . . . .

"How you would have loved the decorations of the Abbey, all in blue and silver brocade; the chairs covered in blue velvet with silver bands, the carpet blue. Never have I seen anything done in more exquisite taste. The whole Coronation was a dream never to be forgotten and so was everything else pertaining to it."

. . . . . .

Cora Koshland

■ "I can't go into the Coronation—there is too much to tell—but it was as the English do things. The whole 'route' and city were turned over to the 'people,' and for three twenty-four hours they surged and walked and sang and danced and looked at the decorations and ate and slept on the sidewalks—six deep—we saw them on our way to our seats at 3 a. m. Coronation Day, as we WALKED. No auto or otherwise traffic. All happy. No rows or drunkenness—just loyalty and love and devotion to a king and queen they hadn't expected; but they were English and he was their king and they had pilgrimaged from every corner of the empire to do him honor. Tell you more about it later —but it did something for me—and the bus strike was on—but who cared? No room for them anyway. The procession was wonderful — I am bringing some illustrated magazines for the Club. But it was the "one for all and all for one" spirit that entranced me—that such a thing should be now and so expressed."

. . . . . .

Mrs. Paul Shoup

A Craftsman

By Marshall Maslin

(Reprinted from the Call-Bulletin)

■ I have been watching a man work. . . . For weeks I have watched as he did his job. . . . And the longer I watched, the greater my admiration for him grew.

He is a carpenter, this man, and I think he is happy in being one. In all his life he has probably never once put that thought into words. And I do not know him well enough to ask what he thinks of his job. . . . But I know what he must think, because I have seen him sawing, planing, measuring, fitting, hammering and finishing his work.

I have observed the care with which he thinks out his problem before he lays a hand to a tool.

I have observed the precision with which he goes about his work.

I have examined the finished work again and again and found it perfect.

A man who works like that MUST love the job he is doing, or he couldn't do it so well.

And many a time, as I watched that man work, I have thought to myself: Here is a craftsman. Here is one man who does what he should, does it well, makes no mistakes, can have no regrets as he falls asleep o' nights.

And I say to myself, too: I wish I could do my own job half as well as he does. I wish I were half the craftsman that this man is. I wish I had as few excuses to make for my work as he has.

Looking at him, my heart lifts in praise of good craftsmanship. Not only craftsmanship in carpentry, but in all ways of living. In bricklaying, plumbing, ditching, iron working, ploughing and sowing and reaping, housekeeping and adding up figures and buying and selling — for all manner of craftsmanship I stand in awe and admiration. . . . And for craftsmanship, too, in feeling and thinking and talking and getting along in this world with strangers, with acquaintances, with friends, with our own selves.

My friend the carpenter builds a house, but every man has his own life to build — with care and love and craftsmanship.

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The Coffee Hour

By Mrs. P. A. de Vries

■ It is Aden, southern most seaport of Arabia. We have just come ashore by tender. The last remnant of the Orient has disappeared, and in its place is the mysterious East. Everything moves slowly here. Long camel trains of moth-eaten looking beasts of burden plod haughtily by, carrying salt and cotton cloth to the interior — fruit and coffee to the sea. The Arabs look like Bible pictures in their flowing robes and headdress. It is almost terrifyingly desolate—baked mud and sheer black cliffs. Yet once, perhaps in the days of the Queen of Sheba this was a land of luxuriant vegetation, a veritable Garden of Eden. The great stone tanks, huge reservoirs built deep in a mountain ravine attest to that.

We move to the shade of a stone portico to wait for our car. The sun is withering, indeed death dealing to the foolhardy. Presently we are on our way out beyond the British stone barricades, past the officers golf links, built entirely of baked mud, with not a spear of green. Houses two and three stories high, flat fronted, built entirely of mud — some tinted, to soften their straight rigid lines. Queer creatures hurry along, draped from head to toe in shiny black with gay chiffon-like masks completely covering their faces, the designs on the chiffon giving a weird distorted aspect to their appearance. So swathed are they that scarcely any air can reach their beings. Poor Mohammedan women bound down by Purdah. Here is a vast herd of several hundred milk camels smaller, softer, and cleaner than the great mildewed-looking beasts of burden. We stop at a wayside mosque and are told that two great sheiks are buried there. The floor is of dust, but we are required to remove our shoes. A few Indian prints adorn the rough mud walls, a brass hanging lamp extends from the ceiling. In the center of the room are two mounds about three feet high cribbed in with wooden structures resembling poster beds, each mound covered with an Indian print. I have an uncomfortable feeling about the evils that might lurk in the dust beneath the coverlet. We make an offering and a quick departure, a half dozen beggars following us to our car begging "bok-sheesh." As we dash through the narrow streets of tiny Arabian villages children, goats, and chickens scatter to make way for our car. It hasn't rained here in seven years. The sun is not so high now but it is still cruelly bright over this brown land. Then suddenly all this color — hundreds of Arabs in turban and gown, white and the most brilliant colors mingle in this dazzling array. It looks as though all the men in Arabia have congregated in this great pavilion or mabraz, each with his tiny cups and coffee pots, many of them puffing on a narghili, that strange long-tubed water pipe. "It is the Coffee Hour, madam," says our chauffeur. I long to stop and walk among them and transfix the whole scene in my mind, but my companions laugh at my idea, and soon we are whirling on toward the great black volcanic mountain in which lies, so it is said, the weary body of Cain, slayer of Abel.

Time passes — blue seas — distant cities, and then one day we are crossing the watery wastes that lead to Venice. It is Saturday and raining, the skies are leaden. As we leave our train we walk between a double line of wet dripping hotelmen each urging, nay, insisting that we stop at theirs, the best hotel in Venice. But we have in our pocket a precious address of a pension in an old palace. So we step into a motor launch, and strive to keep under the awning far enough to keep the rivulets from dripping down our backs. Our launch darts from one side of the Grand Canal to the other picking up and discharging passengers. Privately-owned speed boats, the limousine of Venice, dash by. Against the banks huddle little groups of rusty black gondolas with their dejected looking gondoliers. Perhaps on a moonlight night they will conjure again their romantic spell, but today they look dilapidated and forsaken as the old Byzantine palaces near which they rest. As we pass Santa Saluta and the Canal widens it seems to merge with the sky in one vast grey sea, the dreariest street in the world in the pouring rain. The bell rings as we approach our station, the last one on our tickets, so we step out on a slippery platform and surrender our bags to a self-appointed porter guide. Along narrow lanes, or riva, our guide leads the way, then up a long stone staircase. Our hearts are beating high from the climb and anticipation. An elderly maid greets us, we are expected — madam is up town, but our quarters are in readiness — dinner will be at eight-thirty. She adjusts a blind, lifts our bags from here to there, brings us hot water and looks expectant. A couple of liras bring a smile and a gently closed door. Across the campile someone is singing, "Shanghi Lil," in Italian. Life suddenly seems so gay. It is still raining, but who cares, we will go to San Marco. Hurrying to remove the stains of travel, we change into some dry clothing, then out again along the canal up and over half a dozen tiny bridges, an abrupt turn to the right

brings us to San Marco. We hear music, the gay music of a band, and then our amazed eyes are greeted by the sight before us. So this is Venice. Gay groups laughing, chatting at tiny tables. Every inch of the three-sided colonade is filled, with barely room for passersby and waiters. Slender stemmed glasses and little cups of coffee rest before everyone. Waiters hold back chairs invitingly — the most unbelievable gilt Venetian chairs with crimson velvet seats. As we yield to the invitation our waiter answers our inquiry in perfect English—"It is the Coffee Hour, madam."

(Continued from page 10)

cation for a basis of all work of a professional character. In addition to an academic education, at least one year of training in a library school is being required. Some libraries accept two years of successful library experience in addition to a degree in lieu of a library school diploma. This is based on the theory that with the proper background for the work, training through actual experience is of great importance.

My observation is this: that education alone, no matter to what lengths it may have been carried, does not in itself make a good modern librarian. Neither, on the other hand, does technical training. But a combination of education, training, experience and aptitude for the work. In fact, librarianship is a profession for people of really good education, a wide knowledge of books, an intelligent interest in the world, a large measure of tact and common sense, and a capacity for helping the various types of people who come to a public library.

DIALOGO DE LOS PUENTES

Puente de la Bahía—Soy el coloso de los puentes. Ninguno me aventaja en mis 22,720 de longitud.

Puente de la Puerta de Oro—No te ufanes hermano mío, que aunque de menos extensión, te llevo en altura. Qué dices de los 746 pies de mis hermosas torres?

Puente de la Bahía—Bah!!...Tu te elevas hasta las nubes, es verdad; pero yo soy TRINO EN UNO: doblo el número de tus torres, perforo el corazón de la Isla Yerba Buena y con los pies firmes en tierra, soy uno de los "Puentes de Viga" (cantilever) mas extensos del mundo.

Puente de la Puerta de Oro—Admiro tu poder y magnificencia; pero contento con mi suerte, soy el primero en dar la enhonrabuena y despedida, a los que entran y salen en nuestra Bahía. Siempre alerta sigo tus actividades, desde la salida hasta la puesta del sol. Unido a ti, solo busco la grandeza de nuestro San Francisco.

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PHILIP MORRIS

(Continued from page 13)

is so overwhelming that the rest does not matter.

There are few newspaper workers who would willingly exchange their vocations for others less exacting and more profitable. And those who have bidden the newspaper game goodbye still hang around the press clubs yarning of the days when they were "on the beat."

The fascination that newspaper work holds for young people in these days of journalism departments in nearly every high school, junior college and university is almost alarming. For in choosing a vocation, one of the chief considerations must be the opportunities of getting work after adequate training has been completed.

As an indication of the limited field that exists, there are, for instance, less than thirty women in the San Francisco Bay area employed in an editorial capacity on newspapers, and this number includes those in special departments such as home emonomics, bridge, fashions, society, women's clubs, advice to the lovelorn, music and drama critics, in addition to the mere handful of general reporters. Men outnumber the women about twenty to one.

Youngsters from the journalism schools, often clever and well trained, constantly drift in and out of newspaper reception rooms begging interviews with the city editor and getting their names in the card-index file of possibilities.

It is pretty hopeless as far as most of them are concerned for there is little time for a metropolitan newspaper staff to spend in helping and training a beginner. A few, usually with friends on the inside, are taken on as typists, copy boys, file clerks and assistants, and from the best of these the cub reporters are picked.

Even those who do get their chance may not be too lucky, for the race is to the swift and each runner is too busy keeping his own stride to do much for the youngster who can't make it on his own.

However, for those who have the qualifications, who will wait, work, persevere, who have the "nose for news" and the zest for digging it out and writing it, opportunity usually comes. Out of twenty-five years of almost constant newspaper work of all kinds and on a number of papers, I say to that boy or girl, "hold on and make your opportunity."

To me it has been a satisfying life work that has left me with memories and experiences that would make a thousand tales. It has held lessons that make for tolerance for human frailties and appreciation for the fineness that is inherent in most of our fellow beings.

I look back to the day when, a college freshman of 17, I told a bearded professor I "wanted to be a journalist," and so set my foot on the long climb. And I can still say, looking back over it all: I've had what I wanted, and who could ask more?

CAMP ELLIS FRANKLIN

is now in full swing. Everyone is having a wonderful time and we wish you were here to enjoy all the fun, too. Reservations are now being accepted for the second 4-week session, starting on July 18th, and a very few more enrollments are still open for the present session. Better hurry and come up — you will love it here!

■

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(Continued from page 18)

weakened body too many young women from 17 to 25 or 30, and the source of the cases is now being studied in our schools and in the family life of the fresh cases. Contacts with chronic cases are often found, and the active case in the schoolroom or college is a great menace.

Office workers in typing, stenography and bookkeeping often have poorly lighted offices to work in, poor ventilation, rather sketchy lunches, and have a clothes standard higher proportionately than required, so that vacations and weekends are poorly spent, not in the open air, as they should be, and such girls, ten or fifteen pounds below weight, are poor risks for health and have "no pep."

Vocations for women are many and glorious, and success brings its own physical and mental reward. Be well, learn to really work at what you do, and if you are a girl choose wisely the vocation you wish to follow. Be trained to do it happily and well and success will follow you whatever you do. The grandest vocation you can attain is to make an American home. And you can succeed, for some mother is raising a son with real ideals, to enter into partnership with you.

(Continued from page 15)

for "Bubu of Montparnasse" by Charles Louis Phillippe; Derain's line engravings for Petronius' "Satyricon" and his lithographs for La Fontaine's "Fables"; Dufy's wood engravings for "The Bestiary" by the great contemporary poet Apollinaire; Bonnard's lithographs for "Daphnis and Chloe" and for "Parallelement" by Verlaine; Edy Legrand's aquatints for "The Song of Songs."

The American work in this group includes Rockwell Kent's famous drawings for "Candide" and "Moby Dick"; Charles Demuth's watercolors for Henry James' "The Turn of the Screw"; Boardman Robinson's drawings for Destoyevsky's "Brothers Karamazov" and "The Idiot"; Alexander Calder's drawings for "Aesop's Fables"; Grant Wood's crayon drawings for "The Farm on the Hill" by Horn; and Hugo Gellert's lithographs for "Capital" by Karl Marx.

A small section of the exhibition will be devoted to 19th Century prototypes of the great 20th Century painters and sculptors who are represented in this show by illustrations. This section includes works by Delacroix, Degas, Manet and Rodin. A curious coincidence is illustrated in this section by the arbitrary use of a series of Degas' drawings of ladies of easy virtue as illustrations for de Maupassant's "La Maison Tellier." The drawings were done and the book written during approximately the same period but with no thought of their conjunction. Many years later Vollard combined them in one of the most striking works in the exhibition. This is an example of a happy though unpremeditated joining of art and literature.

Evaluating the particular ideals of illustration, Mr. Wheeler writes: "The highest type of illustrated book is the joint work of author and artist who are contemporaries, working in equal collaboration; inspired by similar feeling; approaching the same subject-matter from opposite directions; dealing with it twice within the covers of the one volume. Neither should seem to take precedence. Of course, one does precede the other, in practice; but our impression in the ideal instance is of simultaneity, as if in free enthusiasm author and painter had each created alone, and the results had just happened to coincide: an impression of spiritual unity."

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

SAN FRANCISCO

AUGUST · 1937

VOLUME XI · NUMBER 7 · PRICE 15 CENTS PER COPY · PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB · 465 POST STREET · SAN FRANCISCO

Women's City Club Calendar
AUGUST . . 1937

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. and 2:30 p. m. to 6:30 p. m.
Friday 3 p. m. to 9 p. m. and Saturday 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—From 5:30 p.m. to 6:30 p. m. Tuesday and 5:30 p. m. to 9:00 p. m. Friday
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p. m.

SWIMMING POOL TO BE CLOSED WEEK OF SEPTEMBER 6TH

AUGUST — 1937

5—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding ..... **Mural Room** ..... **12:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program ..... **Auditorium** ..... **8:00 p.m.**
"Musical Travelogue," Mrs. Armine Martin.

10—**Ramble**—Brookdale ..... **Lv. 10:00 a.m. Ret. 5:30 p.m.**

11—**Spanish Round Table**—Senorita Angela Montiel ..... **Mural Room** ..... **12:15 p.m.**

12—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding ..... **Mural Room** ..... **12:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program ..... **Auditorium** ..... **8:00 p.m.**
"Pictures of Northern Europe."
By courtesy of Cunard-White Star Line.

19—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding ..... **Mural Room** ..... **12:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program ..... **Auditorium** ..... **8:00 p.m.**
Subject: "Why You Are Neurotic."
Speaker: Mr. Earl W. Nilsson.

20—**Ramble**—Feather River Inn ..... **Leave Evening via Train Return Monday Morning**

24—**Wana Derge School of Color and Composition Exhibit** ..... **Auditorium** ..... **11 a.m. to 9 p.m.**
Preliminary Talk ..... **Auditorium** ..... **2:00 p.m.**

25—**Spanish Round Table**—Senorita Angela Montiel ..... **Mural Room** ..... **12:15 p.m.**

26—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding ..... **Mural Room** ..... **12:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program ..... **Auditorium** ..... **8:00 p.m.**
"Mountaineering in California."
Address by: Mr. Oliver Kehrlein (Illustrated Lecture).

31—**Wana Derge School of Color and Composition**
First Meetings: Afternoon Class ..... **Chinese Room** ..... **1:00 p.m.**
Evening Class ..... **Chinese Room** ..... **7:00 p.m.**

SEPTEMBER — 1937

2—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding ..... **Mural Room** ..... **12:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program ..... **Auditorium** ..... **8:00 p.m.**
"The Jules Bache Collection."
Address by: Mr. Thomas C. Howe, Jr.

State Dinner at the Club — September 15

STATE DINNER — celebrating California's Birthday. An "All State Dinner" will be given on September 15th at 6:30 p. m.—$1 a plate—48 tables gayly decorated to represent each state. A State Book will be found at the Information Desk, Fourth Floor, and members are asked to register under their own State so that tables may be properly planned. A delightful evening's program is being arranged by Mrs. Walter Jones, Chairman, and her Committee.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XI August, 1937 Number 7

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ MRS. CHAPMAN'S MEMORIAL—A letter has been sent to each member announcing a memorial for Mrs. S. G. Chapman. Contributions may be sent direct to the Memorial Committee at the Clubhouse or left in the subscription box at the main desk.

■ BROOKDALE RAMBLE—Tuesday, August 10th, members will leave the Clubhouse at 10 a. m. for Brookdale via the Skyline Boulevard, lunching at Brookdale Lodge at 1 p. m. On the return drive the ramblers will visit the Winchester Home near San Jose, arriving back in San Francisco at 5:30 p. m. The fee, all inclusive, $4.50.

■ FEATHER RIVER INN RAMBLE — Friday night, August 20th, the party will leave via train to the delightful resort of Feather River Inn where they will spend Saturday and Sunday, leaving Sunday night by train and arriving in San Francisco the following morning. If by bus, the party will leave Friday morning and return Monday morning, arriving in San Francisco Monday night. The cost all-inclusive will be $35.

■ ROUND TABLES IN SEPTEMBER:

German—September 7th—Every Tuesday.

French — September 2nd — Every Thursday.

Spanish—September 8th—2nd & 4th Wednesdays.

Young Members—September 13th—Second Mondays.

Book Review—September 14th—11:00 a. m. (Discussion Round Table following).

Book Review—September 14th—7:30 p. m.

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS—Mrs. A. P. Black, Chairman, has planned many interesting evenings for the month of August. Thursday, August 8th, Mrs. Armine Martin will present a Musical Travelogue with violin and piano solos. August 12th, the program will be "Pictures of Northern Europe," by courtesy of Cunard-White Star Line. Thursday evening, August 19th, Mr. Earl W. Nilsson will deliver a general lecture on the subject "Why You Are Neurotic." Mr. Nilsson is a Freudian psycho-analyst and in this lecture will review the fundamental discoveries of Dr. Freud. August 26th there will be an illustrated lecture given by Mr. Oliver Kehrlein, his subject, "Mountaineering in California." Mr. Thomas C. Howe, Jr., will give an address on Thursday evening, September 2nd, "The Jules Bache Collection." This magnificent collection has just been presented to the city of New York by Mr. Jules Bache.

■ DRAMA—Dorothea Johnston will conduct classes beginning September 1st in drama and choral speaking, which includes voice production, diction and pantomime. There will be a Christmas Play selected. Miss Johnston has already won recognition for her productions at Saratoga. Those which have been repeated at the Women's City Club are: "Alice in Wonderland" with Olivia de Havilland as Alice, and "The Cricket on the Hearth," as well as the one-act plays presented by the National League Players in May of this year. Classes will be organized and held every Wednesday at 11:00 a. m. and 4:00 p. m. and 7:00 p. m. The 4:00 o'clock class will be a children's class. Boys and girls may join this group. Children between the ages of nine and fourteen preferably. Fee for classes, $4 a month.

■ ANNUAL FIRELIGHTING CELEBRATION will be held on Monday evening, October 4th, at 7:30 o'clock, in the Lounge. The speaker for the evening will be announced in the September Magazine.

■ VOLUNTEER SERVICE—Our Cafeteria crews are depleted due to vacation time, and Mrs. Henry Alves, Chairman, will be very happy to have members who can fill in at noon time call her or send in their names to the Executive Office stating which day they can serve.

■ LIBRARY—We obtain revenue each month from books which are purchased through our Library Department. Why not remember this service? Bon voyage books may be ordered and sent directly to your friend's stateroom.

■ BEAUTY SALON—Offers ten per cent discount on all permanent waves through the month of August. We have the very newest permanent wave machines and can give you any type wave which you prefer.

■ LEAGUE SHOP—Miss Marion Burr, Chairman of the League Shop, on a world tour, has kept us in mind, as evidenced by the very attractive blue porcelain cocktail cups and earthen-ware jars with lids which have recently arrived from Hawaii.

Many novel and artistic things have arrived from the South Seas, including woven grass mats, table runners and floor coverings. Ask Mrs. Martin to show them to you next time you come into the Clubhouse.

■ SWIMMING POOL — Mothers are beginning to appreciate how important it is to have just the right type of swimming instruction for their children. Proper handling of a child the first two or three times he is in the water will work wonders in his progress later on. Our instructor has had years of experience in handling little ones and has accomplished fine results.

■ DINING ROOM—We wonder if our membership has but recently begun to appreciate the really fine food our Restaurant Department offers, because we are lately hearing on all sides how delicious and finely flavored our food is. After trying other dining rooms, come back to us with the intention of criticizing and see if after comparison your decision is not in our favor.

■ LIP READING—A course of twenty lessons in lip reading is to be conducted by Miss Kate Morphy, who has gained considerable recognition in this work. There will be two lessons a week on Tuesday and Thursday mornings at 10:30 o'clock. First meeting Tuesday, September 14th; fee $15.

■ BOOK REVIEWS—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will give a course of four Book Reviews to start in September, morning courses to be held on each second Tuesday at 11:00 a. m., a discussion luncheon Round Table to follow, Cafeteria. An evening course, designed to accommodate business women will also be given each second Tuesday at 7:30 immediately following the dinner hour. Fee for four lectures, $1.75 members—$2.00 non-members.

FALL CLASSES AND COURSES

Book Review—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard
Beginning September 14th
Second Tuesday mornings, 11 a. m.
Discussion Round Table following
Beginning September 14th
Second Tuesday evenings, 7:30
Course of 4 reviews, $1.75 Members
$2 Non-Members

Color Class—Wana Derge
Beginning Tuesday, August 31st, 1 p. m.
Course of 7 Lessons, $12

Drama—Dorothea Johnston
Registration Meeting September 1st, 11 a. m.
Wednesdays, 11 a. m., 4 p. m. and 7 p. m.
First Lesson September 8th
Children's Class, 4 p. m.
Course, $4 a month

French—Mlle. Marie Lemaire
Beginning in August
Will arrange day and hour to accommodate pupils
Course of 12 Lessons, $6 Members
$7.50 Non-Members

German—Fraulein Martha Hack
Beginning September 7th
Tuesdays—afternoon and evening
Course of 12 Lessons, $6 Members
$7.50 Non-Members

Glove Making—Mrs. Earl Tanbara
Beginning August 3rd
Tuesdays 2 p. m., Thursdays 2 and 7 p. m.
Fridays 9:30 a. m.
Course of 3 Lessons $1.50
Material extra

Lip Reading—Kate Morphy
Beginning Tuesday, September 14th, 10:30 a. m.
Course of 20 Lessons, $15
(2 Lessons a Week)

Spanish—Señorita Angela Montiel
Beginning Wednesday, September 1st
Hours arranged to accommodate pupils
Course of 12 Lessons, $6 Members
$7.50 Non-Members

Mrs. W. P. Roth, president of the San Mateo County National Horse Show which opens Saturday, August 7, for one week at the Menlo Circus Club in Atherton, for the benefit of the Stanford Convalescent Home.

The President's Message

The Vacation Spirit pervades this August number and accounts of varied sports enjoyed by many of our members walk hand in hand with more serious forecast of Programs — Classes and Courses. The Programs we hope to make outstanding and of interest to all — Classes and Courses we are most optimistic about, and count on the cooperation of our members for their success. We would stress, however, the Language Classes and Round Tables as being a very appropriate and necessary preparation for the enjoyment of the coming Exposition. And with this same thought in mind, each member should endeavor to perfect whatever phase of volunteer service appeals to her most, realizing that in this perfection lies the strength of the structure of our National League for Woman's Service and the esprit de corps that gives impetus to our growth and the vision of greater accomplishments.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

Ice Skating

by Rose Wayman

■ The origin of ice skating is shrouded in mystery. It is probably a development of the crude necessity of life begun by the peoples of the cold North—a form of communication which later developed into a pleasure. As early as 1744 the first skating club was formed in the old country at Edinburgh, followed by clubs in Canada and this country, so that today ice skating has developed in interest to a remarkable degree. It is indulged in by those of all ages, and owing to the large number of artificial ice skating surfaces throughout the country, one can skate in any temperature.

Importance in training for the sport cannot be overestimated. Enthusiasm and patience are needed to succeed. The school figures—the fundamentals of ice skating—must be mastered. These include the well-known outside and inside edges, also the rockers, brackets, threes and many more.

Free skating, which gives the skater opportunity for individuality of program, is fascinating. The spins, spread eagles and jumps, the result of months of hard work, act as a tonic. Free skating is always done to music. Usually a waltz is selected. Its highest art is to combine grace with sureness of movement and difficulty of figure. Emphasis must be placed on the position of the head—a most important point.

Pair skating, which includes spirals and so many dances—waltz, ten-step, fox trot, tango, mazurka—all give a tremendous thrill which never fades. The spiral, well done, is an excellent example of gliding on the ice.

The physical benefits are many—smooth muscular development, entire absence of fat, supple muscles, grace of carriage, sense of balance—all these skating gives one.

There is one aspect of ice skating little realized by the general public, that is the competitive skating for championships. Each prominent club holds a yearly contest to determine the club champion. Then these club champions meet to determine the national champion. This year, for the first time in the history of the Association, the Nationals were held away from the Atlantic Coast and took place in Chicago. So many of our own skaters were able to attend and were a decided credit to California. The magazine "Skating" states that the outstanding feature of the meet was undoubtedly the participation of a contingent of skaters from the Pacific Coast, and the very fine showing made by them. Five judges, all qualified, give their days to the hard work of judging the many contestants. There is a fine spirit of friendliness and goodfellowship that prevails throughout the skating fraternity. This is shown by the willingness of the judges to go long distances for the amateur contests.

Ice carnivals are delightful winter sports and are held yearly in the prominent private clubs, the best showing being achieved in privately owned clubs, which are open at all hours for individual work. Those carnivals, held yearly in March at Madison Square Garden, attract thousands for each performance and are breathtaking in their loveliness and beauty. Carnivals have captured the imagination and fancy of the public. Cruises, fetes, coronations and parties are among the themes which furnish the background for them.

It is a surprise to many to learn that a summer session of skating takes place in the arena at Lake Placid. It is growing in popularity like the one held in England for some years. In 1932 Lake Placid had its arena open for one week only. This year a session of six weeks is being held.

Our own Yosemite has a beautiful outdoor rink. Its smooth ice, mountain air, gay night lights and music make a skater feel he is really flying. The joy is indescribable and forever new.

Our own indoor rink in Oakland is open many months of the year. There you will see the skaters practicing day after day, month after month, to achieve the test for which they are working—always oblivious to the public who may be watching—simply absorbed in their own bit of ice, determined to succeed. In the achievement of each test lies the fascination of ice skating to many. There is always something ahead that lures one to its accomplishment.

It is good news to learn that an ice arena is being built at the old Sutro Baths in San Francisco.

Sonja Henie has awakened a great interest in the public eye and she has swept the ice skaters off their feet. To see her is to realize the grace and poise and complete mastery of the body achieved. To see her is to visualize flying. She is a fascinating loveliness. Sonja has made people ice conscious.

All skaters fly, whether speed or figure skating; it is enchanting. Figure skating is an art. It is thrilling. It is relaxing. It is movement. It is achievement. Above all it is grace. "One finds magic in the blade." Try it.

Editorial

■ Sugar-coated exercise. Down through the ages man has taken his "daily dozen" in ways which pleased. There is no boredom in true sport, and yet the exercise which all sport means is good-for-us, a characteristic which in other instances often carries with it a bit of ennui. What a difference companionship makes. Competition then enters the picture. A joy shared is the only one worthy the name.

This issue of the Magazine brings you stories of Sport. We hope the enthusiasm of the writers will make your vacation time all the more happy.

■ Very stimulating is the program being worked out for the participation of the National League for Woman's Service in the Golden Gate International Exposition. The time is all too short for the colossal idea, but our President is working on the outline of something decidedly worth while and when we come back from vacationing she will have work for all of us to do.

■ The long and unsuccessful search for Amelia Earhart has saddened many who have in this tragic accident revived memories of her two happy visits in our Clubhouse. On September 26, 1928, Miss Earhart was guest of honor at a delightfully informal dinner. On this occasion she wrote in our guest book, "With appreciation of being with my own sex exclusively." Again on the evening of February 7, 1928, Mrs. Treat, Chairman of Programs, presented Miss Earhart to a large audience, in the Auditorium—a charming picture in a garden setting—she so simply related her history-making flights and the impression she left with us of flying through clouds into the dawn—as of passing from one golden room into another. . . .

■ A list of persons holding debentures for whom we do not have proper addresses appears on page 24. Members are asked to check this list and send information to the Executive Office. Help in this way will greatly facilitate the gathering in of all debenture bonds.

■ Nearing the goal! The two-thirds consent of bondholders is nearly a reality. A few more deposits of bonds will accomplish the end. If you are a bondholder will you not be one of those whose cooperation makes the plan operative? Do not wait until afterwards and thus miss the joy of having rendered service to the Club by being one of those who make up the necessary two-thirds.

■ Your protection—your membership card. With the Second Floor of the Clubhouse open to the public, what is the safeguard of your right of membership if it is not the showing of your card in the elevators? The elevator operators did not make the rule—the Board of Directors did. Will you not be courteous when asked to "show your card, Madam," for it is your interests that the Club is protecting.

■ Every little while we are surprised to hear some one say, "I'll have to meet you down stairs, for I'm not a member." Why isn't she a member? Have you ever asked? Perhaps she's just waiting for your invitation. Perhaps she dropped out years ago, and only awaits your urging as her excuse for coming back. The State Convention of the Music Teachers who met with us last month were amazed at the ease with which the convention was handled. The Clubhouse continually proves itself a haven for emergencies of all kinds. It suddenly "comes into its own" with this group or that, but what maintains it in the interim between such emergencies? The steady item of membership dues. It is important right now that we build our membership from five to six thousand. Will you, dear member, ask that friend of yours?

■ These are anxious times for the merchants of San Francisco. The closing of hotels sidetracked many tourists who regularly patronize the stores in mid-summer. No one has escaped the economic disturbance. We urge especially at this time your loyalty to the splendid advertisers of the Women's City Club Magazine, who count upon you for the steady patronage which successfully carries the burden of crises.

■ Two corrections in last month's Magazine, with sincere apologies to the authors. Miss Milward Holden wrote the splendid story "Occupational Therapy" and "The Young Farmers Clubs of Latvia" should have been announced as a reprint from "The Countrywoman," by courtesy of one of the editors of this interesting English magazine. We sincerely regret these misprints and hope these corrections will in small measure amend the mistakes.

Letter Log of the Trans-Pacifc Race to Honolulu

Moored After the Race.

by Winifred B. Allen

Saturday evening, July 11th.

■ It is now a week since we started, and we have almost made our expected distance, for at midnight we complete the thousandth mile, just one-half the way. It has been so much more beautiful and far calmer than we ever dreamed it could be. The famous trade winds have been only gentle breezes instead of the roaring, boisterous, heeling-over gales we expected. Our greatest disappointment came in the first forty-eight hours, as we were trapped by calm and fog behind Catalina and the Santa Barbara Islands, unable to get out into the ocean. The other boats apparently went more to the south, and, after the first day we have only seen one of the racing yachts. We left her easily behind, so are hoping that others were in as quiet waters as we were.

We sighted the whole Pacific fleet last Tuesday evening, and they looked very impressive as they paralleled our course for an hour or so on the horizon. That was the rough night when we tried to hook up the aerial and talk to the home receiving set. But the rail was under, spray everywhere, and the aerial dripping.

Tuesday Afternoon, July 14th.

The trades at last! Our stern is foaming—the log bounding out of the water as a comber falls away from under it. We used to marvel at the Dorade making two hundred four miles a day—what do you think we made yesterday? Two hundred and six miles. The wind is almost a-stern and the huge waves shove us along. We have every stitch of canvas up and often as the great spinnaker fills suddenly, we feel as though Marilen could fly. We are quite a bit past half way and now only seven hundred and fifty miles from Diamond Head. Our log reading and our sun-lights correspond, so we think our positions are correct.

It is so futile to try to put on paper a fraction of what happens. The crew is divided into watches of three boys on deck, four hours on and four hours off. That means three asleep all the time. We step over recumbant forms on the deck or watch a bare unconscious arm swing from the edge of a bunk with the roll of the ship. They eat like hungry sailors every meal and even the sauce pans are scraped clean. We call one watch the Wolves and the other watch the

Sharks. The rivalry as to the miles made during each watch is so keen that they even wait until the middle bell of the eight bells strikes, so as to split the miles evenly as they read the log. The captain has put up five dollars for the watch with the most mileage and they strain every fiber to make the record. Up to now thirty-six miles in the four-hour watch; forty-two land miles.

Till Sunday it was the lighter boats' race, but now the seas are running high for them. We haven't seen a thing. Have heard nothing but Hawaiian music, the time signals and the Richfield Reporter. We know that thirty clubwomen fainted from the heat in the East and that three cows died, but how we wish we knew where the other boats are! We couldn't drive the Marilen any faster. The skipper urges the crew on to work and watches every rope like a hawk, for they must adjust the ropes every hour to prevent chaffing. Yesterday a tiny surf bird alit on our deck. The skipper held it in his rope-caloused hand as we tried to feed it honey. Refreshed, it took off for its flight to nest at the base of Mt. Katmi in the Alaskan Peninsula.

Thursday Noon, July 16th.

Tuesday about 9 in the evening we were all in the cockpit—when crash! the halyard at the peak of the big spinnaker chaffed through, and down into the wild waves went our racing spinnaker. The crew rushed to pull her in and she flopped on deck with a ton of water wrapped up in her. There was a tear from top to bottom. We needed her so terribly at the crack of dawn, I cut out the bad parts and basted a new strip. I thought I would never reach the end of it. The captain and the skipper had bought a little hand sewing machine with rose buds painted all over it. Art and Bill ground that thing until long after midnight and at last with joy we hauled the spinnaker up again. Having used up all the white thread, we had to come to black. Howie has gone wild with all the scraps of the balloon silk, and has "broken out" into an "epidemic" of baby sail bags for Beth and for me and a few galley pot holders to brighten the life of the cookie.

We have really enjoyed the food. The cooking has been hard work and the dish washing harder, particularly as the galley drain was stopped up for several days. Strapped to the stove, Beth has been more than faithful to her job and the cookie very good-natured and willing. It has been quantity and not quality this crew wants. The trade winds have piled up enormous seas which we ride down like the surfboard at Waikiki. The crests follow along the stern rail for minutes at a time and often foam over into the scuppers. We call Dick "Wet-deck Dick," for he always contrives to have the decks running and if he makes the coffee spill off of the stove, they rush up and throw things at him. Four cups gone last night, only one left!

There is one place on the seas which in the whole world is farthest from land. We crossed it two days ago. There have been beautiful clouds on the horizon which suggest land and the sunsets have been glowing with color. I hope that all Belvedere has not worried because we could not radio you. When we tried to hear, there was so much interference the skipper couldn't get a thing. We have sent and sent our call out, hoping your set was strong enough to hear us.

The phosphorescence each night is glorious. We leave a white trail of foam across the Pacific by day which at night becomes a luminous silver path. The steel-blue dolphins playing around our bow are at night like comets. They dart through the clear water, leaving a wake of phosphorescence.

Saturday, July 18th.

It can't be long now. We hope to sight the Moloki light this evening. We have just heard Honolulu broadcast Dorade the winner and Circe thirteen minutes later. A disappointment to this crew, but I will be satisfied to come in the middle of the twenty-one racing yachts.

3:30 P. M. Same Day.

Two beautiful navy planes have just circled us, waved and sent their congratulations—now headed back to report us. Can hardly wait till broadcast tonight. Expect to be in Mololo's path any minute.

Almost 5:00 P. M.

Mololo sighted! and oh thrilling, she is going out of her course for us. It's against all rules, but they are. Then three long blasts and dipped the flag for little us. I guess the hundreds of passengers along their rail enjoyed it as much as we did. It proves that we are right on our course. Helen—your handkerchief is still on our wind pennant. Remember you placed it there for the Farallone race—what a life it has had!

Sunday, 2:30 in the Morning.

Never will any day be more full of dynamite than this one! The captain has just waked me, so will jot a word even though my hand is so shaky I can hardly write. Sighted the great beautiful Moloki light at 8:00 last night, then entered the channel between the islands. At 11:00 saw Diamond Head light. We have just now passed a sailboat grey and ghost-like and it is getting light in the east. Radio report said we may get the sixth and surely the seventh place.

Later, 5:30.

Crossed the line at 4:50! Amidst flares—guns and the loveliest floodlight which made the sunrise look artificial and as though we (Continued on page 23

Fencing

by Mrs. Erich A. Funke

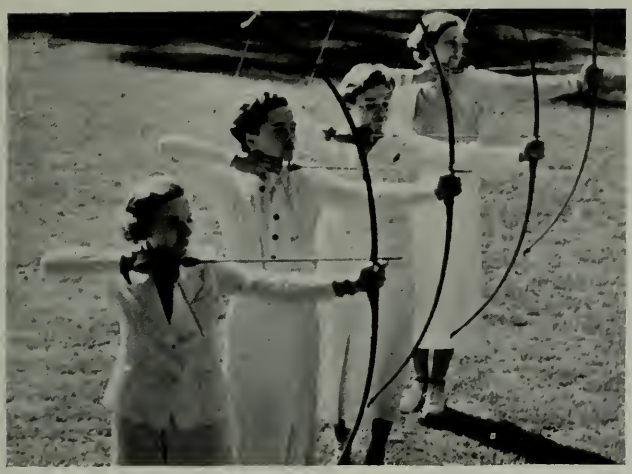
■ One of the chief reasons for liking fencing is that it is one activity in which a woman may equal, if not surpass, a man. Some of the sterner sex, in fact, are captious enough to intimate that the natural deceitfulness and guile supposedly inherent in women give us too much of an advantage. Be that as it may, in fencing, the physical superiority of one fencer may be cancelled by the greater skill or better strategy of his opponent. For example, in 1935, Miss Helene Mayer had little difficulty in vanquishing the best fencers the masculine contingent in the Bay area could offer; but it is only fair to add that she is one of the best fencers in the world today.

Unimaginative people are inclined to scoff at the appeal of the sport, because they fail to grasp the finer points of the game. Alas, many so-called fencers have little more realization of its real fascination. To lure one's opponent into making a mistake, to outguess and outmaneuver him, and then deftly place the point exactly where he wishes, is the crowning joy of every true fencer. Skill and finesse are everything; mere brute strength is the nadir of fencing ability. The romantic background of the art gives it an added fillip—for through the flash of the steel we seem to partake of the thrill of medieval daring and chivalry. It used to be obligatory on all gentlemen to handle a sword well; indeed, it was a matter of life and death—and we feel it is still the most aristocratic of sports.

Fencing is just as strenuous as you yourself choose to make it. It can be regarded as a sport, in which case it will quicken the reflexes as well as bring into play every muscle in the body. It can tax the wind of a distance runner; but, on the other hand, it has so many facets that a person handicapped physically may still be able to overcome that disadvantage. I know of one gentleman who, by his fast and accurate hand, is able to belie his seventy years and hold his own with men fifty years his junior. However, in my opinion, fencing is more properly regarded as an art, like dancing. Parries, ripostes, lunges, all the movements, must be learned in the same manner one learns pirouettes or a time-step.

One should fence for fencing's sake alone; but, speaking sub rosa, it seems to streamline one just where women need it most; and the constant attention needed to prevent an unsightly position makes for better posture. One cannot afford to forget in fencing, because either one looks very graceful; or one looks very, very bad. As for injury, the modern fencer is well protected, and severe injury is most rare, except for cases of wounded vanity. It looks so simple! That is, until one tries it!

It cannot be emphasized too strongly that competent instruction is a necessity. Study painting, music or even ballet out of a book, but never fencing. There is no end to learning fencing—chiefly because of the large part played by strategy. After one has learned to handle himself, he must learn to handle his opponent. This is not always easy, since the opponent has ideas on the matter and may be able to put those ideas into execution. Yes, there is more to this ancient pastime than swinging a blade in the air and poking at someone with a birdcage on his head. I might even indulge in a cliche and say there is more in it than meets the eye, for it is notorious that judges usually see little more than half of what actually occurs. Judges are those unfortunate beings who are supposed to see the touches made by each contestant. Nobody likes them. Sometimes, we think they need glasses; but if you ever try to judge you will realize that the difficulty lies in the speed with which the blade moves. I have seen a camera, with an exposure of two hundredths of a second, record a complete circular movement of the blade. My blade moves faster than I myself can follow it—it is only when it stops that I can see if it has gone where I intended to place it. It is only through continuous practice that the hand gains this dexterity. There is no doubt in my mind that the hand is quicker than the eye! But I do not wish to frighten you with visions of the difficulty of fencing—all these things are learned step by step, gradually and easily; and each step has its own appeal. Fencing requires only three things: first and foremost, a good master; second, willingness to follow his instructions, and last, perseverance.



Archery at Mills College

Archery

by John P. Cuneo

■ There can be no doubt that women have accomplished much in the world of sport. They have developed mastery of the technic of golf, tennis, swimming, fencing, bowling and other sports to a high degree.

When archery is mentioned most people think of a he-man of feudal times pulling the heavy long-bow weapon which was so important in deciding wars of that era. In these modern times we find that archery is a sport that engages, fascinates and greatly benefits man, woman, boy and girl, and it is a blessing indeed. Man never had a more nearly perfect weapon than the bow and arrow, from the standpoint of charm and intimate response. The bow becomes part of his mood; member of his faculties, giving service and action in proportion to the throbbing life placed in it. The poise and nicety of the mental state of the archer is made manifest in the flight of the arrow.

A recent development which is having a tremendous influence on archery is the strong hold it has taken in women's colleges where many thousands are devoting regularly prescribed hours to its practice. It is wonderfully adapted for them, for it strengthens every muscle in the body without danger of any of the injuries which only too often are incidental to other sports. This has been said many times by archers who actively engage in the sport who are in a position to speak as professional physicians.

Archery for women is practiced on a lawn range where the targets are shot at from various distances ranging from fifty down to thirty yards. The standard target is made of tightly wound rye straw and is forty-eight inches in diameter. On this target a cloth face is fixed which is set up with a bullseye, or gold, we call it, of 9 3/5 inches in diameter. The first concentric ring is red, the next blue, then black, then white, each 4 4/5 inches in width. The target is placed on a wood tripod and then it is ready to be shot at. There is no more beautiful sight than an archery range set up with twenty or thirty targets all in line with their beautifully painted color rings shining in the sun on a field of green grass. Bows are chiefly made of yew wood and require an average pull of twenty-eight pounds to draw the arrow its full length of approximately twenty-five inches. The arrows are about the thickness of a lead pencil, with a steel point and they are fletched with feathers from the wing of the turkey. They are crested with a pattern of colored rings near the feather end, usually a particular design of the archer shooting them. A shooting glove is also necessary for the three fingers on the hand drawing the bowstring and an arm-guard of leather is usually worn on the wrist near the bow to take the recoil of the bowstring after an arrow has been released. Shooting from the fifty-yard line it is not unusual to see an expert archer shoot six out of six arrows to the target and get them in a circle about a foot in diameter. It is truly remarkable to see the accuracy which one can attain with a little practice. In competition the hits are scored, and one soon learns the amount of proficiency that has been attained by the scores shot. The target hits count as follows: gold, nine points; red, seven; blue, five; black, three; and white, one point. The thrill that comes with hitting the gold, let us say at forty yards, is just as enjoyable as one that comes with a golf stroke after the ball has been squarely hit and it goes off in a beautiful drive for 250 yards.

The exercise, friendship, exhilarating fresh air and sunshine as well as many other physical and mental benefits most certainly make archery one of the finest of sports. The traditions and romance connected with it make for a rich reward for those who hear its call. Paul Gallico, one of the (Continued on page 25

Our Summer Outing

in the High Sierras

(Thirty Years Ago)

by Mae Vrooman Forbes

"Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the treasures prove,
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains, yield."

C. Marlowe.

■ Our summer outing was conceived, when the desires and the determination to go, had wed; and was born, when the Gods had fixed the child's destiny.

Our Gods were two: "Tubby and Jake," fresh from Yale; and the child of our outing came, when they decreed, "We want to go to the mountains back of the Yosemite Valley."

Accordingly, we engaged a packer, with six horses, to meet us at Yosemite, and transport our provisions and personal belongings into the wilderness of mountains that lay to the north and east of the Valley; accessible only to pack trains, saddle horses and pedestrians; the last class being the one to which we belonged. We made our start from the Sentinel Hotel at noon on August 3rd after the packer had laboriously and with many complaints, loaded our effects on to his horses.

We went past the Nevada and Vernal Falls into Little Yosemite, thence by Sunrise Ridge trail past Clouds' Rest, and Cathedral Peaks to the Meadows.

The trees beneath which we walked were as beautiful as any seen in our after wanderings, while the wild grasses and flowers were more luxuriant than those at the higher altitudes reached in later days.

At Tuolumne Meadows we dismissed the packer and his complaints; but kept three of his horses with their pack outfits. We stayed in the meadows only long enough to settle camp and rest up a bit, then started on our main side trip, which was to Mammoth, about fifty miles to the south. We first went through the Mono Pass and down Bloody Canyon—called "Bloody," not on account of any Indian massacres in early days, but because the rocks are so sharp that they cut the horses' feet, causing them to leave a bloody track; and by the time we had reached the foot of the trail, we found that it was well named.

A howling wind was blowing and we found the day very cold. The view we had was most desolate as we looked down the canyon on to Mono Lake, and the cinder cones of the desert, with not a tree in sight. Near at hand was bare rock with snowbanks everywhere, and farther on the treeless sand of the valleys and mountains of Nevada.

The canyon was very narrow, and deep blue lakes nestled frequently under the cliffs of red rock. The wind had whipped them to a boiling fury. In spite of their beauty they were so chilling that they gave the wind greater power to pierce.

We had expected to stop for luncheon just over the top of the pass, but the wind was too cold and there were no trees to afford shelter, so we were forced to descend clear to Walker Lake, a distance of seventeen miles, before we were able to stop for luncheon.

In Walker Lake we found the fishing so good that we stayed over a day.

On leaving the lake we descended to the plains of the Mono Cinder Cones, then toiled through the dusty ash and pumice to Silver Lake.

After a much-needed nights' rest, we rescaled the great eastern fault, on a path, close beside the fine falls of Rush Creek, and rested our weariness on the bank of blue Gem Lake. There banks of deep snow came down to the water and in places into it. We were so attracted by its beauty and the peaceful scenery that we decided to linger. Our camp was on the beach and there we sat, read, washed and fished. Here our nightly camp fire was built and our songs were sung and our plans for the next day discussed, to the sound of the gentle lapping of the water.

On leaving Gem Lake after a two days' rest, we traveled past the snows and frozen lakes of Agnews' Pass, onto the slopes that lie at the head of the San Joaquin River. Here and all the way down the river trail to Red's Meadows we had continuous sight of lofty Banner and Ritter Peaks and the rugged Minarets.

Red's Meadows were the home of great firs, under which we ate and slept, and from which we made the last stage of our journey to the Mammoth Lakes and the old mining town of Mammoth. At Red's Meadows was a hot spring in the side of the hill, and here most of the party indulged in a muchly enjoyed bath.

The trip from Red's Meadows to Mammoth was necessary in order to purchase supplies.

We had left Tuolumne Meadows with ten days' provisions and the ten days had passed, such had been our loiterings before we were ready to leave Red's Meadows. But at Mammoth we were able to get enough supplies to take us back to our cache at Tuolumne Meadows.

We were very anxious to return by Thousand Island Lake, Donohue Pass and Lydell Meadows to Tuolumne Meadows. But everyone we met warned us that Donohue Pass had still too much snow on it to make the crossing possible for horses—and rangers and all the men whose business took them from the San Joaquin on to the Tuolumne were going mostly over the route we had followed on our down trip—although some few had tried Parker Pass a little south of Mono Pass. But even that was considered difficult and dangerous and we were advised by all not to attempt Donohue Pass, as it had not been attempted this year. But it was very much more direct for us and we decided to try it, although, like most of our decisions, it was not reached until we came literally to the parting of the trails. The trail which the map had shown we were unable to find, but after some skirmishing, discovered a blazed tree, the sign that others had passed that way. We were able to follow the line of blazes, or piled rocks as this case happened to be, and found our way to Thousand Island Lake, ten thousand feet high—a lake resembling the lakes in Desolation Valley most closely; the blue glacial water nestling in the gray granite basin underneath the bleak and snow-covered slopes of Banner and Davis. We climbed out of the granite basin with only an occasional piled rock to mark our way; and over Island Pass. On the north side of this pass we had our first field of trackless snow to cross. We were quite bewildered to know at what point our trail again passed onto the rocks, but a little skirmishing and we found a blazed tree off to the west, and the pack train started ahead and had no difficulty in crossing. We followed blazed trees almost to Rush Creek, where we lost all sign of blazes or piled rocks. While we were still looking for the trail we met a sheepherder and tried to persuade him to take us over the pass, as he, of course, was far more experienced in taking animals across snow than we were. He was unwilling to go with us, but offered us the assistance of his herder, whom he said we should meet nearer the summit. We were able to buy a sheep from him, the first fresh meat that we had had since leaving Yosemite.

The next morning we were up early and found that one of the horses had lost a shoe. We could see the smoke of the sheepman's campfire rising above the green trees not far down the canyon, and he was hunted up to shoe the horse. While two of the men went on that errand, one hunted up the trail. We were almost to the height above which no timber grew and we knew that the pass must be a barren, bleak spot, cold and unfit for a camp. If we attempted it, we should have to pass the same day and descend until we should reach a region sufficiently low in elevation to afford feed for our horses and firewood for ourselves. It was past nine before the horses were packed and the trail found.

At first the trail was steep, rocky, hard to find and harder yet for the horses to get any footing on. Our horses, like men, had their characteristics. Bell would not lead without the application of occasional physical violence from behind; Chatso came along unled, with a fine disregard of beaten tracks or danger to his hide; while Tobias refused to willingly cross any water, whether large or small; he had to be pushed in, beaten by his rider and pulled across.

We toiled upward, with slow progress, through a forest of stunted tamarack trees. Frequently the pack train had to stand still while we searched the country ahead for signs of the faint trail. We tugged at Bell, we pushed Tobias across the roaring mountain torrents, we rescued Chatso from precarious entanglements in the cliffy rocks until we attained the easier slopes and a succession of meadows, scarcely green yet, so late had been the melting of the snow.

Here we began to encounter the dreaded snow. The trees had been left below and as we emerged onto the first meadow we had a clear view ahead of the mountains that our track would have to cross. To our right, across a rough slope of bare granite, lay big Blacktop with its high precipices, and far to the left the head of Lyell shone snow white, while between, joining them, a curved succession of jagged spires and rounded passes were profiled against the sky. At the foot of the last ascent to the pass we met the sheepherder. His information about Donohue Pass was not cheering. It could not be crossed in its present condition by pack animals, owing to the deep and treacherous snow, he said. We had, for some time been crossing great banks of snow, of depths up to forty feet, with deep and dangerous holes hidden below the surface, where mountain streams had bored their subterraneous way, and did not feel willing to give up the progress made over dangers past without a try at the dangers ahead. So, disregarding his advice, we pushed on.

Three-quarters of a mile below the pass, Bell was first to fall. She had slipped on the sloping head of a great granite boulder just showing through the snow. While one of us sat on her head to hold her down, two more hurried off her pack and, to our relief, found her unhurt and none of the three dozen eggs in her pack broken. The snow was (Continued on page 30

Swimmers Are Made —Not Born

by Ira Blue

■ The high spot in American aquatic achievement undoubtedly occurred on that cold blustery morning of August 6, 1926, when a brave and talented young lady slipped into the icy waters of the treacherous English Channel at Cape Gris-Nez off the coast of France. Fighting and struggling for fourteen and a half long hours in the midst of a churning, angry sea which buffeted her from all sides, Gertrude Ederle dragged her sore and tired body from its clutch. But not until she had reached Dover, on the English side—the first woman to beat the channel. The world acclaimed and applauded the historic event as a magnificent triumph against almost insurmountable odds. And then suddenly, as the world usually does, it forgot. Today there isn't one person in a thousand who can tell you the year, let alone the day, that the great Ederle swam the English Channel. The heroine of this epic is now quietly going about her business of teaching novices the elemental rudiments of swimming. A constant reminder of her day of triumph is the unfortunate aftermath which left her hearing impaired. You might call it the revenge of the sea.

Before carrying on any further with our little discourse on this very popular sport, we'd like to tell you the reason for our calling to your attention an event which was first-page news more than a decade ago. It's for the purpose of making a definite comparison . . . a picture of conditions that used to exist and their relation to our present-day methods. It makes an unusually vivid and colorful descriptive subject. It's the story of changing black into white. The tearing down of the old and the building up of the new.

Swimming is a sport that can be considered a genuine oddity in the field of man's recreational activities. Every youngster and grown-up, whether he swims or not, is thoroughly conversant with the phases and rules which govern competition in the sport. It's individually popular with practically everyone, but has never been and probably never will be considered of major interest in the world of sports. Swimming has always been back in the far corners with the second-raters. It's strange, because men and women who have never seen a fight or a wrestling match or even a horse race, will avidly follow the great heroes with a lot of interest. The same persons, probably swimmers, won't give a second thought to the top-notch aquatic stars excepting in rare cases, such as the unfortunate Eleanor Holm Jarrett incident. Meets attract meager gatherings and the man in the street hasn't the faintest idea who's champion in any of the various classes. In spite of all this, the story which lies behind the background of swimming is one of the most interesting to be found in the entire gamut of sports. It's a story which tells of beauty and rhythm. The triumph of skill and artistry over strength.

Since that day more than a decade ago when Gertrude Ederle conquered the icy waters of the English channel, swimming has moved forward with gigantic strides. The great leaders of the sport in those times were men and women of imposing, even gigantic, stature. Men like Johnny Weismuller, Clarence Crabbe and the Catalina Channel swimmer, George Young, were all magnificent physical specimens, far larger and brawnier than the average person. Girls like Ederle and the sensational record breaker, Helene Madison, were behemoths among the common herd. The steady and solid beat of powerful arms and legs were the symphonic notes of the swimming world. Arms and legs like giant knives cutting through the conquered seas. It was a case of power, power and more power. The survival of the fittest and the laurels to the strong. The little man and woman was relegated to the sidelines to applaud their mighty brothers and sisters who basked in the glory of their achievements of strength.

Suddenly and almost like a bolt from the blue the entire picture underwent a tremendous change. It occurred during the never-to-be-forgotten Olympic Games of 1932 in Los Angeles, California. Without the semblance of a word of ballyhoo or an iota of warning, a brave little group of tiny swimmers from the far-off island of Japan swept all nations before them as they proceeded to annex the coveted Olympic title. And then the world awakened to the realization that swimming honors were no longer to be confined to the big and the (Continued on page 23

Sailing

by Miriam Gibbons Woodruff

■ When the Editor asked me for an article on Sailing for the Magazine, my answer was promptly, "No"—800 words seemed a large order. However, on second thought I decided to write one.

Our sailing started when my husband's golf became so discouraging that another form of relaxation for the week-ends was necessary.

Some few cruises with my brother aboard his "Gipsy" had made us a bit "boat-minded," so, after looking about for some weeks, we saw, fell in love with and bought our "Sandpiper." She is a gaff-rigged schooner thirty-six feet long with an eleven-foot beam. A comfortable boat for cruising, having four spring bunks in the cabin, a galley with a real wood-burning stove with an oven nine inches by nine, a sink with running water and an ice-box. All quite complete, as you can see.

We tried her out on the Bay that first winter and spring—getting the feel of her and learning her ways.

Then, on an unforgettable Sunday morning with the knowledge of an incoming afternoon tide to assure us of a safe return, we sailed out through the Golden Gate.

What a strange feeling it was to glimpse a large steamer when we were on the crest of one wave, only to lose sight of her completely as we went dashing down into the trough of another—and how small we felt as we sailed past the north tower of the bridge and looked up and still up trying to see its top.

That first ocean trip only whetted our appetites for more. So we planned a five-day cruise to Monterey and back. I'll admit now to a secret feeling of nervousness before starting on that eventful journey —we were so small—the ocean so huge and Monterey seemed so far away, by water!

We soon found that our most unpleasant moments were to be just outside of our own Golden Gate on the famous "Potato Patch." Once that was past, the nervousness—and I admit it—the seasickness, wore off and we enjoyed our cruise to the full.

About four-thirty, having breakfasted, we left our mooring at Belvedere and set sail for Santa Cruz, our first stop. We found on getting "outside" that we were to have a more or less gray day with plenty of wind from the northwest, which meant a following wind, as our course was to the southeast. Mile Rock Light and Seal Rocks had a different aspect for us as we went out, and we gave them wide berth. Then with the aid of our charts, "Coast Pilot" and glasses, for we were out beyond the steamer lanes, we raised one after another the headlands and lighthouses which told us we were on the correct course—San Pedro Point, with sheer cliffs and three huge rocks jutting menacingly out from shore—Montara next, then Pillar, north point of Half Moon Bay, with Pigeon Point and its tall white light, south of Pescadero Beach.

By the time we reached Point Ano Neuevo, we were wet and uncomfortable, as the wind had become a forty-mile gale. We decided to put in behind the point for shelter and let the wind subside before continuing on our way. Coming to anchor behind the point was an interesting experience in itself. We went through huge kelp beds, sounding all the way, as the channel was narrow and rocky, with shoal water on each side. After four hours with the wind continuing to blow with undiminished vigor, we thought it best to make for (Continued on page 22

What Is Bowling on the Green?

by Mrs. Gabriel Moulin

■ Lawn bowling has been played extensively for many years in England, Scotland and Canada. In this country there are many greens and the number of people playing is increasing steadily. Around the Bay there are greens in San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, Palo Alto and Richmond.

The space necessary for a green is about 120 feet square. When one is walking on a good green it is similar to a thick velvet carpet due to the special kind of grass necessary for greens and the continual cutting and rolling of it.

Games are played first, east and west; the next day, north and south, thereby helping to keep the green level. The equipment needed for playing the game is, first, a pair of rubber-soled, flat-heeled shoes. Then mats, which are placed at either end of the green, say 100 feet apart, markers to get the center of the green and a small white ball about two inches in diameter, called the "Jack," which is played TO by the bowlers. Each player has a set of four bowls weighing from three to three and a half pounds apiece.

Games can be played in singles, doubles, triples or a rink game. Singles and doubles are played with four bowls to each player; triples with three bowls, and a rink game only two bowls. It is also a game of partnership—one against one, two against two, etc. A rink game requires a particular skill, as having only two bowls one feels compelled to make a showing.

The last player is the "skip," or, let's say, captain of the game. He directs the others as to their playing. When all the bowls are played, the ones lying nearest the Jack are the counters.

Bowling on the green is a wonderful mental diversion. To get out in God's sunshine, on a beautiful green and for a real purpose, is really delightful, especially to people over 40 years old, for, so often, those who haven't a reason do not take advantage of the outdoors simply from lack of interest in something definite.

There is no better way to learn human nature than a wholesome outdoor game. To go to the clubhouse in the lovely Golden Gate Park and meet friends and have wholesome exercise and a game in the open is an ideal sport.

We have tournaments in our own club, also intercity games for trophies, and in September the state tournament. One year this tournament is played in the South and the next year in the Bay district. This year's tournament is to be held in San Francisco. There will probably be over 300 entries. I see by the "Edinburgh Scotsman" that there were 3,664 individual players in a tournament in June there.

Some of our members do not enter tournaments. They come for the exercise only.

One forgets all worries during the time spent on the green. A few hours' play—then home again, healthfully tired, with plenty of appetite and a realized promise of a sound night's sleep.

I Have Been Reading

by Daisy F. Reed

PATTERN OF THREE. By Mary Hastings Bradley. D. Appleton-Century Company. Price $2.00.
Reviewed by Constance B. Howard.

■ On the amusing wooden model, the hat had been Eve's own, its colors her colors in that wedding-summer fifteen years before. On her head, the hat jeered: — her face was thirty-nine. Was it fair, Eve thought as she hastily replaced her smart little cocktail hat, for Dick at forty to be still so good-looking? He was in love with that girl in his office, she might as well face it. Kay, whose father, Dick's old friend, had shot himself as the flowers and gilt chairs were being arranged for his daughter's debut. And Kay was twenty-four.

* * *

From this arresting opening Miss Bradley's novel progresses to its arresting close. She will lose few readers on the way; the tale is absorbing in spite of regrettable mannerisms in the telling, especially her frequent halt at crucial moments, pointer in hand, for a neat exposition of her characters' thoughts and feelings, although these characters are live people, with something to say worth hearing, about their poignant and eternal problem.

This is a good story. It might have been—it nearly is—something more.

MY FATHER'S HOUSE—An Oneida Boyhood. By Pierrepont Noyes. Farrar & Reinhart. Price $3.50.
Reviewed by Constance B. Howard.

■ This is the story of a child born in our times — 1870—in our country — New York State — but in a world not ours; in a pattern of life which repudiated and scorned our standards, and was a by-word and a hissing judged by them. His father was the founder and thirty-years' leader of the most successful among the sixty-odd separatist groups which appeared in nineteenth-century America, a group of 300 people living together in what they believed to be the spirit of the Early Christian Church, holding all things in common, even husbands and wives, even children—in a sincere effort to achieve self-forgetfulness and strive only for the joint happiness of all.

First comes a short explanation of Oneida ways, which sheltered his childhood memories of life in the Children's House; an account of his small-boy efforts to understand the hostile world beginning to seep through its encysting walls; his struggles at sixteen to support his mother and little half-sister while battling with this new hating, sneering world; and finally an afterword by the publishers about his next fifty years, during which Mr. Noyes, now in full vigor at sixty-seven, won from that world full measure pressed down and running over of all the rewards it had to give.

Experts in child psychology, sociology, American history and the rest will, of course, best value these pages, but it is hard to imagine a reader who will not seize in them a nugget of surprised thought for his own store.

JORDANSTOWN. By Josephine Johnson. Simon and Schuster, 1937. $2.00.
Reviewed by Grace U. Johnson.

■ Jordanstown, the setting of the book, is a small town in the United States, on the borderline between the North and the South, where the winters are bitterly cold and the summers scorching. Bitter winters and scorching summers are symbolic of the extremes that make up the story. I wonder if it is necessary to paint so biased a picture in order to awaken the sympathy of the reader.

The town is made up of the rich, who live on the Bluffs, who "hold an invisible net around the lives in Jordanstown," those down near the river, Fox Basin, where the poor live in "little houses, brittle and thin like crab shells, huddled together." Between the Bluffs and Fox Basin live "men on salaries, not wages"—junior partners, factory directors. "These all held together by three ties—by blood, by necessity, by loneliness." Jordanstown—a town divided against itself, divided into Bluff and Basin—Fox Basin itself divided with vague schisms, divided with ignorance and fear, and wandering in muddle-headed ways."

Allen Craig, twenty-nine, uses his small inheritance to buy a local paper with which he plans to make the needs of the Basin known to those on the Bluffs. He had grown up in Jordanstown and "become infected with a certain amount of knowledge, a profound humility and a love of life."

The story is of his effort to heal the "vague schisms" in Fox Basin and to change the "ignorance and fear into hope and courage." Then in the end came tragedy that seemingly wiped out everything he had worked for. But Allen was not defeated—his feeling of responsibility to those in Fox Basin and the justice of his cause made him know that: "We are not defeated nor silenced—nor penitent and full of doubts—I tell you, I believe that suffering is a perversion and not a necessity. I believe that no man walks entirely alone and that no man should have power wilfully to give or refuse the heritage of life to another. I believe that this is the only sanity and not a chimera of the mind, or the clown-juggling of a dream. I believe that there are enough of all things for every man and we shall not give up or be quiet. We shall not stop talking and give you peace. We shall go on planning and protesting and building until we see the earth again a great altar where the fruit and grain wait as communion for all men."

New Books

ROLLER SKATES by Ruth Sawyer, with illustrations by Valenti Angelo, was awarded the Newbery Medal for 1936. The award is the highest recognition given in the realm of children's literature and is awarded by the American Library Association. It sells for $2.00.

ORDEAL IN ENGLAND. Philip Gibbs writes his most timely book. $3.00.

A ROSE ODYSSY. Dr. J. H. Nicolas. A rose travelogue for the gardening enthusiast. $2.50.

RECAPTURE THE MOON. Sylvia Thompson. A fine new novel by a favorite author. $2.50.

LIFE AND DEATH OF A SPANISH TOWN. Elliot Paul. The story of a typical Spanish village. $2.50.

RAILROAD WEST. Cornelia Meigs. A story of pioneer America, written for the adult by a recognized expert in children's literature. $2.00.

AND SO—VICTORIA. Vaughan Wilkins. A historical novel laid in the period before Victoria. Don't miss it! $2.50.

SAGA OF AMERICAN SOCIETY. Dixon Wecter. The whole record of the leaders of every period. $4.00.

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Wana Derge—Tenth Season

■ It is timely that as a new Wana Derge Course is about to begin we should tell to those who may not know what this name means and why the Women's City Club of San Francisco is once again including such a course in its fall program.

Twenty years ago Wana Derge began teaching design. Her methods were pioneer but her first exhibit was acclaimed in the educational circles of the entire Bay district and a large proportion of the succeeding classes were high school teachers. Her own design attracted the attention of business people and caused her to veer off into commercial and decorative work in the world at large. Display screens for R. H. Macy in New York and for the Emporium in San Francisco, advertising campaigns and gay sunbeam gift boxes sold to the dizzy heights of 600,000 in two years, were part of "orders" in various directions. All of which satisfied the purse but not the heart of this dreamer of dreams. Then came a trip to Europe, first-hand study of world products and on the way home a vision. Her knowledge based on years of study must be made available so that all who wished could quickly learn the basic principles of color and design. On her return to America, two years were given over to the intensive study of the modern trend and acquisition of the ability to draw and paint according to the principles advanced by the real part of the modern movement which, to quote Miss Derge, "is, paradoxically, in complete accord with that which is fine in the old masters." Thus fully equipped and abreast of the times, she set about to make her dream come true. A studio in the East Bay was soon established and "ten lessons for ten dollars" brought eager students of color and composition. After two years of this teaching, Miss Derge came across the bay to present her course to the Women's City Club of San Francisco. Members know how the first class at the Club passed the word along, how the educational field expanded to include entertainment so that annual exhibits developed, until today "The Wana Derge Exhibits" (with the Wana Derge Alumnae Association acting as hostess) are attended by five hundred to a thousand enthusiasts.

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Institute of International Relations

by Adelaide Brown, Health Editor

■ "Push back the frontiers—widen the area of the world which actually wants to live at peace with each other and with the rest of the world." This was the challenge flung out by Dr. George M. Stratton, professor emeritus of psychology of the University of California, speaking before the Institute of International Relations, which this week concludes its sessions on the Mills College campus at Oakland, California.

That by a study of the facts involved in international relations lies the hope of international understanding and eventual world peace, is the thought expressed by most of the 200 teachers, ministers, writers, students and representatives of various organizations who have been attending the conference.

One of the most interested groups has been about 35 university students from various parts of the west coast, who are taking the work as part of their training for a summer's activities in behalf of the Emergency Peace Campaign program. The young people camp nearby, in the spacious grounds of the home of one of the friends of the institute. The do their own "K. P." work and manage to "get by" on $5 a week for living expenses.

The Institute of International Relations aims to present all sides of any question, believing that only thus can the whole truth be had. At one evening's panel discussion on "Political Systems, Their Influence on Foreign Policy," a communist, a fascist and an advocate of democratic government sat side by side on the platform and in turn expressed their opinions. At another, Mr. Bertram Pickard, secretary of the Friends International Center, Geneva, General David P. Barrows of the Calif. National Guard and Mr. William T. Stone, vice-president of the Foreign Policy Association, discussed the question "Preparedness for What?" Lively discussions always develop during the question periods which close the day in the informality of the lovely Mills Hall living room.

M. Pierre de Lanux of Paris, who for ten years was director of the Paris office of the League of Nations, took the view of the practical diplomat in his lectures on "World Organization and the Sovereign State." "Are we going to devote our minds to discussing idealistic theories, or to preventing a war which might break out at any minute?" was his approach. "We are always getting together too late in time of crisis to prevent catastrophy," he said.

Dr. J. Anton de Haas, professor of International Relations at the Harvard graduate school of business administration, discussed international affairs from the economic angle, speaking in terms of flow of capital, and of the beneficial effects on international conditions which might develop from a more rational tariff policy in the United States, while Dr. Leyton Richards of the historic non-conformist Carrs Lane Church, Birmingham, England, keynoted his viewpoint with the statement, "Students of international relations can no more ignore the social and moral factors involved than a builder of houses can ignore the laws of gravitation."

Other well-known speakers heard on this year's program included Dr. Chen Shou-Yi, professor of history, National University of Peiping, China; Mr. Galen Fisher, counsellor on research and education of the Institute of Pacific Relations, Western Division; Dr. Carl Landauer, professor of economics, University of California, and former faculty member at Universities of Commerce in Munich and Berlin; Dr. James Muilenburg, professor of Old Testament literature, Pacific School of Religion; Dr. E. F. Penrose, of the department of economics, University of California, author of several studies in problems of raw materials and migration; Mr. Bertram Pickard, secretary of Friends International Center, Geneva, and British news correspondent; Mr. Dean Rusk, assistant professor of government, Mills College.

Plans are already under way for a similar Institute of International Relations to be held next year.

After ten days on the campus of Mills, I can urge many of you to come over for the day at least next year. A bus runs each hour from Fourth and Market and it is all accessible. It is an intellectual feast. Don't miss at least a short visit to the institute next year. You will be fully repaid. Our June Richardson Lucas acted as hostess and was a great addition to the spirit of the institute. Daily an afternoon tea was served and the hospitality thus stimulated was a pleasure.

Two evenings the Pro Arte Quartette were lovely—and the campus filled with summer school students was very vital.

Be sure to put a visit to the Mills Institute of International Relations in your calendar for next year.

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Sailing

(Continued from page 17)

Santa Cruz.

And after dark what a pleasant sight it was to see Santa Cruz Light flashing its welcome to us and to know that our journey for that day was nearly done.

Crossing Monterey Bay next day we had experiences of a different kind. Porpoises played about our bow for half an hour at a time, with us watching not three feet from them. What lovely creatures they were, dusky above and gleaming white below. Not so lovely, however, was the whale that came up and blew not a hundred yards from us and sank again, much to our relief. There were gulls, cormorants and pelicans by the dozen and farther out great flocks of murres, fishing. Best of all was the fine big salmon on the end of our line. How good it tasted a few hours later when it was deliciously cooked for us at "Pop Ernst's" at Monterey.

On our return journey we had no wind and had to use our faithful motor all the way to San Pedro Point before hoisting sail. From there on the wind freshened and we were able to sail through the Golden Gate, all sails pulling. A glorious ending for a wonderful cruise.

Garden Sun

My garden is abloom
With many kinds of sun,
The tones from palest yellow
To brilliant crimson run.

The yellow pansy bed
Darts dark-eyed beams at me,
And in each nodding head
An elfin face I see.

The matron marigolds
With generous discs agleam,
Petals piled on petals,
Like hoarded sunbeams seem.

Nasturtiums, many-hued—
Fairies with vain ambition,
To shine with varying light,
Not one ray's repetition.

The poppies lift to light
As if to seek more gold,
Fearful the sun might offer
More than their cups can hold.

And I, in my garden close,
Would find in the sky above
Color burning my heart
Into the gold of His love.

Florence R. Keene.

(Continued from page 16)

strong. The true picture of a great swimmer, long delayed, had finally appeared. A picture of a body so delicately attunded that the motion of arms and legs had been synchronized as though they were one. True poetry of motion. It took the little men from Japan to make the world realize that swimming had joined the select coterie of sports which looked upon perfect form as the prime requisite. Golf and tennis had already bowed in homage at the throne of the stylist. Little men like Cyril Walker and Bobby Cruikshank and Gene Sarazen in golf; Bill Johnston and Bitsy Grant in tennis — all veritable giant killers. And so the ranks of swimming were swelled with the long undertrodden undersized.

Here we have a definite incentive to all boys and girls, regardless of their physical capabilities. To those of you who want to gain real skill in this great sport, here's the way to do it.

Go to a recognized instructor and learn the fundamentals of good swimming form. Develop your form gradually with honest and sincere effort without trying to crack any records while you're doing it. Take it easy, and above all, exercise all the patience at your command. After a certain length of time, say three months or so, you'll be surprised at the progress you've made. Whenever it's possible, go and see the better swimmers. Use your natural talents to mimic their style. It was the high development of the art of mimicry that enabled the Japanese swimmers to attain their skill. That and patient, earnest effort.

Swimming is a grand and interesting sport, and above all, it's the big chance for a youngster to carve a niche for himself in the world of sports. Swimmers that are first-rate become that way by having a natural inclination for the game and by concentrating and working to attain perfect aquatic form. Find the proper way to get the most speed out of your natural equipment and in the end you're certain to find that it's the easiest way. Keep at it and don't let anyone discourage you. At the end of six months you'll know for yourself just exactly what chance you have of reaching your goal. If you think you've got it in you, you'll find that the thought is the father of the wish and that it will carry you to success. And while you're at it you'll find it's all a lot of good clean fun. But don't think it's not a lot of work, too, because it is. It's hard work and patience, the ever-present formula for success at whatever you may do. But just remember this at all times—"Swimmers are made—not born!"

Log of the Honolulu Race

(Continued from page 11)

were floating in color. Boats and coast guard cruisers—the "Duke" with the reception committee surging around us. We are being towed in as our motor must remain sealed till the racing committee boards us.

9:30.

How I wish you were here! Our necks are piled high with leis—our smiles are stiff from camera shots and it's all wilder than we ever dreamed. We are just anchoring now in an adorable little yacht harbor around the point from Waikiki Beach. So much better than the big ship docks in Honolulu Harbor. We plan to go Friday to Kauai and the other islands. I'm going to clean up for shore leave now—really clean—as the quart a day water rations are over.

A glorious ending to a glorious race —now for "SHORE BOAT!"

■ SAILOR-MADE BAGS—about which Miss Milward Holden wrote in our July Magazine, may be purchased through her, either at the Marine Hospital, Fourteenth Avenue and Lake, Bayview 7733, or at Miss Holden's home, 2882 Jackson Street, Walnut 5331. The bags are priced from $1 to $4—round bags $3.

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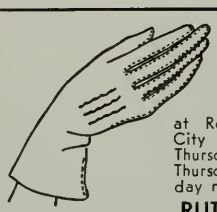
Guide to Shops and Service



Why don't you, too, learn to make your own hand - stitched leather gloves? Lessons now available at Room 212, Women's City Club, Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. Also Thursday evenings and Friday mornings.

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Still Missing

■ There are still owners of bonds to be traced. Can you give information concerning any of these names here listed?

Arnstein, Mrs. Mercedes
Austin, Mrs. Oneida D.
Beaumont, Frances J.
Bell, Lew A.
Bloom, Jonas
Blumlein, M. J.
Brice, Marie
Brierton, Miss Mary
Brown, Miss F. May
Bruce R. N.
Bug, W. N.
Burnham, Mrs. J. R.
Cornwall, Mrs. Maybelle
Davis, Mrs. W. R.
de Gez, Ellen Marie
Dixon, Emily S.
Dodd, Mrs. R. A.
Dodge, Mayme E.
Dolcine, L. D.
Ennis, Mary B.
Fitzgerald, Laura C.
Foster, Mrs. Reginald
Frank, Mrs. Josephine S.
Frazier, Mrs. R. E.
Gelders, Mrs. Flora M.
Gianella, Miss Monica Louise
Greene, Mrs. Alice G.
Gould, Rose R.
Hall, Mrs. Walter
Harker, Mrs. B. L.
Hassler, Mrs. Wm. C.
James, Mrs. M. E.
James, Ethelinda M.
Jordan, A. Evangeline
Kellogg, Mary A.
Knowles, Mrs. Jessie C.
Kriesel, G.
Lindh, Hazel F. C.
Lipman, Mary C.
Litka, Louise C.
McKay, D. W.
Martin, Jean M.
Mears, Mrs. W. E.
Moore, Mrs. Kerby
Morse, Mrs. J. R.
Mulist, Caroline
Niel, Mrs. J. Craig
O'Brien, Mrs. Josephine
Overton, Mrs. W. S.
Parsons, Elizabeth G.
Peens, Mrs. Lucy F.
Pierce, Mrs. Harry
Preston, Dr. J.
Pringle, Mrs. Maud
Purrington, Mrs. Henrietta
Purson, Mrs. Grace F.
Reed, Margaret S.
Retter, Dorothy J.
Roehr, A.
Sander, Miss M.
Sargent, Helen M.
Schmitt, E.
Smith, Miss Olive
Spanden, Mrs. R. D.
Tumblod, L. D.
Walter, Eva L.
Wilcox, Mrs. W. C.
Woedwald, Eva Jane

The Glory That Was Greece
by JULIET JAMES
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■ The world tour of the famous Colleen Moore doll house, costing $435,000 and exhibited for the benefit of crippled children, will be shown in San Francisco beginning July 26.

Mayor Rossi, who extended an official invitation to the motion picture star to exhibit the fairy castle in this city, yesterday received the following telegram of acceptance:

"Thank you ever so much for your cordial and official invitation to visit San Francisco with my doll house. I am delighted to accept and am now making plans to exhibit the fairy castle in your city beginning July 26. We hope for an attendance of more than 100,000 persons and I am happy that I will be able to be present."

The doll house, which is nine feet square and twelve feet high, has been exhibited in major cities throughout the United States, net proceeds going to established agencies aiding crippled children. Within its towers and battlements are a series of rooms containing 2,000 handcrafted furnishings. The castle, which took nine years to complete, is rich in gems and precious metals, and is the product of 700 workmen, artists and craftsmen.

It was built by Miss Moore in gratitude for recovery from a serious early-life illness.

Archery

(Continued from page 13)

leading writers on sports in the United States, placed archery at the head of a list of sports in an article he wrote a few months ago, saying that it was the one sport which gave women participants most grace and that it was least likely to make them appear ugly and strained in competition.

Bonds Given

■ The following gifts of bonds given since the plan of reorganization was announced in February are opportune, for the reduction in indebtedness is important to bondholders as well as the Club. We thank each donor in the name of the Board of Directors and in behalf of the membership for this cooperation, which accelerates the "earning" of our Club home:

GIFTS OF DEBENTURES

Dr. Marion O. Hooker	$1,000
Miss Edith Slack	1,000
A Friend	500
Miss L. W. Stebbins	300
A Friend	300
Miss May Casey	200
Mrs. Alphonse Jeddis	200
Mrs. Hugh A. Studdert-Kennedy	200
Mrs. George P. McNear	200
Miss Violet W. Vincent	200
Mrs. Mabel Barr	100
Mrs. Alfred Ehrman	100
Mrs. Lillian M. Hall	100
In Memory of Mrs. Hans Lisser, Sr.	100
Mrs. Hans Lisser	100
Miss Emma L. Noonan	100
Miss Ethel Perkins	100
Miss Esther B. Phillips	100
Mrs. L. Rosenberg	100
Mrs. W. H. Ware	100
Miss Ethel Young	100
In Memory of Mary Day Barnes	100
Miss E. B. Comba	100
Miss Pauline Coppee	100
Mrs. C. W. Durbrow	100
Elizabeth Laughton	100
Mrs. E. Detrick	100
Mrs. Philip Lillienthal	100
M. C. Dunham	100
Mrs. Julia M. Neppert	100
Mrs. J. T. Meyers	100
Mrs. Mary L. Jensen	100
Mary B. Brittan	100
Mrs. Spencer Brush	100
Miss Carlena Crowell	100
A Friend	100
A Friend	100
A Friend	100

THE PENINSULA'S SMARTEST SHOP

Fall!

Heralding the Fall season, the "Peninsula's Smartest Shop" is now showing a distinctive selection of Autumn apparel. Personally selected by Miss Walker, who was in New York during the entire month of July, a noteworthy assortment awaits your visit.

alma Walker
PALO ALTO

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About

The Captivating Shop of Madame Butterfly at 430 Grant is one of the real points of interest in San Francisco with its truly colorful reflection of the Far East.

For instance, capricious little cloth shoes (very native), pure white. These are the Japanese Tabi — so perfect, and ingeniously made, yet simply priced, 50c. Lovely printed silk squares, sell for $1.00. These are Furoshiki (gift wrapper), and can be used for neck scarfs and bandannas.

Tell your visiting friends about this colorful haunt of the smartest people of San Francisco . . . at 430 Grant Avenue.

Madam Butterfly
430 Grant Avenue

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Lacrosse

■ Lacrosse is very truly an American game. Originally played by the North American Indians, it is now fast increasing its popularity as a game for girls and women in the United States, according to Miss Marjorie Lockley, noted English lacrosse coach and player, who is seeking to popularize the game in the West by offering courses of instruction in lacrosse at the present Mills College Summer Session.

"It is interesting to follow the history and picture some of the scenes of this tribal game and pastime of Indian life, which has developed into one of our most fascinating, exhilarating and spectacular games of modern times, for both players and those who watch with interest," Miss Lockley said. "Imagine the scene, the color and the activity, 200 to 300 Indians in full regalia of feathers and paint, after a night of celebration and preparation, playing on an open space, with goals about 20 feet high and 200 to 250 yards apart, carrying a weapon or sometimes two, which was a stick with a ring on the top just large enough to hold the ball, which was made of deerskin. As a great deal was staked on the game, even many of their worldly possessions, the squaws were allowed the privilege of rushing into the middle of the fray to beat on their spouses with hazel switches if they slackened their efforts, they added greatly to the already colorful scene with their bright blankets, and to complete the picture, the old men of the tribes would be watching and criticizing from the sidelines.

"Travelers in North America in the early days, notably Catlin, tell us that they found tribes playing this game in a well-established way, but history is also not lacking in its references. There is an account of the attack of the natives on Fort Michillimacknic in 1763, at the end of the Seven Years War. A game was in progress outside the fort during which the ball was thrown inside. and when allowed inside in pursuit of it they dropped their crosses, picked up their weapons of war and massacred the inhabitants. Let us return to Catlin and an extract to be found in his book written in 1825 which refers to a game played between the Sioux and the Puants and Reynards on April 20, 1806. 'In the game that I witnessed, the Sioux were victorious, more, I believe, from superiority of their skill in throwing the ball than by their swiftness, for I thought the Puants and the Reynards the swiftest runners.' This brings to our minds the modern game, as Catlin points out the essentials of play today, that of combination and skillful stickwork, and it is this, together with the fact that the game is played in the air, that gives lacrosse a continuity and grace that is rarely seen in many games.

"It is not surprising then that the French Canadians were fascinated by the scene the Indian game presented and saw its possibilities. They installed it as their national game in 1867, giving it the name of lacrosse (the weapon used by the Indians reminded them of a bishop's crozier) and drawing up the rules. In this same year it was introduced into England by a team of Iroquois Indians and one of French Canadians, and it is believed that the match played between them, before Queen Victoria at Windsor, was the first game of lacrosse to be played in England, where today it is more widely played in the girls' schools, colleges and clubs than in any other country in the world. However, it was not until this present century that it developed so greatly into a game for women. Started in one of the oldest and most famous girls' schools in the British Isles, it has spread from one to another, until today there is hardly a girls' school of any note that does not play lacrosse during the autumn and winter season. But what has been happening in other countries, to which it has spread during the last seven to five years, and most especially here in the United States? Great interest and activity has been shown in the East and Middle West. The United States Women's Lacrosse Association was founded some six years ago and has been a very active body, entertaining two teams from the British Isles in 1934 and 1936 for the purpose of giving exhibition games, and coaching and playing with the clubs, schools and colleges, while in 1935 the first United States touring team visited England and Ireland.

"In 1934 the main centers were Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston, and the schools and colleges around these districts were keen, interested and in the early stages of playing. (Sweet Briar College in Virginia has played lacrosse longer perhaps than any other American college.) In 1936 the East was well established and was playing a game of good standard and had produced some excellent players, while Chicago and district were beginning. However, this year at the Annual National Tournament held in Boston, the team from the Middle West showed great promise and gained one place in the United States team and one in the re-

serve United States team. It is hoped that it will not be long before the West and Pacific Coast will be represented at the National Tournament and that an association will be formed there.

"But now to the game itself. Many people are not familiar with it and have not had the opportunity of seeing it played by women. At heart, all lacrosse players and enthusiasts wish to keep the game as near to the original as possible, in that it keeps its freedom and gives the individual unlimited scope to show his or her initiative, without being restricted by too many rules and regulations, which are so likely to spoil many modern team games, therefore, lacrosse has, perhaps, fewer rules than many games, and has no boundaries or offside rule. The goals, set 100 yards apart, are six feet high and wide and are in the middle of a marked square which is twelve feet by twelve feet. The team, consisting of twelve players, are divided into attack and defences and they take up their positions on the field so that they extend from one goal to another and therefore stand beside their opponent at the beginning of the game. This brings out the opportunity for individual initiative from the very beginning, but it must be used in combination with the other players to attain the outstanding features of lacrosse. Running with the crosse held in a natural position about hip level, the ball is caught and passed in the air without any break in the run, consequently the result is easy natural movements, exhilarating in themselves with speed and a continuity that is endlessly satisfying to the player and fascinating to the watcher, as also is the skill needed in catching and passing, which during the practice times of the player will never give her a dull moment, whether alone or with any number of players.

"To attempt to describe a game of lacrosse as played by women is not to give it full justice. One should witness a game to appreciate the full value of its qualities, both for the benefit it gives physically (this is also one of the reasons why it has developed so greatly and increased in popularity in the schools and colleges), and for the pleasure it gives. To play, it has endless possibilities and interest for the beginner as well as the advanced player; for the spectator, it can be enjoyed from the very first moment, regardless of the fact that he may not know the finer points of the game and the rules governing and controlling, because of its simplicity, its intriguing stickwork and its beauty of action which is almost unparalleled in any other game."

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Reprint From The New York Times

(Special to The New York Times)

■ CHARLESTON, S. C., May 29. — Bernard M. Baruch, in a commencement address at The Citadel Military Academy here today, deplored the tragedy of persons left in the WPA after the return of recovery.

"There is an element of tragic sadness in the hundreds of thousands sifted through the terrible sieve of the depression, and now left helpless on the barren strands of WPA," he declared. "Now when real recovery has come after several years of their enforced idleness, most of them remain unemployed because the procession has passed them by and, for one reason or another, they have become unfit to take their places in the new conditions of our recent economic revival.

"They are the derelicts—the economic casualties—of one of the greatest catastrophes that ever blasted this country."

He discussed the obligations of the citizen to do military service in time of need and to prepare himself to do that service.

Obligations of Leader

"No one knows the lives lost, bodies twisted, burned and ruined through the incompetence of young leaders in the opening months of any war under our system," he asserted. "It is not alone a duty to know enough not to lead men into ambuscades and death-traps, to provide for their security against shock and surprise and to use them with the least possible risk of life and limb.

"It is also an obligation to know how to preserve not only their lives but their health and vigor against every danger incident to the new strange ways of life in war—to keep them well and as comfortable, happy and satisfied as the rigors of war permit.

The generation of youth that he saw before him was not, Mr. Baruch said, the "lost generation."

"There is a lost generation, but it is not yours," he proceeded. "It is a way of saying that because the going is not quite as easy as it once was, or as it yet may be, we fold up in despair and wait for government or some other fairy to rescue us, meanwhile seeking solace in WPA, AAA, CCC or some other alphabetical anodyne."

"No Doors Closed to Fit"

He declared that WPA heads were now reporting a shortage of "skilled and acceptable" people on their rolls to meet the demands of expanding industry and added that the "cry is becoming general from the industrial side that production is being actually hampered by a lack of people, especially in the higher ranks of employment, who are fit for the duties imposed."

He asserted that there were "no doors closed to the fit and able" and that "the town crier is now seeking them in every by-way."

"The world does not owe every man a living," he went on. "The world is a place in which every man can make a living, but to make it he must first fit himself and then fight.

"We cannot all be fitted for that fight under such favoring circumstances as yours, but it is the unfit who are the lost generation—they, not you."

The Glory That Was Greece

■ To capture for a modern audience the spirit of ancient Greece will be the aim of Juliet James in her coming series of lectures on "The Glory That Was Greece."

Maintaining that the culture of a people is a reflection of its national life, Mrs. James will pursue her course through the geographical position of the country, to Crete, the cradle of Greek civilization, Homer and the Iliad, Greek expansion through the influence of its rival cities—Athens and Sparta leading on to sculpture and architecture.

This will take ten mornings and will cover the period before the great fifth century. The latter periods will be continued after Christmas.

The first course starts on Friday morning, September 3rd, and will continue each Friday through November 5th from 10:15 to 11:45 a. m. The place, the Chinese Room of the Women's City Club. The tickets are interchangeable and are $1.10 for single admissions or $8.25 for the ten talks.

Mrs. James' scholarly lectures are so informal and intimate they lend a charm which is not soon forgotten. Profusely illustrated with post cards on the screen, with slides and maps, "The Glory That Was Greece" follows aptly the Egyptian course of the past year. It is in her cross-section of the world's history that Mrs. James excels and her listeners will ever be reminded of contemporary events in the moving panorama of an earlier age.

Mrs. James needs no introduction in the Bay counties; her France, her England, her lectures on the world's great paintings and similar cultural topics have long been a delight to San Francisco audiences.

Speed-I-Mix Pie Crust

■ Not long ago Speed-I-Mix Pie Crust celebrated its first anniversary, and the way it has been received by housewives throughout the West has demonstrated to the Roman Meal Company that there is a real future to a pie crust that will give satisfaction at a low cost.

Speed-I-Mix is made from the best of materials and under the most careful and exacting conditions possible. A special pie flour blended with the best vegetable shortening and salt makes Speed-I-Mix the same kind of pie crust that expert housewives make. But the element of chance has been overcome because all the housewife has to do is add water and roll it out. No chance of failures and the result: perfect pie crust every time. Each package contains enough of the mix for two double-crust pies and should you not want to use it all, it can be wrapped in its parchment inner container and put in your refrigerator where it will keep until you desire to use it.

In the fifteen months that it has been on the market, not a package has been reported to have spoiled even in the hottest kind of weather. Day in and day out, Speed-I-Mix is uniform, and DON'T FORGET that with this packaged pie crust mix there is no chance of FAILURES.

Women's City Club Food-Testing Policy Gives Bell-Brook Advantage

■ According to Mr. Tom Swan, sales manager of Bell-Brook Dairies, the careful testing given all foods before being accepted by the Women's City Club Dining Room works greatly to the advantage of Bell-Brook products.

"Since the inception of our dairy business in San Francisco," said Swan, "we've adhered to a strict policy of providing unsurpassed quality. Our slogan, 'There can be no better,' is more than a mere phrase—it is the very heart of our firm. That slogan is the public's guarantee that in Bell-Brook food products they will find the utmost in quality, wholesomeness and freshness. That's why we say the Women's City Club Dining Room's policy of purchasing only those foods that pass their stringent quality test works to the advantage of the Bell-Brook Dairies. We wish all housewives would test Bell-Brook milk, cream, buttermilk, cheese spreads, Mission orange drink and Choc-lade drink, against any similar products on the market. We know housewives would then appreciate the genuine quality and economic pricing of all Bell-Brook products."

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Our Summer Outing

(Continued from page 15)

by this time no longer smooth, but had melted into frozen hollows and hummocks that resembled, in appearance, the surface of a rough chop sea. It was hard even for us on foot to scramble across, while to the animals it presented a surface on which they could hardly walk. We urged them on, and the next instant Chatso had fallen in a most dangerous place. It was just at the edge of an island of rock in a sea of snow. The horse's hind feet had slipped into the fissure made by the melting of the snow away from the cliff, concealed from our view by a thin coating of snow, and had also slipped into a crack of the granite, also concealed, until they were caught. His forefeet clung desperately onto the top of the rock wall and helped the ice behind to hold him up. If that gave way there was a fall of forty feet for him, down the fissure, and two legs broken at the ankles. We held him by the head and worked his pack off with feverish haste. Chatso seemed endowed with human intelligence and to understand his danger. He lay quiet without a struggle. The pack off, a united pull on his head, a contrary heave on his tail turned Chatso over backward with a sudden sommersault and landed him safe, but scratched, on the thicker snow away from the edge.

It was plain now that the animals could not cross the snow in its hummocky condition, and we began to fear that we might have to give up the pass after all. But we were so near the top that we were loathe to give up without one more try. So two of the men went ahead to prospect. It was already past noon and we in the waiting party ate luncheon. About two, the scouts got back and the news that we would try to go on was received with great joy.

We moved Chatso to a place of safety, repacked him and started on the march again. We now used the axe to cut the hummocks off the snow, making as smooth a path as possible for the horses. We found the work slow and laborious and the snow almost as hard as ice. We reached the summit of the pass at last about four o'clock. Only about four hundreds yards more of cutting along an easy slope and we would land upon a long tongue of bare rock that stretched clear through the snow to its edge far below. Way ahead, seven miles distant, three thousand feet below, lay stretched the dark green of the Lyell Fork Meadows with the silver river laid through it in snaky windings—there we hoped to make our camp that night.

Half past five saw us just leaving the last bit of snow-cut trail at the pass. After descending some five hundred feet we crossed the very headwaters of the Lyell Fork of the Tuolumne River, as it came out of the McLure Glacier. The sun had long left the canyon sides and we felt the night descending on us. We were at this point at the base of an amphitheatre of snow slopes and as we looked up the unbroken reaches of the snow we could see the last rays of the sun, lighting up the rocky edges of the summits of Lyell and McClure. We pushed on, down a steeper trail than we had ever taken horses over, crossing and recrossing the river. But before we had completed the descent night had quite closed in on us. It was fortunately full moon and we were able to follow the piled rocks shining white in the moonlight and by half past seven had reached the meadows. Soon the fire was burning and the odor of broiling lamb was sweetest incense in the nostrils of our hungry party.

Once over Donohue Pass, we felt that our trip was virtually over, although much pleasure was still in store for us, not the least of which was getting back to the cached supplies and the sweet cookie box. Our intention to climb Lyell was changed to determination not to climb it, by cold nights and gathering clouds.

On returning to Tuolumne Meadows we stayed but a day and moved up to the foot of Mt. Dana, which only two of the party climbed.

While we were not yet ready to give up our nomadic life, a storm was blowing up and it was very cold—always below freezing at night and in the daytime raw and windy. Reluctantly we broke camp and started home. We reached Lake Tenaya the first day, just in time to get our shelter tent up before a pouring rain was down on us, and all afternoon we were glad of the shelter as we sat out of the rain with a roaring fire in front of us. We stayed here a couple of days in the hope that the storm would clear—but it did not—instead it continued cold and the horses suffered so much at night, consequently, that we decided to come in.

Accordingly, we returned to the valley, over the Yosemite Falls trail, and left the mountains to their solitary winter of snow and ice.

Museum of Art August Lecture Schedule

August 1: Sunday afternoon, 3 o'clock. Surrealism. Grace L. McCann Morley.

August 4: Wednesday evening 8 o'clock. Subject and speaker uncertain.

August 8: Sunday afternoon, 8 o'clock. Subject and speaker uncertain.

August 11: Wednesday evening, 8 o'clock. Surrealism. Grace L. McCann Morley.

August 15: Sunday afternoon, 3 o'clock. Fantastic Art. Charles Lindstrom.

August 18: Wednesday evening, 8 o'clock. Art Book Review: "Understanding Prints" by Kistler. Miriam Sweeney.

August 22: Sunday afternoon, 3 o'clock. Cezanne. Claudia Davis.

August 25: Wednesday evening, 8 o'clock. Chinese Art.

August 29: Sunday afternoon, 3 o'clock. Chinese Styles. Alfred Salmony.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON PLAY READINGS

By Madefrey Odhner. 2 to 4 o'clock.

August 5: "End of Summer"' by S. N. Behrmann.

August 12: "Days to Come" by Lillian Hellmann.

August 19: "The Trojan Women" by Euripides.

August 26: "Idiot's Delight" by Robert Sherwood.

The readings will be followed by discussion.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON POETRY READINGS

By Madefrey Odhner. 2 to 4 o'clock.

August 6: Archibald McLeish.

August 13: Surrealist Poets.

August 20: Surrealist Poets.

August 27: Robin Lampson.

The readings will be followed by discussion. Guest poets will lecture from time to time.

EXHIBITIONS IN AUGUST

Fantastic Art, Dada and Surrealism. Organized by the Museum of Modern Art. August 6 through September 3.

San Francisco Art Association Exhibition of Drawings and Prints. August 17 to September 19.

Chinese Tomb Statuettes. Through August 30.

Exhibition of Work by Students at the California School of Fine Arts. Through August 15.

Paintings and Sculpture by the Sawkill Group. Through August 15.

COMING EXHIBITIONS

Paul Cezanne. Sept. 1 - Oct. 4.

TUESDAY EVENING LECTURE SERIES

August 3: Contemporary European Art. Charles Lindstrom.

August 10: Contemporary American Art. Charles Lindstrom.

August 17: Surrealism. Charles Lindstrom.

August 24: Ancient Art Techniques. Charles Lindstrom.

August 31: Renaissance Art Techniques. Charles Lindstrom.

SATURDAY CHILDREN'S HOURS

The fall session of free Saturday morning classes for children will begin on October 2. Names and addresses of children interested must be received at the Museum by September 1. Inquiries should be addressed to John S. Brookes, San Francisco Museum of Art.

NOTICE

This monthly bulletin will be mailed regularly to all who leave their names and addresses at the Information Desk of the Museum with ten cents to cover mailing costs for the balance of this year.

August Program—Drama Festival, Stanford University

■ Stanford University's Drama Festival Week presents as the climax of the season Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" on August 20th and 21st, under the direction of Hubert Heffner of Northwestern University.

Exhibits, lectures, play concerts, music and dance recitals occurring during the month of August furnish visitors with a wealth of information regarding the Renaissance and Tudor periods as the background for the production itself.

"Ilyria and the Law" by Dr. Max Radin of the University of California is the August 4th lecture of the Tudor series scheduled at the woman's clubhouse at 8 p. m. Presenting "The Queen's English"' on August 11th, Dr. William Wells of the University of North Carolina is followed by Mr. James Sandoe, University of Colorado, on August 18th, with his illustrated lecture on "Master Viola."

The Sword and Morris Dancers, directed by Marie Manchee, present folk dances on August 21st in the Quad Theater at 4 p. m. Continuing through the entire month, "Tudor Diversion," an exhibit including the history of the presentation of "Twelfth night," will be on display at the library from August 15th to 30th. Models and sketches of "Twelfth Night" by directors and students in the course in Stage Classics production will be placed in the art gallery on the campus.

Three publications for the summer festival include a special edition of "Twelfth Night," printed by Harley Jackson, "Lectures and Concerts of the Festival," and "Festival Program," an illustrated booklet containing programs of the week with a history of criticism upon "Twelfth Night" and illustrations showing the actors and sets of previous productions.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

SAN FRANCISCO

SEPTEMBER · 1937

VOLUME XI · NUMBER 8 · PRICE 15 CENTS PER COPY · PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB · 465 POST STREET · SAN FRANCISCO

Women's City Club Calendar
SEPTEMBER . . . 1937

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. and 2:30 p. m. to 6:30 p. m.
Friday 3 p. m. to 9 p. m. and Saturday 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—From 5:30 p.m. to 6:30 p. m. Tuesday and 5:30 p. m. to 9:00 p. m. Friday
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p. m.

SWIMMING POOL TO BE CLOSED WEEK OF SEPTEMBER 6TH

STATE DINNER, SEPTEMBER 15TH

SEPTEMBER — 1937

1—**Drama Classes** — Under direction Miss Dorothea Johnston — Registration	**American Room**	**11:00 a.m.**
2—**French Round Table** — Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program Subject: "The Jules Bache Art Collection in New York" Address by Mr. Thomas C. Howe, Jr.	**Auditorium**	**8:00 p.m.**
7—**Kaffee Klatsch — German Round Table** — Martha K. Hack presiding	**Board Room**	**3:30 p.m.**
8—**Spanish Round Table** — Senorita Angela Montiel	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
9—**French Round Table** — Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
10—**Ramble** — Sacramento State Fair — via River Boat	**Lv. Ferry Bldg.**	**6:00 p.m.**
13—**Young Members' Round Table**	**Cafeteria**	**12:15 p.m.**
14—**Book Review** — Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard	**Auditorium**	**11:00 a.m.**
"And So — Victoria," by Vaughan Wilkins. Round Table Discussion following. Course Four Reviews: $1.75 members; $2.00 non-members. Single, members, 50 cents, and single non-members, 60 cents, plus tax.	**Nat. Def. Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
Book Review — Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard "And So — Victoria," by Vaughan Wilkins. (Tickets same as above.)	**Auditorium**	**7:30 p.m.**
Lip Reading — Miss Kate Morphy — First in Series of 20 Lessons. Fee, $15	**Room 212**	**10:30 a.m.**
15—**ALL STATE DINNER** — $1.00 a plate, plus tax	**Third Floor**	**6:30 p.m.**
16—**Dr. Paul Cadman** — Current Economic Events (10 lectures. $4 for members; $5 for non-members. 50 cents single admission, members; 60 cents, non members; plus tax.	**Auditorium**	**12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table — Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
Tea Honoring Blanche Yurka — 35 cents	**Lounge**	**4:00 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Elsa Naess. Subject: "Dancing is for Everyone" — The result of a year's travel in Norway and Germany.	**Auditorium**	**8:00 p.m.**
20—**Kaffee Klatsch — German Round Table** — Martha K. Hack presiding	**Board Room**	**3:30 p.m.**
21—**Garden Round Table** Speaker: Mrs. H. L. Terwilliger (Oriental Gardens). Subject: "Gardens of the World." Luncheon, 75 cents a plate.	**Nat. Def. Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
22—**Spanish Round Table** — Senorita Angela Montiel	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
23—**Dr. Paul Cadman** — Current Economic Events	**Auditorium**	**12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table — Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Dr. Eleanor Crosby Kemp. Subject: "The Need of the Arts in Life."	**Auditorium**	**8:00 p.m.**
30—**French Round Table** — Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program Speaker: Mr. John Thompson (Foreign Editor of the San Francisco News). Subject: "Behind the News in the Orient."	**Auditorium**	**8:00 p.m.**

FIRE LIGHTING — OCTOBER 4TH

OCTOBER, 1937 **FASHION SHOW — OCTOBER 7TH**

4—**Fire Lighting**	**Lounge**	**7:30 p.m.**
Kaffee Klatsch — German Round Table — Martha K. Hack presiding	**Board Room**	**3:30 p.m.**
7—**Fashion Show Tea** — 85 cents — reservations in advance	**Fourth Floor**	**3:00 p.m.**
Dr. Paul Cadman — Current Economic Events	**Auditorium**	**12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table — Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program Program of Scottish Songs and Dances.	**Auditorium**	**8:00 p.m.**
8—**Winter Series** — First Program Speaker: Miss Nell O'Day, associated with Dr. John Henry Nash. Subject: "The Romance of Fine Printing."	**Auditorium**	**8:00 p.m.**

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XI September, 1937 Number 8

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RECIPROCAL RELATIONS

CLUBS ABROAD

Berlin, Germany; American Women's Club; No. 5 Bellevue Strasse, W. G.
Brisbane, Australia; Brisbane Women's Club; National Mutual Bldgs., Queen St.
Copenhagen, Denmark; American Women's Club of Denmark; c/o Miss Dorothy Larsen, Vodroffsvej 2-A.
Dunedin, New Zealand; Otago Women's Club; Stuart St.
Edinburgh, Scotland; The Caledonian Club; 13-14 Charlotte Square.
Glasgow, Scotland; The Lady Artists' Club; No. 5 Blytheswood Square
The Hague, Holland; Amer. Women's Club; 92 Noordeinde.
Hamburg, Germany; The American Women's Club, c/o American Consulate.
London, England; American Women's Club; 46 Grosvenor St., W. 1.
London, England; The Pioneer Club; 12 Cavendish Sq., W. 1
London, England; The Halcyon Club; 13-14 Cork Street.
Madrid, Spain; Lyceum Club; S. Marcos No. 44.
Mexico City, D. F.; Internacional De Myjeres; Calle Humboldt No. 47.
Montreal, Canada; The Themis Club; 1336 Sherbrook St., W.
Nelson, New Zealand; Nelson Women's Club.
Paris, France; American Women's Club; Lancaster Hotel. (Temp. Headquarters.)
Rome, Italy; Anglo-American Club, 20 Piagga di Fpagni.
Shanghai, China; The American Women's Club; 113 Bubbling Well Road.
Stockholm, Sweden; The American Women's Club; Grand Hotel.
Sydney, Australia; Women's Club; 77 King St.
Vancouver, B. C.; The Georgian Club; 543 Seymour St.
Vienna, Austria; The American Women's Club; Mahlestrasse, 6, Bristol Hotel.
Wellington, N. Z.; The Pioneer Club; Lambton Quay, Wellington.
Zurich, Switzerland; The American Women's Club; 65 Laverterstrasse. (Hotel Baur-au-Lac.)

CLUBS IN THE UNITED STATES

Akron, Ohio; Women's City Club; 30 South High St.
Boston, Massachusetts; Women's City Club; 40 Beacon St.
Chicago, Illinois; Chicago Women's Club, 72 E. 11th St.
Chicago, Illinois; Women's City Club; 410 S. Michigan Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio; Women's City Club; Bulkey Bldg., Euclid Av.
Detroit, Michigan; Women's City Club; 2110 Park Avenue.
Grand Rapids, Michigan; Women's City Club; 254 E. Fulton St.
Indianapolis, Indiana; Indianapolis Propylaeum; 1410 North Delaware St.
Kansas City, Mo.; Women's City Club; 1111 Grand Avenue.
Lincoln, Neb.; Women's Club.
Little Rock, Arkansas; Little Rock Women's City Club.
Milwaukee, Wis.; City Club of Milwaukee; 710 N. Plankinton.
New York City, N. Y.; Women's City Club, International Bldg., Rockefeller Center, 20 W. 51st St.
New York City, N. Y.; American Women's Club; 353 West Fifty-Seventh Street.
Philadelphia, Pa.; Women's City Club; 1622 Locust Street.
Pittsburgh, Pa.; Women's City Club; William Penn Hotel.
Providence, R. I.; Providence Plantations Club; 77 Franklin St.
St. Louis, Mo.; The Town Club; 1120-22 Locust Street.
St. Paul, Minn.; Women's City Club; 345 Minnesota Street.
Washington, D. C.; Women's City Club; 736 Jackson Street.

Coming Events...

SEPTEMBER 15 — STATE DINNER — Celebrating California's Birthday, an "All State Dinner" will be given on September 15, at 6:30 p. m. — $1.00 a plate. A delightful evening's program is being arranged by Mrs. Walter Jones, Chairman and her Committee, forty-eight tables gaily decorated to represent each State. A State Book will be found at the Information Desk, fourth floor and members are asked to register under their own State so that tables may be properly planned.

OCTOBER 4 — FIRELIGHTING — The inspiration of our National League for Woman's Service revivified by the glow of our own fireside.

OCTOBER 7 — FASHION SHOW AND TEA — Fourth Floor — 3:30 p. m. Presented by the City of Paris. Mrs. Violet Hart-Geiger will comment — "Truly a Season of Great Elegance, Individuality and Feminine Charm."

OCTOBER 8 — THE ROMANCE OF FINE PRINTING — The work of John Henry Nash, needing no introduction to Californians — the exhibits and the accompanying talk of interest to all book lovers. First lecture of winter series.

Classes, Courses and Round Tables...

BOOK REVIEW — MRS. THOMAS A. STODDARD —Second Tuesday mornings, 11 a.m. Discussion Round Table following. Second Tuesday evenings—7:30 p.m. Course of 4 reviews, $1.75 members; $2 non-members. Single admission, 50 cents and 60 cents.

DR. PAUL CADMAN — CURRENT ECONOMIC EVENTS — Auditorium, 12:15 o'clock — September 16, 23; October 7, 14, 21, 28; November 4, 18; December 2, 9. Course, members, $4, plus tax; non-members, $5, plus tax. Single admission, 50 cents and 60 cents.

COLOR CLASS — WANA DERGE — Every Tuesday, 1 p.m. Course of 7 lessons, $12.

DRAMA — DOROTHEA JOHNSTON — Registration Meeting, September 1st, 11 a.m. Wednesdays, 11 a.m., 4 p.m. and 7 p.m. First Lesson, September 8th—Children's Class, 4 p.m. Course, $4 a month.

FRENCH — MLLE. MARIE LEMAIRE — Classes Wednesdays, 1 p.m.; Thursdays, 10:30 a.m. Round Table—Thursdays, 12:15 o'clock. Course of 12 lessons, $6 members, $7.50 non-members.

GARDEN ROUND TABLE — "GARDENS OF THE WORLD." Fourth Tuesdays, 12:15. Luncheon, 75c, plus tax.

GERMAN — FRAULEIN MARTHA HACK — Kaffee Klatsch — Round Table — First and third Mondays, 3:30 p. m. Classes, Tuesdays, 3:30; reading and conversation, 7:30; beginners; course of 12 lessons, $6 members; $7.50 non-members.
First Round Table in September will be held on September 7th.

GLOVE MAKING — MRS. EARL TANBARA — Tuesdays, 2 p.m.; Thursdays, 2 and 7 p.m.; Fridays, 9:30 a.m. Course of 3 lessons, $1.50; material extra.

LIP READING — KATE MORPHY — Beginning Tuesday, September 14th. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10:30 a.m. Course of 20 lessons, $15.

SPANISH — SENORITA ANGELA MONTIEL — Wednesdays, 11 a.m., beginners; Mondays, 11 a.m., advanced conversation. 12 lessons, $6 members, $7.50 non-members.
Spanish Round Table — Second and fourth Wednesdays, 12:15 o'clock.
Free lesson, 5 p. m., every Wednesday in September.

Paul F. Cadman

Paul F. Cadman graduated from the University of California with the degree of B. A. in Letters and Science, August, 1915; served as Captain of Field Artillery with the second Division in France; received Doctor's Degree in Economics from the University of Paris in 1922. Spent six years on the Faculty of the University of California in the Department of Economics; also served as Dean of Men. Resigned in 1929 to become the Executive Secretary of the San Francisco Stock Exchange, which position was held for two and one-half years. Returned to occupy the Chair of Corporation Finance and Investments in the University of California in August, 1932. Since February, 1936, Consulting Economist, engaged in private economic research. During the past fifteen years he has lectured from Yreka to San Diego, covering practically every community in California.

■ ■ ■

Under the research grant which he now employs, Dr. Cadman has been able to effect an extensive review of the social and political forces now operating in Europe, the Orient and the United States. In the lecture series for the Women's City Club of San Francisco, he will present and discuss the current issues in the field of economics and government, their social implications, and their significance in our every-day lives. Throughout the course, readings in the field of social theory will be continuously suggested. Books, magazine articles and public speeches bearing on the social transition will be briefly reviewed.

■ ■ ■

The method will be non-academic. Every attempt will be made to avoid classroom technique and to deal with current issues in factual and non-partisan treatment.

Course of Ten Lectures by Dr. Paul F. Cadman

"Current Economic Events"

■

SUBJECTS:

War in the Orient
Industrial Conflict
Labor Legislation
Social Security
Real Issues in the Spanish Conflict
Turns and Events in the Russian Experiment
New International Alignment
Running Account of every Issue which is being thought out in the Economic and Political arena

A course of ten lectures will be given by Paul Cadman in the Auditorium of the Women's City Club, 465 Post Street, Thursdays, at 12:15 o'clock.

SEPTEMBER 16-23
OCTOBER 7-14-21-28
NOVEMBER 4-18
DECEMBER 2-9

Price: Members — $4.00, plus tax;
Single Admission, 50c, plus tax.

Non-members — $5.00, plus tax.
Single Admission, 60c, plus tax.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ FIRELIGHTING — If you have never had the happy experience of attending the firelighting ceremony of The Women's City Club, we would like you to come this year to a unique meeting in the Clubhouse, which is a welcoming of members back to their own fireside, glowing with the spirit of hospitality.

■ GARDEN ROUND TABLE — This year so many of our members have been on interesting travels that the Garden Round Table is asking one member to talk at our regular Garden Round Table luncheon to be held each month, the third Tuesday at 12:15 o'clock in the National Defenders' Room. Mrs. H. L. Terwilliger of Palo Alto, who has recently returned from a trip to the Philippines, Bali, Java, Japan, and China, will give the first of the series of "Gardens of the World." Mrs. Terwilliger is a most intelligent observer of gardens and plant life and will, we know, have much of interest and value to tell us.

■ LEAGUE SHOP — Last shipment from the Orient has brought beautiful Japanese kimonos now on display and exquisite pieces of antique Japanese brocades. These articles are very reasonably priced.

■ A TRIP TO MEXICO is being arranged during the Xmas Holidays where the festivities are so interesting and colorful, and there will be many quaint and unusual ceremonies to attend at this particular time.

■ ORIENTAL ART TALKS — Before deciding upon a course, emphasizing the lore and symbolism of the East, by Alma M. Jannapolis, which some of our members have requested, the Executive Committee would like the pulse of response to such a course. Those interested are urged to say so at the Executive Office.

■ VOLUNTEER SERVICE — As vacations are over, or at least drawing to a close, we welcome new Volunteers to the ranks of service. There are several interesting places to be filled, and no gift brings richer reward to the giver.

■ NEEDLEWORK GUILD — The Needlework Guild section of the National League for Woman's Service has only a few weeks to finish its goal for the annual Ingathering of the Guild and the members are working eagerly to reach their goal in meeting regularly every first and third Thursday.

■ DRAMA — Classes every Wednesday at 11 a.m., 4 and 7 p.m. under the direction of Dorothea Johnston. The classes include voice production, diction and pantomine. Programs will be given by members of this group including a Christmas production. The four o'clock class will be a children's group. Boys and girls may join, between the ages of nine and fourteen preferred. Fee for classes, $4 a month.

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS — Under the Chairmanship of Mrs. A. P. Black promise to be of unusual interest this month. "The Jules Bache Art Collection in New York" is the subject of Mr. Thomas Carr Howe, Jr., on September 2nd. After a year's travel in Norway and Germany Miss Elsa Naess will come to us on the evening of September 16th, her subject, "Dancing is for Everyone." Dr. Eleanor Crosby Kemp, graduate student of New York University, Columbia, and Johns Hopkins, will give a most stimulating lecture September 23, "The Need of the Arts in Life." On September 30th, Mr. John Thompson, Foreign Editor of the San Francisco News, brings us "Behind the News in the Orient," which is of intense current interest. The first program in October will be Scottish Songs and Dances.

■ SWIMMING POOL — Closing for the holiday week of September 6th, but will reopen for regular patronage on Monday, September 16th.

■ SWIMMING POOL — After a delightful vacation and many happy hours of swimming, need we remind you that you can prolong your days of restful recreation by visiting our swimming pool more frequently in an atmosphere of even temperature the year around.

■ LIBRARY — A warm welcome awaits donations of French, German and Spanish novels to the library. Should there be a doubling up of titles, the duplicate copies would be saved for Book Mart, where they have a ready sale.

■ BEAUTY SALON — The Beauty Salon of the Women's City Club is prepared to render services comparable in excellence with those being extended by other shoppes. Our prices are reasonable — why not patronize your own Beauty Salon? The Beauty Salon is offering a complimentary Facial treatment given with every purchase of $1.50 of beauty aids during the month of September.

■ ALL STATE DINNER — A "Parade of the States" will be a feature of the "All State Dinner" which will be held at the Women's City Club on Wednesday evening, September 15. In anticipation of the hospitality to be extended to the visitors attending the Golden Gate International Exposition a roster of the membership is being taken so that local hostesses will be ready to welcome to the Clubhouse guests from their former home states.

Reservations should be made well in advance as a spirited contest is on among the state representatives. California heads the list with the greatest number, but Massachusetts, New York, Nevada, Illinois, Maryland, Michigan and Kentucky are among the leading contestants.

A gala program presenting a living portrait gallery of nationally known picturesque characters of earlier days is being arranged by Mesdames Winthrop, Martin, John J. Cuddy and Miss Helen Dunne.

The costume committee, under the direction of Miss Margaret Zane, is diligently searching for authentic apparel worn by celebrities of a by-gone period. The decorative scheme of the dinner tables will be suggestive of each state. A hostess in a costume representing a famous woman of every state will preside at the table. An exhibit of colorful maps and souvenirs from every state has been arranged by Miss Lilian Richardson.

Miss Katharine Donohoe, President of the Club, will preside at the California table.

■ DINING ROOM — A special Sunday night dinner is served in the Main Dining Room from 5:30 to 8 o'clock. Service is Table d'hotel or a la carte. Special dinners may also be arranged in private dining rooms.

■ COSTUMES FOR ALL STATE DINNER — Have you a costume worn by, or resembling one owned by a famous personage? If so, will you please notify Mrs. Rivers, so that we may use it on the night of the All State Dinner?

■ Mrs. Stoddard's Book Reviews and accompanying discussion periods have been eagerly awaited. Do not miss the first date.

■ Dr. Cadman is completing a review of the outstanding world events since the first of June which he will use as an opening lecture to bring the "vacationers" up to date. As this course promises to be most popular, members are urged to buy their course ticket immediately.

■ RESTAURANT DEPARTMENT — Our Catering Department has been specializing on Wedding Cakes. Orders may be given a day or two in advance of the wedding and individual instructions as to type of decoration, which will be most carefully carried out. Wedding Cakes may be had from $3.50 up.

■ FASHION — By Violet Hart-Geiger. Fashion definitely reflects the feminine mode. It is a season of figures — curves and great femininity. There are little jacket effects, with scroll trimmings of velvet, metal and even beads, designs around the bust and waist line, and while the clothes are not fussy they are definitely dressy. There is Strass trimming, bead trimming, as well as sequins. Always the fashion interest is centered around the bust line with all the fullness drawn over the bust. Dresses for the street are as short as can be gracefully worn, while for dinner and even formal clothes they have a shorter tendency in the front — slightly longer in back for dinner and ending in trains for more formal functions, always bearing in mind there is a dressiness as well as simplicity, though not the stark simplicity we have used in the past season. Keep our lines as slick as possible and frankly face the fact that we possess parts.

Just a word about materials, as this is too lengthy a subject to take up in full. Fabrics like the mode stress elegance. There are materials, figured velvets, lovely Matlasee crepes, gorgeous tweeds and all sorts of novelty embroidered fabrics.

Truly a season of great elegance, individuality and feminine charm.

"HELEN"
(By Matteo Sandona)
Hanging on the West Wall of the Main Dining Room

The President's Message

The activities of the Clubhouse accelerated by the resumption of classes, courses and the announcement of programs, sets the tempo for the season and the keynote is sounded on the evening of the Firelighting — that event beloved by the membership at large and which exemplifies the spirit of our organization, the spirit of Service — more than ever needed by the world today. With song and story by our own fireside, the new member hears of our dramatic organization that for the older member never loses its charm — thus cementing together the valient old and eager new into a living body ever increasing in strength and always alive to the spiritual value of service.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

Captains and Cargoes!

by June Lucas (Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas)

CARGOES

Quinquieme of Nineveh from distant Ophir,
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack,
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road-rails, pig-lead,
Firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays.

—JOHN MASEFIELD.

No word of news has reached our sturdy freighter as we swing along through tropical seas across the Gulf of Tehauntepec headed for Panama. Big turtles float by, giving free rides to tired sea birds. Flying fish dispute the right of way with shining black dolphins who play leap frog across our bow. Yesterday we were close to the coast range of lower Mexico, the mountains standing deeply blue against banks of white clouds. When night came, lightning flashed from those summer citadels of thunder while we watched a young golden moon set in the West, leaving the sea darkly mysterious.

World affairs, international relations seemed unrelated to this ship's company until a sudden shower brought the fragrance of spruce and pine, hemlock and cedar to our sheltered deck. The main decks both forward and aft are piled with great tree trunks from Washington and British Columbia, chained together and to our decks for safety when the storms in the Caribbean Sea bring a longer, deeper roll to our ship. In our hold 3,020,000 feet of spruce, of pine, of fir for Glasgow, for Liverpool, for Manchester, and there, out of these great trees, thousands of small spools will be made upon which the thread of looms from the mills of England will be wound. Giants from our forests of the northwest carried to Great Britain, to Belfast, to become spools upon which the thread of an Empire is twisted! Tons of canned fish from United States ports are stowed away for Liverpool and Manchester — tons of canned fruits from Washington, from Hood River Valley, from the Santa Clara Valley, the Imperial Valley, for Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester and Belfast, besides tons of fresh fruit and tons of dried fruit! 1100 tons of lead, 200 tons of zinc from British Columbia for paint.

What **is** Ireland's building program? Is it true that once more the people are to have decent homes? It must be — our cargo says so — each trip this ship takes **tons,** yes this trip 87 tons of doors and plywood for Belfast, for Liverpool, too, where the world's worst slums have existed so long that the pessimist says it is too late to change the living standards of this generation! But **our** cargo is full of hope — from the newer world to the old we carry a cargo with which to build a better life — 59 tons of infusorial earth taken on at San Pedro puzzled us all until our Captain told us it was a fireproof plaster substance, to mix in the plaster for building safe walls! Cargoes! Of course those three immortal stanzas of Masefield's poem sang in my mind as the significance of the cargo of this Norwegian freighter became clear — Masefield describes the commerce in three great periods of the world's history — he gives us a sense of the world's growth of democracy without saying a word about it!

International relations, trade agreements, the interdependence of nations spiritually, economically, physically! All these problems are with us as we swing along these sea lanes with a full cargo.

And what of the "Captains." Ours is a fine Norwegian type whose home port is Belfast, not Norway. No. This line trades between other nations, not between home (Norway) and other countries. The men of Norway who sail on this ship are promised a month at home each year, but that pledge is not often kept. Our Captain, in eighteen years, has had just 13 months at home with his family. Double pay is given for the month, but as he said, "They do not understand — they are very kind and generous, but it is not money we want so much as time with the wife and children. And yet they are very kind to us always and I have been on ship all during the depression when many were idle."

The price of cargoes can be accurately figured — the price of our Captains remains in those finer things of the spirit. Such loyalty, such a love of the ship for which he is responsible — and yet the question in his mind, the (Continued on page 21

Editorial

■ The stories this month in the Women's City Club Magazine make us culturally-conscious of the opportunities in this Western City of San Francisco. Far from the populous centers of this vast continent this city by the Golden Gate has captured the affection of artists of every art, and once they have come, so surely they return, for San Francisco appreciates. That is why museums spring up, three in a city of our size is unbelievable, and yet the San Francisco Museum of Art, the De Young Museum, the Legion of Honor, are world famous — and the exhibitions which continuously educate us and elevate our tastes come from centers which have had museums far longer than we; and now even we ourselves are sending exhibits travelling in reciprocation. Dr. Morley, who writes in this issue, speaks with authority to us.

And then we have music for our souls. Music which has come to us so expertly that we are prone to forget how lucky we are. Since the days when Tetrazzini startled the world by singing to the populace at Lotta's Fountain on New Year's Eve, and the old Opera House on Mission Street brought artists from afar, San Francisco has been a judge of music. And why? Because San Francisco has heard the best. Mrs. Powell, Chairman of the Women's Committee of the San Francisco Opera Association brings us in this issue a birdseye view of what I am trying to say and like Dr. Morley, Mrs. Powell knows whereof she speaks.

And then we have a justifiable pride in our schools, for our educational program keeps pace with modern thought, and the products of our public-school system find their post "in the high places" the world over. Miss Noonan, head of the Attendance Bureau of the San Francisco Schools, tells us something of the policy behind this work. Her knowledge is firsthand.

Altogether we realize why this city has charm. Climate, restaurants, recreation are advertised, but the cultural opportunities are taken for granted. We, its citizens, are spoiled by the civicly-minded among us who plan for our soul's development in music, art, education. More power to them!

■ "Continuity in advertising." This is the slogan which has had its effect on our brains and which we now know to be basic in results. But continuity in advertising-support is another matter. Do we remember this, and each month think back to our Advertisers' Show and what it meant, and do we go regularly to those merchants and buy their wares? We hope so!

■ September we return to town refreshed in body and mind, "brown as a berry," rested and at peace and eager to do.

The announcement of programs and study groups which are the result of committee work while we have been vacationing greets us and we choose at will from a fine array of activities. The announcement pages, the calendar for September and the Fall which follows are "replete with good things." Dr. Cadman will initiate a splendid course for those who want to know the unpropagandized truth of current events. Mr. Nash will bring us rare books which his genius has fashioned and Miss O'Day will tell us the things we should know in order to bring the "seeing eye" to this display. Mrs. Stoddard will return to us as book reviewer and commentator and Miss Derge will show us how to fashion our home decorations with taste and correct form.

And then for those of us who want to speak another tongue, classes in Italian, French, German, and Spanish are again arranged, and round tables for those who garden and those who love travel find their place in the announcements which are greeting us this September morn.

■ Grandmother in her rocking chair, mother in shorts playing tennis on a public court — all one and the same. The eternal feminine at heart, interested in swapping recipes finds us leaping in imagination to the first announcement of our president that a recipe day at the Clubhouse will bring us all together to exchange the most precious possessions we have — the favorite recipes which have made our home table famous, perhaps our grandmothers home table before us. This day of favorite recipes will be gala as our Talent Festivals have been and this year will take the place of the Festival we have known for seven years. We will not confine ourselves to our own talents this time but will borrow, if not steal, the good recipes we have known and tested. If we take from old cook books we will first test their accuracy for our names will be the sponsorship which will make our fellow members feel safe. They will buy our recipes and we will buy theirs, and the exchequer of our Club will benefit by us both. And the table we set in future will be the envy of our guests who ask, "Where did you get the delicious recipe?" to which the answer will be "At the Recipe Sale of our Club. It was Mrs. X's."

San Francisco Has Its Gutenbergs

by Nell O'Day

■ The history of fine printing is unlike the history of any other art. In every field of creative endeavor it has been permitted us to glimpse the first crude beginnings wherein the originators struggled to express their thoughts or emotions. In printing alone the first exhibit proved to be the most perfect and complete, thereby setting a standard for all time. Born in perfection and elevated at once to preëminence as an art, it was inevitable that its neophytes should strive to attain a similar degree of beauty.

It is interesting to speculate upon the immediate effects of Gutenberg's invention had his first production been presented in a crude or unfinished form. Doubtless, many of those great craftsmen who eagerly followed in his footsteps would have achieved some part of his complete accomplishment, but the fact remains that to this day no subsequent effort has surpassed what John Gutenberg offered in the first book printed from movable type.

There can be no question of the affinity between birthplace and the emanating forms of life and art. The beauties of nature implant an irradicable sense of responsibility to perpetuate beauty. Let us glance at some of the cities where printing has flourished as a great art.

After the cradle town of Mainz, beautifully situated on the banks of the Rhine, Venice must be considered the foster mother of typographic art. To her is owing the everlasting gratitude of printers past, present and future, for it was the generosity of her nobility that enabled the early craftsmen to try their skill in the new art. Hither came those great men from Germany, France, the Low Countries and the many cities of Italy eager to avail themselves of the means lavishly placed at their disposal. There, in the first fifty years after Gutenberg's invention, were produced books of astounding beauty and technical perfection — books that to this day are without peers in the realm of fine printing. Nicolas Jenson, the Frenchman; Erhard Ratdolt, the German and countless others brought forth volumes that leave awestruck those of us fortunate enough to have seen and examined copies still in existence. And there flourished for a full hundred years that royal family of printers — the Aldines — whose glorious work in every phase of fine book production has fascinated true book lovers.

The riches of the world were pouring into Venice of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and her cultured nobles were putting to good use much of that vast wealth. It was then that Jean Grolier was fostering the art of bookbinding by commissioning the finest craftsmen in Europe to make gorgeous bindings for the books that were steadily issuing from the press of Aldus Manutius. To the collector, an Aldine book in a Grolier binding is a jewel of infinite value.

After the Venetian period there was no other similar rush of printers to one city, though it was by no means the only great printing center of the time. In many German cities and in Rome, Florence, Milan and Naples presses were being set up and there was being offered to a mentally starved world such food as had never before been set before them. Considering the newness of the craft and the difficulties of

production the quality of the work was amazingly lovely.

The marts of trade and finance duplicate themselves over the earth uninterestingly, but the centers of fine printing have never been too numerous. Ever since its auspicious beginnings the presence of a great press devoted to the production of beautiful books has conferred on a city a distinction and an atmosphere of culture. The intrinsic importance of any city can be measured only by its influence as a center of learning and art.

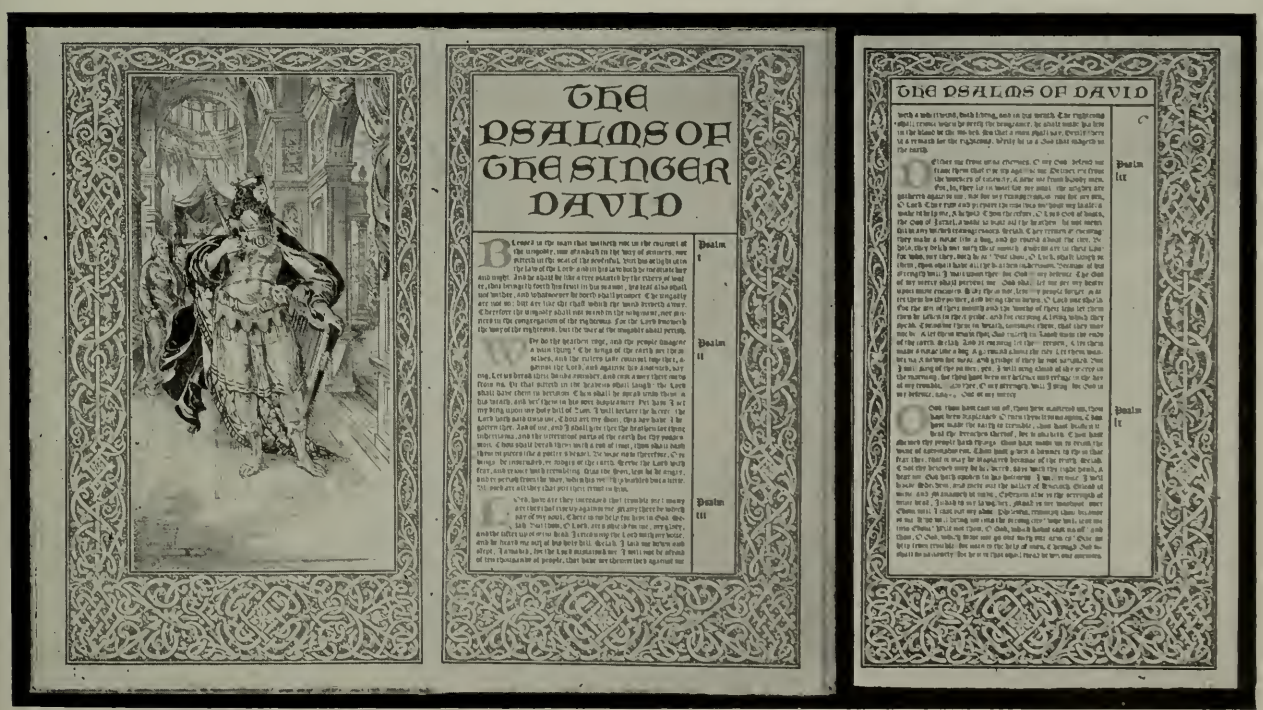
Paris of the sixteenth century was a great printing center. Geofroy Tory, the great designer of type faces and ornaments, became the teacher of a pupil who was to win as great a fame — Claude Garamond. Phillipe Pigouchet and Thielman Kerver perpetuated their art in gorgeous Books of Hours (Horae), printed on vellum with woodblock illustrations so fine they have baffled every student of fine printing. At Antwerp the famous Plantin family of printers made history for several generations, leaving an imperishable monument in the great Plantin Museum where today may be seen their library, types and presses.

In England the art of fine printing has prospered best in London and Oxford. Caxton printed his book in England within the confines of Westminster Abbey. William Morris found the loveliness of Kelmscott an inspiration for the production of his magnificent productions while the peaceful and scholarly atmosphere of Oxford has proved conducive to a noble company of master craftsmen.

Fine printing in America has had a dignified history but it remained for the western tip of the hemisphere to become really famous as the home of fine printing in the New World. San Francisco has held an important spot in the literary scene since the fifties when the fascination of its colorful history magnetized writers from more sedate communities. It was inevitable that printing should flourish in a city that, hardly out of its swaddling clothes, was producing newspapers and magazines that attracted the attention of the entire country. The art of fine printing, however, did not blossom into full flower until many years later.

In the years immediately preceding the disaster of 1906 San Francisco was becoming conscious of a new influence that was raising to high standards the quality of books and brochures issuing from San Francisco presses. John Henry Nash, then a young man, was releasing in type the originality of his designs that were to commence a new chapter in the history of the graphic arts. Delightful items, eagerly welcomed by collectors, they were the forerunners of a long list of great productions that were to reach a climax in a magnificent Dante and privately printed books of rare distinction.

The influence of fine printing is quickly absorbed and San Francisco soon became famous throughout the world as the home of typography that boasted both originality and beauty of design. Today our exponents of the "art preservative" are world renowned and the productions of Nash, the Grabhorns, the Johnsons and the Taylors are (Continued on page 28



Music in San Francisco

by Esther Bentley Powell

■ The San Francisco Musical Association has adopted as its slogan the following quotation: "One can live without music but not so well." Our city seems to have accepted this very important fact by its recognition of the value of music in our community. One of the main reasons why San Francisco is such an outstanding city is because music, art and things cultural have been stressed and allowed to filter through our lives and thus enrich them.

During the most trying years of the depression when many of us were low in body and in spirit, the need for recreation and spiritual sustenance as supplied by music was not only felt but given to our public in spite of many difficulties and obstacles which had to be overcome. We of San Francisco should be very grateful to the Officers and Board of Directors of both Symphony and Opera for their tireless work during these past years. Few people realize the time and effort spent to give Symphony and Opera worthy of our city and our patrons of music. We also owe a debt of gratitude to the Art Commission of San Francisco for their municipal concerts, which were far reaching in scope and artistic merit — not to mention many other smaller musical groups who have all proved stepping stones to our musical progress.

One of the agencies most helpful in educating our youth of this city is the Community Music School, which permits children of less fortunate parents to pay what they can for musical instruction and appreciation. These children, in turn, as they reach maturity, demand the best in music, which serves as a stimulus to our musical development.

Some years ago the need for Children's Symphonies was recognized, and these have grown and developed until we are now having each year a short season with Ernest Schelling, of whom I feel we can truthfully say that in his field he has no equal.

Our Symphony Orchestra has developed remarkably under the able directorship of Pierre Monteux, and we are proud to claim him as our own. We of the Opera Association are indeed grateful to him for his training of the Symphony Orchestra, and at the same time we have a little feeling of pride that we are able to contribute a great deal towards the support of the Symphony during our Opera season.

It is interesting to note that the women of San Francisco have played an important part in these various musical projects. It was Mrs. Leon Guggenhime who first created an interest in the Children's Symphony and the work is being carried on by a group of women at the present time. Mrs. Stine Leis was the first to recognize the great ability of Mr. Gaetano Merola and interested others in what eventually proved to be the San Francisco Opera Association. And our own San Francisco Musical Association is headed by Mrs. Leonora Wood Armsby, under whose guidance and inspiration the Symphony is now flourishing.

Thanks to the San Francisco Opera Association, the San Francisco Musical Association, the Municipal Concerts, and the Peter Conley Series, as well as other attractions, most all the great artists of the world are brought to our city so that we have no feeling of being remote and cut off from the world musically in spite of the great distance from other musical centers. Because of this great distance and our comparatively small population, the more one knows about the difficulties of giving Opera the more one is amazed by what has been achieved by Mr. Gaetano Merola in the past fourteen years. Only a truly inspired person could have accomplished what he has for our community, and the more I travel and learn about opera the more humble and proud I feel to play a very small part in such a remarkable organization. And our Opera Guarantors should have the same feeling of pride as they enjoy our all too short season of Opera.

So San Francisco can be truly proud of what is being done musically in our city, but we must develop and progress as time marches on, and to do so we need the understanding, interest and support of every loyal San Franciscan.

The Theatre of the Glade at Saratoga

by Dorothea Johnston

■ It has been suggested that I write something of our dramatic activities at Saratoga, for the City Club magazine; but first, let me say something of the community which is Saratoga. The little village is looked upon no doubt by many as being one of those small picturesque California towns, that the motorist becomes familiar with in his travels, and considers of no particular importance. It is because of the surrounding community, with many lovely homes where delightful and cultured people live, that Saratoga is a center where artistic efforts are supported and appreciated.

Less than five years ago, having discovered there was considerable dramatic talent in our midst, we decided to put on a play in our Clubhouse. The depression was quite depressing and it seemed a good time to change the subject and forget our troubles. We finally decided upon "Alice in Wonderland." The year 1933 was the centennial for Lewis Carroll and productions of his masterpiece were being given in many places, notably the one by Eva Le Gallienne produced in New York. It was decided that we would do it here in April and Mr. Frederick Stover, who was as this time a member of the faculty at Stanford, promised to help and to paint the scenery. As Mr. Stover is a skilled stage designer, his assistance was invaluable. He also became Associate Director of this production. We had try-outs for the parts, and Olivia De Havilland was decided upon for Alice. It was not long before we were glad we had made this selection, for Olivia has much talent as well as natural charm and made an adorable Alice. We gave this production twice in the Clubhouse at Saratoga, then took it to a number of other places, including the Palo Alto Community Theatre and the City Club in San Francisco, for two performances. This was at Christmas time and the matinee was followed by a children's party.

This production of Alice was the beginning of our community theatre at Saratoga. The people of this locality were delighted. They were happy to know that so finished a performance could be given which included many of the young people of the community as well as some players from Stanford University, Palo Alto and San Jose. The audience also, was drawn from the nearby towns as well as the home community, and our little Alice won for herself the interest of many.

During the following spring and early summer, we worked on a "Midsummer Night's Dream," in which Olivia played Puck. This was given in midsummer in our open air theatre. For (Continued on page 28

The School of Today

by Emma L. Noonan

■ Vacation is over! Parents heave a deep sigh of relief and thousands of eager boys and girls trip back to school, filled with good resolutions and happy to partake again of group life.

We recall our own school days and picture these youths in various grades, all treated alike and competing with one another for first place. Of course the technique has changed. Haven't we received rude jolts when we tried to help our children with their homework? "Aw, that's not the way our teacher does it!" But do we realize the growing efforts of the school to consider each child as an individual, discover his needs and fit the school to them? Even the beginners are not treated alike. The reading process is not thrust upon all at once, but each child is induced to read only when he has shown readiness for it. So from the very start, education en masse is no longer the method employed. I might go on to tell of similar changes up through the grades — departmental education, groupings according to ability, choice of subjects, etc. — but much has already been written concerning these drastic changes throughout the country. Instead I shall give you a glimpse of the lesser known divisions in our San Francisco schools which take care of special groups.

Let us first consider the children with physical handicaps. Our Sunshine School has six classes for children so crippled that they cannot hold their own with the physically fit. Taken to school in taxicabs, they are taught with sympathetic understanding of their difficulties, and their day organized with frequent rest periods, the equipment for each child fitted to his particular needs. The Health School houses one hundred and thirty children physically under par, assigned by a physician for a special health regime consisting of rest periods, balanced lunches, and organized activities with very little excitement. Twelve other such classes in elementary and junior high schools carry on similar work. Students who are confined to their homes on account of illness for eight weeks or more are taught by home teachers — thirty-four in number who care for one hundred and seventy pupils — while those who must remain in the hospital for any length of time continue their studies under five teachers, two in the San Francisco Hospital, one in Shriners', and one in Children's Hospital.

The Gough School for the deaf takes younger children for full time instruction and aims to train parent and child in lip reading and speaking; three additional teachers rotate in the various schools to teach lip reading where necessary. Two contact classes for the hard of hearing provide special instruction part time for pupils who adjust themselves the rest of the day in their regular class rooms. Speech correction is given under seven rotating teachers who in the past year paroled two hundred pupils back to their regular classes, cured of stuttering, stammering or lisping.

When pupils are discovered to have eyesight so poor they cannot read ordinary print, they are instructed in sight saving classes, of which there are three in the elementary, two in junior high, and one in senior high schools. In addition to all these special groups, corrective work is provided for those with poor posture and foot deviations. Where braces, physio-therapy, or hospitalization are necessary, the expenses are provided by outside interested organizations, and volunteer motor corps take children to and from the hospital for treatment.

For twelve hundred mentally retarted children, one central school and fifty-seven other classes scattered throughout the city provide some academic work and varied types of handwork; when they grasp all of which they are capable, attempts are made to find suitable jobs for them.

All of these types are readily discovered and segregated. What is done for other individuals who neither fall into these groups nor conform to the regular classes? Experiments are taking place as to how to handle the gifted child and the results constantly evaluated. Meanwhile, children of normal intelligence or above, who are in any way maladjusted or emotionally unstable are given expert analysis in the Diagnostic School, and with the help of other social agencies, provision is made for establishing right relationships in both the home and the school. As many as possible are re- (Continued on page 22

ART and Living

Mont Sainte Victoire by Paul Cezanne

Lent by the Marie Harriman Gallery to the exhibition at the San Francisco Museum of Art.

This Old Master of modern art taught new possibilities of color, form and design that have influenced many fields of human thought.

by G. L. McCann Morley

■ Art seems a remote term to many people—something that has to do with a revered but distant past; something to be admired in the hushed halls of imposing museums. Certainly nothing that concerns the humdrum business of daily living.

To set art thus apart is certainly to honor it. It also, however, deprives it of its true function — shaping and enriching everything created by mankind.

If art has any place at all it must be close to living. Even the art of the museums is significant and precious because it is the finest expression of the thought and feeling and living of human beings who once used it familiarly. In the greatest periods it was most common.

It was the error of a developing industrial society to consider that objects produced by machines for use became different in kind from objects made by hand for beauty and enjoyment. Ours is a more healthy period from the point of view of art, for we know now that useful things and machine made things can have a beauty proper to their function, to their material, to the process which produces them. There is a difference in degree between the color harmony that delights us in clothes and kitchen, and that which transports us in a noble fresco or a fine canvas; but in either case the creator of the harmony has used methods of art.

Never has art played so large a part in the business of living as today. It decides the lines of our automobiles, the cut of our clothes, the interiors of our new trains, the pleasing arrangement of our homes, the layout of our advertising, the form of our stoves and the color of our curtains. In another form it makes gay and interesting with storied frescoes the lobbies of our public buildings. Groups of earnest artists as well as the government by its patronage, endeavor in one plan or another to make smaller, more intimate works of art available to the general mass of the people for ownership or at least for seeing and enjoyment. The people respond by being more concerned with art values. This interest and activity are sound foundations on which to build a new art of our time that is as living, as much a part of life, as was art in the best period of the Renaissance.

Art now is not so much a matter of individual enjoyment in possession, not so (Continued on page 29

An Ideal Background

by Virginia Chilton

The Portal

The crisp sparkle of the Fall air brings to us a quickening of the spirit and a renewal of bodily strength which, after the lethargy of summer, reawakens the desire to be active. What plans we make to become acquainted with the latest books, to try to gain a better understanding of the tangled skein of world affairs, or to study the culture of some foreign country! Whatever our plan, we can realize it so much more easily and agreeably amidst the gracious surroundings of our Clubhouse.

The Portal which has swung wide so often in the past to admit interesting and famous people will continue this year to welcome many a distinguished guest. We who take advantage of the opportunities offered to hear the messages brought by these speakers and to meet them in an informal atmosphere will have gained something which is rare indeed.

The beautiful Hildreth Meière tapestry which curtains the stage of our auditorium will part to give us many an interesting hour. First-to-begin will be a series of ten lectures by Dr. Paul Cadman, the eminent economist, latterly of the staff of the University of California. His subject will be "Current Economic Events," and when we remember that most of the important events which take place in a world's history are the direct result of economic forces, we realize the importance of the subject which Dr. Cadman will expertly present to us.

October will usher in the first of a series of monthly evening programs which will be varied in selection and highly entertaining. The first will be the works of Dr. John Henry Nash, presented by Miss Nell O'Day. She will speak on the finer aspects of printing, and Dr. Nash will exhibit some of the products of his press. No one is better qualified to speak on this subject than Miss O'Day, who has worked closely with Dr. Nash, whom San Francisco is justly proud to count among her adopted sons. Too many of us are so engrossed in the contents of a book that we pay scant heed to the format, but after a delightful evening spent with Dr. Nash's press we shall no doubt become victims of that absorbing malady—the collection of special editions.

We all remember the many times when our Auditorium has been decorated to catch some particular spirit and how successfully it has been transformed into a gay Parisian cafe scene with the bookstalls which line the Seine. This Christmas, Miss Dorothea Johnston promises us another one of her fascinating programs and what the decorative motif will be for this occasion we leave to your imagination, sure only that it will be developed in a spirit of gaiety and charm.

The American Room has been the background for receptions for a long list of world representatives and with the vista of the patio through its windows the effect is one of peace and restfulness, perfect for this form of entertaining. Indeed the whole of this fourth floor breathes a friendly welcome which assures the success of whatever is attempted. It has the quietude necessary to the book lover and in these surroundings we will again be privileged to have Mrs. Stoddard give her interesting and instructive book reviews, each Tuesday morning.

The Lounge is perhaps the room closest to our hearts, for here we have memories of pleasant afternoons spent with friends while our spirits livened and our tongues kept pace under the gentle influence of a fragrant cup of tea. In October we are assured of another of these pleasant days with the addition of that feature so dear to a woman's heart — a Fashion Show! Can you imagine a more perfect place to view the latest whims of fashion? There you will see the dresses in the homelike surroundings in which they will be worn and at the same time will be close enough to see the details of dressmaking which are so important this year. Yes, the Lounge holds many splendid memories and gives promise of many to be added.

Each year with the first tang of autumn in the air there is a scene enacted which has a special meaning for all of us. It is the annual Firelighting to welcome home returning members from their vacations and renew again our pledges of service, good-will, friendship and hospitality. It is particularly fitting that this program should take place in front of our beautiful fireplace, which is dedicated to the memory of the boys who lost their lives in the World War, for it was for the comfort of the "Soldier Boy" that the National Defenders' Clubs which were a product of the National League for Woman's Service, were formed during those dark days of the war!

The Dining Floor has been the locals of many a gay, carefree dinner as well as several noted for their dignity and formality. Those which are gay and carefree seem to linger longest in the memories of most of us, perhaps because they are different from anything we can attend elsewhere. To be surrounded by a group of people — friends with many different interests and occupations, yet all united in one common interest is always a stimulating experience, but to meet under the carnival spirit which always attends these gatherings, is something rare and precious. The State Dinner to be held as a birthday party for California promises to be one of the

Stackpole Fountain

most entertaining and interesting which we have yet had. Those of us who were born in other states will no doubt meet many from our own home state and there is always the chance of finding a mutual acquaintance of some dear friend back home. In any case those good companions, comradeship and good cheer will be present and what more could one ask to make a perfect evening?

The Dining Floor during the lunch hour has a different atmosphere. There you will see earnest little groups gathered around the various Round Tables. At one they may be discussing the new books, at another they may be conversing in a foreign tongue. At still another the animated group are talking over the latest Ramble; whatever the subject, one can see by the intent faces that it is all-

Willis Polk Vista

absorbing to the particular group.

Classes may sound dull to the uninitiated and be a depressing reminder of the days when we rose early and sallied forth into the cold grey morning air to reach school one instant before the assembly bell rang, those days when we vowed that if we ever graduated we would never study anything again as long as we lived. However those days are long past for some of us and now we eagerly scan the list to see what there is to learn that is new. No trace of dullness can be found in the class which meets each week in the Chinese Room with its lovely dull gold walls, to study with Wana Derge the way to com-

Hammon Gallery

bine colors so that each one makes the other more perfect. Every meeting becomes an adventure in creation and the very air seems to shine with rainbow hues.

There is no flogging of spirits in the classroom of the Glove Guild, presided over by pretty, gentle Mrs. Tanbara. There tongues wag as we learn to do "Paris Point" and the most professional way to insert "fourchettes." The old sewing circle must have had a somewhat similar spirit of camaraderie and pride of achievement.

There is one group which meets in a classroom which most of us would have enjoyed had our school been so equipped. There is something of the actor in most human beings and rare indeed is the person who does not feel the thrill of being behind the wings and footlights of a well designed stage. Even though at the start we may be fearful of appearing in public, something is released the first time we hear our voice reading the lines aloud and each re-

The American Room

hearsal makes us less self-conscious until we may come to feel positive assurance. Miss Dorothea Johnston is the wizard who works this miracle for the Drama Group and the stage of our own Auditorium is the classroom.

A perfect note on which to close this discussion of the ideal background for winter activities is a mention of Mrs. Black's Thursday Evening Programs. They have long been noted for their charmingly informal air whether they are held in the Auditorium or the American Room according to the nature of the program.

No matter how interesting the activity, it can be made more so by sympathetic surroundings and we hope we have shown that your Clubhouse has the background to suit the subject.

The Hearthstone

I Have Been Reading

PRISMATIC GROUND. By Marguerite Young; 1937. The Macmillan Company, $1.75. Reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

EL INDIO. By Gregorio Lopez Y Fuentes, 1937. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50. Reviewed by Grace N. Johnson.

■ This is the first published book of a "young poet." Were Miss Young more mature her too facile use of words would not suffice to give high quality to her poetry. But one does "feel" something upon the pages of Prismatic Ground, something "not specifically named" there, about which Willa Cather writes in her recent book "Not Under Forty;" Miss Cather names this something, which she says gives high quality to literature, an "emotional aura," or "overtone" which is divined rather than heard by the ear.

However, poetic overtone, whether it be divined or heard, cannot be entirely disassociated from harmony. It is in this consistent, orderly arrangement of parts which we define as harmony that Miss Young's work is weakest. Of course, art does not aim at merely copying, yet there must be such a consistent ordered relationship between the integral parts of a poem that there be no possibility of raising in the reader's mind the idea that the author may be merely experimenting, more or less happily, with word-sounds.

It may appear that the poet either does not always perceive clearly or having become aware she does not transmute that which is perceived into an object of perception. However, since she does write some poetry of a high quality; for example:

"She was a ballad-loving woman
Who lived until she died."

and the short poem entitled "Lover" (there may be several others) it seems to me that she has not given herself, her genius, time to flower.

The first poem in the collection called "Sequence," from which the title of the book is taken, is not altogether fine writing; it is slightly dissonant.

An inspired line now and again is not enough. Another collection of Miss Young's poems, some years hence, should be a literary event.

■ El Indio was awarded the National Prize for Literature; it was the first such award to be made in Mexico. I can well understand why it was chosen. It is an informative and vivid description of the Mexican Indians, of their way of living — their superstitions and of the treatment they received at the hands of those who had taken their lands and pushed them back into the mountains. One is impressed by their helplessness, their fear, but above all, by their inborn dignity.

The presentation of the story is rather unusual as none of the characters are named — no particular location designated and no specific time mentioned. As a result the reader feels that the author has portrayed the Mexican Indian as a whole rather than in any one particularized group.

National League Book Shop

RALSTON'S RING. George D. Lyman. The story of the man who organized the group that dominated West Coast banking and mining production in the years following the Civil War. $3.50.

THE SEVEN WHO FLED. Frederick Prokosch. The Prize Novel by the author of THE ASIATICS. The setting again is Asia. $2.50.

THE WORLD AND MAN, AS SCIENCE SEES THEM. Ed. by Moulton. Effects of new discoveries upon civilization. $4.00.

NOODLE. Munro Leaf. By the author of the famous FERDINAND. $1.50.

EAST GOES WEST. Younghill Kang. Further autobiography by the author of THE GRASS ROOF. $2.75.

LITTLE CHILDREN. William Saroyan. Short stories. $2.50.

ELEPHANT DANCE. Frances Flaherty. The story of the expedition to film ELEPHANT BOY in India, which uncovered, among other things, the extraordinary native boy actor, Sabu. $3.50.

THE GATE OF HAPPY SPARROWS. Daniele Vare. Short tales by the author of THE MAKER OF HEAVENLY TROUSERS. $2.00.

LIFE WITH MOTHER. Clarence Day. Continuing the pieces written to follow LIFE WITH FATHER. $2.00.

ANIMAL TREASURE. Ivan T. Sanderson. A rare combination of entertainment and information. A young scientist's expedition into West Africa, illustrated with his own sketches. Viking. $3.50.

THE ROMANCE OF ROSY RIDGE. MacKinlay Kantor. Another legend of the Missouri countryside by the author of that poignant little tale, "The Voice of Bugle Ann." Illustrated by Will Crawford. Coward. $1.25.

THE CITADEL. A. J. Cronin. Little, Brown. Vicissitudes of a London society doctor. $2.50.

Still Missing

■ Can you give information concerning any of the following names here listed?

Bell, Lew A.
Brice, Marie
Brierton, Miss Mary
Bruce, R. N.
Burnham, Mrs. J. R.
Cornwall, Mrs. Maybelle
Davis, Mrs. W. R.
de Gez, Ellen Marie
Dodge, Mayme E.
Foster, Mrs. Reginald
Frazier, Mrs. R. E.
Gelders, Mrs. Flora M.
Greene, Mrs. Alice G.
Gould, Rose R.
Hall, Mrs. Walter
Harker, Mrs. B. L.
James, Ethelinda M.
Jordan, A. Evangeline
Kellogg, Mary A.
Lindh, Hazel F. C.
Litka, Louise C.
McKay, D. W.
Martin, Jean M.
Moore, Mrs. Kerby
Morse, Mrs. J. R.
Mulist, Caroline
Overton, Mrs. W. S.
Parsons, Elizabeth G.
Peens, Mrs. Lucy F.
Preston, Dr. J.
Purson, Mrs. Grace F.
Reed, Margaret S.
Retter, Dorothy J.
Roehr, A.
Sander, Miss M.
Sargent, Helen M.
Schmitt, E.
Tumblod, L. D.
Walter, Eva L.
Woedwald, Eva Jane

(Continued from page 10)

wistfulness in his eyes when he spoke of those **lost** months. The first mate has a son a year and a half old he has never seen — the price of Cargoes! Is it all contained in ledgers in dividends declared, in net profits at the end of the year?

Today in the United States men are striking for things like "holidays with pay," and we hear other men say "they ought to be glad of the chance to work." "They haven't the responsibility we owners have." "They are unreasonable in their demands." One wonders. As we loaf in our steamer chairs on the topmost deck at night watching the stars, the great golden planet Jupiter like a lantern ahead of us, we can see the Captain on the bridge watching the lights of a ship slipping over the edge of the world, then the third mate comes from the radio room. "No news, Sir." We have been hoping for word of Amelia Earhart — the same stars, the young moon above her gallant heart wherever she may be! And again the price of "Captains and Cargoes" comes home to us all.

I must go down to the seas again, to
the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star
to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's
song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and
a grey dawn breaking.

MASEFIELD.

"Pro Musica"

■ The San Francisco Chapter of Pro Musica is now offering the prospectus for the season 1937-1938.

Ernest Charles will appear in a song recital. Mr. Charles is a singer of personality, possessing a warm voice, and is one of the most talented young American composers. Among his best known compositions is "Over the Land in April," a favorite song of Mme. Kirsten Flagstad's. This concert will be held on Sunday afternoon, August 22nd, 1937, at three o'clock, at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Flowers, 130 Bridge Road, Hillsborough, San Mateo.

Mr. John Howell, baritone, of the San Francisco Opera Association, and Mr. Gaetano Merola, General Director of the San Francisco Opera Association, will give a recital on the evening of September 27th, offering a group of modern American songs.

In these attractions "Pro Musica" is glad to give expression of admiration of modern American artists and composers.

Mr. Pierre Monteux will conduct a small symphony orchestra, and Madam Yvonne Astruc will be the guest artist. She will play for the first time in America the new concertos for violin of Darius Milhaud and Germaine Tailleferre. Madam Astruc is one of the great French women violinists, and a protagonist of modern music. Next season she will play with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

As a further offering, the Pasquier Trio will appear for Pro Musica on February 7th, 1938. This trio is so well known that it is sufficient to say that it is one of the high lights of chamber music.

There is in prospect a fifth concert in the spring of 1938, and the details for this will be announced at a later date.

We believe that we are justified in saying that a full and interesting year of music is being presented. Our yearly dues are $5.00.

The officers of "Pro Musica" are: Jerome Politzer, President; Dr. E. P. Meinecke, First Vice President; Mrs. Marcus Koshland, Second Vice President; Mrs. Frederick Bradley, Third Vice President.

Committee on Music and Drama

■ Blanche Yurka, one of America's greatest actresses, will appear in the title role of "Electra" in the Greek Theatre on Saturday evening, September 18.

Miss Yurka has been seen in some of the most notable productions of the New York stage, including the masterpieces of Ibsen, Shakespeare, Aristophanes and Sophocles, as well as in many modern productions. She was the Queen in John Barrymore's "Hamlet," and the Nurse in Katherine Cornell's "Romeo and Juliet." In motion pictures she made a remarkable success as Madame Defarge in "A Tale of Two Cities," with Ronald Colman. Her "Electra," produced many times in the East, is one of her great classic roles. The Greek Theatre production will be directed by Robert Henderson, who also was the director in her performance of "Electra" at the University of Michigan Dramatic Festival, as well as in other of her Eastern productions.

Tickets will be on sale at $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00 below the diazoma; 75 cents and 50 cents above the diazoma. For advance reservations write or phone Committee on Music and Drama, University of California.

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Women's City Club, 465 Post Street, Chinese Room
Thursday, September 23, at 3 P. M.; Thursday, September 30, at 3 P. M.

Berkeley Women's City Club, 2315 Durant Ave. Patio Room
Thursday October 14, at 3 P. M.; Thursday, October 21, at 3 P. M.

Western Women's Club, 609 Sutter Street. Founder's Room
Thursday, October 28, at 3 P. M.; Thursday, November 4, at 3 P. M.

Admission cards for Miss Zimmerman's investment teas to be held at the St. Francis Hotel in November and December will be available for those attending these classes.

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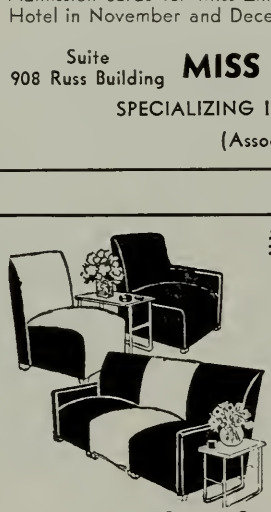

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■

THE BOWL SHOP

953 Grant Avenue

(Continued from page 16

turned to their regular classes, under careful supervision, but those who require special treatment are put into the adjustment class for longer periods of time.

All of these special groups relieve the regular classes and permit the teacher to give her entire attention to the great majority who remain. Is nothing done for these, with no obvious handicaps but with needs as great? As every minor is compelled to attend school until his eighteenth year or high school graduation, it becomes increasingly necessary to keep his interest, and make him realize the value of his education. Surveys of occupational opportunities with the prerequisite training broaden his vision and awaken new interests. Supervised trips to various types of industry reveal actual working conditions to him, and conferences with leaders in his chosen field show him the relationship between his present schooling and his future career. Thus he is assisted to choose intelligently and to prepare wisely for his vocation. In all this work, splendid cooperation has been established between the school and the community, and experts in every field have given freely and generously of their time and experience.

But the school does not stop here. It realizes that education is a lifelong process, and much can be done for the child through developing the parents' self respect by means of further education. Fifteen day teachers and twenty evening teachers are assigned to Americanization classes. Here any adult eighteen years of age or over, may learn the language and be helped in adjusting to American manners and customs standards and ideals, as well as to prepare for citizenship. As many as fifty different nationalities are grouped under teachers selected for their breadth of vision and ability to create a friendly democratic atmosphere.

I wish space permitted the stories of individuals who have been improved through special attention—the joy they find in the group life, the self respect they acquire, and the pride their efforts promote in their families. What thrilling tales could be unfolded in the detailed study of any one of these special groups! The bare announcement will have to suffice to indicate how the school department is realizing its responsibility for helping to develop each individual to his maximum capacity, and assuming the position of leadership in providing the special care and training necessary for the betterment of every member of the community.

Elsa Naess

■ ELSA NAESS is one of the few Scandinavian women on the Pacific Coast who through her activities in music and dancing has made a real name for herself. She came to America at the age of eighteen, from Asker near Oslo, not speaking a word of English, but with a fine musical backround and received immediate recognition as an unusually fine pianist among the musical leaders of this city. Within a year she had worked up an excellent following, both as a pianist and a teacher.

She studied piano with Dagmar Walle Hansen, who for many years was assistant to Leschetizky in Vienna, and theory and harmony at the conservatory in Oslo. Later she went to Munich to study with Ruoff, and made her debut as a pianist with the Municipal orchestra of that city. The following year she was engaged to teach at the Chicago College of Music.

Although new schools of dancing open every day, the general public as yet fail to look at dancing as anything but entertainment. Whereas parents want their children to study music seriously year in and year out, they will only allow them to take a few dancing lessons, as a sort of lark, or as many mothers have said to me: "A few lessons will make my daughter more graceful." This of course is not the right attitude by which to acquaint a child with any of the arts.

Dancing has no age limit. The idea that one must start dancing at the age of five or six, is long since outdated. Today everybody dances. Go and watch a class in modern dance, or even in gymnasium, and you will see women of all ages. A high school girl alongside a woman of fifty. Besides having a good time they realize that dancing develops poise and grace, and improves the appearance of the body. To dance lifts the spirit, and makes you feel alert and happy. I have people say to me, "But it is too strenuous for a woman of my age." If correct breathing is used as basic technique for all movement, it never can be too strenuous, because you only go as far as your breath will let you.

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Book-Talks Keyed To Demands of Modern Reader

■ Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard will be welcomed by the Club and its members and friends on September 14th when she resumes her new series of Book Reviews. Mrs. Stoddard's talks on the latest books will be keyed to the tastes and requirements of the modern reader. Each talk will comprise not only a review of books but also a brief analysis of one of the several essentials that determine the function of literature in the modern world. In part, the talks will show that literature has a tradition of its own; the variety of literary works; the marks which distinguish these varieties in form, moods and subject matter; the one element these varieties have in common which makes them literature, and which sets them off from other kinds of human inquiry; how and why the literary artist may deal with all the world and its people in setting, action, characters and dialogue; that the discipline of literature is unique in its own history, its own methods, and its own criteria of criticism. Through the consideration of these essentials the modern reader may avoid confusion of thinking and may be enabled to praise and blame the modern authors for the right reasons.

Each meeting in this series of Book-Talks which are held on each second Tuesday of the month at 11:00 o'clock in the morning and at 7:30 o'clock in the evening, will be followed by a Round Table discussion. The morning Round Table will take place at luncheon in the Cafeteria at 12:15. The evening Round Table will take place in the Lecture Hall immediately following the talk. In these Book-Talks and Round Table discussions stimulating opinions will be exchanged on the merits of books and authors.

The new fiction sensation, "And So — Victoria," by Vaughan Wilkins, is the book to be reviewed this month.

Ramble to State Fair In Sacramento

■ Leave San Francisco, via River Boat, 6:30 p. m., September 10; arrive Sacramento, 6:30 a. m., September 11. Transfer to Senator Hotel for breakfast.

Visit to the State Fair in the morning. At 1:00 p. m., luncheon at the Hotel. Afternoon at your leisure.

Leave Sacramento, via River Boat, 6:30 p. m.; arrive in San Francisco, 6:30 a. m. Dinner on the boat.

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Meals, Tax, Tips	4.00
Club Fee	.50
Admission to Fair	.50
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AMY WARBURTON

Unusual classes for complete development of personality and successful living start September 13, Monday evening at 8:00 P.M., Women's City Club, 465 Post Street. This announcement entitles you to admission to the first lesson.

Dr. Eleanor Crosby Kemp

■ Graduate student of New York University, Columbia, and Johns Hopkins. She took her doctorate at New York University. Passed the Civil Service Examination in New York, 1916, as Clinical Psychologist. For five years she taught Normal and Abnormal Psychology at the College of Physicians and Surgeons (Columbia University, New York City). She was director of New York Psychological Center from 1925 to 1935, when she came West to lecture on Mental Hygiene, and lectured at conventions in Heidelberg, Locarno, London, and in the universities of Australia, Cornell University, and in many cities of the United States. Since 1934, she has lectured and done case work at colleges, universities, clubs and churches in California and Montana.

Dr. Kemp is a member of the Association of Consulting Psychologists, and a Fellow of American Association for Advancement of Science.

Thursday Evening Program, September 23, "The Need of Arts in Life."

The Needlework Guild Of America

The Charity That Helps All Charities

■ "If only a little bridge could be thrown from the Island of Waste to the Island of Want, how both would benefit!" mused Lady Wolverton when confronted with the pressing need of a certain charity.

That was in 1882 at Iwerne, Dorsetshire, England. In nearby Wales a tragic mine disaster had occurred, orphaning hundreds of small children, many of whom had been taken to an institution which Lady Wolverton had founded. Confronted with the necessity of clothing these children, she conceived the unique and practical plan of asking her friends each to contribute two new articles of wearing apparel exactly alike. The child receiving them would then always have "one on and one in the wash." The response to her request was so generous that a permanent organizaton was formed for the purpose of collecting each year a supply of **new** clothing and household linen for the needy.

In 1885 Laura Safford, later Mrs. John Wood Stewart, interested a few young women of her acquaintance in carrying on a similar work in Philadelphia, Pa., and so the Needlework Guild of America — which now has grown to national proportions with over a million members, branches in forty states, and regular distributions of approximately two million new garments a year, had its modest but inspired beginning.

Often the gift of substantial **new** clothing is more than charity, it carries with it the power of moral uplift and renewed self-respect. That is why the Guild asks its members to contribute only **new** garments.

Far-reaching as are the effects of the Guild's work, its accomplishments represent the generosity not of our individual but demonstrate the power of "united littles," for the sole requirement for membership continues the same — two or more new garments once a year. In its work of assistance the Guild knows no lines of race, color or creed. Its objective is to give those who "have" a chance to help those who "have not." Come and see our thirty-eighth thousand **new** garments, at the Annual Ingathering, Fairmont Hotel, Monday, October eleventh, 2 until 10 o'clock.

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■ Have you a favorite recipe? Do you want a favorite recipe? In either case, watch for a particular day in November.

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The Eight-Hour Day in Private Duty Nursing

By Adelaide Brown, M.D., Health Editor

■ Last July, having started to write for you on **vacations,** I was switched to **vocations,** and am arranging to present an article from a recent personal experience with the new regulations as to private nursing for a hospital patient.

The eight-hour day has come to stay in hospitals — so that if your purse allows it and you **need** and **enjoy** steady personal attention, the special nurse's shift begins at 7 a.m. - 3 p.m.; 3 p.m. - 11 p.m. and 11 p.m. - 7 a.m.

According to the necessities of the case either the second or third shift may be omitted. Each nurse pays for one meal 35 cents at the hospital—no board for nurse is charged to patient. The meals are all charged alike to the nurse but are served at set hours— the 3-11 service gets supper at 5 p.m. — too early and often a bit sparser. The fountain service is being instituted where the 3-11 nurse may have tea and sandwiches or jam, etc., and before she goes off duty at 9-10 — a 25 cent supper ordered from a menu. This has worked out very well, and without increased costs, gives better satisfaction to the nurses.

As to divisions of work-load, I was greatly interested to really understand why each service might be preferred by each nurse — one had to learn to know the nurses as characters, and which service would fit each life best.

Arrangements were made for me by telephone; the doctor was called in at Redwood whom I had known and he discovered in a minute the presence of an enlarged gall bladder, past all geographical outlines in size. I was introduced to it and then we had a consultation. Medical or surgical? I wanted to go to San Francisco and the telephoning began. Sunday evening — forty miles or more away—it is hard to make arrangements for a surgeon and hospital room.

A weekend bag was packed and off we went armed with aromatic spirits of ammonia capsules — to crush and breathe as a restorative in case of faintness. The drive up was comfortable enough — the hospital with room and bed was the Children's and the surgeon and my medical brother awaited me.

About the anaesthetic I have a deeply appreciative word to say. The older method which meant a hyperdermic, a guerney ride up hallway, motion swift; turning abrupt corners at end; quick, dizzy ascent by elevator and then general anaesthetic preceded by a transfer to operating table was most devastating to one's self control and personality; then the recovery with its nausea and weakness. This modern technique was greatly appreciated by me.

Now, one more suggestion — do not rely on one word your patient says in answer to questions as to number of nurses required. **Ask the surgeon.** The family may not have had the experience and no one knows how the patient will react to the operation. Three nurses sound a lot, but so much depends on the age, weight, previous operative experience and length of sickness preceding operation — any one of which can decide necessities of service, and nurses are a great protection to the patient.

And now for my nurses, and what they represented in life as **livers** and **workers.** My Number 1 nurse — 7-3 — was a cheerful Northern California girl, born in the country and radiating health; though later I learned of a hard mastoid experience she had had and the strain on her fine young husband of unemployment — all going well now — and her ability to supplement most appreciated at home. She was strict and never varied in order and technique. She had a mother, executive in household management and she **could cook.** I always felt like an ocean liner and a tug boat being pushed around up to landing pier. Interference and suggestions are not in place with surgeon, assistant or nurse.

My Number 2 nurse, 3-11 p.m., was from New Brunswick. She had nursed in my family six years ago, and had a morale of making things agreeable as to hours of duty (this was before the 8-hour service). She was able, efficient, a little too anxious to be busy, but running over with conscientiousness and anxious to be sure you got all you could from her. She had nursed in post war Canadian hospitals and in private houses across Canada, Alberta, Saskatchewan, and knew frontier life in all its phases. She is now an American citizen and very interesting and able. She has Nova Scotia calmness and a hard shift, 3-11 p.m. She comes on when the patient is tired and has the corners to smooth out. It is the service for tact. Perhaps amount of regular nursing is less but with a conscience, if the case has been hard, she has much to clear up — linen for next day to lay in and count and surgical dressing tray to fix up. Company haunts these hours and watching her patient for weariness, helping her illy adjusted feet to navigate — makes a full and taxing service. My nurse went home to a small apartment which she has alone and after a bite to eat, for supper was at 5 p. m., she went to bed — but "early to rise" shops in the a.m. and has time to go to an early movie or see a friend and comes in fresh

and with good ideas for her patient.

And now for the third shift 11 p.m.-7 a.m. Who would choose it? A big chair to rest in; no light to read by, a patient to have instantaneous service and if restless, good nursing care. Here is where the ability to rub aching backs, and all the time think of your boy of 15 who wants to help you, works two hours a day, Saturday and Sunday, 4-6 hours; lives with you in a little apartment. He will have slept and have breakfast ready when you get home at 7:30 and runs off to school and you get his dinner for him and have it with him before you leave for the hospital.

This lad lost his father at six months of age; had a mother of 18 who had high school work to complete before she entered training school in Portland. The accident which took her husband's life was a skull fracture. He was her school teacher and left her with a thousand dollars. She is a **nurse** and no A.B. degree, or M.A. or PhD. could make her a better one. Her boy's life is to be as full of opportunity as she can make it. He is bright and can get work for himself. I liked her attitude and her son's picture. She is quick, efficient, and appreciated that late sleep was better for me than a perfectly rearranged room.

The three nurses **cooperated** for my comfort and happiness and perfect care. The cost of three nurses covering 24 hours is ($6 a day apiece) or $18 a day

or

$$3 \overline{)126} \quad \$18 \text{ a week}$$

$7

$42 a week apiece.

You can dispense, according to your convalescence, with one or two of these services. The matter is flexible. Your necessities are supplied by floor service if you cut out one shift.

Under the old 12-hour plan the nurse was paid $7 a day or $49 a week and the patient paid $1.25 a day for nurse's board to hospital.

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The new service gives you fresh fine women to care for you in a critical strain and every one is entitled to happiness and health instead of the exhausting weariness of 12 hours' service. House care with a private nurse, 7-3, will cover most maternity cases well and much minor surgery.

The chance for a life with friends, a home centre and a son to work for, made me thankful that I had been served by normally minded women who had worked out their personal problems on normal lines.

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(Continued from page 15)

some time we had thought of having a play in this amphitheatre which seemed to have been built by nature for the purpose. We had never given it a name but for this occasion it must be named, so it became then, and is still, The Theatre of the Glade. Many of those who were there will never forget Olivia and her beautiful voice. As one person expressed it you could fancy she was speaking to the distant stars. Our production was well under way, when we learned that Reinhardt was coming to the coast and would do the Dream. One day during the period when rehearsals were in progress, someone spoke of the coming of Reinhardt and Olivia said, "O how I wish I could play in that production." It seems like the story of a modern Cinderella, but that is really what happened. She played Hermia in the opening of the Dream in Hollywood Bowl, then in the San Francisco Opera House and later in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley. By January first, she was signed up by Warner Brothers for Midsummer Night's Dream on the screen. Reinhardt would have no one else play Hermia.

The next summer we put on in the Theatre of the Glade, a production of "As You Like It." Mr. Stover, who had been most helpful with our first and second plays, was no longer in this part of the State, but we were most fortunate to have the very efficient help of two well known artists and designers, Mr. George Dennison and Mr. Frank Ingerson, who gave most generously of their time and skill in designing as well as executing many of the decorations that were used in making the costumes. We costumed this in the period of Medieval France, the women wearing the high conical headdress. This picturesque costuming, the songs sung in the open, a flute accompaniment for the dance, gave the entire production in our beautiful little theatre, a truly pastoral quality.

The next summer play was Sheridan's The Rivals, which was done in the open-air theatre. For this production we had a stage erected on one level and by means of a white back drop shut out the greenery to make our interior. This was an interesting problem, for it showed we could do interior scenes with success, in our informal setting.

Later in the season we gave "Cricket on the Hearth" in the Clubhouse at Saratoga. We usually have several play readings, as try-outs for the parts, and also to see how the play lives with the reading. At one of these readings one of our mature critics said: "If you can make something out of Cricket, you need not be afraid to try anything, for here you have atmosphere." So we set to work to preserve the Dickens atmosphere, and after its production, knew that another experience in the theatre had been gained. After our Saratoga appearance we took Cricket to San Francisco and did it at the Women's City Club.

Following the production of the Dream a boy who works in a local garage said to me with a broad grin "I never have seen a Shakespearean play before, but I am coming to the second show." After The Rivals a local lad said he had enjoyed it so much that he wished he had not waited for the second night and then he could have seen both. Expressions of such sincere pleasure, make one feel amply rewarded for the undertaking. It is only natural that one speaks most of Olivia de Havilland in telling of those players who have been with us in The Theatre of the Glade; but there are others who must be mentioned. Frederick Stover will not soon be forgotten. He led a group of inexperienced players, and the Tinkers made one of the high spots in the play, thanks to his outstanding work as Bottom. Then Louis Scales as Jacques in "As You Like It," and Acres in "The Rivals," were both brilliantly played. There are many others — Kerth Baines and her brother, Robert Baines; Wesley Goddard, James Levensailer, Margaret Zane, Aloha Wilson, Margaret and Elizabeth Goodrich, Mary Borel, Dorothy Kaucher — all doing us credit, and there were others whose names we would like to mention.

We have so far confined ourselves almost entirely to classical drama, although we do not intend to follow this altogether. We have been interested to discover however that many in our audiences express appreciation for the plays with tradition. We find that working together as we have in these past several years that much is gained in friendship amongst all who share in it. We have had wonderful cooperation and help, and we know that in our small way, we are sharing in "The Renaissance of the Theatre."

(Continued from page 13)

eagerly sought by connoisseurs wherever fine printing is esteemed.

It is not to be wondered at that the marvelous beauty of San Francisco's towering hills and gorgeous Bay which has been the inspiration of countless writers and painters should have had its share in inspiring our fine printers who are striving to perpetuate the ideals of John Gutenberg.

(Continued from page 17)

much a badge of privilege as it once was. Contemporary thought considers it as much a part of everyone's heritage as any phase of cultural education. The modern museum competes with the public library in service to the public in its own field. Part of its function is the preservation and display of works of art, of the past and of contemporary times, but its major task is to interpret art for the better appreciation and understanding of the general public.

At least half of the activity of a modern museum is educational. In its exhibitions it sets a standard, and conducts a continuous demonstration of art principles. In classes, lectures and courses for adults it examines more clearly the specific questions raised by the exhibitions, as well as the general aspects and elements of art, stressing how they influence and affect other fields of activity. For children too it provides opportunities so the habit of happy museum attendance develops early and naturally and an understanding and enjoyment of painting and sculpture become as usual a thing as the knowledge and appreciation of literature should be for every well-educated person.

Such a policy strives to aid everyone to use with better understanding and for greater happiness those phases of art which are naturally a part of his life. To have a more beautiful room, to wear more tasteful clothes, to buy well designed articles instead of poorly designed ones is exercising to a degree the power of selection and choice which is an attribute of art. To understand and enjoy the great creations of the human mind in painting and the other arts of all periods is an extension of this power into less tangible fields of even greater satisfaction. Art is besides a direct and very sincere revelation of human development, and to study it is to penetrate another and truer kind of history.

The individual and the community alike are thus the richer for the standards and the experience of tradition and of excellence of achievement that knowledge of art brings.

■ By request, the following suggestion is printed: CLAUSE COVERING THE BEQUEST OR GIFT TO BE GIVEN US IN WILLS — "I give and bequeath to the National League for Woman's Service, also known as the Women's City Club, at No. 465 Post Street, San Francisco, the sum of....., free of all taxes, to be used as said organization may see fit in carrying out its aims and objects."

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La Vie Du Détroit

By Vera B. Baits

(EDITOR'S NOTE: It is appropriate that we reciprocate by reprinting this story from the magazine of a reciprocal club. California stories about the East Bay and Golden Gate Bridge and the Golden Gate International Exposition have interested our fellow countrymen, thus proving that geographical and historical backgrounds are of more interest today than ever before, because modern transportation has made the forty-eight States one United States.)

■ On a brassy, burning day, deep-sea fishing in the Gulf Stream off the coast of Florida last winter, a flash of insight came to me. I realized, of a sudden, that that current is not an inanimate geographical object, but a living thing, like a forest, full of plants and creatures intricately organized in life-cycles and survival-spirals. It is the vital medium in which endless organic miracles have their being, from those represented by the simplest algae through those evidenced in the eerie "Portuguese men-of-war," the beautiful, murderous bluefish to the climactic marvel—the monstrous, fighting sailfish.

Not so primitive is the life-stream of our own city, the strait, le détroit, that we call a river. With the lakes that it joins it has been tamed and harnessed to the service of world-commerce without losing its character or its appeal as playground and retreat. It supports a humanized life of its own in manifestations as diverse as those in the Gulf Stream. It deserves consideration beyond that of prosaic use as a barrier to be surrounded on shopping excursions to Canada.

Have you breathed its life-giving air from a skimming speedboat on a stifling summer night? Have you followed a sailboat race on a July afternoon? Have you watched darkened anchored cruisers rock in the moonlight? Have you felt, from the water's surface, the mysterious pull of a freighter slipping by you in a fog? Have you thrilled at the sight of Swedish, or Italian, or Roumanian flags on merchantmen from overseas? And, if you have, have you thought how different your life would be if you lived in an inland town which offered no such opportunities for release and enjoyment?

You live on a waterway through which passed, in 1935, more than twice as many cargo tons as through the Suez Canal in that year, and almost three times as many as passed through the Panama Canal. It represents the conflux of waters poured into Lake St. Clair through one of the notable deltas of the world, that of the St. Clair River, below Algonac. The many islands and passages in this delta are of particular interest to small pleasure-craft, and the peculiar delta formation makes fishing particuluarly good in the Lake by bringing down food through the various channels and dropping it abruptly near land's end over the wide area at the base of the triangle. At the lower end of our strait, warm, shallow Lake Erie provides these well-fed fish with a haven in the winter, from which they return eagerly in the spring to the hooks of the occupants of the innumerable rowboats of these St. Clair Flats.

Do not, I advise you, go into the business of collecting documentary information, commercial, geographical, recreational, or piscatorial, on the life of our river unless you are prepared to be submerged, desk, study, and all, in a deluge of statistics from freighter and excursion steamer companies, cruiser manufacturers, yachting enthusiasts, the United States Post Office, Customs Office, War Department, Engineering Department, Treasury Department, and other interested, helpful agencies. A consideration of commerce alone carried on in the Detroit River, exceeding in tonnage as it does all of the foreign trade commerce of the United States through its Atlantic ports, lies outside the scope of an article in this magazine.

However, a few enlightening general statements are in place here:

Nearly nine hundred documented commercial vessels, from this country and from Canada, are registered in the Customs District of Michigan. The value of freight passing through the river in 1935, in American and foreign vessels, was a great deal more than one billion dollars. Iron ore, coal, grain, and limestone, are the principal commodities transported, but almost every raw material and finished product known to the commercial world passes through in the course of a year.

A typical Lake freighter — 600 feet in length and capable of carrying, on full draft, from twelve to fourteen thousand cargo tons — is about the size of Atlantic liners of the type of the Aquitania or Mauretania, hence much larger than the usual ocean-going freighter which is ordinarily about 350 feet long. The expedition with which commerce is handled in them and the quantity of it moved in the short Lakes season of navigation, are object-lessons to shippingmen in other fields of the trade. This efficiency is paid for at the lowest freight rates known anywhere in the world, and at the same time the vessel officers and men are paid high wages and accorded better living and

working conditions than prevail among sailors in most other parts of the world.

A visit to one of the huge down-river ship-building plants where these romantic leviathans are created is comparable in effect to a brief study of astronomical phenomena in stretching the mind to new conceptions of size and mass movements. The living streams of molten metal seem like the very stuff of cosmic creation.

In operation the cleanliness, order, and effectiveness of these vessels are delights to anyone who can be a lucky guest for a trip on one as it proceeds on its vital job of joining iron ore and coal for smelters and steel mills, or of transporting western grain to eastern milling centers and world markets.

On fifty American and Canadian large regular passenger vessels it is expected that three million people will have traveled this season by the time it closes. To add the statistics on ferry boat and excursion boat passengers is again to enter the realm of the astronomical in figures, for eleven million people or more will be the total.

Nearly eight thousand cruisers, speedboats, and sailboats are registered with the Detroit Customs Office. Non-registered small craft to nearly the same number add interest and color to the summer scene as, more or less expertly navigated, they all weave in and out. Revolutionary improvements in the design and the performance of motorboats within the past decade have combined with increased appreciation of the possibilities of our local waterways as summer resorts, to bring prosperity back in no uncertain degree to the pleasure boat builders of nearby Algonac. These firms supply hundreds of Detroit families with their summer week-end homes, and provided one hundred and thirty families, by actual count moored in cruisers at the Detroit Yacht Club dock last summer, with complete living quarters for weeks on end.

The only marine delivery service unit of the United States Post Office, so far as is known, the only service of its kind in the world, operates in the river off Detroit, in the Diesel-powered Post Office boat O. F. Mook. Its employes receive salaries made larger than those of other letter carriers by special act of Congress, for meeting the special hazards of their jobs in delivering mail to freighters. This boat is in service day and night, seven days in the week, from about April 15 to December 15. During 1935 it made sixteen thousand contacts with passing vessels, and handled about nine hundred thousand pieces of mail.

Life, action, are everywhere. Even below the river itself human activity moves back and forth in the international railway tunnel. The waterworks services for cities on both banks draw from its lifestream. Overhead moves the ceaseless traffic on the Ambassador Bridge that spans its width. Still higher roar airplanes following its strategic course to or from Selfridge Field.

No city could slumber statically while so much goes on at its door.

La Lengua Castellana

■ The following poem by the Argentinian Leopoldo Díaz illustrates clearly the musical beauty of the Spanish language:

Claro y límpido raudal
es la lengua que yo adoro,
la lengua de versos de oro
y de vibración marcial.
Es dúctil como el metal
y rica como el tesoro
que dejó Boabdil el moro
allá en su Alhambra oriental.
Como clarines al viento,
Vibra su broncíneo acento
en la ira o el dolor.
Y son sus cláusulas graves,
amorosos trinos de aves
sobre las lilas en flor.

Top O' The Hill School

■ Top O' The Hill School, situated in the eastern foothills of Los Gatos presents a year round program of living for children whose physical condition is below par. During the twelve years of its existence every effort has been made to perfect the technique of handling this class of children.

The slower tempo of its environment and program provides not only the rest essential to building up their physical health, but also stabilizes their emotional systems and advances their mental health and personality development by enabling them to keep pace with and to excel in a group which moves at the same pace they themselves can go.

Such children worry for fear that their frequent absences from school will force them to drop behind their fellows. They find a mental exhilaration in being able to maintain their grade under a system of individual instruction by a certified teacher. The course of study in the San Francisco schools is followed. Children may enter or leave at any time.

No tubercular or mentally retarded children are accepted. Any special diet is maintained.

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William Philip Simms functions as Scripps-Howard Foreign Editor. Outstanding newspaper observer of international affairs, Mr. Simms KNOWS the European situation and is permitted, by Scripps-Howard editorial policy, to WRITE WHAT HE KNOWS.

No time is lost, no expense spared when "big stories" develop. An hour after the current Chino-Japan crisis took its first serious turn, H. R. (Bud) Ekins, star war correspondent for the United Press, left his desk in New York, boarded a transcontinental plane for San Francisco to hop the China Clipper for the Orient. Ten days after leaving Broadway he was filing eye-witness accounts from the battlefields.

The News own staff foreign editor is John Thompson, keen student of South American and Far Eastern affairs, who writes on issues particularly vital to the Pacific Coast. His wide, personal acquaintanceship in diplomatic circles abroad guarantees exclusive, authentic articles.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

SAN FRANCISCO

OCTOBER · 1937

VOLUME XI · NUMBER 9 · PRICE 15 CENTS PER COPY · PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB · 465 POST STREET · SAN FRANCISCO

Women's City Club Calendar
OCTOBER . . . 1937

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. and 2:30 p. m. to 6:30 p. m.
Friday 3 p. m. to 9 p. m. and Saturday 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—From 5:30 p.m. to 6:30 p. m. Tuesday and 5:30 p. m. to 9:00 p. m. Friday
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p. m.

WINTER SERIES—FIRST PROGRAM: "THE ROMANCE OF FINE PRINTING"—OCTOBER 8TH

OCTOBER — 1937

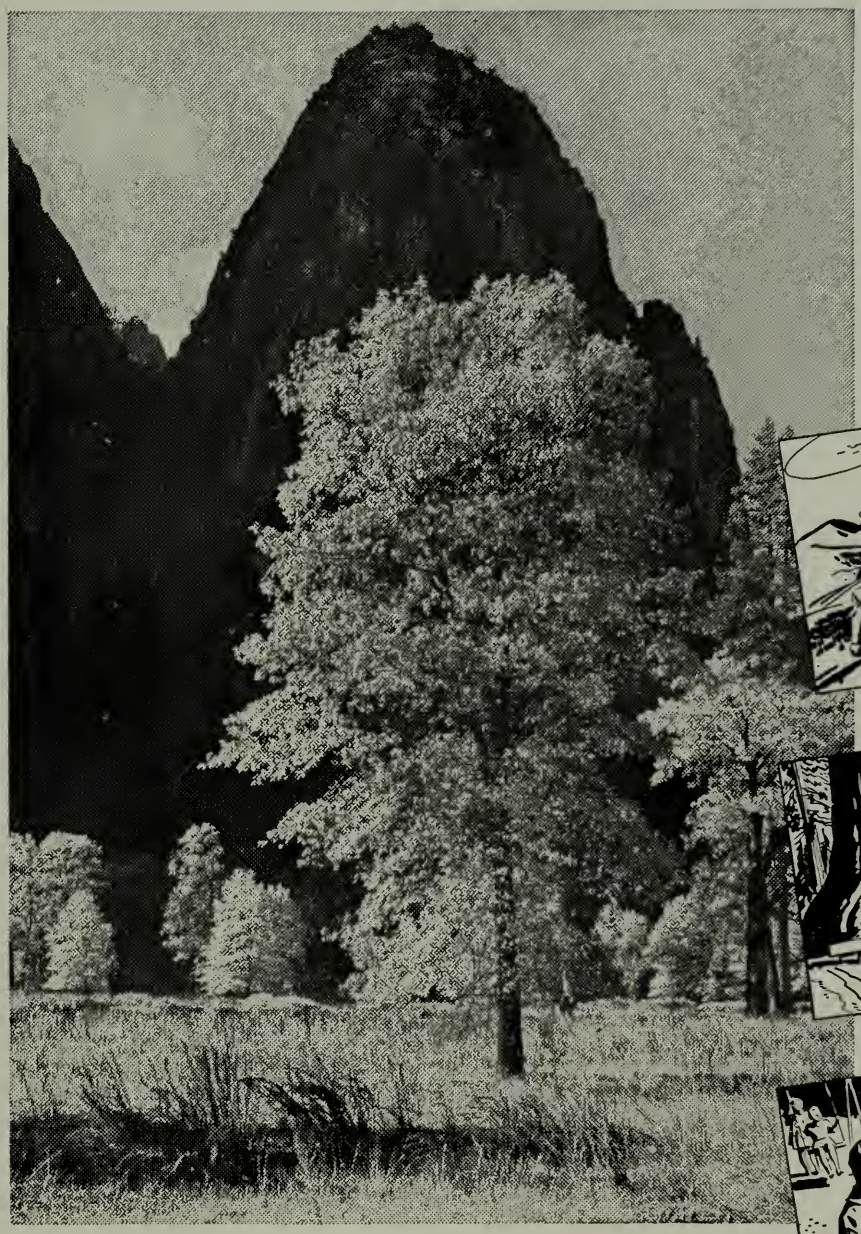
4—**Fire Lighting**	**Lounge**	7:30	p.m.
Kaffee Klatsch—German Round Table—Martha K. Hack presiding	**Board Room**	3:30	p.m.
7—**Fashion Show Tea**—85 cents—reservations in advance	**Fourth Floor**	3:00	p.m.
Dr. Paul Cadman—Current Economic Events	**Auditorium**	12:15	p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15	p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	6:15	p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	**Lounge**	8:00	p.m.
Nicolai Hetrovo, basso, in "An Evening of Russian Song." Elsie Campbell at the piano.			
8—**Winter Series**—First Program in Series of Five	**Auditorium**	8:00	p.m.
Speaker: Miss Nell O'Day, associated with Dr. John Henry Nash. Subject: "The Romance of Fine Printing." Course Tickets: $4.00 members, $5.00 non-members—plus tax. Reserved seats extra.			
11—**Young Members' Round Table**	**Cafeteria**	12:15	p.m.
12—**Book Review**—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard	**Auditorium**	11:00	a.m.
"The Northwest Passage" by Kenneth Roberts. "The Nutmeg Tree" by Marjorie Sharp. Round Table Discussion following.	**Nat. Def. Room**	12:15	p.m.
Book Review—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard	**Auditorium**	7:30	p.m.
"The Northwest Passage" by Kenneth Roberts. "The Nutmeg Tree" by Marjorie Sharp.			
RAMBLE—To Lokoya and Russian River	**Leave Clubhouse**	10:00	a.m.
Visiting Luther Burbank's Home and Geysers at Calistoga. Fee, $4.50.	**Return**	5:30	p.m.
13—**Spanish Round Table**—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15	p.m.
14—**Dr. Paul Cadman**—Current Economic Events	**Auditorium**	12:15	p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15	p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	6:15	p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	**Lounge**	8:00	p.m.
Lecture and Song Recital by Mr. J. Whitcomb Nash and Students.			
18—**Kaffee Klatsch**—German Round Table—Martha K. Hack presiding.	**Board Room**	3:30	p.m.
21—**Dr. Paul Cadman**—Current Economic Events	**Auditorium**	12:15	p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15	p.m.
Membership Tea	**Lounge**	3:30	p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	6:15	p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	8:00	p.m.
Motion Pictures—"This Ever-Changing Earth"—Finny Fighters. By Courtesy of the Union Oil Company.			
26—**Garden Round Table**	**Nat. Def. Room**	12:15	p.m.
Speaker: To be announced. Subject: "Oriental Gardens." Luncheon, 77 cents a plate.			
27—**Spanish Round Table**—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15	p.m.
28—**Dr. Paul Cadman**—Current Economic Events	**Auditorium**	12:15	p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15	p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	6:15	p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	8:00	p.m.
"A South Sea Diary in Pictures" by Mr. Herbert Knapp.			

WINTER SERIES — SECOND PROGRAM: "MOZART EVENING" — NOVEMBER 17TH

"COME INTO OUR KITCHEN" (FOOD SALE) — NOVEMBER 23RD

NOVEMBER — 1937

1—**Kaffee Klatsch**—German Round Table—Martha K. Hack presiding	**Board Room**	3:30	p.m.
4—**Dr. Paul Cadman**—Current Economic Events	**Auditorium**	12:15	p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15	p.m.
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	6:15	p.m.
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	8:00	p.m.
Sound Motion Pictures—Chevrolet Program.			



Golden days —

Lazy, dreamy days beneath a mellow autumn sun . . . an eight-mile Valley aflame with brilliant-colored oak, maple and dogwood . . . bracing mornings and evenings that set every nerve atingle . . .

It's Indian Summer, Yosemite's season of enchantment . . . when each bridle path is an invitation, every lofty dome and pinnacle a challenge, and living is a vivid new adventure. Plan a full week-end. Accommodations include Yosemite Lodge and the distinctive Ahwahnee. Also housekeeping. Get booklets from your travel agent or the Yosemite office, 39 Geary St., San Francisco (EXbrook 3906).

Yosemite's INDIAN SUMMER

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XI October, 1937 Number 9

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OFFICERS OF THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO

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Fashion Parade and Tea

in the Lounge

On Thursday October 7, '37

at three o'clock

Mrs. Violet Hart-Geiger of the City of Paris will comment on the latest fashion trends. Mrs. Geiger has just returned from New York and will give interesting highlights of the fall and winter fashions.

Reservations (85 cents plus tax) should be made as soon as possible.

A Course of Five Evening Programs

1937-1938

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

. . . . . .

FIRST OF THE SERIES

"The Romance of Fine Printing"

October 8, 1937 — 8 P. M.

By MISS NELL O'DAY

Librarian of Dr. John Henry Nash

Admission: Members, $1.00 plus tax
Non-Members, $1.25 plus tax

. . . . . .

The second Program of the Series will follow in November. Miss Mary Dunne will present a Mozart program, using a harpsichord once the property of Mozart and recently acquired by her. Mrs. Lenore Peters Job will assist with a dance program of the period in costume.

The third program will start the year 1938 by a lecture in January given by Prof. Bolton, bringing the history of California in some of its delightful pioneering aspects.

The fourth and fifth Programs in February and March cannot be announced at this time, for the correspondence has been delayed by the vacation period, but it can authoritatively be stated that these two will be of the same high standard as the first three of the series and no Club member can afford to miss any one of the five. Single admissions of October eighth, **if receipts are preserved,** may be applied on course tickets at the second Program in November.

Course tickets: Members, $4.00 plus tax
Non-Members, $5.00 plus tax
(First ten rows reserved, $1.00 extra)

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The following is repeated for emphasis:

■ "The refinancing plan accepted by the necessary two-thirds of the bondholders awaits only the legal proceedings and court approval to make the plan an accomplished fact."

■ FASHION SHOW TEA—Mrs. Violet Hart-Geiger, director, to be given by the City of Paris, comes at a most propitious time, just before the opening of the opera season. The entire Fourth Floor is to be given over to this event and members are asked to make reservations for tables well in advance. Tea and Fashion Show, October 7th, 85 cents.

■ WINTER PROGRAM SERIES—Opens on October 8th with Miss Nell O'Day, a librarian for Dr. John Henry Nash, in "The Romance of Fine Printing." Tickets are now on sale at the Front Office and at the Information Desk, Fourth Floor. The first ten rows will be reserved and the same seats may be held for the entire series.

■ BOOK REVIEWS—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard—Second Tuesdays each month, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. A luncheon discussion Round Table follows the morning lecture and those attending the evening lecture may join the table reserved for this group at the dinner hour, in the Main Dining Room. Mrs. Stoddard's next review will be "The Northwest Passage" by Kenneth Roberts, and "The Nutmeg Tree" by Marjorie Sharp.

■ DR. PAUL CADMAN—Lectures on Current Economic Events are being given every Thursday at the noon hour by Dr. Cadman for ten weeks. Although members may have missed the opening lectures, they may still join with this group and take advantage of Dr. Cadman's enlightening and educational talks on the present-day economic conditions.

■ LIBRARY—The magazines and newspapers on the Library table are there for the use of **all** the members; careful handling of them is therefore requested so that they may not be in a sadly tattered state before the next copies are due.

■ FIRELIGHTING — The Annual Firelighting Ceremony, which opens our fall season each year, will be held on Monday evening, October 4th. Mrs. W. B. Hamilton is to be guest speaker. A musical program given by Mrs. Pearl Cooper, pianist, and Mrs. S. S. Seward, vocalist, with Mable Marble accompanying at the piano, will follow. Volunteers will serve the usual doughnuts and cider. All members are urged to attend.

■ GARDEN ROUND TABLE—Will be held on the fourth Tuesday each month. The subject chosen by the chairman, "Gardens of the World," will embrace all of the famous gardens visited by our own members while traveling. The next speaker will be announced later.

■ GLOVE - MAKING CLASSES — Ruth Tanbara, instructor—continues to attract larger and larger groups in this fascinating and unusual work. The skins used are cut to the exact size of the pupil's hands, and after three lessons one is able to continue the work without further instruction. Gloves may be made most economically to match each costume.

■ LANGUAGE ROUND TABLES—French, German and Spanish give our linguists a wonderful opportunity to improve their conversational ability. Instructors go to great lengths in preparing interesting subjects for these Round Tables, and we hope many more members will continue to join with these groups. The evening French Round Table has been resumed and the German Koffee Klatsch is proving very popular.

■ LEAGUE SHOP—Just received interesting pieces of antique Korean brass shaped into flat bowls, plates with pedestal bases, and quaint old teapots put together with hand-cut rivets.

■ "COME INTO OUR KITCHEN" — on November 23rd. From promises already made by members, to contribute their favorite recipes to this food sale, we anticipate many and varied dishes of all nationalities. Our cupboards are waiting to be stocked with jams, jellies, fruitcakes, mincemeats, candies, condiments, etc., and on the day of the sale cakes, pies, breads, delicatessen foodstuffs, specially prepared salads, cranberries, salted nuts and all the things which go to make our Thanksgiving board the most luxurious of the year. Recipes may be obtained for all dishes sold at the sale.

■ DRAMA CLASSES under the direction of Dorothea Johnston are well under way. The morning and evening groups are working together on a modern play, "From Nine to Six," which has a cast of sixteen women. It is a three-act, the scene is in a millinery shop in London. The Christmas production will soon be under way, too. The classes are from 10 to 12 Wednesdays, 4 o'clock and 6 to 8 in the evening. Any new members will be welcomed to the group.

■ RAMBLE TO LOKOYA and Russian River has been planned for October 12th. Ramblers will visit the Luther Burbank Home and Geysers at Calistoga. Luncheon will be served at the Lokoya Lodge among the redwoods. Leaving the Club at 10 a. m. and returning at 5:30 p. m.—$4.50, all inclusive. Please make reservations early.

■ YOUNG MEMBERS' ROUND TABLE — We are very anxious that this group shall grow in number and urge our younger members to come in to the Cafeteria Round Table luncheon on the second Monday each month. Younger women in business will find much of interest in the plans being made by this group.

■ FROM FRANCE — Mrs. Lucas writes with the word that she is en route to Geneva to the Assembly Meeting of the League of Nations and that her next story to us will give "closeups and impressions" from there.

■ MRS. CHAPMAN'S MEMORIAL — Contributions are still being accepted for Mrs. Chapman's Memorial Fund. Checks may be mailed in to the Executive Office or left at the Front Office.

■ LIP READING CLASSES—Miss Kate Morphy—will be resumed when a sufficient number of pupils register for the course. If interested, please make inquiries about this course at the Executive Office.

■ BEAUTY SALON—Maro-oil—America's pioneer oil shampoo, the way to modern hair cleansing and reconditioning. Regular use of Maro-oil insures healthy condition of hair and scalp, nourishes and cleanses simultaneously, makes difficult and unmanageable hair soft and pliable for lovely permanents, improves the appearance of dyed hair, maintains rich color, eliminates coarseness. It is excellent and necessary for blonde or white hair, leaving the delicate finish every woman wants. Recondition your hair regularly with Maro-oil, given in our Beauty Salon, lower Main Floor. Call Garfield 8400 for appointment.

■ VOLUNTEER SERVICE — Mrs. Harry L. Alves, Chairman of Volunteers, announces that starting with the first Thursday in October she will hold a Volunteer's Round Table in the Cafeteria from 12 o'clock until 1 o'clock. All members are invited to join this group whether or not enrolled in Volunteer Service.

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS—October 7, Nicolai Hetrovo, basso, in an "Evening of Russian Song," Miss Elsie Campbell at the piano. Nicolai Hetrovo is a highly cultured Russian artist gifted in music and painting. His programs are appreciated and enjoyed wherever he has appeared. October 14, Lecture and Song Recital by Mr. J. Whitcomb Nash and students; October 21, Motion Pictures, "This Ever-Changing Earth," Finny Fighters, by courtesy of Union Oil Company; October 28, A South Sea Diary in Pictures, Mr. Herbert Knapp; November 4, Sound Motion Picture, Chevrolet Program.

■ STATE DINNER—Because of the great success of the All-State Dinner, and the many requests for a repeat performance, arrangements are being made to hold a like celebration next year. Our appreciation is extended to Mrs. Walter Jones, Chairman, and all others who assisted her, for their untiring efforts in planning this event.

■ SWIMMING POOL—Most careful supervision is given to the purity of the water in our Swimming Pool, and it has been said that it is now purer than drinking water, so members may have no qualms about letting their children use the Pool at all times.

■ LANGUAGE CLASSES — Members interested may join these classes by registering at the Executive Office. Instructors are willing to arrange appointments to suit the pupil's convenience where possible, if they will indicate this at time of registration.

GERARDVS MERCATOR NATVS
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GERARD MERCATOR and JUDOCUS HONDIUS
FAMOUS MAP MAKERS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

(From "A Book of Old Maps" in the John Henry Nash Typographic Library)

The President's Message

As an oft-told tale, better loved at each telling, the story of our National League revivified at the Fire Lighting opens our eyes anew to the treasure that is ours. And turning our eyes toward our Clubhouse, we see a splendid building being steadily earned by an interested membership. ■ Activities varied and as many as can be housed. A membership stimulating in numbers and representing every interest. A broad program of service ever reaching out to new fields—and the lesson of cooperation so widely voiced today, our constant daily practice. Appreciating all this, cannot each one express her faith in the organization that is hers by sparing a little of her time, thought or talent within the Clubhouse during the year? ■ Your attendance swells an audience. Your services bring more volunteers, your interest more members, your pennies more revenue, your faith—to those who work behind the scenes—more courage.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE FOR WOMAN'S SERVICE

OF CALIFORNIA

INVITES YOU, A MEMBER,

TO COME WITH ONE PROSPECTIVE MEMBER

TO TEA

AS GUEST OF THE ORGANIZATION

ON THURSDAY, OCTOBER FOURTEENTH,

1937

FROM 3:30 TO 5 O'CLOCK

IN THE LOUNGE OF THE WOMEN'S CITY CLUB

AT 465 POST STREET

AT FOUR O'CLOCK A GREETING WILL BE GIVEN.
PLEASE RESPOND SO THAT CARDS FOR YOURSELF
AND YOUR GUEST MAY BE PREPARED IN GOOD TIME.

Editorial

■ Every page of this issue of the Magazine cries out, "Summer is over!" Those who have traveled have returned renewed in body and spirit. New experiences, new sights, have brought to the storehouse of memories new supplies. These experiences they share with us who have stayed at home or have gone in other directions. Vacation is a tonic and this year travel was a favorite sport, so it seems.

But added to this evidence that the summer is past is the galaxy of intriguing programs announced for the winter. No drab shut-in feeling in California. No wondering if one can embark on a series of programs for fear snow or blizzard will interfere with attendance. How blest we are—fog or no fog. Dr. Cadman's lectures are delighting a large audience who are eager to get the economic facts of this changing modern day; the Fashion Show will give us a charming opportunity for entertaining our friends in our sunny Lounge and at the same time let us catch up with the fashion which our wardrobes so sadly need after the summer travel; the "Series of Five" starts on October 8th with the scholarly lecture by Miss O'Day, with the books from one of San Francisco's famous print-rooms; and in the offing we are invited to "Come Into Our Kitchen" just in time to refill the larder for Thanksgiving and gather new ideas for the holiday entertaining which almost before we can turn around will be upon us.

Yes, summer is over, and although we loved our good times, we are glad to be back in the world of stimulating activities.

■ Rain was pouring down in torrents. The mustiness of an old elevator which did not always work; the drabness of the "Fifth and Sixth Floors," which dripped from wet feet and wet umbrellas, could not dampen the enthusiasm of a Board of Directors who were met to hear a report. The thirty-one members were all there. Through rain-soaked Kearny Street they had trapsed to "333." The brown dullness of their surroundings (mid-Victorian over-stuffed sofas and chairs and a general air of things past which these Board Room furnishings personified) made the excitement in the air vivid by contrast. These women had come to hear of a plan which was to project them into the future.

It was a long report but to the end they listened intently. There were three premises on which the success of the plan it outlined was based. Provided these three obstacles could be hurdled, a new home was possible—if $215,000 worth of debentures could be sold to the membership, if a second mortgage could be placed, and if 6000 members would be willing to pay $6 a year.

We know the rest of the story—how these three ominous stumbling blocks melted before an irresistible force; how the National League for Woman's Service builded its home—The Women's City Club at 465 Post Street, San Francisco; how $95,000 was paid off the debt, and then how the general economic depression struck all organizations.

Again we see a Board of Directors of the National League for Woman's Service meeting to solve a problem. Again a triumph, a refinancing plan accepted by the necessary two-thirds of the bondholders, awaiting only the legal proceedings and court approval to make the plan an accomplished fact.

Finances in the background where they belong, the National League for Woman's Service of California now sets its stride for service to the Exposition so soon to be here—a service stimulating and also delightful. Too, it begins spring house-cleaning in its home in preparation for the hospitality which it will extend to women of reciprocal clubs who are already enquiring about accommodations for Exposition Year.

This second triumph, the security of a financial setup adjusted to this financial era, does credit to the 5,000 women who have "stood by the ship." In recognition of this fact, the Board of Directors is giving a tea, in their honor, extending also the privilege to each member of bringing one other whom she will have chosen to join the organization which she herself must love because she has been a supporter of its program. For members too far afield to be here on this gay afternoon, we can but feel sorry; perhaps, however, their invited guest will bring their greeting.

It behooves each one of us to think seriously who this new member whom we are to invite into the League will be. One! She must be carefully selected, for with the closed membership which is very probable, we shall perhaps not have this opportunity again for a long time.

Dawns on the Clipper

by Elizabeth Livermore

■ A hospitable home on the shores of Pearl Harbor in Hawaii was our jumping-off place for our memorable flight from Honolulu to Manila, in the trans-Pacific Clipper on April 9, 1937. Here we spent our last night on the mainland and lay awake most of it, waiting for the dawn and the hour of departure!

At 4 a. m. the next morning we were driven through the dark tropical night to the airport. There, tail up, lay the big white four-motored Martin Clipper, looking like a huge mosquito hawk—ready for anything! Baggage is limited to 55 pounds apiece, and is weighed very carefully, even in that early gray dawn.

There were seven of us—we two women and five men, besides a remarkable crew of six supermen.

At last all was ready and we went aboard at 7:20 a. m. instead of 5 a. m. The crew marched on first, in dark blue uniforms with snow-white caps. Then the ground force went aboard, all in white jumper-suits, to do their last check-up, and then at last we came!

Down the channel we went for a mile or so to take off into the wind. Then suddenly the big Clipper turned and the engines started racing, and away we went. The seasoned flyers in the plane pulled out their watches to see how many seconds it took before the big bird lifted its wings from the dripping waves and took off into the air. Sixty-two seconds and we were up and out across the Pacific with 52,000 pounds of freight—human and dead weight! Up, up we went till we were about 10,000 feet high, looking down on a tossing sea of fleecy clouds that looked like the breaking up of the ice flow in Byrd's Antarctic pictures. Every now and again we could see the blue ocean below—far below—through a pocket in the clouds. At times all the clouds disappeared and we were 10,000 to 15,000 feet above a dazzling blue ocean.

There was no wind to speak of, but every hour or so the navigator came in and opened a little "exit window" in the lounge and cast out a thin glass container filled with aluminum dust that sparkled when it broke and hit the water thousands of feet below, thus indicating the drift the ship was making from its course, as he checked it through his instrument on the sill of the window. Every precaution is taken on this line to insure safety—for they have not had one accident here yet, and one feels perfect confidence.

To the north we rose above the Koolau Range and Schofield Barracks, our finest army post, and as the slanting rays of the morning sun hit us, we saw the lava strands below us in the shadow, and on the lower alluvial planes the waving green sugar-cane fields and the hillside rows of silvery pineapples. Still farther north we flew above the "garden island" of Kauai, with its "barking sands," and then we headed out across the old Pacific.

To build an air base in mid-Pacific requires something more than imagination, for Midway Island, our next stop, lay 1,340 miles distant from the mainland! To equip this base and the others, the Steamer North Haven nosed its way out of the Golden Gate on March 23, 1935, with 6,000 tons of cargo that included two complete villages, equipment for all five air bases, three modern hotels built in sections in New York, 6,000,000 gallons of fuel, to say nothing of a force of 100 men and food to feed them while they set up the bases. Each hotel room is equipped with the latest modernistic furniture, shower and toilet, electric lights, Venetian blinds, inter-room telephones and the last word in draperies, and uniforms for the staff!

As we flew towards Midway Island we passed, toward noonday, two small islands, Nihoa and Necker, coral reefs or tops of submerged mountain ranges that rise abruptly from the sea, and then, as if in terror at what they behold, dive down again to safety! It is all too gigantic to explain. We know it—and that is all!

Unexpectedly, at about noon of our first day, when the sun was warm and bright on the fleecy clouds 10,000 feet above the sea, we learn that we are above the Dollar liner President Hoover, which had a 36-hour head start! Down we drop through the clouds to 1,500 feet above the big ship, and passengers crowd on her forward deck and wave up at us, and we can see the whistle blow, but cannot hear it. The Hoover's captain radios Captain Sullivan a message of appreciation for our bow from the skies. This is 1937 under control!

On board our Clipper the two mining engineers sleep alternately and enjoy the view; the fishing expert from New York, who is always jolly and pretends he is always hungry, writes notes in his report book for the home office, and the fat commissary man plans on food—and the rest of us are spellbound, talk a little, and look out over the endless panorama of tiny clouds that pile up along the horizon. Then at 3:30 p. m. the coral reef that encircles Midway comes into view, and down we come, gliding like a bird, and Captain Sullivan makes his famous landing on the apron of a raft, in mid-ocean, anchored to a coral reef! Perfect poetry! We step aboard a launch, then into a Ford station wagon and we are at the hotel of the Pan American Airways, designed in New York, shipped out in sections, put up in 15 days on this far-away island, with every comfort imaginable, including excellently served food. It is unbelievable! Planned luxury! Then for the most perfect swim imaginable in mid-Pacific safety, encircled by a coral reef!

Midway Island is a bird refuge and one is immediately conscious of thousands of birds circling overhead and an equal number of Gooney birds under foot, monopolizing the sandy roads of the island with their helpless babies that never leave the spot where their mothers put them, unless they wish to starve to death. Therefore, as we drive along, we either have to get out and move them, or drive around them in the trackless sands, so as not to kill them—for the Navy says they must be protected! If the babies move from the spot where their mothers leave them, the parents will desert them and they will starve to death. The parent birds gather in circles and bow to one another in most foolish ways, resembling politicians in political caucuses, and finally lifting their long yellow bills up to the sky, they hiss in unison. There are literally thousands of these birds—too silly-looking for words! At dusk the Moaning Birds, a kind of petrel, come out of their holes in the sand, and keep up a queer wailing noise that sounds like a woman's voice in distress. They cease at sunrise and the Gooneys again resume their bowing and their endless antics.

We are called at dawn, and breakfast is served in a dining room any hotel would be proud of! The crew have their own table and are served first, and board the Clipper first, leaving the dining room in a group, and shaking hands individually with the managers of the hotel, Mr. and Mrs. Clark, who wish them good luck and God speed. Then come the rest of us, the fishing expert from New York, the mining engineer from the Mother Lode who is coming out to take his first job since the depression and has never been outside of the state of California before in his life, and is happy as a lark; the fat commissary man, and two other wise owls, one from Guam and one from San Francisco, and ourselves.

Midway Island at dawn with a barrier reef of clouds to the west, a coral reef toward the east, with the sunrise casting a pink glow on the pale blue water under the wings of the Clipper as we chugged out in the launch to go aboard, was a sight and sensation never to be forgotten. We boarded the Clipper, and then the fun began, warming up the four big motors of the huge Martin plane that weighs 25,000 pounds without a stitch on! We went round and round in the bright blue water, churning it up and up, to make it rougher, so that the take-off would be easier, as the suction is stronger the smoother the water, and therefore harder for the plane to rise. Finally the engines started racing and we were on the straightaway, and in 40 seconds we were off the water and up. It was 62 seconds in Pearl Harbor, so day by day, in every way, we were getting better and better!

A few seconds more and we were over the reef, looking back at the dead white sandy beach where we swam only yesterday afternoon, and at the Relay Cable Station at the farther end of the island, with its fourteen men and their (Continued on page 28

Some Tragic Contradictions

Steel Casket (Presented by King George and Queen Mary), Scottish National War Memorial, Edinburgh Castle.

by June Lucas (Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas)

■ The old city of Edinburgh was almost gay under warm sunshine that had burned away the morning mists. We decided to begin our day at the top of Castle Rock, where Scotland has built her war memorial in the central and highest part of that military fortress. Here in stone and marble, steel and brass, silver and gold, Scotland's contribution of men, women, yes, even of the animals, to that last great war is memorialized. It is magnificent in every detail, in the entire conception. It is terrible in its implications, in its significance. The inscription on the wall honoring the women's services reads, "Love's Strength Standeth in Love's Sacrifice." For the British Red Cross and all the military nursing services you find those immortal words of the poet Lawrence Binyon:

"They shall grow not old as we that are left
grow old,
Age shall not weary them nor the years
condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the
morning
We will remember them."

In another memorial, the Royal Scots Fusiliers, a quotation from the Greek Thucydides is too striking to be passed over:

"The whole earth is the tomb of heroic men and their story is not graven only on stone over their clay, but abides everywhere without visible symbol, woven into the stuff of other men's lives."

Outside in the stony courtyard a live young Scot marched back and forth, his kiltie swinging to his military tread, his boots making the square ring—he guards the memorial to the dead. Who is guarding his young life? You leave it all, not sorry for the dead—"Age cannot weary them nor the years condemn"—but what are we doing to weave a better way into the stuff of other men's lives? Surely "we who must live, must find a better way than dying is, and ghosts will drive us on!"

Below the castle is the gloomy old Cathedral of St. Giles, and the opening service of the second world Conference of Faith and Order was just over. We watched the delegates from all over the world pour out—archbishops of Syrian churches, of Indian churches, their long beards contrasting sharply with the smooth-faced bishops of the Western churches—the longer robes, the high white headpieces—such heavy chains and even heavier crosses around their necks! Priests from Poland, from Russia, from everywhere. The High Church of England must indeed watch her step—one might say even the archbishops must mind their legs, as gaiters reveal much the robes never show! The American churchmen had, I am sure, no better representative than our Bishop of California, the simple democratic gentleman who practices before all men the way of life he preaches! We went into the church — the service had been long—the order was in three languages, English, French and German — the interior is dark and gloomy, filled with tombs and tablets to the dead of past centuries — one wonders if these men of today can see the way to unity in a place so full of darkness! Perhaps the square filled with air and sunshine and living men and women would be a better place in which to meet.

We had yet "the Royal mile" to travel, from the castle to the palace of Holyrood, a mile down through Canongate, past the house of John Knox, through the most miserable and pitiful of slums to the high gates of the park surrounding the palace. As American feet encased in (Continued on page 25

A Trip into the Mountain Provinces of Luzon, P. I.

by Winona P. Terwilliger (Mrs. H. L. Terwilliger)

■ At the Manila Airport we boarded a small Ballanca plane and were in the air for an hour. It was interesting to watch the course of the roads and rivers, the latter winding around the rice fields; here a group of nipa huts, there a stack of rice straw; the bright green of the rice fields and the gleam of the river. Only twenty minutes of the low country before we went up through the mist, and from then until we were above the mountains only a sea of fog below and blue sky above. Then we looked down into the canyons with all the tones of green in the foliage and bare red-brown rock with yellow earth slides, a variety of tone and contour. We soon sailed into an upland meadow where an automobile was waiting to take us along mountain roads to Baguio, some 5000 feet elevation, where it was clear and cool. We breathed delightedly the pine-scented air after the heat of Manila.

After an extensive drive about the city and environs, we went to the native market where the Igorotes were setting up their benches and stalls for the big Sunday market day. Here we first realized we were in the country of the "G-string." Pictures, yes, but it was the introduction to the reality within touching distance of those beautifully bronzed bodies. The women, when not carrying heavy baskets, had babies and sizeable children slung at the side or on the back. They sat or squatted as they nursed the youngsters and ate "delicacies" from a palm leaf, used both as wrapper and plate. Again we were astonished; at the small stature of the mountain people, even the grown men were tiny specimens.

Next morning very early we were on the road to the farther mountain provinces in a comfortable Chevrolet in order to get through on the first control of the one-way road of 200 kilometers. At each of twenty-seven gates the caretaker telephoned ahead to ascertain a clear road. Up to lunch at Mt. Data the drive was very beautiful on a narrow road hugging the slopes, winding back and forth up to 7,000 feet, down to 5,000 and up again; 7,544 marked on the summit gate. As we skirted these canyons to ford streams on the inner curves, at times the pines made us feel we might be in the Sierras, until tree ferns and bamboo began to be much in evidence. Close to the road were clumps of anemones, white as in our gardens but more velvety and lush. Masses of ageratum and elderberry in full bloom we could recognize, though we did not know many of the shrubs and trees that were not only interesting but beautiful. We stopped but a short time in Bontoc, the village center of the Igorote tribe. The term "Igorote" really means "mountain people," though it is used also tribally. Shortly after leaving Bontoc we encountered mist and rain. The landscape changed definitely to tropical verdure; wonderful tree ferns, brakes with fronds five to fifteen feet in length, trailing bamboo festooning in and about the foliage and the enormous caladiums (elephants' ears) among the carpets of small ferns lining the banks of tiny roadside streams.

Forty-eight kilometers from Bontoc to Banaue (pronounced "Ban-a-we"), we found the home of the Ifugao tribe, a clean, industrious and friendly people, though they were head-hunters not many years ago. Here are the noted rice terraces, "a tremendous granary." We came over the summit of the last ridge and zigzagged down into this immense amphitheater where little is grown save rice and sweet potatoes (on the shaley slopes). The "Rest House," a clean though primitive "inn," is perched on a spur 200 or 300 feet above the rocky (Continued on page 24

Rice Fields on Mountain Ledges, Luzon, Philippine Islands.

Who Are You at My Jaffa Gate?

The House with the Green Shutters

by Rose W. Shoup (Mrs. Paul Shoup)

■ Wandering along my beloved Jaffa Road one day, just at the Jaffa Gate, I stopped and admired some after-dinner coffees, made in Japan, and sold in a tiny Arabian porcelaine and kitchenware store in Jerusalem. I stepped in, smiled and bowed carefully, found the proprietor spoke English pretty well —as many do. I admired the set and we set about talking of the weather and business. I was introduced to a brother and told they were all Christians. Also that they lived at Beit Jalla, a very fine Christian village only five miles from Jerusalem. I bought the coffee set. It took some time to pack it properly, that I might again pack it in a suitcase. Meantime, I sat comfortably on the only stool in the tiny doorway and watched the Jerusalem world go by, while we gossiped about the Jaffa Road and the difficult triangular, English-Jewish-and-Arabian situation. Joseph, the proprietor, was an Arabian.

I was earnestly asked to come and rest myself any time. Also if I would bring glasses, I might see Joseph's house at Beit Jalla. It was on the hill, and new, and it had green shutters. He loved the green shutters.

A few days later I bethought me of the stern advice of the very fine Armenian M. D. He would not be responsible for my continued good health in that part of the world unless I wore a flannel belly-band. I bought the only two yards (and a remnant at that) of good woolen—not cotton—flannel on Jaffa Road, at a great bargain, and went to rest at Joseph's. One rests often in Jerusalem.

There are no bargain queues on Jaffa Road. The Arab rests frequently and so does the goods. Joseph rested with me and we watched the Road go by. Donkeys, loaded with the washing on one side, their own and the family's food on the other, the eternal pillow in the middle and children in the crevices. Then a huge load of hay filling the entire road and almost brushing me off my stool moved along. I rubbed my head and eyes and finally discovered four tiny legs and feet under the stack—just another donkey. Then a man trudging along singing, and carrying a double bed—complete with springs—on his back. Another with a huge moveable clothes closet on his back, and another under a ten-foot-square bookcase. Some one was moving. A camel, carrying perhaps nothing but his hump, flinging his feet and head irritably and going for his load. He knew it, and didn't like it—nor the small boy towing him. A crowd of boys waving sticks, assuming war-like attitudes — yelling to the blue Jerusalem sky, and smiling at the world. A few little girls, black eyes sparkling, black hair stringing out from tightly bound headkerchiefs, also smiling. Then a man with a wheelbarrow, several brooms and an ash can on wheels, followed by two helpers.

When the ex-Kaiser entered Jerusalem they tore down part of the wall just by the Gate, filled in the

The Jaffa Gate.

moat, and built a good road that he might have a marching way by the Citadel of David to David Street. They left the Gate intact, and now during all the daylight hours you may see sweepers leisurely sweeping the Road between rests on the Citadel of David. Down this road go families of Bedouins, all in black embroidered robes, tattooed and stained faces —so often sad. The father carries the tiny week-old baby, the mother the next in size, and the rest shuffle along in the dust on bare feet. One tiny newsboy with iron lungs and acrobatics, does his stunt, encouraged by mama and papa, who sit on the surplus paper supply, just up the alley. A few veiled women giggle by. The often-supercilious syrup-seller with his elaborate minaret-like syrup container, claps his cymbals in my face. I cannot drink his glorified lemonady-syrup, so why should I sit around in his way? He does love his minarets, his black pants, his red-and-otherwise gay shirt and gay cap.

After another rest and gossip with Joseph, he again told me of the new house with the green shutters on the hill in Beit Jalla—and only five miles from Jerusalem. I am an American and so think nothing of traveling. He extends an earnest invitation to visit him and his family. I accept with pleasure, but my only day left is Sunday. There are three Sundays in Palestine—Friday is Moslem, Saturday is Jewish and Sunday is Christian. We are both Christians and he closes on that day, but in honor of my visit he will come to Jerusalem early, open the store (there may be a customer, one never can tell), and wait for me. So it is settled. Due to a dinner with a friend and two extremely intelligent and witty Franciscan Fathers, I am a little late, but suggest that we go on our way in the bus to save expense. The cinemas in Jerusalem move with more than usual celerity on the Christian Sunday. All the buses at Jaffa Gate running to the outlying villages keep no time on Sunday—nor much any day—but today they simply ply back and forth as traffic demands. Our Beit Jalla bus was full, but as my host assured me all would be well, I broke in on a check game with a bunch of Arab boys and waited and rested. I don't know how Joseph did it, but he put four huge Arabs out of a tiny taxi, introduced me all around and bowed me in, and we were off to Beit Jalla and the house with the green shutters.

This part of the country is fertile in spots and arid in spots. We passed lovely vineyards, each with its brick shelter where the owner and family spend the summer as a vacation and care for and harvest the crop in order to preserve proper ownership. Beit Jalla is a typical gray plaster and gray brick Arabian village, built on two small hills, with the tiny business section in the arroya and the churches and houses on the hills. All stores are closed—all are Christians, and it is Sunday.

I had a dim notion that I would be driven to alight at the house with the green shutters. But instead we stopped just beyond the village, in the arroya, and walked up and around the hill a good mile—always looking upward at the green shutters. The path was a rocky gully, narrow and waist high in places. No doubt there was a stream of water in it now and then (but seldom now). The fact that it was hard going, that I could not always look upward and succeed with the onward trend, never entered Joseph's mind. They all did it, and always had. Finally, we reached the large, plain, white, box-like plaster house with the green shutters. By this time I knew that Joseph had a chain of stores throughout Palestine and interests in Central America — was really a moneyed man—although so simple.

The house was expensive and new, but had been in the process of building for two years. Downstairs was still dust, plaster and mortar mixing. Dusty marble steps led up to the living quarters and roof—so why worry about a first floor? There I met Carla, who spoke very little English, the lovely and very young wife. She was part (Continued on page 26

Lemonade Man, Jaffa Gate.

Through the Gate

by Catherine Allen

■ Through the gate marked "British" go a mixed crowd. This was especially true this year when visitors from all parts of the world wended their way to England for the Coronation.

Arriving in London in early February after a most terrific crossing and what a relief to feel something solid and secure beneath one's feet again and what a thrill to be in London—although the city had a very strange appearance as it peered out from behind iron bars —masses and masses of iron pipes were being coupled together and constructed into viewing stands. The front windows of clubs, shops and offices were being removed to make way for seats to accommodate the tremendous crowd expected in May—London was a busy place and although it is the time of cold, wet weather and no steam heat, it has a great fascination. Being such a storehouse of knowledge, its museums, galleries and libraries are an irresistible lure to all. Just to mingle with the crowds is an experience, beginning with any port of disembarkation one may watch the division of passengers into British and non-British. Through the gate marked "British" go a mixed crowd —that the uninitiated might justly consider foreign, while through the other gate passed the well-dressed foreigner —and one realizes the meaning of the words "far-flung Empire."

Stand and listen to the eloquent speakers in Hyde Park on a Sunday afternoon—one may be as black as the ace of spades, another of the Jewish race, another a Hindu—each with his important message. Go to Tower Hill or St. Paul's Churchyard at any lunch time and one's imagination will run riot at the various types you see. Petticoat Lane on Sunday morning has a far-east atmosphere—the dark-skinned youth selling fox skins and other skins that are not of the fox—surely learned his trade on the banks of the Jordan. And then spend a day at the Caledonian Market where one sees enough Georgian silver, Victorian sheffield antiques and antiques made in Birmingham to tempt the visitor —it is a most exciting place and you can enjoy a real treasure hunt.

Attending the British Industries Fair as a buyer for our own League Shop and being fortunate to be there the same day as all the Royal Family—I watched them make their selections at the various booths and how that stimulated trade in the articles selected—not to be outdone and after watching Queen Elizabeth choose some baskets and bags that were within our price, I ordered some of the same signing "The League Shop" right after Buckingham Palace—Was I thrilled!

Towards the end of February the days were beginning to lengthen and the crocus and daffodils were showing their heads in the parks and then almost as if a magic wand had been waved over the streets the little pushcarts appeared by the dozens laden with all kinds of spring blossoms—and what a gay splash of color they made against the old grey buildings. Spring seemed to have come over night.

My next move was north to Scotland up the east coast by train—a lovely ride through pastoral England and one had good views en route of Petersborough Cathedral, York Minster and Durham Cathedral and we skirted for a short distance the North Sea.

But from Spring I went into deepest Winter. Scotland is lovely but oh, what a climate. However, the hospitality of a Scotch home soon makes one forget the elements outside and, by the way, my hostess and her daughter were guests at our Club House a few years ago and always speak in glowing terms of the happy time spent here. Winter sports in Scotland is indoor visiting—not sightseeing.

It is the middle of April now and I am off on the fly to the Isle of Man—a little patch of ground in the center of the Irish Sea. Getting there by boat had always been a nightmare to me, so I decided to fly. My first flight—what a gale was blowing and I the only passenger. I must confess to being very nervous at starting, but once up all fear left me like a mantle dropping off my shoulders and I thoroughly enjoyed the experience. Forty-five minutes instead of four hours of misery and for once I could chuckle over that stormy sea as I watched the boats plowing their way, tossing and rolling, and I had none of it. Landing at Ramsey in the north—such a beautiful little place—in early spring —the lovely country roads with hawthorne and gorse hedges—the little gardens of the thatched cottages—all so peaceful and simple at this time of year but a mad-house in July and August when the island is a mass of visitors or trippers as they are called. Douglas is a veritable Coney Island—75,000 visitors land in one day—one and one-half times the normal population. The Isle of Man has its own government—the oldest existing legislative body in the British Isles dating from the Ninth Century. It also possesses cats and chickens without tails and they are most unfinished looking beasts.

Flying back to the mainland and on to London by May first to be in that gay city for the great event about which you have read so much. It was like walking on a magic carpet—never knowing what interesting sight would appear next. The Life Guards in their brilliant uniforms mounted on glistening black steeds—the Scotch bands—the whish of the kilt—the bagpipes playing—the Indian Potentates and their wives strolling in the parks in brocaded robes and sparkle of jewels—Colonial regiments in various colorful uniforms—the King of Nigeria seen in Knightsbridge gorgeously attired with an attendant holding a huge gold umbrella over him and accompanied by his daughter in a London tailor-made—what a contrast! It was all like a living kaleidoscope.

The decorations were very dignified, beautiful and color fast. No amount of rain could disturb the red-white and blue. The Trooping of the Colors on the King's birthday was a magnificent military spectacle. The King riding a beautiful chestnut charger that was so conscious of its mount that it walked down the mall with the most dignified high step—almost unbelievable in a horse and how the people cheered. The Aldershot Tattoo given at night under huge search-light—more than eight thousand soldiers on the field at one time—in uniforms dating from William the Conqueror onward. Fifty massed bands, well over one thousand musicians playing as one—the banners of the Dominions, Colonies and States of the Empire assembled in salute to the National Flag —Undoubtedly it was the most brilliant, impressive and inspiring pageant ever staged. Another interesting tradition that I came upon while taking a bus ride—passing St. Paul's Cathedral I noticed several elaborate coaches with

(Continued on page 31

An Historical Quest

by Dorothy N. Allin (Mrs. Benjamin C. Allin)

On April second my daughter and I left Stockton for Washington to attend the Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution, I as delegate and she as a page.

On the side we hoped to look up some old family graves, something we had always wanted to do. At the last minute we were persuaded to give up our idea of driving as there were many flooded areas to be crossed. I think we did nearly everything, going by train, that we had planned and hoped to do by car.

Our first stop was Houston, Texas, where we spent a full happy week with old friends. Then fascinating New Orleans where we browsed for a whole day, incidentally meeting some new relatives. Next Lexington and Harrodsburg, Kentucky where the real grave visiting began. One day it poured and we must have been a funny sight — plodding among the graves, umbrellas over our heads and a camera! Believe it or not we got some good pictures (having first outlined the names on the stones with chalk).

More relatives as well as graves were visited and many historical sites, among them Harrod's Fort and Henry Clay's home. We saw Man O' War—I won't explain further as I was led to believe I was the only ignorant person!

Our next stop was Charlottesville, Virginia, where we drove through the University grounds, with its famous serpentine wall, also went to Monticello and saw the star on the steps marking the spot where my daughter's ancestor had ridden his horse, when he warned the legislature of the coming of the British.

Washington was Washington — fascinating as ever — always new things to do and see.

Our next grave hunt was in New Jersey where we were guided by still more relatives. We went to the old Tennant Church at Freehold with blood stains of wounded Revolutionary soldiers still visible on its seats. Our ancestors were among the earliest members there and sleep on the beautiful hill "under the wide and starry sky." Next New Brunswick with Rutgers College and more graves, then to Morristown to see the old Ford house, now a museum, "second only to Mount Vernon in interest," they told us. I have the original of a letter written by my ancestor in 1753 asking his parents' consent to his marriage with Mary Ford. He was one of the founders of Brown University. The house was Washington's headquarters during part of the war and the state is trying to collect the original furniture and restore it as it was then. They asked me for a photostated copy of the letter, which I have sent. (Yes, he married her!) The epitaph on the grave of his father, the Rev. Jonathan Dunham, born in Piscataway in 1694, is as follows:

Your birth place once was home for me,
And so will long remembered be,
A long half-century and more
The bread of life I spread before
Your fathers there. Through weal and
woe
I pointed them the way to go
As well as by my light I could
But not so faultless as I should
Could I have known what now I know
About soul-saving here below.

We saw the graves of fourteen grandparents in this one state alone—quite a record I think. My daughter having a double set to catalogue in her mind!

Ten happy, busy days in New York gave time for visiting and the theatre, then our trek westward began. Our first stop was Toronto—more old friends and my old school to visit—to show to my daughter and to show her to them! Then Banff where we left the train, driving to Lake Louise to spend the night and on the next day to Golden to pick up the train again. We were glad of our fur coats as we had (and asked for) an open car. Magnificent scenery, of course. This was the day of the Coronation and Canada was decorated and lighted from one coast to the other. All the automobiles seen from the train displayed flags, all the people wore small flags pinned to their coats and an air of excitement was everywhere. In Winnipeg, where we stopped for half an hour the day before, we heard our negro porter say to another, "Well, tomorrow is the big day."

Our next stop was Victoria, where we spent several days, catching our breath and revelling in its quaint atmosphere. There we met Mr and Mrs. Lindenberger of San Francisco and they were as surprised to see us as we them. We had a delightful visit and tea together at the Empress Hotel. On our way west on the Canadian Pacific we had met two interesting men who were to sail on the Empress of Japan, leaving while we were in Victoria. One had spent forty years in China, had been captured by bandits five times, twice ransomed. The other was a cultured young Japanese going back to a bank in Kobe. He had seen **all** the plays in New York, knew **all** the good music and was an excellent golfer. They both asked us to see them off and we needed no second invitation. A personally conducted tour of the Empress of Japan and tea completed that day.

After several days in Victoria we were beginning to think it time to come home. So we packed up again, had a beautiful moonlight boat ride to Seattle, then the train to Stockton. We are now looking back on seven weeks of awfully good fun as well as an instructive and historical tour.

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I Have Been Reading

THE AMERICAN DREAM: by Michael Foster. Morrow. Price $3.00. Reviewed by Marie Hicks Davidson.

BALI AND ANGKOR—or Looking at Life and Death: by Geoffrey Gorei. Little, Brown and Co. Price $3.00. Reviewed by Cora Bjornstrom.

PERUVIAN PAGEANT: A Journey In Time: by Blair Niles. Bobbs Merril Company, Indianapolis, Indiana. Price $3.50. Reviewed by Mrs. E. J. Turkington.

■ To be lazing along on a palatial ship, skirting a palm-green shore; to look up from a printed page of one of the many books friends have brought to one as bon voyage gifts, and suddenly realize that you are gazing at the very scene you have been reading about:

"The American Dream," the author titles his book. As an American dream, it is far from what the average man or woman would acknowledge as his or her particular vision of these United States, but as a writing job it has all the journeymen requisites.

Foster chooses what he believes is a typical American family, husband, wife and small son, and after tracing the ancestry of the husband, Shelby Thrall, has the little group set out for a new frontier, "Crucifixion Bay."

"They left that night . . . (Shelby, Julie and Dinny). . . . Around them were their bundles, tied in sheets. Shelby . . . knew that while he had rediscovered a dream, they were living it. In the swaying light, over the head of the sleeping child, Julie looked at him and smiled."

No, Michael Foster has caught the spirit of the pioneer spirit which pushes ever into the unknown. But he has missed the mark in his shading of the picture.

Shelby Thrall's forbears sought the trail empty-handed, alone. It was logical for the covered-wagon emigrants to take their possessions with them. But there is something drab and futile connoted when a modern man, after having had several good "jobs," can compass his worldly goods in a sheet

It is in describing the out-trails of Shelby's progenitors that the author indicates his mastery in capturing a mood.

Here is the page which suddenly became real as a vacation ship plowed the tropical Pacific Ocean this summer, homing from New York:

"They were many weeks beating up the West Coast. Once they were nearly a thousand miles off shore in the empty Pacific; twice they slanted in so far that they had glimpses of that brown and desolate coast. Finally . . . they lifted the peaks of a great mountain range above the sea-rim. On the quarter-deck Thrall (one of Shelby Thrall's ancestors) was taking a bearing by a barren headland."

This Thrall was the Bostonian who had cold-bloodedly abandoned a Puritan wife and the established order to scan wider horizons and savor no adventure.

Then there was another Thrall who went out to the Dakotas and fought Indians, starvation and grinding poverty. They were a variegated crew—as are the ancestors of any of us—and from this stream of consciousness came Shelby to cope with adversaries as violent in their way as Pacific Ocean hurricanes and Dakota Indians.

He was a newspaper man. Now he had asked Julie to give up what little security and peace she had won from life, at costs to her which he could only dimly guess, and go with him to a God-forsaken little settlement between the sea and the wilderness.

A phrase monger with a vision; a pattern deep in the subconscious mind of him that he was the inheritor of an urge which would forever drive him and his children away from the silt of security. "Two phrases came and stayed—'unto his Fathers' and 'the American dream.'" Perhaps the Shelby Thralls will eventually find it, the Utopia, where nothing stagnates and the spirit is forever blithe and venturesome.

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■ Travel, someone has said, is not from place to place, but from person to person, and I believe it is almost always the desire to see, not so much new objects, as new people that takes the travelers on their various pilgrimages. Certainly it was this latter desire that took Blair Niles to the Land of the Incas. In her book "Peruvian Pageant," she gives the reader glowing word pictures of this strangely storied land. When she was preparing to travel to Peru she spent much time in New York's Public Library in room 300 and in this travel book she combines the two experiences the historical reading and the present day impressions of her journey into Peru, resulting in a richly tapestried portrayal of this far-off land and those by-gone days. Beginning with a flight from New York by plane, her journey takes her over the islands of Gorgona and Gallo where Pizarro made his decision to conquer Peru for his Spanish King. Graphically and surely does she portray for the reader the approach to this land, giving a glowing description of its beauty and sublimity and in a bewitching way she details the activities and personalities of Lima from her balcony window upon her arrival. But the real purpose of her journey was to recapture the past and this she does by giving the sense of the scene in her description of her visit to that vast cemetery at Cajarmarquilla from the graves of which was reconstructed the life of its ancient people. In Cuzco Mrs. Niles beheld the city of the Inca Empire and in enthralling phrases gives the reader a vivid account of its history and its trimphal capture by Pizarro. The author calls her book A Journey in Time, and as she journeys through the centuries not cities alone but startling personalities stand out in Time, Pizarro and Simon Bolivar, the Conqueror and the Liberator, La Perricholi, the glamorous actress with whom we became acquainted in the novel of San Luis Rey and Manuelita Saénz, the patriotic beauty. But the real heroine is for us that gallant English lady, Mrs. Proctor, who crossed the Andes from Argentina on muleback shortly before her son was born.

Mrs. Niles writes as not many travel authors can. She brings it all alive for us through an unblurred vision of the past and present. To those who would know Peru, "Peruvian Pageant" will be most valuable and those who have already visited that country will find their memories greatly enriched.

■ It might be more accurate to say "Looking at Life and Death from the Background of Bali and Angkor." The real essence of the book is your life and my life commented upon through Balinese life; it is our art interpreted through Balinese art; our music through Balinese music and our ethics and religious experience through their ethics and religious experience. "For I do not want to think of the happiest community half the world away in another hemisphere, I want it in the streets outside my door."

With the same treatment the buildings and sculpture of the ruined Angkor, critically and interestingly interpreted, form the background for an essay on the nature of genius, modern artists and painting.

The narrative description of the trip itself is extremely readable. It would be a mistake, however, to think of Mr. Gorei as an enthusiastic traveler. Sumatra, Java, Indo-China and Siam did not afford him very intense pleasure and his satire at times is quite delightful as is also his very frank distaste. "The Manengkabau are civilized, and consequently their buildings, from Mosques to store houses, are roofed with corrugated iron." "All that I saw of French Indo-China—seemed to me to be completely uncalled for." "The Siamese have considerable technical skill, but absolutely no taste. The Siamese artistic canons are 'Make it as life-like as possible, twice as big and four times as expensive' . . . The best comment on this theatrical effect is the remark in a guide book that 'the farther away (the Wat Arun) is seen, the better it looks.' Yes, indeed, you can't be too far way from these buildings to get the best effect."

Mr. Gorei's views of life are sincere and original. The book is worth reading to view the world, for a short while, from his eyes.

National League Library Service

List of Travel Books

ROAMING IN HAWAII, by Harry A. Franck.
NO PLACE LIKE HOME, by Beverley Nichols.
IN THE STEPS OF ST. PAUL, by H. V. Morton.
MY COUNTRY AND MY PEOPLE, by Lin Yuntang.
MIDNIGHT ON THE DESERT, by J. B. Priestley.
GOLD FEVER, by L. M. Nesbitt.
FLIGHT OF BIG HORSE, by Sven Hedin.
I VISIT THE SOVIETS, by E. M. Delafield.
LONDON AFRESH, by E. V. Lucas.

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The Public Welfare Department

by Adelaide Brown, Health Editor

■ The Public Welfare Department was created by the charter amendment now carried as Section 61.1 of the new Freeholders Charter. The five-member commission is appointed by the Mayor as follows: Miss Ruth Turner, Mrs. Eugene Prince, Mr. Clarence Musto, Mr. Florence McAuliffe, Mr. Vandeleur. The naming of the executive officer (not subject to Civil Service) was left to the Board.

Jacques Pierce Gray, M.D., has been named unanimously by the Public Welfare Department. Following is the life history of this officer:

JACQUES PIERCE GRAY

Born—Red Key, Indiana, July 17, 1900.

A. B.—Grinnell (Iowa) College, 1922.

M.D.—Johns Hopkins University, 1928.

M.P.H.—Harvard University, 1935.

Teaching Experience:

High School—Physics, General Science; Newton, Iowa, 1922-24.

College—Voluntary Assistant Chemistry and Zoology, Grinnell College, 1920-22.

University—Occasional Lectures, Public Health Administration and Epidemiologist; Stanford University and the University of California, 1931-37.

Married—Amy Hannah Williams, 1925 (also A.B.).

Children — Virginia Williams Gray; born December 7, 1929.

Professional Experiences:

1. Junior Bacteriologist, Baltimore City Hospital, 1925.

2. Junior Bacteriologist, Maryland State Department of Health, 1926.

3. Assistant Obstetrician, Baltimore City Health Department, 1927.

4. Assistant Surgeon (Reserve), United States Public Health Service, U. S. Marine Hospital Officers' Training School; New Orleans, 1928-29.

5. Deputy County Health Officer, Sonoma County, California, 1929.

6. Assistant Epidemiologist, California State Department of Public Health, 1930.

7. Epidemiologist, Acting Health Officer, Assistant Director of Public Health, City and County of San Francisco Department of Public Health, 1930-37.

8. Manager Angeline Elizabeth Ruby Memorial Health Center and Principal Health Officer, City of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, 1937.

9. Director of Public Welfare, City and County of San Francisco Department of Public Welfare, 1937.

Member: Phi Beta Kappa (Grinnell); Delta Omega (Harvard); San Francisco County Medical Society; California Medical Association; American Medical Association; Northern California Public Health Association; Western Branch of American Public Health Association; Pasteur Society of Northern California; American Public Welfare Association.

We want to congratulate our Mayor on this appointment by his new Welfare Department. Dr. Gray is well known in San Francisco and in the state. He left San Francisco to take charge of a health center in Wilkes-Barre, Pa. A most elaborate and expensive building housed it. But the political limitations of the regulations under which it was to be used limited any executive officer to the point of stultifying his work.

The modern equipment of a public health person is fundamental to policy as an administrator in welfare. He is able to coordinate all agencies to assist the groups which are his charge. A cooperative attitude will assist anyone dealing with the unemployable. They need an understanding heart and a keen medical brain and the power to call for agency cooperation. The unemployable and handicapped need diagnosis, medical and social, to be cared for and perhaps swung out of the submerged group. It is not a statistical mind but an elastic and helpful policy caught up by every employee of the department that will develop an able leader.

Seamen's Book Drive October 24-31

Bring Your Books to the Clubhouse

Red Cross "Gray Ladies" in San Francisco

■ The "Gray Lady" Corps, functioning under that department of volunteer service in the Red Cross known as Hospital and Recreation Service, originated in Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C., in 1918, when a group of Red Cross workers demonstrated to the military authorities that supervised volunteers have a real function to provide in government hospitals. The service they rendered was soon recognized to be of such value by hospital authorities that a course of lectures was prepared in order that the highest standard of efficiency might be maintained by these workers. Not until courses had been held for five years was the plan extended to other government hospitals.

The work was not extended to the Pacific area until 1932 and it was in 1935 that the first course was given in the Veterans Facility, Fort Miley, San Francisco. The women in the group must take a course of 15 lectures and pledge to give a minimum of 50 hours of service a year. Their work includes the library, recreation rooms and wards, and covers every type of service to a patient which the doctors and nurses have not time to give, such as reading, writing letters, making small purchases, arranging games and other recreation and distributing literature.

The workers wear a gray uniform, gray veil with Red Cross insignia and a Red Cross pin.

The work proved of such value in Fort Miley that it was necessary to conduct a second course of lectures in 1936, and in 1937 the work was extended to the Recreation Room at Letterman General Hospital and also the children's wards in the San Francisco Hospital.

To date 72 graduates have received their veils, pins and certificates—emblems of successful completion of the course and the probation period, and have given a total of 13,141¼ hours.

Many of this valued group of Red Cross volunteers are members of the Women's City Club and the San Francisco Chapter is deeply indebted to the club for this very fine cooperation. The work was organized by Mrs. G. H. Taubles, who continued as chairman until June of this year. Upon her resignation Mrs. F. B. Haake was selected as chairman.

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(Continued from page 15)

stream bed in a narrow but shallow gorge-like channel, which winds through the bottom of this great amphitheatre. We looked across to the innumerable canyons and slopes where the brilliant green rice terraces cling to the sides and in places extend thousands of feet above the stream level like giant stairways. They are outlined in all manner of angles by the stone walls built by hand with the boulders from the river bed, the horizontal lines of these terrace walls encircle the spurs and run far back into the canyons. These walls, 14,000 miles of them, are the work of many centuries, and now take a prodigious amount of labor to keep in repair. The water runs from the highest terrace in a tiny stream through a niche in that wall to fall from level to level below; each canyon having its own main stream, flumed sometimes for miles and controlled by a small stone dam. These Ifugaos have remarkable knowledge of irrigation and water rights. The lower terraces, built first, have priority water rights; so that the man who is hundreds of feet above must wait until all the terraces below have all the water needed before he will divert any water for his own use even though his crop is ruined by the wait.

Clinging to the spurs, where land is untillable between these paddies, are picturesque nipa huts clustered among the wild orange trees. The main village of Banaue is on the broad north slope of the main valley far below the inn. Here each compound has several huts, on bamboo poles, four feet above the ground; a ladder leads up into each hut, the interior of which is out of sight under the heavy thatch hanging out over the boards that form a low house wall for the small room. Underneath are the dogs and fowls on the ground, kept swept clean inside the three-foot wall of this enclosure occupied by a man's family and his relations. From the village paths it was fascinating to look across the wide expanse of large rice fields to the terraces on the farther side; to see young and old going along the paddy walls, the only space to walk for no ground is used for paths outside the village proper. A boy hurried from a group of huts on one hill to another group about twenty feet higher on another hill; he ran along a wall, jumped up the steps to the next wall at right angles and along that wall to rocky steps that led to the compound, finally disappearing among the trees. A woman with a tiny girl came from the first group of huts, the baby preceding her sure-footed and quickly along the wall. The woman laid down the stick, a bamboo stalk split in half and perhaps three feet long, while she dropped to the lower wall and lifted the child down, again picking up her stick. This was repeated until they reached a rocky shelf onto which the water was falling in quite a stream from the terrace above. Above her head at the top of the wall she stuck the stick horizontally into the stream to divert it into a natural shower bath: then she slipped off her skirt that was tucked into the waist as usual and proceeded to shampoo her hair, after which the baby was cleansed from head to feet

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RHODA ON THE ROOF

HATS

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RHODA ON THE ROOF
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before she herself bathed. It was far enough away to present an interesting pantomime that was charming as well.

On our way back to the inn we passed many men and women, the former either with red or black "G strings," the women in their brilliant striped skirts; they greeted us with "Good morning" or "Goodbye" while the naked youngsters begged for matches, for they smoke from babyhood.

As the dusk came on we sat upon the upper porch drinking in the beauty of those gleaming terraces as the sun touched them horizontally and the green spears of newly-planted rice reflected in the mirrors. The green faded and the parallel lines of walls extended in never-ending tiers. Then dinner with the ubiquitous chicken. With darkness, flickering lights seemed to be moving in line along a valley to the south: they were lanterns and torches carried by the villagers to light them to a canyon about a kilometer away, where they were to celebrate the completion of the rice-planting with a great feast. Later a gasoline lamp was taken to the porch railing to illumine the small space before the house. There gathered fifteen or more Ifugaos in their red and black costumes, the women with their coal-black hair, caught together at the nape of the neck and streaming to the waist. Six of them danced, three at a time, in wonderful rhythm to the beat of two metal drums; one a deeper tone and beaten slowly while the other was beaten with both hands, one hand doubling and tripling the time of the other. It was most interesting and graceful but had no significance, the motions having been used similarly for generations. The children by the roadside used the same postures while begging for matches.

The return trip to Baguio, some seventy-five miles longer, took us across the ridges and down along the western shore of Luzon. On the north slopes were whole hillsides of tree ferns and tropic foliage while on our bleak south slopes we looked hundreds of feet down bare, rocky, precipices into wild canyons. We finally climbed from the shore up a river valley to Baguio on a well-built road, the thoroughfare to the coast.

Some Tragic Contradictions

(Continued from page 14)

American shoes can only endure a limited number of cobble stones we drove slowly down that mile of heart break where only those with courage **can** live —1907 was my last visit to the palace of Mary, Queen of Scots—my historical interest in her Royal indiscretions had been satisfied then! The fine-looking young Scot who drove our cab was far more interesting to me. We talked of many things—his broad Scotch was easy to follow but impossible to write. He was not for more war—the names of his two brothers were in that steel casket in the inner shrine of the memorial at the Castle — 100,000 Scotch boys have had their names placed there by a King who ran away! This boy had had no chance at the University as a result. I asked him what he thought the churches could do and spoke of the world conference meeting up there at the top. He shook his head—"You mean the Kirks up there on the mound? Well, I am not much for them—How can there be much good at the top when there is such hell all around here!" He waved his hand toward the poverty stricken region through which we had come.

Before the World War, interested visitors shuddered and went their way glad that the United States was not as other countries were. Now we know it is not Edinburgh's problem alone nor Glasgow's but it belongs to us all. Are we brave enough to conceive a social and economic order which may be established without bloodshed? Is it our cowardice that still leaves the military fortress on top, the Churches only half way up the hill and the whole base of the mound a hive of human misery? Economic and spiritual poverty!

Edinburgh, August 3, 1937.

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Exquisite souvenir gifts for one's friends are the lacy handkerchiefs . . . brocade purses . . . and the carved ivory and jade figurines and novelties.

Madam Butterfly
430 Grant Avenue

(Continued from page 17)

Spanish, and I knew some Spanish. Joseph was a little bald but sweet, and he had secured her in Honduras. Son George, two years old, was the only immediate family, but inside of five minutes there were thirty or more swarming about to uphold the family name. Brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, and in-laws, and children of every age from weeks to teens, and a most revered Mother.

The upper part of the new house was spacious and comfortable with everything modern in the way of plumbing, and what matter a missing towel! The Arab does not show his wealth by a material clutter, so bric-a-brac was missing, but the sitting room held a radio of all waves, a clock, a picture, a table, and many very comfortable chairs which were all upholstered in yellow and green and pushed tightly against the walls.

As a beginning I was taken into a comfortable bedroom. My coat, hat and dress were then removed and replaced by a most gorgeous and really beautiful Beit Jalla Arabian costume—veil and all. Every village has its costume touch and I was in Beit Jalla in the house with the green shutters.

I had declined a feast, so tea and cake were served. Mother and I sat side by side on the green and purple divan, held hands as grandmothers and teaed and smiled. George hugged father, ate a huge green cake and eyed me doubtfully. I held the tiniest baby and never have I met such gentle courtesy and understanding and kindness from all ages, even though few of us could speak together. Then I must have my picture taken in costume, first with Mother alone, then with Carla and George, and so on down the line of thirty. The sun was setting, so I was taken out on the open roof that one finds on every good Arabian house. The Arabians live and sleep there more than in the house and love it above all else.

Beit Jalla lies a little below Bethlehem on a neighboring hill. The rays of the setting sun lay on the spire of the Church of the Nativity and the village of Bethlehem clustered about. Also on all the tiny native huts clinging to the hillside. Off to the other side lay the Dead Sea, reflecting the same rays, the wilderness of Judea, Mount Moab, and something of the Valley of the Jordan. Moses knew them all. So did Christ. And there was food for thought.

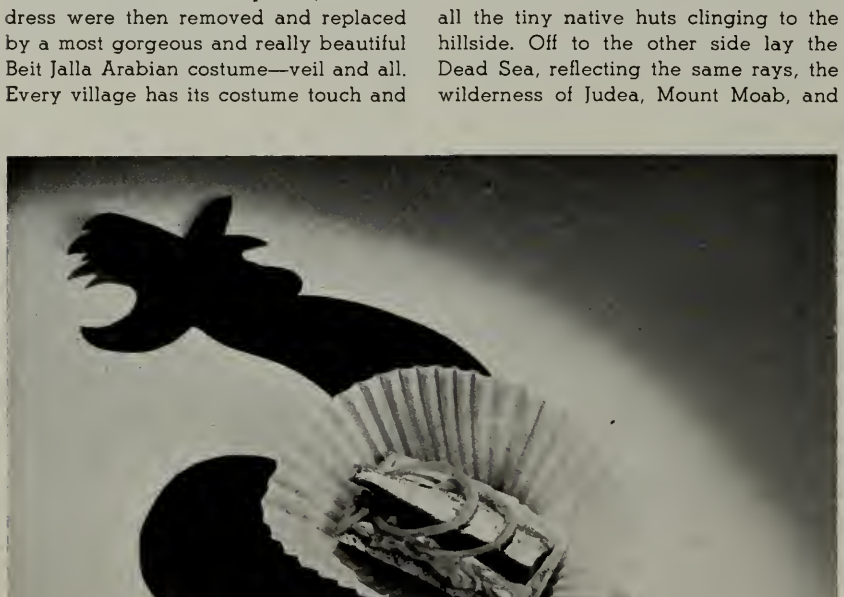
I had to go and leave the green shutters, so Joseph dispatched one of the many boys down the hill to hold the bus or to get a taxi. The pretty little Mother took me into her sanctum, undressed and redressed me and told me with tears what the afternoon had led to for her and Joseph. Would I act as Godmother for George, and would I not stay with them another week until things might be arranged? Also she would ride back to Jerusalem with me. (Always easy to leave George.) So she and Joseph and I set out down the gully, she in her modern sandals and long green silk, rather French robe. The thirty in the family were in Arab dress, but she was young and lonely and lovely and from Honduras. Again I admired the green shutters and watched my step. The boy was resting on the hillside waiting for the bus, but the cinema was still busy. Joseph walked me another beautiful mile to get a better view of Moab, and then we found a taxi.

Carla was so sad because her "flower garden was not finished, as was not the house, but it was not to be helped"—so why worry? However, we took in a neighbor's boy and his huge bunch of flowers and started out for Jerusalem. The boy went to school there in the rockiest part of the rocky city. A Palestine taxi ride is often a real adventure. We deposited the boy and the flowers, and ran out of petrol on top of a huge rock, but slid down. The driver leaped merrily out to find someone to ask someone to ask anybody where a gallon might be found. Meantime, we rested and talked and I accepted the responsibility of George as a Godchild, but only by proxy, as I must leave the next day, but thought I could arrange it. The gallon appeared, verily out of a rock, I believe. We sputtered on our way and I was left at my lodging after a sincere, courteous and affecting farewell. The day had given me something.

I made an appointment for them with the very kind American Vice Consul, who managed the mechanics as to using my name, etc. He wrote me some of the details of the ceremony which he graciously attended. All Beit Jalla was there and he met some of his Arabian friends.

George howled at the prospect of being submerged as planned, so the powers-that-were compromised by cutting off a lock of his very pretty hair and submerging that — while George rested. No worry at all.

A very nice letter from Joseph told me of the success of the baptism, of



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the use of my name, of the extreme regret at my absence, and of the feast prepared anyway in my and George's honor. The feast was eaten, of course, by Beit Jalla.

This was one of my incomplete adventures, but I carried away much that is still beautiful in the welcome—the complete lack of self-consciousness, the kindness and the pride of family, and the real Christian spirit that emanated from the House with the Green Shutters.

The End.

Community Chest **OCTOBER 20 NOVEMBER 5**

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■ Within five days after pretty, two-months-old "Jane Doe" was found abandoned on an Oakland vacant lot, no less than 300 families informed Children's Hospital of the East Bay that they'd like to take "Jane" home as their daughter.

What an expression of warm-hearted generosity in this day when one sometimes inclines to the cynical belief that clothes, airplanes, the two current wars, the tennis championship and the labor dispute monopolize our interests to the exclusion of all else!

"Jane" is going to be well taken care of. If her parents don't show up and give a pretty good explanation of how she happened to be left on a vacant lot, she probably will go to a good home where she'll get the love and care a pert, pretty two-months-old miss demands.

When the Community Chest solicitor comes to see you during the campaign, October 20 to November 5, she will not be merely a neighbor asking for a "charitable donation." She'll be the proxy for San Francisco's nameless little John and Jane Does, asking that you, in the words of this year's campaign slogan, "Buy Health and Happiness for Them."

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(Continued from page 13)

nine servants to keep them going! Republicans might say, "Bah, W. P. A." but it's been that way for 40 years! Some day there will be trees growing from this Mid-Pacific Isle out of made ground—for already two banana palms are bearing fruit, planted 30 years ago by a former cable-tender, in soil brought from his Honolulu garden in his hand bags! Nothing is impossible.

And now we have passed the 180th meridian, the International Date Line, and though it was Saturday yesterday, when we landed at Midway, to-day it is Monday, for we have to catch up on the sun, so we won't be a day behind when we come round the world and land in San Francisco. Nuf Sed!

1185 miles away lies Wake Island, our second stop—a little coral atoll shaped like a horse shoe with a lagoon in the center, and water so deep around the island that a ship cannot anchor. It is only 20 feet above the sea, and five miles long. Wake is famous for its good fishing and its flightless rails, birds that once flew all the way from Australia, but now are content to hide in the thickets of this far away island and only come out to do battle with the hermit crabs, when they need food. We took off from Wake at dawn again, under ideal weather conditions once more, leaving another perfect little hotel behind in Mid-Pacific. As we rose into the pink cloudless dawn we almost wished that it was **our** Clipper that was being held up for extra parts, instead of the Eastbound Clipper that was already there, so much did we enjoy our Mid-Pacific hotel, our swim in the pale blue tropic water and our movie out-of-doors at night, in the balmy moonlight under the palms, with the back of the service building for a silver screen!

We sighted no land after this until we reached Guam, 1400 miles distant. Riding a few bumps as we sailed over some cloud banks in the early afternoon, we found ourselves in the harbor of Guam —once a flourishing naval base—now an unfortified Pacific Isle, with only a cable station and a small naval force to keep the native Chamoros clean and orderly and otherwise to administer this delightful tropical Isle of 225 square miles. What's left of the navy post is situated on a hill overlooking the harbor. The Captain's quarters where we dined, were spacious and cool with the famous tropical "breeze way" making the temperature inside delightfully cool. Here a young captain and his wife can live in great comfort with two Chamoro servants who serve a perfectly appointed dinner at a table with the latest word in

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decorations! A tropical rain cooled us off as we sat out on the enclosed wide porch that ran around three sides of the low, charming bungalow overlooking the sea. We left early, to be ready for our last day's early morning flight.

It was dawn in Guam, on the last lap of our unforgettable flight across the Pacific. We were called at four, and shortly thereafter walked down the hill from the hotel to the pier through waving cocoa palms and red and yellow lights twinkling from harbor buoys and tiny city streets, leading down to the sea. Into the launch and out over a dark, glassy bay for the last time we went to our ship, the Hawaiian Clipper, which had borne us so many thousands of miles, magnificently across this unbelievably calm Pacific. We said good-bye at the dock to two of our fellow passengers, reluctantly, for companionship on a Clipper is not to be taken lightly. At last we reached the ship and stepped down into the cabin and waved goodbye again through the brave little windows—and were off! Taxi-ing down the bay for two miles or so we finally turned and took off West into the wind, straight for "China Cross the Bay"—though we must down at Manila first.

The sensation of a tropical sunrise is never to be forgotten. We knelt at the cabin window with awe, looking out as we rose above a sea of baby clouds just awakening to stretch their tiny arms up to the sun. In the east a brilliant rim of light outlined a mountain of jagged clouds and in the west a pink glow stole across the horizon, with an intense blue light in the near foreground. The world had been made one by the simple majesty of the radiant sun. We were all silent, each at his own little window, looking out upon it and trying to understand. Poets and pessimists talk about a "Sea of troubles"—There's no such thing—one can get above them—for we did it that day, on the 99th Trans-Pacific trip of the China Clipper!

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■ "The Adventures of Sonny and Buddy" is a series of 15-minute programs dramatizing the adventures and experiences of two normal, healthy American boys. They are brothers, ages thirteen and fifteen. Although planned primarily for children, the program is so fast moving and entertaining that adults also find it of extraordinary interest. Parents will find this Bell-Brook radio program clean, wholesome, character-building amusement for their children. Almost every episode contains an unlifting moral.

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Football

■ Much has been written about "inside football"; "things to watch for"; "how to see football"; "Warner systems"; "tail backs"; "a punt, a pass and a prayer," and all the other shibboleths of the game. Perhaps, however, we can do no better than to take page one from the coaches' notebooks — "Fundamentals."

What are fundamentals? Well, first—what is football?

Football is war. In place of lethal weapons, it uses arms, legs and bodies. In place of generals, it has coaches—and, occasionally, a good quarterback. Its battlefield is a set size, and its battles are waged to set rules. But, basically, it is an attempt by one army to advance into the territory of another army of the same numerical strength.

If you grant this concept, you will see, first, why a high school game is more entertaining, as pure diversion, than a college game; and why a college game is more so than a professional one. The high school boys aren't so well trained (regimented) as the college boys, and the college boys not so well polished in their understanding of the game as the pro gridders. To draw a corollary, which would be the more thrilling as a spectacle: a charge of Kipling's "Fuzzy Wuzzy" or a long drawn-out session of lying in the mud in some trench? The answer is obvious, as far as the non-technical witness is concerned.

That's the basic modus operandi of football. Now, as to fundamentals. Usually, a boy—your boy, maybe—starts to play football in high school. (Certainly, he shouldn't before that, and not even then if he is still in the "all arms and legs stage.")

California is fortunate in having a high percentage of college-trained football players for its high school coaches. These men understand and respect the necessity for proper physical condition. They work in "fundamentals," rather than try to teach fancy stuff; on the principle that it's better to learn "Trig" before you try to work problems in Calculus.

Each coach has his own set of "fundamentals." An average, however, could be struck somewhat along the lines of (1) good physical condition; (2) ability to handle the body (highway safety campaign investigators call this "reaction time"); (3) the football technicalities of blocking, charging, running, tackling and ball handling.

You have rarely seen a top-notch football player who could not tackle, block and charge well; conversely, those who cannot do these things seldom reach the pinnacles of fame in the sport. Given a normal boy, with at least average capabilities and willingness to learn, a coach can teach these "fundamentals." BUT, there is one thing a coach cannot teach; and it is a thing which gladdens his heart when he sees signs of it, and which he will train and develop and nurture more carefully than anything he has. It's "football brains."

You'd be surprised to note that, in most of our colleges, the best football players are better than average students. I know, that's contrary to the accepted notions—but, in the main, it's true. And, it's becoming increasingly more true. The emphasis, more and more, is being placed on intelligence in football; second to that come speed and (there's that word again) fundamentals. The old days of the boy with a strong back and a weak mind automatically being on the "varsity" are pretty well passé. Item: Bobby Grayson was no behemoth; certainly Rabbit Bradshaw, Tut Imlay, Cotton Warburton, Orv Mohler, Dick Hyland and many others are names that are memorable in football. They had, and have, football brains, plus speed; but **not** huge size.

May we cite a case of "using the head"? It was a professional game about eight years ago. On one team was George Wilson, ex-Washington, at a halfback. Playing a guard on the other team was Dana Carey, ex-California. Wilson started a wide end run; Carey broke through, and started trailing him to try to cut him off at an angle when Wilson made his turn to go down-field. As they approached the sideline, Carey saw he wasn't going to reach Wilson in time, due to the latter's superior speed. In short, Carey, subconsciously probably, realized he couldn't tackle Wilson. He did something better, instantaneously. Remember, both were running for all they were worth, and they were close to the sideline. Carey lunged forward with outstretched arm, and—pushed Wilson out of bounds. In passing, it might be mentioned that this

sharp thinking of Carey's certainly saved a long gain, for the energetic Mr. Wilson was definitely "off to the races."

There are countless examples in football along this line. More will be added this year. And, in professional football, where the scouts watch a man with the "gate" in mind, the biggest premium is on brains, although, naturally, the other requisites are required.

All of which adds up to this: if you have no personal interest in the game, try to learn enough about it to understand and appreciate brain work on the field. Watch the battle of wits between the opposing play-callers; watch the way clever runners change pace or reverse their fields; watch the way players try to outguess each other; and watch such things as the varied attempts to block punts.

And, if you are **personally** interested, just bear in mind that despite its sometimes bruising contact, football puts a premium on brains, on team play, and on physical condition. If a boy can make a good football player in the eyes of his teammates, the players on the other teams, and the public, he's pretty nearly sure to get along pretty well in life, later.

Opera

■ San Francisco will again be host to opera-goers from every section of the west during the 1937 season of the San Francisco Opera Association which opens Friday, October 15 and comes to a close Saturday, November 13.

The repertoire arranged by General Director Gaetano Merola and the stellar casts of famous artists to appear, have proved a loadstone to attract what will be capacity audiences to each of the 18 performances making up the season, according to Business Manager Peter Conley.

The season lists 14 operas to be presented in three groups—a regular subscription season of 11 perrformances, a popular series of three, and a repeat series of four.

An innovation is found in presenting pre-determined repeat performances in a series. In past seasons tickets for extra performances of subscription operas were sold only for single performances. It also sets a record for regularly scheduled performances. The gratifying success of the Popualr Series on its introduction last year has made its continuance imperative.

Through the Gate

—Catherine Allen

(Continued from page 18)

footmen and postillions in medieval costumes of maroon and gold—tightly curled white wigs and black Napoleoan hats edged with white ostrich feathers along the crown. I was off the bus like a shot burning with curiosity and I found that it was the Sunday before the opening of the courts when the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriffs and Judges go to service in State. I watched them coming out in all their robes and chains of office—judges in wig and gown—a most impressive sight, but each was carrying a bouquet of flowers—paper frill and all—which did not seem to fit into the picture. Asking a verger I learned that they were bunches of herbs and the custom dates back to the great plague of 1660 when they were carried as a preventative and each judge still has a bouquet on his bench when the courts open.

Westminster Abbey in its Coronation grandeur was truly regal—in royal blue, gold and crimson. The Unknown Soldier's tomb was the only spot not carpeted and on it the King and Queen had placed a beautiful sheaf of red roses. The beautifully carved windows and doors of the Annex were made from wood of old Waterloo Bridge—that had been submerged for over fifty years and which accounted for the unusual color—a greyish blue.

On to see the Royal robes, also exhibited for charity and what pageant gowns they were—the Queen's train was embroidered in a design that brought in all the Empire's floral emblem:

Rose of	England
Thistle	Scotland
Leek of	Wales
Shamrock	Ireland
Lotus of	India
Maple Leaf	Canada
Wattle	Australia
Fern	New Zealand
Lily	South Africa

There is so much more to tell, but time and space forbid. The best part of a trip abroad is the joy of coming home.

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Automatic, on-tap hot water service costs no more than old-fashioned methods. You can buy an Automatic for your home on terms as low as three dollars a month.

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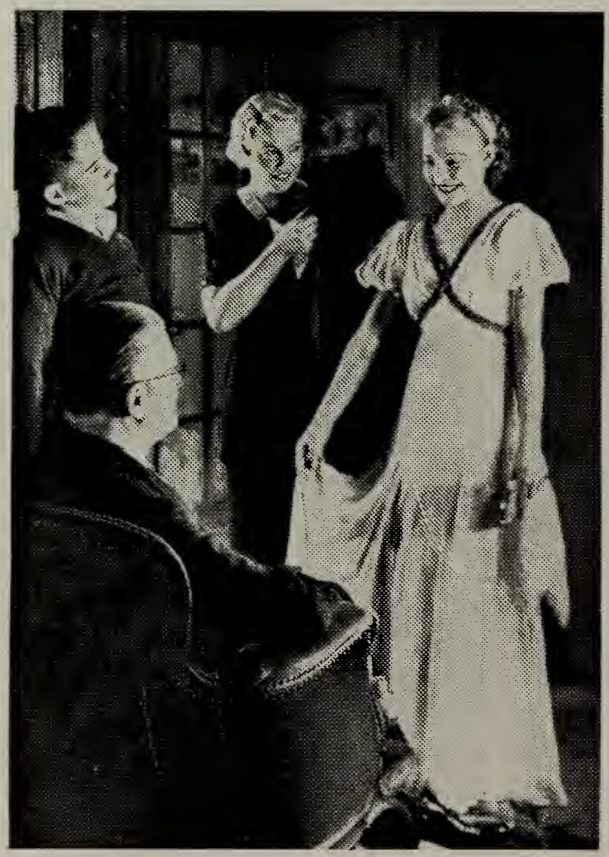

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THE problem of clothes, what to buy and where to buy them, is not a difficult one for this typical News family. They simply rely on their favorite home newspaper to guide them in their selections. As a result they find quality, price and variety.

In the matter of wearing apparel, The News offers a dual service to its readers. First, it publishes all the news of the fashion world. It tells, in stories and sketch, what is new for Mother, for Dad and for Sister and Bud.

Its second function is to tell them where, among the shops, they can purchase these articles most advantageously.

Theodocia Stavrum's fashion presentations are outstanding on the Pacific Coast. Her daily articles, scintillating drawings and up-to-the-minute interpretations of milady's choice in wardrobe have played a major part in making The News San Francisco's favorite newspaper among women readers—with a city circulation greater than any ever before attained by any daily newspaper in the history of San Francisco.

As General Purchasing Agent for the family, Mother keeps a weather-eye on the stores and their offerings. She must know, at a moment's notice, where she can purchase just the thing she wants at a price suitable to her particular budget.

In this, The News performs a real service. It is able to do so because, for years, San Francisco merchants have placed more advertising in The News than in any other daily paper.

Men readers have their own good reasons for preferring The News. Women readers find Theodocia Stavrum's fashion section a SPECIAL reason.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

SAN FRANCISCO

NOVEMBER · 1937

VOLUME XI · NUMBER 10 · PRICE 15 CENTS PER COPY · PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB · 465 POST STREET. SAN FRANCISCO

Women's City Club Calendar
NOVEMBER . . . 1937

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. and 2:30 p. m. to 6:30 p. m.
Friday 3 p. m. to 9 p. m. and Saturday 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—From 5:30 p.m. to 6:30 p. m. Tuesday and 5:30 p. m. to 9:00 p. m. Friday
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p. m.

COME INTO OUR KITCHEN — NOVEMBER 23RD
AN EVENING WITH MOZART — NOVEMBER 17TH — 8:00 P. M.
NATIONAL LEAGUE PLAYERS "NINE TILL SIX"
NOVEMBER 12TH — 8 P. M.

NOVEMBER — 1937

1—	**Kaffee Klatsch**—German Round Table—Martha K. Hack presiding	**Board Room**	3:30 p.m.
4—	**Dr. Paul Cadman**—Current Economic Events	**Auditorium**	12:15 p.m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15 p.m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	6:15 p.m.
	Thursday Evening Program—Sound Motion Pictures—Chevrolet Program	**Auditorium**	8:00 p.m.
8—	**Young Members' Round Table**	**Cafeteria**	12:15 p.m.
10—	**Book Review**—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard—"Novels, First Novels and Novelettes"	**Auditorium**	11:00 a.m.
	Books to be reviewed: "Remembering Laughter" by Wallace Stegner. "Pity the Tyrant" by Hans Otto Storm. "They Seek a Country" by Francis Brett Young. Round Table Discussion following.	**Nat. Def. Room**	12:15 p.m.
	Book Review—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard—"Novels, First Novels and Novelettes"	**Auditorium**	7:30 p.m.
	Books to be reviewed: "Remembering Laughter" by Wallace Stegner. "Pity the Tyrant" by Hans Otto Storm. "They Seek a Country" by Francis Brett Young.		
	Spanish Round Table—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15 p.m.
11—	**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15 p.m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	6:15 p.m.
	Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	8:00 p.m.
	Subject: "The Story of the Golden Gate International Exposition" Illustrated with colored slides. Speaker: Mrs. Sidney Levy.		
12—	**National League Players**—Three Act Play, "Nine Till Six"	**Auditorium**	8:00 p.m.
	Written by Aimee and Philip Stuart. Directed by Miss Dorothea Johnston. Tickets 75c and 50c.		
15—	**Kaffee Klatsch**—German Round Table—Martha K. Hack presiding	**Board Room**	3:30 p.m.
16—	**Garden Round Table**	**Nat. Def. Room**	12:15 p.m.
	Speaker: To be announced later. Luncheon 77 cents a plate.		
17—	**"An Evening With Mozart"**	**Auditorium**	8:00 p.m.
	See page 8 for details. Reserved seats $1. Unreserved seats 75c.		
18—	**Thanksgiving Luncheon**—75 cents a plate	**Cafeteria**	11:30-2:00 p.m.
	Thanksgiving Luncheon—$1 a plate	**Nat. Def. Room**	12:00-2:00 p.m.
	Dr. Paul Cadman—Current Economic Events	**Auditorium**	12:15 p.m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15 p.m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	6:15 p.m.
	Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	8:00 p.m.
	Subject: "California Agriculture and Labor Agitations." Illustrated lecture. Speaker: Mr. Roy Pike.		
23—	**"Come Into Our Kitchen"**—Thanksgiving Food Sale	**Auditorium**	11 a.m. to 9 p.m.
24—	**Spanish Round Table**—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15 p.m.
25—	**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15 p.m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	6:15 p.m.

CHRISTMAS PARTY — CHILDREN'S TOY TEA — DECEMBER 11TH, 2:30 P. M.

CHRISTMAS PROGRAM — MEMBERS AND GUESTS
DECEMBER 16 — AUDITORIUM — 8 P. M.

DECEMBER — 1937

2—	**Dr. Paul Cadman**—Current Economic Events	**Auditorium**	12:15 p.m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	12:15 p.m.
	French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	6:15 p.m.
	Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	8:00 p.m.
	"How Good is Your Memory," by Elmer W. Bonstin. "Personality in Action," by Archie R. Mack.		

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XI November, 1937 Number 10

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Thanksgiving Luncheon

THURSDAY — NOVEMBER 18, 1937

THIRD FLOOR — PRICE $1.00

Tomato, Avocado and Romaine Salad

Cream of Corn Soup or Consomme Madreline

Combination of Roast Native Turkey and Baked Virginia Ham, Cranberry Sauce

Sweet Potatoes Duchesse Mashed Potatoes

Silver Onions, Butter Sauce or New Peas

Pumpkin Pie Rainbow Parfait

Pound Cake a la Mode, Peach Sauce

Coffee

CAFETERIA LUNCHEON — 75 Cents

Thanksgiving Day Dinner

THURSDAY — NOVEMBER 25, 1937

2 to 8 o'clock

MAIN DINING ROOM — PRICE $1.50

California Fruit Cocktail, Supreme

Celery Olives Gerkinettes

Tomato Bouillon

Lobster a la Newburg en Pattie

Roast Young Tom Turkey, Chestnut Dressing, Cranberry Sauce

or

Broiled Filet Mignon, Bernaise

Candied Sweet Potatoes Mashed Potatoes

Broccoli Hollandaise Mashed Turnips

Hearts of Romaine, French Dressing

Martinelli's Apple Cider

Mince Pie Meringue Glace, Butterscotch Sauce

Thanksgiving Ice Cream

Mixed Nuts Demi Tasse Cluster Raisins

ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ RE-FINANCING PLAN — An accomplished fact. Consent of bondholders has been secured. We can now proceed with our purpose of owning our own Clubhouse. Every member can help by use of the Clubhouse on every possible occasion.

■ NEW MEMBERS — Our membership may be closed when it reaches a certain limit. It would be wise for members to bring in as many new members among their friends as possible before this contingency arises. Dues to March 1st are now being prorated. Be assured of membership during Exposition Days by coming in this year.

■ MRS. CHAPMAN MEMORIAL—The Committee for Mrs. Chapman's Memorial chose from the suggestions offered the roofing over of the Garden on the Fourth Floor. Contributions of one dollar or more are earnestly urged, to be sent as soon as possible so that plans can go forward.

■ THANKSGIVING FOOD SALE — Just two days before Thanksgiving, when you may purchase all those little things so necessary to a perfect Thanksgiving dinner—perfectly made jellies, cakes, cookies, candies, salted nuts — all donated by members of your own Club to help swell the coffers of our Treasury. "Come into our Kitchen" November 23rd, the day you may both give and receive—the day you may purchase food as well made as your own but which your family will enjoy if only because of the novelty of having something made just a bit differently perhaps than mother's.

■ DR. PAUL CADMAN — Continues to interest a large group each Thursday at the noon hour. Dr. Cadman's lectures are bringing to us the true, impartial facts of the present-day world conditions. His bibliographies give those attending a wide range of books from which to select their reading, books which in many cases open one's eyes to the real reasons for the present economic conditions. Single admission may be had as well as tickets for the balance of the course.

■ SECOND PROGRAM OF WINTER SERIES — Wednesday evening, November 17th, "An Evening With Mozart." In a truly 18th Century setting, beautiful costumes, songs, dances, all interwoven by the mellow tones of a harpsichord, which was Mozart's own, brought to San Francisco from Amsterdam for Miss Mary Dunn. It will be the last time this harpsichord will ever be played as its condition is too fragile to withstand further moving. A lovely evening is being planned, and one which can never be repeated. Tickets may be had at the Information Desk and the Front Office.

■ RAMBLES—Two Rambles are being planned by Mrs. Helm of the Travel Bureau. One a Christmas Ramble to Yosemite, the other to Mexico. Mrs. Helm may be interviewed any time from nine to five at the Travel Bureau office on the main floor. Both Rambles are most reasonably priced and both will give you a Christmas time long remembered as the loveliest holiday you have ever known.

■ GARDEN ROUND TABLE — The third Round Table in the series of "Gardens of the World," will be held on Tuesday, November 16th, in the National Defenders Room. The guest speaker will be announced early in the month.

■ VOLUNTEER SERVICE—Because of the general attendance of members at the Cadman lectures Mrs. Alves has changed the day of her Round Table to Tuesday when she will meet with the Volunteers in the Cafeteria at luncheon time.

■ ON THURSDAY EVENING, November 18th, Mr. Roy M. Pike will speak in the Auditorium. His subject will be "California Agriculture and Labor Agitation."

Mr. Pike operates one of the largest diversified ranches in the State, comprising about 4,500 acres of irrigated intensive farming. About 300 people live on the ranch all the time. During the harvest season, this runs up to 750 employees.

Mr. Pike speaks with great authority on his subject.

One of the leading agriculturists of the State and a serious student of social and economic problems of this fast-changing era, his approach to his subject is a practical one, just as his solution of the problem is a practical one. In a recently published article he says, "We must determine upon a united front for business, and live up to the responsibilities of business to government and to the people dependent upon business for employment."

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS—November 4th, Chevrolet Sound Motion Picture; November 11th, The Story of the Golden Gate International Exposition, illustrated with colored slides, Mrs. Sidney Levy; November 18th, California Agriculture and Labor Agitations, illustrated lecture, Mr. Roy Pike; November 25th, Thanksgiving, no program; December 2nd, How Good Is Your Memory? by Elmer W. Bonstin, Personality in Action by Archie R. Mack.

■ LANGUAGE CLASSES—Join these classes now to prepare for Exposition days when your knowledge of foreign languages will greatly enhance your enjoyment of the work this organization is planning.

■ BOOK REVIEWS—Change of date for the Book Reviews by Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard is to be noted. Commencing with the month of November, the Book Reviews will be given on the second Wednesday of each month from 11 to 12 in the morning and from 7:30 to 9 o'clock in the evening of the same day. This month, Wednesday, November 10th, Mrs. Stoddard will talk on the subject:

"NOVELS, FIRST NOVELS AND NOVELETTES."

The following books will be reviewed:

1. "The Buried Candelabrum" by Stefan Zweig.
2. "Remembering Laughter" by Wallace Stegner.
3. "Night at Hogwallow" by Theodore Strauss.
4. "A Cargo of Parrots" by Hernekin Baptist.
5. "Loving Memory" by James Hill.
6. "The Man, Joe Murray," by William Corcoran.
7. "The Turning Wheels" by Stuart Cloete.
8. "They Seek a Country" by Francis Brett Young.
9. "Pity the Tyrant" by Hans Otto Storm.

■ NOTE PAPER—We have "fine" note paper and cards on sale at the Library Desk, Front Office, and Information Desk beautifully inscribed with the National League emblem and worthy of your most meticulous correspondence. Card and envelope, 5 cents; note paper and envelope, 5 cents; second sheet (plain), 2 cents.

■ GIFT TOKENS — Try our gift tokens this year for your Christmas presents, applicable in Beauty Salon, Gift Shop or for books ordered through the Library. Further information for gift tokens may be secured from these departments of the Club.

■ CHRISTMAS BONUS—Shortly members will receive the form reminding them of the employees' Christmas bonus, which every year the National League for Woman's Service has given. Prompt response will be appreciated by the committee who will sit to allot the distribution. The spirit of this group of employees warrants your recognition.

■ LEAGUE SHOP — Silk brocade card cases in many colors, with attached cellophane envelopes to protect your Club membership card and driving license, are on sale in the League Shop. Order your personal Christmas cards now—our selection is most interesting.

■ WOODSIDE ATHERTON GARDEN CLUB — The calendar is now on sale in our League Shop, $1 each. Mrs. Martin will be happy to mail these calendars to you upon receipt of your check.

■ SWIMMING POOL—One of our adult members has written to tell us of the healthful results her swimming lessons have brought her. Many middle-aged women need just such mild exercise as swimming to keep trim, but because they do not know how to swim, neglect themselves or turn to too active exercise. Our swimming instructor is one of the most experienced in San Francisco. Why not have her give you a course of lessons, six or twelve, and count the beneficial results.

■ BEAUTY SALON — Is featuring an all purpose cream that will keep your skin free from wrinkles, a cleansing and tissue cream combined, reasonably priced. Ask Mrs. Grabow to tell you about "Viburna."

■ RESTAURANT DEPARTMENT—Have our expert catering department help with those extra touches which make Thanksgiving dinner such an ordeal to hostesses — ruby consomme, aspic salads, special rolls, plum puddings, frozen desserts, mince pies, and pastries, etc., all come within our realm. Even a stuffed roast turkey with giblet gravy can be prepared for you, cooked to "time" with your dinner hour. Mrs. Ashbrook will be glad to quote prices.

■ SAILOR-MADE BAGS will be on sale at the White House November 22nd and 23rd. Mrs. Austin Sperry will be in charge of the sale, which is for the benefit of the Veterans. Mrs. Sperry will be assisted by Mrs. Robert Coleman and Miss Ethel Birkmaier. Bags will be priced from $1 to $4.

■ CHRISTMAS GREENS AND PINE CONES — With Christmas decorations looming on the horizon, we would remind our members who may have pine branches and pine cones that we always need these things at Christmas time, so please think of us. We can use just as many as you send.

Chef Heibel (left) and Assistant
Women's City Club of San Francisco

The President's Message

The traditional good things of Thanksgiving find their place within these pages and are featured as the Event for November in the "Come-Into-Our-Kitchen Day." While we stand on the threshold of the holiday season, many in the Women's City Club will sense a deeper cause of Thanksgiving in the fact that the refinancing plan so long talked of and which took days and months of hard concentrated work on the part of many—is an accomplished fact. ■ Clearly through all the details of time and labor do we see it as a triumph of devotion to an ideal and another proof of the true value of our Volunteer Service program. We trust all will share in this spirit of Thanksgiving whether near or far and in the security of our own fireside may we continue to find in its warmth comfort and tranquility and in its light inspiration and confidence in the ideals of the National League for Woman's Service.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

AN EVENING WITH MOZART AT THE CLUBHOUSE

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17TH, EIGHT O'CLOCK

An entire evening to be devoted to music of the Mozart period. Clavecin originally owned by Mozart to be played.

PROGRAM ARRANGED BY

MARY DUNNE LENORE PETERS JOB

MUSIC

Clavecin Solos . . . . . Clayton Long
Vocal Solos . . . . . Ruth Felt Kaspar
Harp Solos . . . . . Edith White
Mary Dunne, Accompanist

DANCES

Lenore Peters Job . . . . . Frances Avila
Judy Job . . . . . Nancy Lee Burns
Gladys Steele, Accompanist

Note: The clavecin which will be played at the Clubhouse was originally owned by Mozart, and brought to the United States from Amsterdam for Miss Mary Dunne. This extraordinary instrument over which the fingers of the unforgettable Mozart moved and from which he was able to bring forth such astonishingly beautiful sounds, of which his divine composition gives us the everlasting and convincing evidence, is a simple clavecin made in Hamburg in the year 1764 by T. A. Hass, which, because of its beautiful, silvery tones and its solid and finished construction, does great credit to the maker.

RESERVED SEATS $1.00 **UNRESERVED SEATS 75c**

NATIONAL LEAGUE PLAYERS

Under direction of **DOROTHEA JOHNSTON**
presents

"NINE TILL SIX"

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12TH, EIGHT O'CLOCK

"Nine Till Six" is a three-act drama, the scene laid in a fashionable millinery and dress-making shop in Regent Street, London. The cast of sixteen women are as follows:

Margaret Zane
Helen M. Polak
Mary Curry
Eleanor Feeney
Patricia Whitby
Adeline Haake
Daisy Feyge
Ernestine Thompson
Mrs. Henry Bercut
Victoire Borel
Frances M. Hall
Bertha Wells
Jane Tomhagen
Maria Henderson
Caroline Cook
Frances Shoup

The play will start promptly at 8 o'clock and be over by 10 o'clock.

RESERVED SEATS 75c **UNRESERVED SEATS 50c**

*Tickets for both the above performances on sale at the Clubhouse.

Come Into Our Kitchen at the Clubhouse On Tuesday, November 23rd Eleven to Nine O'clock

■

ENJOY YOUR FELLOW MEMBERS, REPLENISH YOUR LARDER, BUY YOUR HOLIDAY FARE— ADD A NEW RECIPE TO YOUR COOK BOOK

Plan to have luncheon or dinner at the Club

■

TO BECOME INTIMATELY A PART OF THIS ACTIVITY— BRING YOUR GIFTS BEFOREHAND

Have you Jams, Jellies, Conserves? Have you Nuts or Dried Fruits?
Have you Fruit—Apples, Pears, Avocados, Pomegranates, etc?
Have you Eggs, Honey, Cheese? Have you Poultry or Produce?
Have you Cakes, Cookies, Pies, Biscuits, Fruit Cake, Plum Pudding, Mincemeat?
Have You International Dishes?

Talk at the Firelighting — October 4th, 1937

by Mrs. W. B. Hamilton

■ When asked by our President to speak to you of the Firelighting — I little dreamed that my acceptance would fill the intervening moments—sleeping and waking — with thoughts of our twenty-year history as a League for Woman's Service. A history full of memories, of hopes, of faith, of tears, of dreams, of ideals — of struggles borne, of conquests gained — and even a just bit of fame attained.

In the midst of this medley of emotions — by one of those mysterious, intelligent guides of fate I chanced upon the message our President, Miss Donohoe, had written for the September Club magazine. In that message she said the Firelighting "sounded the tempo and the keynote for the season." Let me read it to you. . . . This message was and continues to be a thought-provoking message — in that the Firelighting, firstly, sets "the tempo and keynote for the season," and, secondly, it "exemplifies the spirit of our organization — the spirit of Service." Here I paused to question and apply to myself as an individual member of a service organization the full meaning of the phrase — "spirit of Service" — and I find it challenged me — it meant my mental attitude — my responsibility to service — and that service "more than ever needed in the world today." Thirdly, it is pointed out that "the new members with song and story hear of our dramatic organization that for the older members never loses its charm."

Let's pause again to analyze the why of "dramatic organization." Here memories surge. It was dramatic because its birth was at the hour of tragedy in the world's history—the tragedy of a World War. Fourthly, this tempo, this keynote, this spirit of service and this dramatic organization are and must ever be "cementing together the valiant old and eager new into a living body." Am I right in saying this is a thought-provoking message? To me it sums up the whole web of our responsibility — in other words, our willing ability to respond.

The "dramatic organization," its first beginning, was as National Defenders Clubs for service men, the major of whom had been drafted from homes for their first experience with service regimentation — and we offered them the fireside best suited to their welfare. . . . Of the women who served at that time and are still living, the major number are yet members of this Club and at least a half dozen are serving on the present Board of Directors, with a faith unshaken and undimmed by the years.

Those two years of our League for Woman's War Service are the memories that bless and burn. The only material evidences of those two years that we carried over into this Clubhouse are the private dining room known as the National Defenders Room and bearing on the west wall between the windows a facsimile of our canteen emblem — an American shield surrounded by a circle bearing the name "National Defenders Club." And — the glorious American flag that stands in the hallway as you enter the American Room. This silk flag was presented to us during the period of the war by the sailors and soldiers who frequented the Club in the Monadnock Building — and was used by us when we marched up Market Street (all of us in the uniform you see us don yet for service) — in the national parades — the Red Cross War Service — Armistice, etc.

After Armistice was declared our war work finished we had so fully imbibed (Continued on page 30

Editorial

■ Food for thought—a new connotation for an old term—this "Come Into Our Kitchen" Day two days before Thanksgiving. This Clubhouse of ours has listened to recipe swapping before this, has seen food sales par excellence, has heard exclamations of joy as many a home-made delicacy has passed from one member's cuisine to another's. Thus it happens that as we prepare our "company dish" for our gift to this year's sale, we look forward expectantly at the same time to the goodies we ourselves will buy for our holiday tables. We remember specialties which other years were limited in number so that we could not buy more and we can hardly wait to see if the donor this year will again be generous and give us another opportunity to buy of her wares for the good of "our" Club.

There is to be no Talent Festival this year. The "Come Into Our Kitchen" Sale will take its place. Emphasis on Food in its varying phases appeals to all, housewife as well as business woman with her one-room apartment, and best of all the recipes of things we want to try to imitate will be available to us in return for a small sum. Our country and our farm members have promised produce. Our cooks have promised the best the culinary art affords. Let us "Come Into Our Kitchen" November 23rd and enjoy the day as we always do these occasions of comaraderie at our Club.

■ The two teas for members and prospective members at which the Board of Directors presided were a delight to those who came. To meet thus informally without program is a charming way to be initiated into an organization which is based on an ideal. It is hard for us to explain ourselves when the obvious use of our name sets us down as a club. We are often told that a friend would join but for the fact that she has her exclusive club which is all she needs for her use. Our answer is that if she has her exclusive club, then that is all the more reason why she ought also to support the National League for Woman's Service which will bring her out of her secluded group into the democracy which is so characteristically Western. She can hardly know her city of Saint Francis unless she is part of this National League for Woman's Service of California which has an identity all its own. She will want to show this organization to her Eastern friends who come to the Exposition and who will want to see the unusual. Nowhere else is such a program carried on year in and year out efficiently and dramatically as it is here at home. Let all who believe this be a part of it.

■ To live on in the hearts of men is to have lived. The group of fellow members of Mrs. S. G. Chapman who gathered a fortnight ago to hear the suggestions for a memorial for this beloved leader were inspired with one ideal—to do what would be most fitting. With one accord, an improvement to the Clubhouse, the closing-in of the patio and the changing of its arrangement in order to make the American Room more practical for many occasions, was chosen from among the suggested ideas. It was what Mrs. Chapman herself had planned. It was appropriate in memory of one who had envisioned a permanent home for the National League for Woman's Service of California, a home which would bring joy to the living democracy of women banded together for service.

These women had listened to the report made by Miss Donohoe showing that approximately one thousand dollars was then at hand, and they were told that to accomplish such an elaborate remodeling would cost many times the amount already collected, but any financial discussion of how the remainder was to be raised was unanimously brushed aside. There was but one question, "Is it what Mrs. Chapman herself would want?" When the answer came, "She it was who some five years ago got the drawings for this very thing only to abandon the idea when the cost became known," with one accord these twelve friends said, "Then we'll do it. An average of a dollar a member will probably be all that is needed. Of course we'll do it!" Only the Secretary remembers who made the motion, for all spoke at once, so eager was everyone to get the necessary parliamentary procedure "over and done with" and the "idea started."

And so the resolution to enclose the "May Chapman Garden" has been made. Those who knew this first President of the present Clubhouse will want to be part of this building improvement in her memory, and we are sure those who did not have the privilege of knowing personally this leader will want to do honor to the service she gave, by becoming a part of the hallowing of her services, as remembrance of it takes tangible form—the development of the May Chapman Garden.

Lights and Shadows at Geneva . . .

by June Lucas (Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas)

■ Dear Editor: Realizing the imperative element of time in making up "copy" for the November Magazine, the impressions of the first week at the Assembly meeting of the League of Nations must be on their way to you tonight. Perhaps the crowded train from Paris on the eleventh of September prepared one a little for the intense interest in the present session. Compartments crowded with "big wigs" and "little wigs," young secretaries, men and women representing the daily press, ordinary looking men, distinguished looking men, smartly dressed women —and in our own compartment even a middle-western Congressman and his wife going to Geneva "to see what it was all about!" Beautiful Geneva with its first snows on the mountains and a wind whipping the lake into a small sea, and no swans at Pont de Mont Blanc, suggested more than one kind of a "freeze-out!" It was delightful to find the fine old Palais Wilson, the first home of the League of Nations, now housing all the international peace organizations and the top floor of it converted into a pleasant hostel by the indomitable Quakers—and here, looking out upon the mountains and lake, I shall enjoy the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Pickard, English Quakers. Mr. Pickard made a most interesting contribution to our International Institute at Mills College last June, you may remember!

The opening meeting of the Assembly was the morning of September 13th. It was not held in the magnificent new buildings (they are not ready), but in the old city in the Salle du Conseil Général. Those of us who possess "permanente" tickets for the entire Assembly have most desirable seats in the gallery near the President's platform, from which the delegations can be seen and the speeches easily heard. All assemblies are more or less alike—the delegates change from time to time. This year the British delegation is headed by Mr. Anthony Eden, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Great Britain sits in the second row—Elliot, Secretary of State for Scotland, Mr. Malcolm Macdonald, the two other delegates. Eden came in as all delegates do from the back of the room and strolled slowly down the aisle, stopping to speak to the Swiss President, then with the head of the Swedish delegation, Mr. Sandler, both men with white hair. Eden is young and I thought vigorous looking. He did **not** speak to Mr. DeValera, sitting quietly in the end seat on that aisle! DeValera spoke to very few and they came to him. He is a distinguished-looking man. Later during the morning session I saw His Highness Aga Khan, head of India's delegation, talking with DeValera, and the latter vigorously responding. Litvinoff, heading again the delegation of the U. S. S. R., sprang about nimbly, laughing and talking with first this chief and then some under secretary. The U. S. S. R. have a full delegation. They sit in the last two rows on the left, and there is always a group of delegates from other delegations crowding around the U. S. S. R. delegates.

France has four chief delegates: Chautemps, President of the Council of Ministers; Delbos, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Boncour, the permanent French delegate to the Council of the League; and Herriot, the

old staunch friend of the American Red Cross during the war days in Paris, one of the first presidents of the Council here and now the permanent French delegate on the committee concerned with intellectual cooperation. He has not yet been in the Assembly meeting, but is giving his time to the Council meetings.

Spain has a full delegation headed by Negrin, head of the Spanish Cabinet; Giral, Minister for Foreign Affairs; and Del Vago, the former Minister of Foreign Affairs. Negrin as President of the Council of the League was in the chair at the opening of the Assembly until a new President could be elected. He made a very simple, straightforward brief speech in declaring the Assembly open, and referred only in a general way to the tragic condition of his country. It was late in the afternoon when His Highness Aga Khan, head of India's delegation, was elected. He is a big man, with rampant grey hair, black bushy eyebrows, big bone-rimmed spectacles. He came to the chair and spoke in perfect English. He said little—just the usual generalities, with the exception of one remark. He said that during the five years of his attendance as a League delegate, six nations had entered the League, among whom were Turkey, Irak, Afghanistan, Egypt. "Light," he said, "comes from the East"—and he looked down at Eden intently, I thought.

There have been rather tense and moving times in the Assembly meeting this week. Once when the announcement of the death of Masaryk, Czeckoslavakia's beloved President, was made, the entire audience stood and the head of Czeckoslavakian delegation replied to Aga Khan's tribute. Second, on Wednesday morning when Dr. Wellington Koo made, in calm and quiet voice, China's protest to the Assembly of Japan's brutal aggression in his country. He spoke in English, without emotion, but with more of hopelessness in his voice and manner than anything else. It was very quiet in the Assembly and the first applause of any real warmth came from the delegates when he had finished. There have been two high spots in the Council meetings so far—First, when Mr. Eden presented the report of the Palestinian Commission, and last night when the Spanish tragedy was laid again before them. Mr. Jordan, head of the New Zealand delegation, really provided the fireworks. He sprang to his feet and voiced most undiplomatically what everyone else was feeling and longing to have said! What the effect will be no one can tell.

Now for the issues: owing to the element of time, all will be over when this comes into print. No one knows what will happen and it is perhaps foolish to prophesy. But let me state as briefly as possible the major questions. Abyssinia, still, to use Mussolini's metaphor, with its corpse unburied—the crisis in Spain—the new Japanese aggression in China—and the question of Palestine. At the end of the first week all but Abyssinia have been brought to the attention of the League. I imagine Abyssinia has been held back because of the tension over the Nyon Conference, which did not end until the 14th of September, but it is bound to be presented. Abyssinia, a League member, crushed by a fellow member of the League! Italy, remains away from Geneva—the French and British governments are trying to bring her back—HOW is the question. There can be no reversing the League decision that Italy was the aggressor or even of recognizing the conquest of Abyssinia without further undermining of the prestige and authority of the League. Some observers say that Mussolini might have been satisfied if the Assembly had voted that Abyssinia had lost one of the necessary qualifications for membership—independence and self-government. But such a proposal to shut Abyssinia out would require a unanimous vote, and Spain, Mexico and the British Dominions would probably vote "no." Mussolini's official stamp upon Italian intervention in Spain seems to have lessened decidedly any enthusiasm for getting Italy to come into this Assembly session.

The Spanish crisis is now again before the Council and the Assembly. The Nyon Conference has ended with a definite agreement to stop the "piracy" in the Mediterranean and Litvinoff of the U. S. S. R. has worked shoulder to shoulder with Eden of Britain to bring it about. It will at least stop the submarine attacks upon merchant ships of powers outside the conflicting sides in Spain and may thus indirectly help the Valencia government by lessening the number of submarines in their waters. At least it was collective action for collective security—and it offers to Mussolini "a back way" out of his part in such attacks as part of an international agreement if he decides to accept it. No one now thinks he will, but he may. I have heard much informal discussion over the continued faith of the British in the Non-Intervention Committee in spite of its apparent futility. I think the British sincerely believe the non-intervention policy the best way of avoiding a general war, but there are other points of view; one, that she is playing for time on her own rearmament program; and one, that in spite of Franco's fascism, he will probably win for the time being and it is better to be friends with him! It will be some weeks, even months, before the effect of Nyon on Italy and Germany will be felt. Negrin's appeal to the Assembly today for Spain was most compelling.

The Chinese crisis seems to have the sympathy of everyone here. I have heard almost no Japanese defense. The League has (Continued on page 31

Earliest of Arts

by George Heibel, Chef of the Women's City Club of San Francisco

■ It is said by some of our foremost educators, professors, and philosophers that the Bible is our greatest and most helpful textbook to work from, for the uplifting of the human race, mentally, morally, and physically, and the increasing of longevity. When we stop and think, our body is in reality the only thing we have that we can call our own. Money, land, or any other material wealth we do not in reality possess, because those things are to be used, and can be taken away from us. So then it follows that it is our business to get a more comprehensive knowledge of food, for our own good.

We read in the old and new Testament that the rulers and lords had stewards of great intellectual ability and training to manage their households and institutions, and planned for many days for the big feasts and celebrations which followed their great victories over the enemies. These rulers chose young men of intellectual ability from other nations for new ideas to improve their culinary art.

There is a Roman cookery book called Apicius, written in ancient Latin some two thousand years ago, copies of which are still in some of the famous libraries and museums in Europe. They can't be bought at any price. There are also a few manuscripts of Apicius, considered priceless. Not even photographs of them are to be made. The Vatican Library in Rome was very liberal in this respect, however. It had a few copies made for sale, which were very expensive.

The art of cookery, like any other art, is in a class all of its own, so to speak. Each classical meaning and its "raison d'etre" either implies the origin of the dish, describes the food served, or denotes the name given to a dish by the chef or gourmet who was its originator.

Food being uppermost in our daily thoughts, it follows that the public, particularly those who patronize our clubs, hotels, and restaurants, should have a more comprehensive knowledge of all the names and terms that appear on our menus, and that are often puzzling.

And so it is with menu making. It dates back, I am sure, from the time man started to record his social progress, and the earliest specimens of the bill of fare may have been scratched on the walls of an inn thousands of years ago.

According to our chief authority, Athenaeus was a great Ironeller and chronicler. He took great pains to get information as to how the delicacies of the table were to be prepared and served in different parts of the country, and states that it was the custom at feasts to give the guests a complete list of the foods that were going to be served. Athenaeus lived in the third century A. D.

In the "Satire" by Petronius Arbiter, he definitely states that a bill of food was read aloud so that all guests assembled might know the food that was to be served on this particular occasion. Petronius lived in the first century A. D.

A few years ago a celebration was held in Germany commemorating the 445th anniversary of the invention of the menu card. It is also recorded that Duke Henry of Brunswick kept a list of the food that was to be served at his table on stated occasions, and that this was the beginning of the menu or bill of fare.

In the origin of different recipes for the preparing of food and drinks we find many strange and interesting sidelights. History records that cranberries were found by the early pilgrims in Massachusetts, on the Cape Cod peninsula. There they grew in the wild state upon the low marshlands. When the pilgrims killed the wild turkey for their first Thanksgiving Dinner, they also picked the cranberries as accompaniment — a taste that has endured to this day.

The Christmas significance of mince pie in interesting. Mince pies were a most important dish at Christmas Dinner long before turkeys, plum pudding, and fruit cakes had achieved such a distinction. Centuries ago, mince pie occupied the place of honor on baronial tables during the yuletide feasts.

Originally, mince pies were made in a form to represent the cradle of the Christ child, and in England Medieval cooks filled them with the choicest of meats shredded and minced together as emblems of the gifts of the Three Wise Men.

In the fifteenth century, when mutton became the chief ingredient, mince pies became known as mutton pies. A little later, when beef and other meats were added, they became definitely mince pies.

History first mentions cherries in the year 70 B. C. when they were taken to Rome from Asia.

Spinach, a product of Haiti, was first brought to the United States by Columbus.

Salt is used 1400 ways. (Continued on page 27

Apron String Axioms

by Julia Lee Wright

■ If we may be so bold, pooh-pooh to the statement that THERE IS NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN. Just to prove it, look at all the things that are coming out of kitchens these days! We find not only new foods, but methods and short-cuts that practically banish any thoughts of kitchen toil. Some cooking discoveries are made after carefully studied plans and principles, while others are more or less born of happy accidents.

Anyway, it's the finished product which counts with us, and if it looks good, is delicious to taste and nourishing, we give it a place of honor among other favorites.

For instance, there's no doubt that A PERFECT SOUFFLE IS A JOY FOREVER, and we learned how to do away with the kind that are shrinking violets. We took our cue from angel food cakes because they too are made chiefly with egg whites. When cream of tartar is added, the egg cell walls are toughened so that they rise up high and stay put. We reasoned that this trick would take the fall out of souffles, and it did! The addition of one-fourth teaspoon of cream of tartar to a standard souffle recipe keeps the delicate fluff perked up and almost fool-proof. It will even stand and wait for dinner without becoming dejected! Of course you add the cream of tartar to the egg whites while beating them to a moist peak.

YOU CAN MAKE YOUR CAKE AND ENJOY IT TOO if you follow sure and easy methods. One of our favorite short-cuts in mixing a butter cake is to beat the eggs, one at a time, into the creamed shortening and sugar. This eliminates separate beating and folding in of the egg whites . . . and an extra bowl to wash. Another suggestion is to push the creamed mixture to one side of the bowl, break the eggs in the other side and proceed to give them a good workout with a rotary beater.

WHAT GOES UP MUST COME DOWN, but we do feel disappointed when nuts and fruit take a dive to the bottom of the pan in cake batters. Add them to the creamed shortening and sugar for the best results, and remember that small pieces are better than large chunks. It's important, too, that the oven is at the right temperature when the cake is placed in to bake, then the fruit and nuts are set in the batter before they can carry out any sinking inclinations.

We have always liked to plump raisins to make them fairly float in a batter. Wash the raisins well, spread them on a pie pan and cover them with another pan. Trust the fruit to a moderate oven for about three minutes and the steam will puff the raisins into round fat balls. Nuts which are slightly toasted hold up better and have a crisp freshness.

WE LIVE AND LEARN eagerly about quick desserts. It takes only a jiffy to beat up two egg whites, one and one-half cups of well-drained cooked fruit and from one-half to three-fourths cups of sugar. All of the ingredients are popped into a bowl at once and a good brisk beating with a rotary beater whips up a stiff foamy mass. We like prune whip touched up with a little lemon juice and a custard sauce.

Attractive icings prove that WE LEAVE NO STONE UNTURNED in our effort to make cakes appear at their best. For a hurry-up topping, add one cup of firm tart jelly to two stiffly beaten egg whites. The fluffy stuff will swirl agreeably whether you beat it with a rotary beater or an electric machine. The topping is better than good . . . it's lovely to look at, delightful to eat! To be entirely successful, be sure to use a preserve which is full-flavored and firm.

A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS, but good popovers will hasten all late risers to the breakfast table. In general, it seems that the natural thing for popovers to do is cave in the middle and care not a whit about tough sides. We found a new method of baking, after some experimenting, that brings the best of results every time. We used deep cast-iron muffin pans or deep glass, porcelain or pottery custard cups half filled with batter and entrusted them to an unheated oven, then set the regulator at hot oven (450 degrees F.). After a half hour the heat was reduced to moderate oven (350 degrees F.) and baking continued for 15 minutes. A small inch cut made in one side of the baked popover lets out the steam and insures crispness.

HANDSOME IS AS HANDSOME DOES, and there may be a time when you will want to dress up some of your small party cakes with tinted coconut. Add a small amount of vegetable coloring to water and drop the canned (Continued on page 23

Our Oldest Industry —

by Eleanor G. Dunne

■ The food business is our oldest industry, the procuring of food, which developed into the profession of the preparing of food. Wherever you are, wherever you go, some phase of this great industry is manifest. "Wherewith shall I be fed?" is the daily problem and is the ever-pressing problem man has always faced.

When our prehistoric ancestor — I mean the one pictured with shaggy hair and a club, escorting his lady by the hair of her head — discovered how to make fire with which to warm himself, he also discovered that foods taste better if roasted or broiled; thus began the profession of cooking. So now, as the poet says:

"We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends, we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks."

Civilization has been one long experiment, using the methods of trial and error. From the simple methods of cooking of days gone by, great strides have been made in the preparing of food. The study of nutrition is now a science based upon ascertained facts and measurements. In general, we find that in order to maintain normal growth and replacement of living cells there must be taken into the body food that contains the proper elements in sufficient amounts. No two human beings are quite the same and it is very questionable whether any two will behave in exactly the same way toward the foods taken in. The individual, not the theory, must govern. That is why civilized people have reached standard, but flexible, menus and varying dietetic manners. That is why extremes and exaggerations are to be avoided and why faddists and their fads should be adjured. Diet needs wise control and supervision. Habit is a big factor; judgment must be developed. Science has shown that we should not plan or choose our meals according to our appetites or our likes and dislikes.

We consume energy in the form of food and expend it in the form of activity or heat; therefore, a balance is maintained by proper selection and amounts of food. These should be taken with regularity and should contain meat, fish, eggs, beans, peas for repair; fat, sugar, and starches for heat; green vegetables for mineral salts. Certain foods contain minerals also the vitamins which are so necessary for growth and maintenance of efficiency and vigor. They are also necessary for the utilization by the body of the food combinations. Vitamins are found in milk, cereals, fresh vegetables, yeast and cod liver oil. Fortunately these essential vitamins are so widely distributed that without special effort they are usually present in the average menus and in the normal diet. There is no truth in one food being good for the brain, another for the skin and a third for the muscles of our hands. If we supply the usual foods in the proper way, a wonderfully well balanced process within our bodies, over which we have very little control, will keep all our different tissues in adequate nourishment.

What a salesman is Mother Nature! How she advertises her wares! With the blue of the skies she blends the gold and orange tints of the sun to make the exquisite shades of green with which she decks our world. She tempts us with green leafy vegetables, crimson tomatoes, deep wine red beets, royal purple eggplant, golden hued carrots, in the vegetable marts, and her canvas of fruits is scarcely outdone by the glory and promise of her blossoms.

As autumn comes, lest we become too accustomed to her benediction of green grass and green trees, she tints our land for a harvest festival with the glowing reds and yellows of her falling leaves. Then the goldenrod is yellow, the pumpkins are all around, cranberries are at their sweetest, and turkeys, well, turkeys are getting ready for Thanksgiving Day. Since the first Thanksgiving Day, the turkey has ranked as a bird of great importance in America. Of course, he would not appreciate his importance if he knew the reason why.

Not one day, but a week, was given to the first Thanksgiving feast in New England in 1621. Men were sent out to hunt deer and turkeys and to call Massasoit and his tribe to the Pilgrims' table. The Indians, accustomed to offer (Continued on page 31

Festive Holiday Entertainment

by Jeanne Burton

■ November opens the most abundant and colorful gastronomical season of the year. It is a season full of food festivities from field to market and from kitchen to dining room. It is a season of food traditions, flavor memories, honest appetites and plentiful larders; a season when creative cooks go beyond the boundaries of prosaic pepper, salt and sugar into the realm of aromatic herbs, spices, rum, brandy and wines; a season when they dash mace into the squash and the pumpkin and add cinnamon and allspice to the pie dough, imbed cloves in the onions, sprinkle basil on the tomatoes, chop tarragon into the salad, dot caraway, anise and poppy seeds on the cookies and rolls, steep borage in the hot apple cider, float mint leaves and geranium petals in the cold drinks, tinge sauces with golden saffron and curry, sprinkle boiled potatoes with freshly chopped parsley and chives, and add rosemary, sage, bay leaves and discreet amounts of garlic to the turkey dressing.

It is the season when creative cooks sprinkle rum and brandy in the mince meat, on the sweet potatoes, in the pumpkin pie, in the omelet and on the plum pudding which comes flaming to the table; a season when they add wine to the pudding sauce, to ragouts and to fish; to the steak as it broils and to the fruit cakes as they age through the months.

It is the season for homemade breads — when the creative cook varies old recipes to achieve new color, texture and flavor; when she varies sweetbreads with walnuts, candied orange peel, raisins, dates, cranberries, pineapple and bananas; when she makes cocoa bread, corn bread, butterscotch bread and peanut butter bread; when she varies savory breads with bits of sausage and bacon, chopped anchovies, pungent cheeses, celery seeds, caraway and curry.

It is a season when creative cooks concoct luscious hors d'oeuvre; when they stuff tiny tomatoes with Russian caviar, curl pink prawns around slivers of crisp celery, put Brisling sardines through rings of pickle, put chopped anchovies into the stuffed eggs, fill cucumber cups with flaked salmon and stuff radishes with roquefort cheese.

It is the season when the hostess shows skill in contriving festive decorations with vegetables, fruits and berries. She may loosen the outer leaves of a simple cabbage and fill them with bananas, crooknecked squash, apples, bell peppers and oranges and cascade bell peppers down one side of the heart, or pattern small yellow and green squash, tomatoes, carrots, and string beans around a plump pumpkin. She may achieve sophisticated simplicity with a fresh pineapple ringed with tiny green limes and radiating green bananas. If she is willing to suffer the pricks, for the sake of a Mexican motif, blooming cactus combined with Crown of Thorns makes a gay centerpiece, or she may achieve a Mexican feeling with agave leaves filled with persimmons, pomegranates and purple grapes. In San Francisco an all-white arrangement can be developed with the slender white eggplant from Chinatown, white summer squash and white sprouting onions. For a brown-toned scheme one may use eucalyptus leaves and buds, shiny chestnuts, contrasting almonds, walnuts and pine cones; for warm color — pepper tree branches in the same bowl with rosy apples, pomegranates and cranberries; for purple hue — the purple (Continued on page 21

Civilized Man Cannot Live Without Cooks

by Georgia H. Sawyer (Mrs. Charles H. Sawyer)

■ Food is always important and is a subject of universal appeal. No sound is as generally welcome as the dinner bell. Whether it is the call of the woodsman's cook "Come and get it," the triangle on the big ranch, the musical chimes on shipboard or the stately announcement that "dinner is served," we all answer it expeditiously.

San Francisco is such a cosmopolitan community and has so many foreign restaurants that we eat many dishes originating in other countries and have come to feel that they are our own, and have learned to make many of them ourselves.

I am an enthusiastic experimenter myself, and in my travels always try the foods of the country and if they seem adaptable to our own tables, I try to get the recipes. It is a little difficult sometimes for few foreign cooks have accurate measurements. Our cook in Tientsin, China, used "a litty bit this, a litty bit that and cook um long time." It was rather indefinite, but by careful watching we managed to learn some of his wonderful fish recipes and have adapted them to our own varieties of fish.

I remember many years ago watching the old cook in Lovina's famous hotel in Tahiti. He spent a long time squatting in the back yard, grating the soft green coconut meat and straining the thick cream through coconut fibre to make the wonderful sauce for pota. He could not speak English and I could not understand his Tahitian but he cheerfully showed me how he did it, and I could enthusiastically eat the results. I have never found foreign cooks who were not proud to show how they made their dishes.

A friend who has recently travelled in Peru tells me of their interesting dishes — rather different from the Mexican and Spanish food. She says the exotic odors emanating from a Peruvian kitchen are not apt to whet the appetite. But after eating one finds the food has been acceptable. Long cooking has blended the flavorings beyond recognition. It is not a place to attract our children as spinach seems to permeate many of their dishes. Any one would accept spinach soup, boiled with a ham bone and a bit of bay leaf and flavored with grated Parmesan cheese, but to be served a triangle of pie and to find it made of spinach is surprising to say the least. She brought back interesting recipes which are well worth trying.

While we are all interested in foreign cooking and like many of their elaborate and strange concoctions, nearer to our hearts and "tummies" are the foods of our own country. Each is distinctive of its own section.

Does it make you hungry to think of the roasting ears of Maine? The baked beans and brown bread of Boston? The pepper-pot and scrapple of Philadelphia? The wonderful terrapin and oysters of Baltimore? The Brunswick stew of Virginia? Through the states, each with its own specialties down to New Orleans with its Creole dishes. There are so many foods from so many places that it would take too long to enumerate them all.

In coming to California our mothers and grandmothers brought their treasured recipes with them from their old homes. Many of us have old account books with the old recipes written in fine old-fashioned script, just as good today as when written fifty years or more ago and only needing a little more accurate measurements to assure good results with our modern stoves and ingredients. It is fun to share them and I for one am proud to pass them on to our fellow members with the hope that they will enjoy the making and eating as much as I have.

Those born in California really have the advantage of others for here we raise such varied crops and have so many things with which to work the whole year round. With our artichokes, avocados, shrimps, crabs, our tiny California oysters, our sandabs, our wonderful fruits and wines, we can set a table to be the envy of the whole world.

Those who have country places have been developing recipes suitable for outdoor cooking and barbecues. Perhaps they will share their ideas and recipes with us so that we may be all ready with the coming of spring next year to try new dishes under our redwoods and in the open places.

In a small back yard in Santa Cruz this summer I was served part of a fine big salmon which had been stuffed with onions, butter and spices, wrapped in grape leaves and cooked slowly on an outdoor grill over charcoal. I think it will stay in my memory fully as long as the wonderful (Continued on page 21

Pastries

by Christina S. Madison (Mrs. Randolph)

■ "Pastry: articles of food such as pies, cakes, etc., made of light, fluffy dough."

Thus the dictionary defines one of the most important phases of the culinary arts. Adding to this list of light dough products under the general title of "pastry" a roll of delicious dishes — for the wee "etc." embraces such intriguing baked products as cakes, cookies, patty shells and meat and fish pies, to the sweet doughs, synonymous to most of us with French pastry, as all mixtures boasting of a topping made of light, flaky dough belong to the pastry family.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating," runs the old adage. Well, the proof of the pastry is more than that because the texture and appearance is of equal importance and to obtain perfection in the creation of light, fluffy doughs, one must understand the preparation of the dough and the art of baking it.

While all pastries are built upon the same foundation of flour, salt and water, the results vary to a remarkable degree. The experienced chef may excel the homemaker (and usually does) in the beauty and texture of his wares. The homemaker, even though she may be only an average baker has the advantage in that she can plan her baking to serve the dishes without delay, a vital factor in this type of cookery as pastries should be served oven-fresh.

Poking fun at the bride's biscuits or pies provided years of jokes at the younger woman's expense in the past. Now, the tables are turned because the younger woman, or the bride of today includes a course of home economics along with her mathematics and history. She is familiar with time and temperature cooking and baking, as well as in the use of all labor saving devices. The older woman is too frequently content with guessing methods, with varying results.

Salient points in pastry making are the types of flours, shortenings, proper mixing, chilling and baking.

Use only standard products which give uniform results. Either keep in stock several flours, such as bread, pastry and cake flours, or buy one that combines the qualities of all three for general cooking. Shortenings also vary. Some are animal fats, others vegetable products and it is possible to buy a combination of both. Some bakers prefer the latter, while others use lard and butter, in equal proportions, or in the case of cakes, two-thirds butter and one-third fat. Better experiment until you find one that suits your own requirements. And remember in this, as in the use of baking powders, the quantity of fat with the flour depends upon its type, so do not find fault with the recipe until you are sure of the shortening qualities of the fat you are using.

With pastry flour, ice water and a good shortening, the next important step in pastry making is the preparation of the dough. Two important principles underlie pastry making — one is to use the correct amount of ice water and the other is the incorporation of enough air into the dough to produce a light, flaky crust.

Try to remember this rule (in colloquial language) "to keep the water out" and "to get the air in."

Too much water will make the pastry tough and hard. Insufficient air will prevent the crust from rising.

When making ordinary pie paste, rich enough to please the most fastidious, use this method for good results.

Place the shortening, bowl and water in the ice box until thoroughly chilled. If you possess one of the new rolling pins, that may be filled with crushed ice — fine. If not, then chill your wooden roller.

Next have your tins (or glass pie plates) ready. Spread out a large sheet of paper that can later be discarded without leaving a trace of your work. Then on the paper have your container of flour, sifter, the salt, your pastry mixer, a sharp knife, pie edger if you wish to make a fancy edge, a pastry brush, cups and spoons.

Have ready two sheets of wax paper. Fill the flour sifter with flour. Sift it onto the wax paper, then measure the flour by filling your measuring cup with a spoon, then leveling it off with the edge of the knife. Turn this into the empty sifter, adding the salt called for in your recipe and repeating with the flour until you have the amount called for. Then put the extra sifted flour aside.

Sift the flour and salt from wax paper to wax paper at least three times, then turn into the mixing bowl. Add one-third of the amount of shortening called for in the recipe and with the mixer work it into the flour until it becomes granular. Then add the ice water, stirring it with a silver knife or fork until it takes up all of the flour and the bowl is clean. Use as little water as possible as the dough should be very stiff.

Then sift some of the sifted flour onto your cloth, board, or you can use more wax paper if you wish. Place the dough on the flour, (Continued on page 23

I Have Been Reading

DINE AT HOME WITH RECTOR: By George Rector. Dutton, 1937. Price, $2.50. Reviewed by Josephine Bartlett Martin.

AMERICAN WOMEN'S CLUB COOKERY BOOK: By Pearl Droste Plogsted. G. P. Putmans Sons, Ltd., 1928. Price, $3.00. Reviewed by Mabel C. Nourse.

COFFEE: The Epic of a Commodity. By Heinrich Edward Jacob. Viking, 1935. Price, $3.50. Reviewed by Virginia Mysell.

■ Either maid or matron, with an eye to being married or remaining so, may read this with profit and write down as she reads! For here are no fancy "a la dishes with red, white and blue gravy," as one American once characterized the haut cuisine, but a straightforward and highly amusing discussion of the simple foods that men like and why they like them. Plus a number of dependable recipes, mostly American, and of that deceptive American simplicity.

Corn bread, biscuit, buckwheat cakes, French dressing, pies, onion soup, those are the recipes that Rector speaks of with affection and respect and that he assures us rank highest in the estimate of the male animal. And George Rector should know whereof he speaks. The son of the elder Rector who first made dining out a fine art in America, pupil of the great Hippolyte Arnion, George Rector not only spent a lifetime pleasing the palates of the American millionaires, but a glance at his portrait convinces one that when he writes about food he writes from the heart — to put it delicately.

Foreign cookery is not altogether neglected. George Rector has been too long a citizen of the world not to appreciate the best efforts of Spanish, Italian, French, German, Viennese and Hungarian cooks. In the chapter headed "An International Eleven" we are privileged to learn a few of the secrets of the famous chefs of Europe.

Particularly delightful are the chapters on outdoor cooking, and what a man shall do for himself when the little woman's away . . . almost a dangerous chapter, that one! According to George Rector, such a situation is not a plight, but an adventure. And the homecoming wife is likely to find a chef where she had left a husband!

A number of the chapters in the book have appeared separately in the magazines, but taken as a whole they are a priceless collection of treatises on cookery that no woman who takes the husband-feeding problem seriously can afford to be without.

As for the aforementioned maiden, listening for the strains of "O, Promise Me!" far better for her to buy and ponder "Dine at Home With Rector" than spend the money on French perfume. For the fragrance of a pumpkin pie a la Rector is a lot more certain to down the quarry!

■ From London comes the American Woman's Club Cookery Book compiled and edited by Pearl Droste Plogsted. It is published especially for English women who are interested in American cooking and eager to know more about it. The book carries the hope that a culinary entente may be added to the many already-existing common interests between the people of the two countries.

The twelve hundred recipes show the wide range of American cooking, the variety and piquancy of which are due to the cosmopolitan character of our people. Typical examples are recipes for "Mousse of Chicken a la Virginienne," "Indian Mutton Broth," "Japanese Rice," "Fricatelle," "Pralines" and "Bletz Kuchen."

The chapter groupings, headed by quotations clever in their appropriateness, are comprehensive; the directions in the recipes are simple and clear. The volume is well indexed.

An unusual recipe is the foreword of the book, namely:

A Recipe for Happiness

Patience, justice, mercy, truth;
All the pleasures found in youth;
Joy and hope and courage strong
Mixed with love your whole life long.
Stir till smooth—in large mould cast;
From this mixture comes at last—
Charming in its power to bless—
Lovely, star-crowned happiness.

Editor's Note.—This review is particularly interesting because of the fact that the American Women's Club of London has reciprocal relations with our Club.

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■ Against the backdrop of history and civilization Heinrich Jacob has woven the story of "Coffee." His enthusiastic treatise contends that coffee in many an important instance has made history—that the thought and deeds of nations are strongly effected by the beverages they consume. In the land of the ancients where Bacchus was made a god, did not the expansion of the ego through wine bring forth the life, literature and civilization of that antique world? It was Arabic civilization, whose prophet uprooted the vine, that brought coffee to the door of medieval Europe. Caffein, the anti-Bacchic stimulant of the East, that mighty nutriment of the brain which increases purity and clarity, which illumines the reality of things with the white light of truth, was cousin german to the Mohammedan idolization of reason.

Coffee made its first stronghold in Europe about 1650 as an antidote, when the English at the close of the Civil War were given to gross excess in the consumption of alcohol. Most gratifyingly, from the English coffee houses of the eighteenth century came forth a new humanism and the great names of Dryden's age.

In France almost a century after England's acceptance of coffee, coffee houses were the meeting points between intellectualism and economics; and Michelet, French historian, made coffee responsible for that fulminating explosion of the eighteenth century, the French Revolution.

Added to the effect of coffee on the world's thought, we have its effect upon the building of nations. Much of the wealth of Holland has been founded upon its coffee of Java. While the great new world republic of Brazil was almost entirely developed from the rich harvests of the coffee-bean.

National League Book Shop

■ Brillat-Savarin: THE PHYSIOLOGY OF TASTE. The author's frequently quoted saying gives the keynote to the book, "Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are." $2.00.

Furnas, C. C. MAN, BREAD AND DESTINY. A book about the most important subject in the world, food, and its effect upon individual and racial development. All served up with wit and enthusiasm. $3.00.

Fisher, M. F. K. SERVE IT FORTH. A rare book about food, about those who eat it and those who prepare it. $2.50.

Simon, Andre L. ART OF GOOD LIVING. This is a book on eating as an art. $2.75.

Adam, Pearl. KITCHEN RANGING. Favorite food the World over. $2.50.

Fox, Helen M. GARDENING WITH HERBS FOR FLAVOR AND FRAGRANCE. A mine of information on the delicate herbs. $2.50.

Beston, Henry. HERBS AND THE EARTH. A gardener, philosopher and poet describes and gives the histories of his herbs. $2.00.

Lutes, Della T. COUNTRY KITCHEN. A book of essays judged "the most original book" of the year of its publication. $1.75.

Lutes, Della T. HOME GROWN. A new book similar to the above. $1.75.

CONGRESSIONAL COOK BOOK. National and international favorite recipes. $1.00.

Gildersleeve, Elena. BABY EPICURE. A much-needed discussion on the preparation and serving of foods to children and invalids. $1.75.

Kakuzo, Okakura. THE BOOK OF TEA. The history and attitude as symbolized in tea drinking. $1.75.

Bunyard, Edward A. THE ANATOMY OF DESSERT. The author is a true connoisseur of classical desserts. $2.00.

Festive Holiday Entertaining

(Continued from page 17)

cabbage cut in quarters, the shiny eggplant and purple onions with persimmons and green string beans for contrast; for yellow-bearded barley and dried wheat with little yellow squash, lemon cucumbers, lemons and oranges. Bunches of plebeian beets with their green and red leaves standing upright, florets of cauliflower and bunches of carrots in symmetrical arrangement become surprisingly formal. Tiny chili peppers and cranberries make a gay wreath.

November opens the holiday season when foods are full of flavor, decorations are festive and hospitable hostesses are always prepared for unexpected guests.

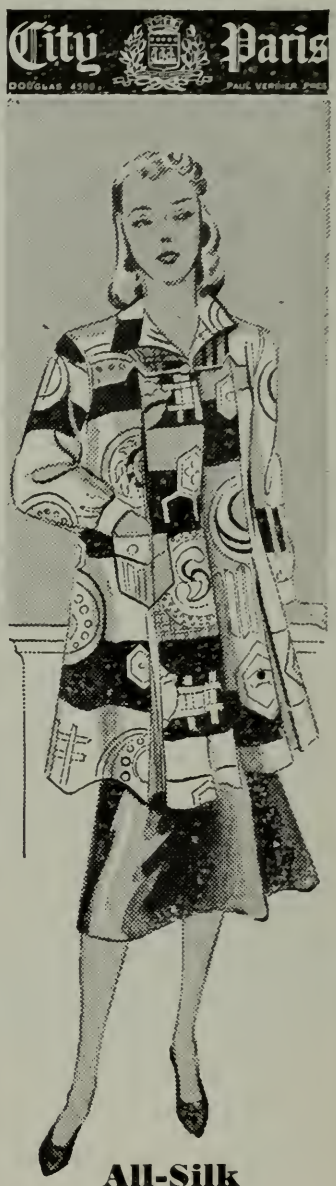
"Civilized Man Cannot Live Without Cooks"

(Continued from page 18)

begonia and delphinium gardens that we visited on the same day. It was just as beautiful in its own way.

Let us all think of our choice and unique recipes and share them on November 23rd with our fellow members. I think it would be especially interesting for the members from other states to give us some of the specialties from their old homes.

What's that? First call for dinner in the dining car? Let's go!



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Grandmother's Pot Pourri

—Mai M. Watson

■ In these days when perfumes sell for as much as twenty dollars an ounce and everybody is so busy driving cars, playing bridge or selecting the family dinner with haste at the nearby delicatessen, the mere mention of the words pot pourri brings blank stares. Not one in a hundred knows what they mean, but to those who do they bring recollections of the days of flounces, old lace and lavender; they recall grandmother with her thousand and one recipes for making everything from her famous shampoo concocted from Spanish bark and dried mallow, to her equally famous sun-cooked strawberry jam, to say nothing about the jars of pot pourri which when their covers were lifted sent forth a waft of delicious odors no modern-day perfume could match.

I can see the old lady now as she flitted from bush to bush in our garden, selecting and plucking the roses, those with the strongest scent, the pinks, the violets, a bit of heliotrope, a spray of orange from the tree that was pampered all winter by John the gardener, sheltered as it was by its covering of burlap; sprigs of mignonette, and jonquils. To these she added a small proportion of the flowers of myrtle, rosemary and thyme. When all were gathered, a table was pushed out into the sun on the porch and upon it were laid bamboo trays such as one can now buy in Chinatown. Sheets of blotting paper were spread on the trays and over these the flower petals were thinly scattered. It took three or four days to dry the contents of the trays, which each night were carefully taken indoors. When the required degree of dryness was achieved, the final operation was undertaken. Into a jar designed for the purpose, one with a double cover, a layer of the petals was put. This was followed by a very thin layer of common salt, and alternate layers of petals and salt were added until the jar was filled. The jars were then put aside for at least a month, at the end of which time the contents were lightly moistened with rosewater and the whole stirred up. Thereafter Grandmother's pot pourri was ready to spread its fragrance, one reminiscent of the garden in the full bloom of spring, even though the time of year was winter.

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(Continued from page 19)

pat out lightly with the palm of your hand, sprinkle lightly with flour, then roll into an oblong piece with the rolling pin. Dot the surface with one-third of the remaining shortening, fold over the ends to the center, then fold again to make four layers. Roll out into an oblong piece again and repeat twice, adding the shortening each time. Then divide the dough, using as little flour as possible, both for the board and the surface of the dough, and either make two crusts for open-faced pies or use one for the bottom and the other for the top for a covered pie.

You can either place the dough in the ice box for an hour or so to chill, or cover the tins, then wrap them in wax paper until needed, as pie dough will keep several days in the refrigerator.

Remember when mixing the dough that too much kneading or unnecessary rolling will also make the dough tough —also that the air should be worked into it by the addition of the shortening in the folding process, as it is the expansion of this air when the heat of the oven is applied that makes the crust light.

Conservation Conference

■ "Conservation," the Art of keeping or protecting from loss or injury, will be the subject of an all-day conference, called by the California Conservation Council, of which Miss Pearl Chase of Santa Barbara is State Chairman.

It is to be held on November 15th in the Women's City Club Auditorium with a morning session, starting at 10 o'clock, noon program and luncheon ($.87) and afternoon session starting at 2 o'clock. The morning session will be given to the subject of "Teaching Conservation." The noon hour and afternoon session will cover various phases of Conservation with club leaders, State and Federal Officials as speakers.

All Women's Organizations and Junior Groups are invited to participate and interested persons are invited to attend. Mrs. Edmund N. Brown, Chairman of Conservation for the City and County Federation of Women's Clubs is the Chairman of Arrangements.

(Continued from page 15)

variety of coconut into it. Swish it around, then squeeze the coconut well to remove excess water. Dry the coconut on waxed paper before using. Remember the attractiveness of faint shy colors and add the coloring with a reluctant hand.

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San Francisco Housewives' League

—Frances V. Meeker, President

I have been asked to tell you about some of the activities of the San Francisco Housewives' League, and particularly to lay stress on such points as food and the high cost of living.

The heading on our letterhead tells our purpose, which I will quote: "The purpose of this organization shall be the study of economic and civic problems in relation to the needs of the housewife and the furtherance of greater efficiency in home management."

I shall give you in as compact a form as possible a summary of our work of the present year and leave you to judge whether or not it is worthwhile.

I really think there must be something in the old saying when things go wrong during the day—"Well, what else did you expect when you got out of bed on the wrong side this morning?" "Yes," you reply, "but it is only one day to which that saying applies, and to date it seems as if there had been nothing else."

To be sure, we had a very severe winter followed by an epidemic of "flu" —but our Housewives began the year on January 15th with a good meal in our Club Dining Room, and this in spite of the rumors abroad that the price of living was going up.

As good housewives, our next meeting dealt with finance, annuities, life insurance, budgeting and possible inflation on the part of the government. We believe in preparedness, you see. We still did not worry much about food, although prices and home expenses were rapidly rising. .

In February our test came in the efforts of the cleaners and dyers to pass an ordinance through the Board of Supervisors and in return receive a price-code, which would enable them to raise their prices. This was drawn to our attention and we protested it. The bill was declared illegal by the City Attorney, but nevertheless the Board passed it, as did the Mayor also; but later on a test case was decided adversely, needless to say, much to our satisfaction.

The interest in the bridges was becoming intense and we had frequent talks on same and what it all meant to San Francisco.

An election on March 9th diverted our attention somewhat, and our lawyer speaker, working against one of those bond elections that crop up so frequently in our city—in this case involving a large sum of money—advised NO on same.

Again our attention was turned to the home and its interests by a talk on "New Employer-Employee Relationship in the Home," an effort to raise household employment to a higher plane by making it a trained-for vocation, which offers a new and interesting career for intelligent women. We believe most heartily in this. .

The next thing to electrify us and hold our intense interest was the Supreme Court issue. It seemed as if nothing else mattered alongside of this subject, and our interest still holds strongly.

A home-like talk on the County Welfare Department helped us to understand what is being done for the aged and infirm and excited our deep interest and sympathy.

And then came the miserable story of graft and hotel strikes and picketing! A sorry story for San Francisco, one of which we are not proud, involving financial loss and injury to business of the city that is irreparable.

In May we had a talk on "Meat Buying and Meat Prices," with a demonstration. We were told that meat prices were high and might even go higher, that it was the result of drought, severe winters, and the present trend toward higher wages and prices.

On June 4th we had a speaker on "Making Your Own Will," a subject that should rightfully interest everyone, and yet through gross neglect an injustice is often done to those we would protect.

On June 18th a luncheon in the Club Dining Room, followed by a program of moving pictures of the Redwood Highway, which were shown in the Chinese Room on the Second Floor. This program closed the meetings for the first half of the year.

We belong to Section 40 of the San Francisco Branch of the Needlework Guild, and do our part each year, and are proud to work with Mrs. R. H. Donaldson, who is a member of our League.

We have worked with the milk problem of this city for the last four years, and on September 17th had a speaker on that subject connected with the State Board. His subject, "What Is to Be Done to Correct the Present Milk Situation," was most interesting. It seems strange to us that milk—so essential as a food, so vital, so absolutely necessary to the lives of all children—should be the political football of the nation, and controlled by trusts. California and its milk

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RHODA ON THE ROOF

HATS

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RHODA ON THE ROOF
233 POST STREET DOuglas 8476

interests have been exceedingly difficult to handle.

While on this subject I will draw your attention to the state-wide convention covering the milk interests, held at the Hotel Oakland on November 18th at 10 a. m. and lasting three days.

On October 1st we heard a talk on the opposing side of "Rapid Transit," and at our last meeting we passed a resolution voting against it.

On October 15th the subject was "What the Housewife Should Know About Egg Values"—another very important article of food, the price and quality of which interest Housewives. We had a most interesting talk on how to judge quality as well as price.

Again returning to the subject of meat, I would say that high prices are largely due to the drought conditions throughout the West, and the wholesale slaughter of animals. Prices will probably not be lowered until around the first of the year. Pork is high, as the hogs have been kept for breeding purposes. The demand for lamb in the State of California is greater than the supply, and brings better prices than mutton. The farmers prefer to sell the lambs, as it takes longer to feed the animal for mutton.

The butchers are placed in a very difficult position, and are blamed unjustly for conditions they cannot help. The bidding on stock is very sharp, not necessarily confined to the stockyard, but buyers travel all over the state and the radio keeps the farmer well informed as to the market prices.

"Call for Philip Morris"

■ One of the most versatile and entertaining variety broadcasts on the air is to be heard on Tuesday at 8:30 over NBC and Saturday at 8:30 over CBS. The program referred to is "Johnny Presents," featuring the music of Russ Morgan, Frances Adair and Glenn Cross, assisted by the Swing 14 in vocal specialties and the vitally interesting dramatic thrills produced by Charles Martin.

As M. C. on this thrilling potpourri of entertainment we find one of radio's most interesting and unique figures. Johnny, the diminutive radio page familiar to all as the living representation of America's finest cigarettes, is this figure. Twenty-seven years of age, 43 inches in stature and weighing approximately 54 pounds, Johnny pleases countless millions with his famous "Call for PHILIP MORRIS."

For a real taste thrill, we suggest a call for PHILIP MORRIS, and for an enjoyable half hour's broadcast, we suggest "Johnny Presents."

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GIFT
for Gentlemen

. . . is a reflection of your own good taste . . .

You are cordially invited to visit our store and view our exclusive offerings, priced moderately.

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for GIFTS

Select an exquisite present from Madame Butterfly's Shop of Oriental apparel and objects of art.

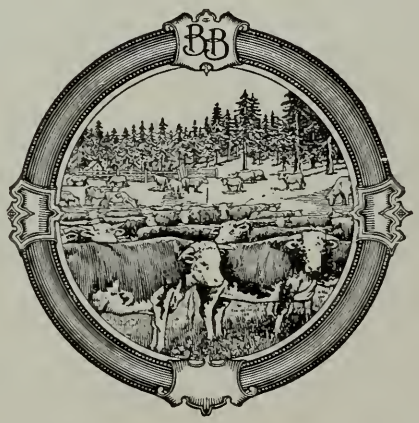
Gorgeously patterned pajamas of heavy lustrous silk for men, women and children . . . luxurious lounging robes . . . nightgowns in heavenly colors . . . slips of pure silk in pastel tints . . . alluring negligees . . . Mandarin coats . . . vivid hand-blocked kimonos . . . a whole treasure shop of exotic Oriental apparel — in ready-to-wear and made-to-order.

Exquisite gifts for one's friends are the lacy handkerchiefs . . . brocade purses . . . and the carved ivory and jade figurines and novelties.

Madam Butterfly
430 Grant Avenue

BAUMGARTEN BROS.

522-30 CLAY STREET
San Francisco



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$350 in Cash Prizes

GIVEN AWAY EVERY MONTH—THERE IS A COUPON IN EVERY POUND

Speed-i-Mix Pie Crust New Development

—Patricia Killoran

■ Get a baker and a mill together and you're pretty apt to run up something extra-special, it would seem in reviewing the origin of Speed-i-Mix, a ready-to-use pie crust mixture put out by the Roman Meal Co.

The "baker" in this instance was William Matthaei, who as executive of the Matthaei Baking Co. of Tacoma, Wash., learned the baking business from A to Z and often spoke authoritatively on the subject before the Baker's Institute.

Becoming associated with this milling enterprise, he conceived the notion of saving time and money by evolving a pie crust practically ready to use. That's how Speed-i-Mix came into being.

Record Sales

Introduced here in April, already its selling volume has run into carloads in this area. The reason is simple. Scores of women know the tragedy of a baking failure and the grief of throwing an anticipated oven goody in the garbage can.

When they hear of a mixture which requires only the addition of water to make a uniformly perfect pie crust, immediately they're interested and say, "Let's see!"

"Their initial trial convinces them," the makers say. "Imagine their delight when, in no time at all, two double-crust nine-inch pies are set before them, flaky, rich and answering their family's idea of what a perfect pie should be.

Permanently Packaged

"Speed-i-Mix, moreover, is packaged in a parchment bag, then put in a plain container and encased in an outside printed wrapper, giving three times the ordinary protection and eliminating any chance of spoilage no matter how long kept. If only a portion of the package is used after opening, the remainder may be kept indefinitely," it is stated.

Each package is tested before leaving the factory and the product is made so scientifically and with such elaborate equipment that it is declared impossible to duplicate such "fool-proof" methods in the home.

Buy unusual recipes when you "Come Into Our Kitchen" November 23rd

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Earliest of Arts

(Continued from page 14)

About 60 years ago a Mr. Townsend, at that time a concert pianist, was reputed to have originated the American dessert, apple pie a la mode. He ordered it at Delmonico's, and Delmonico liked it so well that it was added to his dessert menu.

In the year 1784 there was an inn in Yonkers, New York, which was famous for the drinks it served. One day, one of the daughters of the owner of the inn was preparing a drink out in the courtyard when a rooster started crowing. In the ruffling of its tail feathers, one was wafted into the air toward the innkeeper's daughter. She caught it and with it stirred the drink, and on handing the glass to the one who had ordered it, said facetiously, "Here is your cocktail, sir." Ever since, according to the story, the drinks made in this inn were called "cocktails," and the place soon became known as the "Cocktail Inn."

Bell-Brook Dairies Start Children's Club

■ Bell-Brook Dairies, sponsors of "The Adventures of Sonny and Buddy," Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5:15 over radio station KYA, announce the formation of a children's club in connection with their radio program.

Tom Swan, sales manager of Bell-Brook Dairies, made the following comment: "Every mother knows the value of milk in her child's diet. And every mother knows the difficulty of getting her child to drink enough milk. That's the primary reason for our radio program for children . . . to encourage the children of San Francisco to drink more milk for their own good health. And during this program we try to teach them the value of being good, of respecting their elders, and the value of good character. We want every mother to feel that the Bell-Brook Dairies are cooperating with her by influencing children's minds on the value of being good. As part of our campaign we are forming a club for the children listening to our radio program. This club will involve no obligation whatsoever on the part of the child's parents or guardian. And we mean to bring some clean fun into children's lives by various plans we have in mind. Every member is presented with a Code of Honor; we wish that every parent in San Francisco would take the opportunity to read it and see for themselves what influence for the good this code can bring about. In respect to our program and club for children we would appreciate and act upon any comments from San Francisco mothers."

CANAPE KITCHEN

CANAPES - HORS D'OEUVRES - FANCY SANDWICHES
HOLIDAY FRUIT CAKES . . . Chuck full of nuts and fruit
419 LEAVENWORTH STREET - SAN FRANCISCO
TELEPHONE PRospect 9190 - - JEANNE BURTON

THANKSGIVING LUNCHEON . . . NOVEMBER 18
THANKSGIVING DINNER . . . NOVEMBER 25

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SAMARKAND ICE CREAM

BECAUSE IT IS A HIGH-QUALITY PRODUCT WHICH PLEASES AND SATISFIES

Did Your Coffee have an "OFF" taste this morning ?

THEN you will get a double thrill out of your first taste of Caswell's National Crest Coffee! You will enjoy each sip, sparkling with aroma, sunny with flavor! A telephone call right now will start the Caswell Coffee Man on his way to your home!

Then . . . look for a taste-thrill beyond your fondest hopes! Look for a superb blend of coffee in the exact grind for your coffee-maker . . . brought freshly roasted to your home! You'll relish every sip of Caswell's National Crest Coffee . . . yet it costs but slightly more!

Caswell's NATIONAL CREST Coffee

SAN FRANCISCO:
Call SUtter 6654
642 Harrison St.

OAKLAND:
Call HIgate 1017
1150 Twenty-Eighth Street

Geo. W. Caswell Co.

Beauty as America Sees It

By Lora Gaines Swasey

Beauty cultures among women in the various parts of the world differ greatly. Generally, they reflect the characteristics and habits of the nation, location and climatic conditions where found. Just when and where precisely the idea originated historians are at a loss to say. We find strong evidence and records of it among the Egyptians, the Chinese and the Hebrews at the earliest known periods of time, from Oriental antiquity through the tribes of Israel and on down through nations for centuries. But in whatever country, among all nationalities, the great common denominator is that urge, which is planted within the very nature of all creatures, that impelling force — the desire to be beautiful.

The American Beauty Shop, like many other things American, is unique in its concept. It is first of all a place of instruction and education pertaining to certain definite truths which govern one's personal appearance and comfort, and to the style conventions of the present and constantly changing fashion mode.

It is the truth that any woman can be beautiful according to the American standards. And what are those standards? First: to be clean and wholesome—to glow with health and vitality. That is Nature's secret of beauty. That clean wholesomeness must be expressed through a mask of cleverness and smartness, suitable to one's age, station in life, profession and activities, with a subtleness and good taste which greatly enhances charm and gives to that woman herself a conscious sense of well being and poise. There is an old slogan of Hindu origin which may be applied to this matter of Beauty Culture —it is, "There are two kinds of people in the world, those who know and those who do not know." Safe to say most women in this generation "know," but many excellent women do not "know." Splendid physicians, psychologists, good friends, sound advisers do "know" the essential value of habitual, intelligent beauty culture to the individual personality. Many an excellent woman has been surprised and a little shocked, at first, when the physician whom she consulted said to her, "I find nothing physically the matter with you—what you really need now is a good dermatologist. Go to your beauty parlor, put yourself into the hands of an expert operator —one who knows how to cut your hair and give you a permanent wave. Take a few facial treatments and scalp treatments and colorful manicures—get the habit of giving a little time and thought to beauty culture — it will stimulate you — to break up the monotonous routine —it will iron out the tired wrinkles and get you out of old ruts of thought — you will feel better — you will look better, you will be happier — and that is important."

The milliner "knows" when the becoming hat is hard to find. The smart milliner will suggest a trip to the beauty parlor. Modern hats are made for modern head contours. The good dressmaker and stylist "knows"; the photographer "knows," and the gentlemen — oh — the gentlemen "know." Husband and sweetheart — indeed he knows. He may not have the courage to say it — but he knows — and is susceptible — he knows the importance of beauty culture for every woman, and I know.

I know that I am not my body — my body belongs to me. It is my beast, my horse, my automobile I use it as such — and it is my duty and my obligation to keep it clean and beautiful. So, Beauty — as much of it as I can possibly express, is not "skin deep." — it is an idea, as deep — as deep as consciousness, an ideal which everyone should cultivate. My head, my hair, my skin, my hands, my fingernails, my style, my taste — these things are not me — the "Me" that I am but they do reflect me and I know the value of those little visits I made to the City Club Beauty Shop. It is My Shop and Your Shop, and I am a grateful user. Every time I avail myself of its privileges I am truly thankful for "The American Institution" where one can drop in any time by appointment, get safe advice and sensible beauty cultures from operators who take an interest in my personal appearance and at a very modest cost.

The Fall Rush in

Candies

has started

17 *new* VARIETIES!

•

SIMON BROS
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Xmas Ramble to Yosemite

■ Three full days at the beautiful Hotel Ahwahnee.

Leave San Francisco by train on Friday, December 24, arriving at the Hotel at 3:30 p. m.

Leave Yosemite at 2:30 p. m., Monday, December 27, arriving in San Francisco that night at 10:30.

All inclusive price of this trip, $65.00. Please make your reservations early.

Christmas in Mexico

■ A one-month trip to Mexico over Xmas and New Years, visiting many points of interest, will be accompanied by Mrs. Helm of the Travel Service, here at the Club, who is an old resident of Mexico.

The party will leave San Francisco by boat on December 4th, and return here by train on January 4th. The total cost of this Tour will be $395.00. All reservations must be made before November 20.

Symphony

■ A series of 12 concert pairs continuing over a period of 18 weeks, to open December 10-11 and close April 22-23, is announced by Mrs. Leonora Wood Armsby, President and Managing Director of the Musical Association of San Francisco, for the 26th season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra.

With the exception of the opening concerts, conductor Pierre Monteux, serving his third season as the orchestra's leader, will present a guest soloist or attraction at each pair. Willem Van den Burg continues as associate conductor.

Novelty enters into the list of soloist attractions announced. A dancer and a Shakespearean program share interest with the usual violin, piano and vocal soloists.

The closing concert pair will have the Municipal Chorus, Dr. Hans Leschke, director, singing Cesar Franck's "Beatitudes."

Learn to Lip Read

■ It is surprising how many people, young and old, are hard of hearing. Various methods are used to overcome the trouble but none have proven more practical or more successful than lip reading. Once one becomes efficient in the art of lip reading he can readily carry on an ordinary conversation, regardless of the fact that he may be hard of hearing or even totally deaf.

Few are aware of the fact that lip reading is not only for the hard of hearing and deaf, but for those who hear normally.

BELL-BROOK *introduces a newer, finer* **BUTTERMILK**

● rich with golden flakes of health-giving butter... churned the old-fashioned way... tangy... refreshing.

IN CONVENIENT NON-DEPOSIT BOTTLE!
Try a quart AT YOUR GROCER'S TODAY

● *Sold only through San Francisco Independent Stores.*

BELL-BROOK

Eighth & Howard *UNderhill 4242*

Listen to "THE ADVENTURES OF SONNY AND BUDDY" over KYA every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5:15 P.M.

"Call for
PHILIP MORRIS

These cigarettes are manufactured from a blend of the finest tobaccos obtainable, guaranteed to be free from any deleterious flavoring. None genuine unless the initials of our firm PM & Co are printed on each cigarette.

AMERICA'S FINEST *15c Cigarette*

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(Continued from page 10)

the joy and satisfaction that spirit of service to mankind in dreams of a better world had taught us that it was decided to hold together that volunteer service in making the dreams come true.

Your present Clubhouse is the outcome of that venture. In this building—built on a shoestring of moneys in hand—we builded on faith and hope of making the Club a reservoir of service to society's needs—and after that to music, drama, art, happiness, mirth and fellowship which would transform the loneliness of some lives into friendships and affections. The purpose was and is a holy one and must continue to succeed.

In the building and dedicating of this Clubhouse—memories choke and eyes dim—memories of that loved one who closed, this year, her book of life with the blessing lettered on every page of it—"Well done, good and faithful servant, our loved Past President, May Chapman."

Now as a preliminary to closing may I be excused for injecting a personal note. These twenty years of close association with the National League for Woman's Service group have taught me more that makes life worth while than all the years that went before. It opened my eyes to the unnumbered opportunities for unsuspected daily service—wherein was the secret satisfaction which comes from not letting the right hand know what the left hand is doing in a righteous cause. I look back with joy and ahead with anticipation and the prayer on my lips that it may be our fate to do a great deal of good without knowing it, that at this fireside—we turn for the old and the new songs—the old and new stories, the old and new friends, the old and new books—all to be visualized in the pictures in the fire—and to these we dedicate our firelighting—this autumn of the year—when October's air is fresh and clear, they'll whisper—Oh! so soft and low, of loving better than you know.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of Women's City Club Magazine, published monthly at San Francisco, Cal., for October 1, 1937.

State of California,
City and
County of San Francisco, } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Willis Hickox, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Women's City Club Magazine and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Women's City Club, San Francisco, California; Editor Pro Tem., Miss Marion W. Leale, San Francisco; Business Manager, Willis Hickox, San Francisco.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given).

Women's City Club, San Francisco, California.

President, Miss Katharine Donohoe, San Francisco, California.

Recording Secretary, Miss Frances Hall, Palo Alto, California.

Treasurer, Miss Marion W. Leale, San Francisco, California.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:
None.

WILLIS HICKOX, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this first day of October, 1937.

(Seal) BERTHA RIESE ADLER.
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
(My commission expires May 27, 1938.)

My contribution to the "Come Into Our Kitchen" Day will be

Article..... Quantity.....

Name..... Address.....

Lights and Shadows at Geneva

(Continued from page 13)

again given China the chance to place her case before the world and that is something real and significant. But no one here seems to expect the application of Article 10. Mr. Koo, as he spoke, realized that sanctions against Italy were withdrawn for political reasons, and there is little possibility of putting them into operation today against Japan. At present everyone is watching the United States to see whether the new neutrality statute will be applied, and if it is, if it will not work out to the distinct disadvantage of China. Mr. Koo said in plain English that the safety and security of the League itself was bound up in the safety and security of China today!

Mr. Eden brought the Palestinian Commission's report before the Council. He admitted past failures with the troublesome situation quite frankly. Conditions in the outside world had changed so radically that the effort to carry out the present mandate had failed. The British plan for partition of Palestine is brief: to withdraw the Holy Places from the domination of Arabs and Jews and place them under a special regime, and to create independent Jewish and Arab states.

Neither the Jews nor the Arabs like the idea. The Jewish Agency and the Zionist Congress approve of the negotiation along these lines but disapprove heartily of the terms of settlement. They claim as proposed it would only give one-fifth of Palestine to the Jews. They want a part of the desert of Negeb and the new Jerusalem which is the center of Jewish activities and has 78,000 Jews. Some Jews are ardently supporting the idea of asking for a Jewish state within the British dominions.

The Arabs are violently opposed to the partition plan, claiming that the best land has already been given to the Jews, and argue that nearly as many Arabs as Jews would be in the proposed Jewish state. Any day now we expect the Irak delegate to protest the partition plan in the Assembly, as Arabs in Palestine have tried to get the support of the Arab states. The feeling is that there is still a long way to go before negotiations with the Jews and the Arabs will result in "a peaceful change."

Turkey, Irak and Egypt are probably going to have a good deal to say in the whole matter of Palestine. The relation of the Palestine problem to the Mediterranean situation is evident and it will be interesting to watch. Mussolini knows his power since his conquest of Abyssinia. Britain knows his power and their settlement with Egypt was probably the result of this knowledge. In Palestine they are faced with the same menace—possible success of the Italian propaganda among the Arabs if under the present mandate Britain is forced to act against the Arabs in order to preserve order—which is almost inevitable in the present inflamed internal situation in Palestine.

If new states are created, a Jewish and an Arab, one can expect a more rapid development of a powerful Arab bloc and the Jewish state would seek alliances with other great powers. Today the head of the Egyptian delegation spoke in support of the Arabs of Palestine. The picture is full of shadows. These then are the main issues—much or little may be accomplished this fall, but at least the world knows what they are, what the dangers are, and in that knowledge lies the only hopeful factor.

There is an atmosphere of gravity, of serious purpose, but the old methods of diplomatic procedure are too much in evidence. "Dead hands" seem to hold back the newer forces for mutual understanding and collective security, and yet you cannot be here at such a time without the most profound sense of gratitude that this League of Nations exists, and with the deep conviction that it will grow slowly but surely toward the goal set up for it at the beginning.

Our Oldest Industry

(Continued from page 16)

a feast of gratitude for their own harvest, entered gladly into the spirit of the affair.

So we see that while today the preparing of the Thanksgiving feast is different, the spirit of the day has not changed. We still have turkey and cranberry sauce and plum pudding and pumpkin pie. We still invite guests to share our table and in our hearts we do give thanks.

"For health and wealth in our valleys wide,
For happy homes on every side,
For our busy marts and our busy streets
Where the white, black, brown and yellow meets,
For the golden glow of the orange tree,
For gifts that come from mountain and sea,
For the waving plumes of yellow grain,
For the glorious sunshine and for rain,
For the law that shields where our flag's unfurled,
For peace in our land, and with all the world,
All our days
We give Thee praise!"

YOU'RE THERE IN PERSON

with a 1938

HIGH FIDELITY

RADIO

Is your radio three years old or more? Does it bring all the fine things that are on the air today just as if "you're there in person"? Make this test. Hear your favorite program on a 1938 High Fidelity Radio.

Let your ears be the judge. Listen to quality reception from a quality radio set in your own home. Improved tubes, easier and more accurate tuning, and high fidelity mechanism bring you studio realism. Ask your electrical dealer for a home demonstration with a 1938 radio today.

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Modern—to the split second—that's The News!

Modern in that it publishes, first, 90 per cent of all the world news, which morning papers print the following day!

Modern in that it publishes intelligent, impartial interpretations of the things people are talking about TODAY.

Modern because popular journalism of this age—"white journalism"—demands fair play in editorial and news columns, offering opportunity for BOTH SIDES of any controversy to tell their stories.

There are many reasons why The News today is San Francisco's favorite newspaper, read by more people in San Francisco than any other daily paper.

Modernism is one of them.

Telephone EXbrook 6700

The San Francisco News

San Francisco's complete, white, Home Newspaper

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

SAN FRANCISCO

DECEMBER · 1937

VOLUME XI · NUMBER 11 · PRICE 15 CENTS PER COPY · PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB · 465 POST STREET. SAN FRANCISCO

Women's City Club Calendar
DECEMBER...1937

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. and 2:30 p. m. to 6:30 p. m.
Friday 3 p. m. to 9 p. m. and Saturday 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—From 5:30 p.m. to 6:30 p. m. Tuesday and 5:30 p. m. to 9:00 p. m. Friday
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p. m.

"SYMPHONY TEA"—TO BE HELD IN LOUNGE—DECEMBER 6TH, 3:30 P.M.

"CHILDREN'S TOY TEA"—AUDITORIUM—DECEMBER 11TH, 2:30 P.M.

"MEMBERS' CHRISTMAS PROGRAM"—LOUNGE—DECEMBER 16TH, 8:30 P.M.

DECEMBER, 1937

2—**Dr. Paul Cadman**—Current Economic Events	**Auditorium**	**12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program	**Auditorium**	**8:00 p.m.**
"How Good Is Your Memory?" by Elmer W. Bonstin. "Personality in Action" by Archie R. Mack.		
6—**Symphony Tea**—Honoring Monsieur and Madam Pierre Monteux, Officers and Directors of the San Francisco Symphony and Members of the Orchestra. Tea 35 cents	**Lounge**	**3:30 p.m.**
Kaffee Klatsch—German Round Table—Martha K. Hack presiding	**Board Room**	**3:30 p.m.**
8—**Book Review Luncheon**—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard	**Nat. Def. Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
Luncheon 85 cents a plate. See page 5 for list of books.		
Book Review Dinner—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard	**Nat. Def. Room**	**6:30 p.m.**
Dinner $1 a plate. See page 5 for list of books.		
Spanish Round Table—Señorita Angela Montiel presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
9—**Dr. Paul Cadman**—Current Economic Events	**Auditorium**	**12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program	**Lounge**	**8:00 p.m.**
"Song Recital" by Mrs. Helen Moodie, accompanied by Mrs. T. A. Kelly. Piano Solo—Pearl Cooper.		
11—**Toy Tea**—Children's Christmas Program	**Auditorium**	**2:30 p.m.**
Marionettes—The sensational drama of Humpty Dumpty and the Circus. (Tickets 75 cents, including refreshments.)		
13—**Young Members' Round Table**	**Cafeteria**	**12:15 p.m.**
16—**Members' Christmas Program**	**Lounge**	**8:30 p.m.**
"Carols" by Trinity Choir and "Reading" by Dorothea Johnston.		
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.m.**
Special Christmas Luncheon, $1 a plate	**Main Dining Rm.**	**12:00 to 2:00 p.m.**
Cafeteria Luncheon, 75 cents a plate		
Special Christmas Dinner, $1 a plate	**Main Dining Room**	**6:00 p.m.**
20—**Kaffee Klatsch—German Round Table**—Martha K. Hack presiding	**Board Room**	**3:30 p.m.**
22—**Spanish Round Table**—Señorita Angela Montiel presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
23—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.m.**
24—**Christmas Ramble**—To Yosemite—Three Days at Hotel Ahwahnee (All-inclusive price, $65.)	**Lv. by train Friday 8:00 a.m., Arr. Hotel Ahwahnee 2:30 p.m., Lv. Yosemite Mon., Dec. 27, 2:30 p.m., Arr. San Francisco 9:30 p.m.**	
25—**Christmas Day Dinner**—$1.50 a plate	**Main Dining Rm.**	**2:00 to 8:00 p.m.**
30—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.m.**

JANUARY, 1938

3—**Kaffee Klatsch—German Round Table**—Martha K. Hack presiding	**Board Room**	**3:30 p.m.**
6—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding	**Mural Room**	**12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding	**Mural Room**	**6:15 p.m.**

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XI December, 1937 Number 11

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The Gift Tokens of the Club

make an ideal present which your friends will appreciate

League Shop, Beauty Salon and Library will honor them

The amount they represent will be one to five dollars

Tokens may be secured in these departments, as well as the fourth floor . . . . . .

Announcements

■ THE NOMINATING COMMITTEE approved by the Board of Directors at the last Board meeting, invites suggestions for Board membership. Address Mrs. Hart North, Chairman.

■ NEW MEMBERSHIP—The prize of all Christmas gifts—and one which each year will bring renewed thoughts of appreciation to the recipient as the spirit of the National League for Woman's Service grows closer to her heart.

■ VOLUNTEER SERVICE — Our Volunteer Chairman, Mrs. Henry Alves, is always on the lookout for likely volunteers and has a knack of placing the right person in the right job—so if you have any ideas about Volunteer Service, do talk with Mrs. Alves first. She is sure to place you just where you will be the most happy.

■ SYMPHONY TEA—To be given in honor of Monsieur and Madam Pierre Monteux, director, and the officers and directors of the San Francisco Symphony, together with the members of the orchestra. Members and guests are invited to meet with those responsible for the carrying on of the fine work of our nationally known Symphony Orchestra on Monday, December 6th, in the Lounge of the Clubhouse. Tea, 35 cents.

■ DR. CADMAN WRITES TO MISS DONOHOE: "May I take this opportunity of saying how greatly heartened I have been by the fine audience which you have given me week by week. It has been a constant inspiration to renewed effort in exploring every phase of this great social upheaval in which we now find ourselves."

Dr. Cadman has promised that if he continues in his present field of research, he will share with us the findings in a spring course at the Club.

■ THE MAY CHAPMAN GARDEN plans will entail much study, for it is the aim of the committee to retain the beauty of the out-of-doors of the the present garden and at the same time develop the use of this part of the Clubhouse. Meantime, the announcement in the last issue of the Magazine that such was to be the form which the Memorial would take has brought forth spontaneous response in donations to the ever-growing fund, donations ranging from one to fifty dollars.

■ BEAUTY SALON — Offers a fine selection of dressing-table "condiments" for Christmas gifts. Nothing brings more pleasure to the feminine heart than a gift of this nature.

■ CITY CLUB TOKENS — For that hard-to-please member of the family who has just about everything, Christmas tokens may be purchased in any amount, for use in the Library, Beauty Salon or League Shop. A most satisfying way of allowing one to absolutely please one's self at Christmas.

■ LIBRARY SERVICE—Is ready and prepared to meet your requests for books as Christmas gifts. Lists are ready for your perusal and expert advice as to which books are most suitable for Uncle, Aunt, Nephew or Cousin. Orders will be filled and books delivered when possible.

■ SWIMMING POOL—What could be nicer for a Christmas gift than a ten-swim ticket to the Swimming Pool? Make the children happy by tucking one into their stockings on Christmas morning. Or better still, for those who do not swim, a ticket for a course of lessons.

■ LEAGUE SHOP—Such a wealth of new merchandise and such unusual gifts as await the Christmas shopper have never before been on display in the Shop. Many articles have already been reordered and we advise early selection before these shipments are entirely exhausted.

■ RESTAURANT DEPARTMENT — Luscious brown fruit cakes, plum puddings, dainty Christmas cookies—being prepared well in advance of our Christmas rush. Place your order now so that you will not be disappointed the last minute. We all know that our Restaurant products have much more of the "home-cooked" taste than one can possibly find elsewhere.

■ AMERICAN FLOWER ARRANGEMENT — The Wana Derge School will present a spring class under Club auspices. The ingenious and distinguished arrangements which we have seen at the Alumnae Exhibits have all been evolved through adherence to the principles of color and composition for which this group stands. Beginning about the middle of January, a course on the principles will precede the flower class and be prerequisite thereto.

■ GLOVE-MAKING CLASSES—Another Christmas thought—a pair of gloves made especially for a friend by oneself. It is not too late to start, as it takes but three lessons in which to learn. The work goes quickly and is not nearly so tedious as any type of embroidery would be. Classes meet every Tuesday and Thursday. Mrs. Earl Tanbara in charge.

■ LANGUAGES — A course of twelve lessons in Spanish, French or German — such a perfect Christmas gift for some friend who may be longing to improve her knowledge of one of these languages. Arrangements may be made with the Executive Office to send a "paid-up" receipt—the lesson hours to be decided upon later.

■ BOOK REVIEW - LUNCHEON AND DINNER — By popular request and to enjoy the holiday season, the Book Review by Mrs. Stoddard this month will take place in connection with a luncheon at 12:15 o'clock and a dinner at 6:15 o'clock in the National Defenders Room. Members may invite guests. The fee, including the Book Review, will be 85 cents for lunch and $1 for dinner. This month, Wednesday, December 8th, Mrs. Stoddard will talk on the subject, "Women's Experiments in Autobiography and Forbidden Places." The following books will be reviewed:

1. "Journalist's Wife" by Lilian T. Mowrer.
2. "Three Ways Home" by Sheila Kaye-Smith.
3. "Forbidden Journey" by Ella K. Maillart.
4. "Forbidden Road" by Rosita Forbes.

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAM—January 13th will be sponsored by the Travel Bureau in our Club. A TWA motion picture of a flight over the Grand Canyon and Boulder Dam. Also a short talk by one of TWA pilots, and one of their charming hostesses will tell us a few of her duties with the passengers. A door prize will be given this evening consisting of a free ride over this route. Come early.

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS during December will be held on the 2nd and 9th only, owing to the Christmas holidays. The first of these interesting programs, held as usual in the Auditorium of the Clubhouse at 8 p. m., will have two guest speakers: the first, Mr. Elmer W. Bonstin, whose subject will be "How Good Is Your Memory"; and the second, Mr. Archie R. Mack, who will speak on "Personality in Action." The December 9th program will be a "Song Recital" by Mrs. Helen Moodie, accompanied by Mrs. T. A. Kelly. Pearl Cooper will play a piano solo.

■ RAMBLE—A Christmas Ramble to Yosemite is being planned by Mrs. Helm of the Travel Bureau. Mrs. Helm may be interviewed any time from nine to five at the Travel Bureau office on the Main Floor. Both Rambles are most reasonably priced and both will give you a Christmas long remembered as the loveliest holiday you have ever known.

■ CHRISTMAS BONUS—Cards have been sent out to the entire membership reminding them of the Christmas bonus to employees which each year is so generously given by the membership, and so gratefully appreciated by the employees. May we ask for as prompt response this year as possible so that the bonus may be distributed before Christmas Day?

■ CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS — The Clubhouse will be in gala Christmas array on December 16th—the day of our Special Christmas Luncheon and Dinner. Many luncheon parties have already been arranged, as members are all too anxious to show with pride the Clubhouse at Christmas time. Our reputation for unique decorations grows with each season and it is quite the thing each year to see the "City Club decorations—they are always so lovely."

■ ADULT CHRISTMAS PARTY—Will this year be held in the home-like atmosphere of the Lounge. In the mellow light of Christmas candles and the burning of the Yuletide Log—carols will be sung by Trinity Choir and a dramatic reading given by Miss Dorothea Johnston.

Our special Christmas Dinner has been arranged for this same evening, December 16th, so that those attending may have the pleasure of enjoying the program afterwards. Please make reservations for dinner in advance. $1 a plate.

■ CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PARTY—TOY TEA— To be given on Saturday afternoon, December 11th, at 2:30 o'clock in the Auditorium. A most delightful afternoon is planned. A Puppet Show, with a circus act following, and afterwards refreshments in the Cafeteria, where Santa Claus and a huge Christmas tree will greet the children, and Santa has promised a big surprise besides. Tickets are 75 cents, all inclusive.

The children are asked to bring a present, to drop in the huge basket at the door, so that these may later be distributed among other children in the city who may not be fortunate enough to have Santa Claus all to themselves.

Reservations for groups may be arranged, with individual party tables set aside for each group. Please make reservations well in advance.

The Crib in the Hammon Gallery, Christmas, 1936

A Christmas Greeting

Each holiday in the year's cycle surrounds itself with tradition and customs of time and place — while to every individual memories grave and gay gather about these events increasing with years. Activities in the Club calendar reflect these popular holidays and bring to each participant the added pleasure in the privilege of Volunteer Service. ■ As we approach the Christmas season the greetings and pleasant customs that have become part of our club life add to the happiness we all share at 465 Post Street — and as we plan and perfect our Christmas festivities let us think much and often of the message of the Angels that Peace may abide in our House and reach out into a turbulent world.

KATHARINE DONOHOE
President

December in the Clubhouse

SYMPHONY TEA

Monday — December 6th — 3 o'clock

Guests of Honor
MONSIEUR and MME. PIERRE MONTEUX
and the
Officers and Directors of the Symphony Board
and Symphony Orchestra Members
Tea — 35c.

■

CHILDREN'S TOY TEA

Saturday — December 11th — 2:30 o'clock

Marionettes

(a) The sensational drama of "Humpty Dumpty."
(b) The Circus.

Magic with Refreshments
Tickets — All inclusive, 75c.

Each child is asked to bring a toy for the Christmas basket

■

MEMBERS' CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

Thursday — December 16th — Following Dinner

1. Carols — Trinity Episcopal Church Choir. (Under the direction of Benjamin S. Moore.)
2. Dramatic Reading — By Dorothea Johnston.

Special Holiday Christmas Dinner
$1.00 a plate

Editorial

■ The birth of a little child transformed the world. "Peace, Good-Will Toward Men," the Angels sing.

The greatest and most horrible war on earth ceases. It is Christmas Day. No fighting, no malice with the greeting, "Merry Christmas!"

To many the joys of a material Christmas are today dimmed; for many others illnesses cloud the sun; but through the mist of tribulation shines the precious message, "I am come that they might have life.

We welcome the glad tidings of those three wise men of history. May the star light the pathway of our National League for Woman's Service as it closes one epoch of its life in California and sets its feet confidently in the footsteps of One who taught the meaning of service.

The Women's City Club Magazine is the speech of this organization. It is your voice. Each to each member "A Merry, Merry Christmas!"

* * * * * * *

Due to the holiday in November, the Magazine goes to print as committees are flying around in preparation of the Come Into Our Kitchen Day in the Clubhouse. News of this interesting event will be carried in the next issue.

■ Too true it is that familiarity has a tendency to make us belittle, if not feel a little contemptuous of, things which ought to continue to excite our admiration or our affection or our appreciation.

Each year at Christmas our Clubhouse blossoms almost overnight into a thing of exquisite holiday beauty. Only superlatives can begin to do it justice.

The always lovely long vistas of the Fourth Floor are the climax of charming decorative scenes from front door through Second to Third Floor. Do we forget the busy hands which for weeks past have gathered cones or dried special autumn branches, and do we remember the hours that it later took for the making of those strikingly beautiful wreathes and garlands and the trimming of those glittering trees, which now greet us so gaily as we come to the Clubhouse at Christmas? Saddest of all, we are prone to take for granted the creative talent which adapts the "out" of doors to the "in." We are too familiar perhaps with the 20,000 hours of service each year which our members give to us. We never say "thank you" politely for these hours, for the givers are embarrassed if we do so genuine is their gift, but our appreciation they do "secretly" enjoy, we feel sure.

As the Magazine goes to print, there are closed doors behind which secrets are being whispered and we are told that all will be ready for us by the date of the Christmas Party on December 16th. Let us come again and again during the following fortnight to appreciate the fruits of toil—let us thank these volunteers of ours by our appreciation of their talents and their handiwork.

■ True service cannot be recompensed. It is with this feeling that we come with our gift to the employees who have truly served us this year. We give to them a token of our appreciation for the "something" which guests to our Clubhouse recognize as "different." We recognize the spirit with which the staff have waited upon us this twelvemonth. Our family group is a matter of pride to us all.

The Third King

by June Lucas (Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas)

■ Time: Christmas Eve, 1937. Place: Outside the City of Saint Francis.

The road was slippery wet and muddy. Michael's boots held firmly, but twice Mary's rubbers had refused to leave the buttery mud as she called it, and it had taken both Shawn and Michael to get first one foot and then the other under Mary's control once more—and laughing had not helped to steady Mary's legs. It was a great night for them. They had been chosen to take part in the Christmas pageant at the big public school and people from all the county would be there. The good Sister at the Home on the hill was proud of them. "Three of my brightest and best," she thought, as she watched them go down the avenue under the eucalyptus trees, mysterious in the fog and mist that was rapidly closing in from distant bay and sea.

It was the first time anyone had asked Michael to do anything! She never could understand it. He was such a dear—so eager about living—always wanting to help her—longing to be out in the world in a "small" home, he always said politely so as not to hurt her feelings. She smiled now as she thought of the conversation they had had when the pageant invitation came. The brother and sister, Shawn and Mary, were to be Joseph and Mary—Michael was to be the Third King. His deep blue eyes looked wistfully up at her. He was almost thirteen but he did not look more than ten—he had not begun to grow tall as yet. "I wish I could be Joseph. He was the father of the holy family."

Michael's one passionate desire was to belong to a family. It had always been so during his six years at the orphanage, and Sister Agnes had always been careful to show Michael to any people who came looking for a possible child to adopt. But he was never considered—whether it was the eager aggressiveness one felt in his voice or the keen shining quality of his eyes, most people decided that he would be "too much" for them, and usually picked out the more quiet, docile-looking child.

But tonight, this eve of Christmas he was happy and his last words to her had been, "Maybe if I am a good king, someone might like me in their family." Always that dream in his heart—a family! He never liked to go anywhere with the large group of children—he always wanted to go "like a family," he said. He objected quite frankly to her robes when she would ask him to walk along the road to the town with her. "Real mothers don't dress like that—of course you can't help it, but no one would think it was a little boy and his mother out for a walk." Sister Agnes smiled through tears. "Dear little Michael"—she often asked the gardener and his wife to let him go to church with them because he would ask longingly, "When am I going to church again like a family?"

The mist and fog had blown in quickly—the road with its familiar signs and fences was almost a white blankness around the children, but they were not afraid, only anxious about the time, and wondering whether they had missed the turning that would lead them to the school house. Michael had been singing his song, "We Three Kings of Orient Are," and Shawn had been making an echo by calling into the white gray stillness around them, in case they met something on the road. But it was Mary who first saw the black-skirted figure coming toward them out of the strange twilight. The children stood still. Michael hoped the Reverend Father would go on his way and not offer to take them—it would be just like Mary, who was getting anxious about the time, to ask him.

The man stopped close to the children, threw his cowl back from his round wet face and before he could do anything but smile at them, Mary began to giggle and whisper to Michael, "Look, it's Saint Francis right out of the window in the Chapel. He's become a faery on Christmas Eve." Michael looked hard at the man before him. Mary was so silly about faeries and ghosts and things—but he certainly did look exactly like the stained-glass figure they knew so well.

"Who are you?" the man's voice was mellow and kind.

"Well," said Michael, a bit timidly for him, "I'm the Third King and they're Joseph and Mary," stepping a little closer to Shawn and Mary. "And who are you, sir?"

"Bless my soul," the man wiped his face with the sleeve of his robe, "I'm Saint Francis, and I am going to my city on this Christmas Eve, but this heart-

break road seems long tonight."

The children looked at each other — Michael seemed suddenly wise for his years and spoke gently.

"That's not the name of this road, sir. You must be a stranger. There isn't any heart-break road around these parts."

Saint Francis looked intently at Michael. "You're wrong, boy. That's the name of this road where your two brave feet are standing." He put a hand, broken with toil, on Michael's shoulder. "Every king knows it—Mary and Joseph know it, but I'll get you off of it this night of nights if you'll do as I bid you, Michael."

Michael's eyes never left the man's face. Shawn and Mary held hands tightly while Michael made his bargain—"This must be a Saint or he would not have known my name," Michael thought.

"I'm not a real king, sir. I am only a boy at the orphanage, and I can't get anybody to want me—but I thought if I was a good king in the pageant tonight somebody might like me." He pulled his coat back to show his costume Sister Agnes had made for him. "But maybe that isn't being square because I won't look like this every day, sir," touching the heavy gold paper collar around his neck and looking down at the tinselled crown tied securely at his waist, safe from mist and mud. "But I'll do as you tell me if you'll only help me to find a family that would like a boy who—who might be a real king someday, or President or something"—and Michael's eager voice ended breathlessly.

Saint Francis cleared his throat and smiled. "I think you're real, Michael, and I'll get you off this road before you do know the name of it. Go straight on just a short way. You'll come to a light on the left—the house is not far from the gate—go in bravely and knock three times on the door. If anyone asks your name, say you are a king."

"And what dreams have you?" Saint Francis looked down at Mary and Shawn, who were now leaning fearlessly against him. Mary smiled nervously, "Oh, we are all right, sir. We are not like Michael. We **are** a family. Shawn's my brother and we have a father."

"Well, go with Michael—even kings need friends. Goodnight to you," and suddenly they could no longer see him.

* * * *

The living room of the ranch house was full of lights and shadows thrown by the logs flaming in the great fireplace and helped by the candles on the ledges of the low, wide windows. Kathleen O'Hara had been watching the mists creep across the wet green fields and hills between her place and the sea, reminded as she always was of the old home in her far-off country where the mists swept in from Galway Bay over stony fields and black bog, small patches of pasture land, up to the very door of the house near Oughterard. Kathleen loved this new country—she had lost much in it—she had brought much to it. But tonight she was lazily adding a big pine cone now and then to the steaming logs slowly taking the fire into their fragrant hearts—and thinking of her boy Michael who only a year ago had come rushing in that very door behind her and filled her Christmas room with fresh vitality. There was no bitterness in her heart over his sudden death—tragic, people called it, at the very beginning of his career which promised so much. But Kathleen knew that Michael had truly lived every hour of his twenty years, just as his father had lived his forty. She had always had a certain sureness about them both—something years could not measure had been theirs—a quality of growing deeply marked their days so that death had not seemed to close any doors.

But I seem to be waiting for something, she thought, as she pulled the latest novel toward her from the table at her elbow. Michael used to say, "You'll always be waiting for me, won't you?" Kathleen smiled into the fire. She had this Christmas Eve a strange sense of waiting, waiting for a knock on the door almost. "It's the old Galway belief that the dead walk abroad on Christmas Eve, I suppose, that is deep in me. Well, my Michael is not dead—he is living gloriously somewhere and even if he does come back to earth tonight, he'll bring me joy—but you would have gone far, my darling—the blood of Irish kings was in your veins."

Kathleen had just let the book open in her lap when she heard the sheep dog Pedro bark and three rapid knocks on the door. For a second, her face paled, then she smiled wistfully—Pedro would not bark if it were Michael. What nonsense. She stepped quickly to the big door, drew back the little shutter and asked, "Who is it, please?" her rich, friendly Irish voice not quite steady.

"I'm the Third King," said a clear young voice. Kathleen fairly clutched the door as she swung it wide. Michael stood there on the broad step, his head held high, his coat was now over his arm and his eyes were filled with wonder.

Am I going fey? Kathleen thought as she looked beyond Michael to the two small figures outside the gate. "Are those your friends, my dear?" She tried to make her voice sound natural.

"That's Joseph and Mary, but they are afraid of the dog. Saint Francis didn't say there would be a dog."

In a moment Kathleen had Pedro by the collar, and all three children inside by the fire.

"Now tell me what this is all about? Who sent you here?"

(Continued on page 25

Ski-Crazy

by Mary Curry Tresidder

■ What is this sport of skiing that sweeps across the country with the coming of winter? Week-end after week-end it snatches doctors and tired business men—and their wives—from their homes to drive madly to the mountains, regardless of weather; in the East it sends ski-trains crowded with enthusiasts from every big city to some skiing center. The same fever swept over England and the continent years ago; then it infected our eastern coast, and now the contagion has California and the Pacific Northwest in its grip. Tumbles and snowballs and pretty girls on a toboggan are outmoded as winter sports publicity pictures, and the "radiance of ski," as a German woman skier entitled her lecture, has the field.

There are several aids to arriving at the pleasurable stage of skiing with the least possible delay. Suitable clothes are essential, to begin with. It is not necessary to be extravagantly outfitted, but do take expert advice about what is needed and use care in making a selection from the mass of clothes offered as the latest and the indispensable outfit. The majority of skiers wear a light windbreaker or a parka, with or without a hood but preferably with one in bad weather, and lightweight garbardine trousers, so treated as to be water repellent. No fuzzy stuff, I beg of you, for it holds the snow. Skiing is hot work; therefore keep everything as light in weight as possible, except for your boots, which will have to be heavy. Good ski boots, well fitted, are the most important single item, even more important in the long run than your first pair of skis.

Next comes the question of whether or not to take lessons. To teach you to control your speed and direction—that is the aim of the ski school and its laborious but entertaining hours on the nursery slopes. The Austrians have swept the country in the last year or two, with their teaching methods based in the main on the Arlberg school. They have a natural grace and ease in running, and a skill in teaching that turns out skiers very quickly. I have skied with people who scoffed at systematic learning, and no matter how good their natural balance and coordination, they usually near the tail of the

queue. In Austria, Germany and Switzerland proper instruction is considered of so much importance that ski teachers are under government regulation and receive certificates only after a severe examination.

Suppose we take a look at the Badger Ski Lodge—or call it Norden or Soda Springs or any of our Sierra ski centers.

The red firs on the hills around the meadow where it stands are covered with powdery snow and the sun gleams on a white world.

In the basement room and on the wide porch much rubbing of skis is going on, with heated arguments about which wax to use. Yesterday wound up with crust that demanded one kind of wax, but this morning conditions are completely different and everyone's wax must be removed from the skis and a fresh start made. Is it cold enough for "mix" or will "medium" be better? Is Schroll wax best suited to conditions, or shall it be the Norwegian Ostbye or the Austrian Belgeri or some fine mixture made in the back yard at home from phonograph records and rubber tires and beeswax boiled together in a huge kettle? There are dozens of kinds, for varying conditions, but most of us stick to half a dozen or less after long experimenting. Racers must be expert at it, of course, for the waxing may win or lose a race.

What are the elements of pleasure that make people go "ski crazy" so readily and with such a fine frenzy? They differ from day to day, from person to person.

There is the sensation of skimming down a slope, swirls of powder snow rushing behind you, tingling against your cheek; there is the feeling of power over those two awkward boards on your feet, the sense of accomplishment as you learn to control your speed, to take a slope straight where you never dreamed you could stand. There is the grace of it, and the rhythm—if you can achieve rhythm.

For some, downhill running is the only thing. They scurry down the beaten course at full tilt and fret their way back to the top, where they dash off again, lost in their bright speed. Davos, in Switzerland, is the great center for that; by rushing madly, one can get in three runs per day, of ten to fifteen miles each.

Others are racers, pure and simple. They must have competition to give their skiing its zest. Racing has done a great deal to further the sport.

As for me, I like cross-country skiing, to go up hill and down dale, to climb a mountain now and then and run down its untracked slope, and not go always on a beaten trail. Underlying the fascination of skiing is the glory of the winter world, with its freshness, its freedom from roads and crowds and traffic signals. The skier's world is created anew for him, every few days. The mountains in winter often seem more friendly than in summer. Much of the time the great winds are still, and the snow is crystalline. A few signs of wild life cross one's path—a coyote, a marten, or a venturesome mouse. There are a few birds, such as the chickadee or the Sierra creeper, a grouse to startle you in your neatest turn around some pine tree, a pair of golden eagles soaring to the sun. Many of the evergreens bear their blossoms in the winter, first the cedars, later the mountain pine, the tiny twigs at their periphery dripping icicles in the early sunlight. That is not skiing itself, but skiing is the gateway to it.

Rest is pleasant after toil, and skiing is toil, exhilarating though it may be. There is a bond of fellowship among skiers; like fishing, riding, flying, it makes utter devotees of its followers. Meals are eaten to the tune of it, and fireside skiing is a most absorbing occupation for winter evenings. June to December is a dull time. I learned to fly because there was such a vacant stretch of months in there. But skiing puts flying to shame; your point of reference in flying is too remote to give you the same sensation of speed. No, once you are a skier, even of the lowest grade, its rhythm courses through your blood, and at the first snowflake you are off to the highlands.

Winter in Yosemite

Come and set your fancies free
In the gay Yosemite.
Snow-balls fly!
Winter with his blanket white
Covers vale and dizzy height
Cool winds sigh!

Trees and cliffs and granite walls,
Misty sprays from water-falls
Succumbing
To King Winter's playful mood,
In this lofty altitude
Benumbing!

Winter sports on skates and skis,
Toboggan rides where snow-banks freeze,
Splendid fun!
Sleighs all drawn by Malamutes,
Dressed in nature's furry suits,
How they run!

Every bough and lane reveals
Where the fairy snow-flake steals
Soft and light.
Frozen stream and mountain high
Hail the white snow from the sky
Wondrous sight!

Peiping Notes

by Alice Prescott Goodwin

■ These are mere jottings; casual; trivial. A record of the procession of the days from mid-July of this year on into September.

I was traveling with my FAMILY (the capitals indicate affection) and we spent May and part of June in Peiping. It was an enchanting experience; shining weather, mimosas in blossom, cicadas beginning their sleepy song. The great, incredible capital at its best; its jeweled beauty lying open.

An American woman to whom I had a letter was living in one of the remodeled Chinese houses in the Tartar city, and offered me one side of her court. "You can board with my cook," she said. I agreed. But first I would go with the FAMILY to Hong Kong, returning to Peiping in July and staying some months. I had long wanted to see the Peking Man excavations, make a pilgrimage to the colossal Buddhas of the Yung Kang cave-shrines. This was opportunity.

We made the Hong Kong trip, and sailed into Shanghai from the south on the 9th of July. Friends waited on the pier. "Bad news! Bad news!" they chanted. "War! You can't go north. Peiping is under martial law." The American consul confirmed their advice. "Don't try it," he urged.

But I was obdurate, and very glib in my assurances. This would be over soon. I knew. I had been in Peiping on a former trip when war lords were raiding, and the city gates closed. By midnight I was on the train heading north.

Examining the train by morning light, I saw I was the only woman. Two men looked European; the rest were Chinese. The corridors were packed with soldiers. At Nanking I bought an English paper, and read a lurid story of beleaguered Peiping; its streets blocked with troops and sand-bag fortifications. "On account of these conditions," the paper went on to say, "food prices are 'soaring.' " My spirits were doing the same.

But we traveled the summer country without molestation, and reached Tientsin the next day only a few hours late. At the station guards told us to leave the train. No passage further.

I found the hotel packed with tourists and rumors. Perplexity! Consternation! What did this mean! There were constant trips to the station. No train that day. No, the officer had no idea when there would be one. Travel agencies, consuls and banks said, "Go home. Give it up."

But British acquaintances in Tientsin shrugged, and said, "This will soon pass. Japan already controls Tientsin and Peiping—by peaceful penetration. Now she'll be moving her troops up to take the five provinces." The days dragged. One evening we straggled over to the French concession to see the fourteenth of July Bastile parade. Little girls in white with flaring torches; martial music; memories of other wars!

The next morning I met the wife of one of our legation officers in the lobby. "A train leaves for Peiping in twenty minutes," she said. "Impossible!" put in the hotel clerk. But she was right. A train did leave, and I made it. It was a supply train, and only a few of us knew in time to board it. It proved to be the only train for days to come.

The trip to Peiping that sunny morning was quiet and unreal. Men worked the fields; villages hummed with summer activity. Here were simple, pastoral people going about their affairs. Even at Fengt'ai, where we heard there had been fighting, we saw only a few soldiers. So when we drew into Peiping, found ourselves actually inside the walls, war danger seemed an exploded nightmare. The rickshaw rolled me to my courtyard home through a quiet city drowsing in early afternoon. The much-advertised fortifications were small piles of sand-bags at street corners; a goat, or a small boy, could have taken them in his stride. So I unpacked my bags. We could hear distant firing, but the possibility of a sharp cleavage in living still seemed fantastic.

Four days later—July 19—came a precautionary notice from our embassy. "Be prepared to come into the legation compound on signal. Bring only a small handbag, and sufficient bedding." We were to watch our radio tower — the tallest mast in the legation quarter — for a painted wooden triangle hoisted aloft. But, as we vociferously pointed out, few of us living outside the quarter could see the tower. Peiping is a huge park, and the tree growth heavy. However, when the emergency did come we were amply notified by the marines as well as by the embassy telphone.

All nationals were called into the legation quarter the afternoon of July 27th—the first time since the Boxer uprising in 1900. Our compound was jammed, with hundreds of tents on the lawn and the ambassador's home opened to (Continued on page 31

Wintersports in California

by Mrs. Otto Barcan

(Reprinted by Request)

■ When puffing up on the overland train toward the snow-covered Sierra in 1921, there was no cheerful Soda Springs Hotel waiting for the wintersport enthusiast, nor was there Yosemite or any other resort where the skier could satisfy his longing for this king of sports. The word wintersport, if mentioned in California at that time, was met with a polite but passive smile, which seemed to say: "I see, you have been in Switzerland." Beyond this, there appeared to be no connection between Californians and snow; this, in spite of the glorious peaks and hills of the Sierra Nevada so close by, which adorn our beautiful state, as it were, with a diamond tiara.

But, like so many other things in America which happen from one day to another, so did the wintersport avalanche, once it broke loose from the set idea of non-existence, suddenly roll out over the greater part of the country.

The winter of 1921 was an unusually hard one. The writer, then a newcomer in the United States, spent three dreary days of March on the overland in anticipation of a verdant California with its sun, fruit and flowers. At dawn of the fourth day she found herself suddenly planted in fourteen feet of snow in a country so much resembling her native Sweden that the whole experience seemed a dream. My husband had had the charming idea of showing me winter California before the lands of oranges and grapefruit.

There was no hotel open that winter on the Donner summit, but our stay was made possible by the mountain population's touching hospitality. We were most kindly offered shelter and food in a little cabin, completely covered with snow and reached by a tunnel from the snowshed. Here, nearer to primitive winter existence than ever before in my life, an unexpected welcome awaited me in the shape of a hug bouquet of orange blossoms, sent up by kind friends in Marin County.

During ten days of constant touring across the mountains, we soon realized what possibilities the Sierra had in store for coming ski enthusiasts. In following years we induced some adventurous friends to try "the dangerous boards" with us, or were accompanied by a few of those who had tasted the winter pleasures abroad. They all returned to the lowland with the one prevailing thought: how soon the trip could be repeated. The group was small, but persistent and keen. Those skiers were not burdened with inhibitions so common in ski-minded Europe where, in larger winter resorts, classes representing different degrees of skill are formed and excursions arranged accordingly.

The Californian novice was immediately prepared to undertake the longest and most strenuous trips. Christiania and Telemark turns were approached with untroubled minds and progress was correspondingly rapid. Such cross-country expeditions teach one ten times faster the control of the skis than the practice hill alone, the latter, however, (Continued on page 24

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I Have Been Reading

NO HEARTS TO BREAK; by Susan Ertz. D. Appleton-Century Co. $2.50. Reviewed by Marion Delany.

THE ARTS; by Hendrik Willem van Loon; illustrated by the author. $3.95. Reviewed by Ida G. Isham.

THE CURIOUS LOBSTER; by Richard W. Hatch. Harcourt, Brace and Co. $2. Reviewed by Dorothy W. Coblentz.

■ No Hearts to Break; by Susan Ertz. "There, but for the will of Napoleon, stood Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore, the first American queen." . . . Was Susan Ertz, from whom we quote, attracted to her heroine because of another more recent Baltimore belle who so nearly became the first American queen? Probably not, but at any rate, the coincidence is odd.

Elizabeth Patterson's near-queenhood came about through her marriage to Napoleon's youngest and favorite brother, Jerome Bonaparte. The book opens with a charming picture of the gay society of Baltimore at the opening of the nineteenth century. Exquisitely beautiful Elizabeth, whose heart (if she had such an organ) was set on a splendid match that would take her to Europe, went straight and hard for Jerome, subjugating his impressionable disposition with her beauty, and sailing off with him proudly to Europe. There, however, she was defeated. Napoleon had far more grandiose ideas for his brothers than a union with a little provincial, and propmptly had the marriage annulled.

After the charming opening of the book and the dramatic voyage of the young pair to Portugal, followed by Elizabeth's terrific disappointment in never being allowed even to meet Napoleon (whom she felt confident of winning by her charms), the book becomes chiefly a chronicle of Elizabeth's vain efforts to get herself and her son recognized as Bonapartes. Here Miss Ertz hasn't quite realized that history, to be interesting in a novel, must be made dramatic, must be given a center of immediate interest, which is lacking here. In compensation, however, we have some vivid and delightful pictures of Parisian society, and thumbnail sketches of many notabilities: Madame de Stael, the Duke of Wellington, Princess Borghese, Napoleon's sister—and most telling of all—of Madame Mère, Napoleon's mother—all written in Miss Ertz's charming, easy style.

■ The Arts; by Hendrik Willem van Loon. . . . How can one lay aside "The Arts" by Hendrik Willem van Loon long enough to express a few of the emotions the book arouses? His thesis: All the arts have a single purpose—"to add to the fun of being alive." He writes, "Merely to invite you to join those of us who feel that we can occasionally do without dinner or breakfast, but that life without a few extra dishes of music or painting is hardly worth while."

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Politics and economics influenced Art, for to quote again, "Gold in pocket can do strange things to a man's soul." The Renaissance was a triumph for commerce, and the skyscrapers of the Middle Ages were built for a "maximum of safety with a minimum of expense."

Singers of songs, painters of pictures, and their fellow artists become flesh and blood as we read; and we wander in the beautiful gardens, palaces, or churches they created, or listen with them to the first opera and forget that we are but armchair travelers.

■ The Curious Lobster; by Richard W. Hatch. Harcourt, Brace and Company. . . . For sixty-eight years, Mr. Lobster, oldest and wisest of his kind, lived in his practically perfect ocean home without attempting to explore the river whose mouth was but two miles distant. At last his curiosity outweighed his caution. Acting on information received from his dignified neighbor the sculpin, he traveled upstream with the tide. Then, on the bank of the river, he made the acquaintance of that independent thinker, the imaginative, mischievous, persuasive Mr. Badger, a creature who always felt compelled to act contrary to advice.

Their association resulted in thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes on land and sea. Mr. Lobster was inclined to overestimate his resistance to drying out when too long ashore. More than once Mr. Badger restored him to his native waters in the nick of time. But the fun really started when they joined forces with their one-time enemy, Mr. Bear. Thereafter the three faced danger together and outdid one another in deeds of heroism.

Children will undoubtedly share Mr. Lobster's opinion that "One of the best things about meals is to eat between them"—while parents and children alike will agree with the definition of home —"A place not to be bothered in."

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HAWAII; by Clifford Gessler. $5. The history and pageantry of this exotic land beautifully illustrated by E. H. Suydam.

JAPAN OVER ASIA; by William Henry Chamberlain. This famous newspaper correspondent discloses the nation of Japan, its aims, culture and psychology.

Adult—Fiction

THEY SEEK A COUNTRY; by Francis Brett Young. A stirring epic of South Africa, 100 years ago.

SLOGUM HOUSE; by Mari Sandor. $2.50. A forceful novel about a Nebraska family by the author of "Old Jules."

THE TURNING WHEELS; by Stuart Cloete. $2.50. A powerful novel of the Dutch in South Africa, presenting a new and gripping scene to American readers.

THE CITADEL; by A. J. Cronin. $2.50. A powerful and dramatic novel about doctors by a doctor.

ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE; by Ann Bridge. $2.50. With a continental setting this story has everything a good, light novel should have, vivacity and sensibility, with a harder grain of common sense that gives it seriousness.

THE RAINS CAME; by Louis Bromfield. $2.75. A long, tense and brilliant novel of English people in India.

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS; by Lloyd C. Douglas. $1.25. This popular author of "Magnificent Obsession" has written the perfect Christmas story.

THE VERY HOUSE; by Mazo De La Roche. $2.00. This is an engaging tale about children for grown-ups.

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THE ARTS; by Hendrik Willem van Loon. $3.95. A source of lasting information and pleasure to intelligent readers from youth to old age and really makes one believe that art is something to be enjoyed.

ANDREW JACKSON; by Marquis James. $5. This biography is written with dash and color as well as with precision.

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THE RESTLESS ROBIN; by Marjorie Flack. $1.50. The story of Buffy the robin, who lives in a beautiful round nest in an apple tree.

LUCKY LITTLE LENA; by Marjorie Flack. $2. Another engaging story by Marjorie Flack, this time about dear little Lena, the dachshund.

PETER, PETER, PUMPKIN GROWER; by Florence Bourgeois. $1.25. This is a picture book about a little boy who loved pumpkin pie so dearly that he planted his own pumpkins, so that he would have enough.

SAM; by Edward Quigley and John Crawford. $2.50. Photographs that show Sam, a very expressive young cat, in all his delightful moods.

TOMMY THATCHER GOES TO SEA; by Berta and Elmer Hader. $2. A Hader book is always something to anticipate. This time they have told the story of Tommy, who explores the Maine shore, learns to swim and fish, and discovers the ways of tides and weather, and then following his father and grandfather, goes to sea.

TALES FROM THE STORYTELLER'S HOUSE; by Thornton W. Burgess. $2. A collection of animal stories.

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PETITE SUZANNE; by Marguerite de Angeli. $2. A lively little French-Canadian girl of the picturesque Gaspé coast.

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Wintersports in California

Continued from page 15)

being of undisputed value as a foundation.

One of our best recollections of such an excursion is of the one we undertook with our friend Scott Knight Smith, accomplishing a long-cherished dream of crossing the mountains from Donner Summit to Lake Tahoe. This trip, more easily done now since a convenient route has been worked out along valleys and passes, had at that time the fascination of exploring the wilderness. We worked our way over unexpected drops, cliffs and other difficulties, following the chain of peaks which is crowned by Mt. Anderson and Tinker Nob. But the hardships were amply repaid by the thrill of penetrating into the heart of the white world and by many a flying descent. Nothing can describe the joy of a swift flight over powder snow, downhill towards the valley, which appears coming to meet one with an amazing speed, while the glittering peaks around pierce like lances into the sky. The skis cut noiselessly through the white sheet of snow, leaving a little cloud of dry crystals behind. As the slope becomes steeper and momentum gathers, the speed becomes almost breathless, the face tingles with the onslaught of cold air as one soars through space. A turn to the right and to the left affords a moment's relaxation. Then one straightens to shoot downwards again. Finally, tired with exhilaration and as the day disappears, one welcomes the lengthening shadows of blue and purple as one glides across the gentler slopes toward the valley floor.

After fifteen hours, with half an hour for lunch, we arrived at Tahoe, in the dark of a winter's night.

Since these early days, wintersport has developed greatly. From being the hobby of a few in different parts and places, it has within the last years become one of the most popular sports in the state. The opening of the Yosemite Valley in winter was an important factor. It enabled those to make acquaintance with winter life who did not wish to be entirely dependent on the skis in order to enter King Winter's domain. Many of those, however, who started with a stroll on dry ground under frost-crackling pines or took a chance at the bobsleigh's set run, soon found themselves on Badger Pass in higher regions where the snow lies many feet deep and the joys of a five-mile downhill run beckon to them. .

What seems to have been the turning

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point in ski interest was the first year Californian highways were available all through the winter. This opened the doors for those who for different reasons did not wish to go to hotels, and for the others made it possible to reach their goal of destination in a shorter and more convenient manner.

Now, on a Sunday, the woods near the highway, for instance from Auburn to Soda Springs, seem like public parks strewn over with little multicolored figures merrily practicing their turns and lining up the snow with their tracks. What can be more exhilarating and refreshing for the city dweller than that peculiar sunburn emanating from the strong winter light, further intensified by the brilliance of the snow and by the altitude?

And what puts you in better condition than a couple of days' exercise in climbing your favorite mountain or controlling your downhill run?

Smaller winter resorts are now growing like mushrooms all over the country, and the larger ones are making great strides towards establishing a true winter Eldorado for the Californian skier.

San Francisco Symphony Orchestra

■ Friday afternoon series, 2:30 o'clock. Dates and guest artists:

Dec. 10: Opening concert.
Dec. 17: Ruth Slenczynski, pianist.
Jan. 7: Jascha Heifetz, violinist.
Jan. 21: Rose Bampton, soprano.
Feb. 4: Yvonne Astruc, violinist.
Feb. 11: Josef Hofmann, pianist.
Feb. 25: Grisha Goluboff, violinist.
Mar. 11: Tilly Losch, danseuse.
Mar. 25: Mischa Elman, violinist.
April 1: Shakesperean program.
(Guest artist to be announced.)
April 8: Artur Schnabel, pianist.
April 22: Municipal Chorus.
In Cesar Franck's "Beatitudes."

Saturday night series, 8:30 o'clock. Dates and guest artists:

Dec. 11: Opening concert.
Dec. 18: Ruth Slenczynski, pianist.
Jan. 8: Jascha Heifetz, violinist.
Jan. 22: Rose Bampton, soprano.
Feb. 5: Yvonne Astruc, violinist.
Feb. 12: Josef Hofmann, pianist.
Feb. 26: Grisha Goluboff, violinist.
Mar. 12: Tilly Losch, danseuse.
Mar. 26: Mischa Elman, violinist.
April 2: Shakespearean program.
(Guest artist to be announced.)
April 9: Artur Schnabel, pianist.
April 23: Municipal chorus.
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"Christmas cards! What a waste of money!" "I can't tell you how many hundreds of Christmas cards I get!"

"I just love my Christmas cards and always save them to enjoy again after Christmas."

We all have heard these three dissimilar remarks. For the cynic of the first, let us be sorry. For the author of the second exclamation, let us feel the indifference which animates her when she makes it. For the friend of the third, let us be thankful. For she (or he) has the understanding heart.

What is the origin and history of Christmas cards? English, Italian, French, Russian, characteristic messages from far-flung nations, Medici pictures, wood blocks, pasteboards of all shapes and sizes are transmitted over the earth by the millions at this time of the year.

The offering of gifts at Yule has existed since offerings were made to the god Frey for a fruitful year. But what of Christmas cards?

As the most startling fact I can offer, let me say that there are still living in England many who remember the first appearance of a Christmas card in the world. The early part of the nineteenth century saw the birth of this phase of Christmas greeting.

In the eighteenth century, however, there had arisen in England what were known as "Christmas Pieces" or "School Pieces," specimens of hand-writing "laboriously produced," says one writer, "under the superintendence of the writing master," pen flourishes elaborate and ugly with birds, and scrolls, such as writing experts on the streets of San Francisco years ago used to exhibit as evidence of their ability or agility in producing a unique calling card. But long before these ceased to be sold, the use of these "Christmas Pieces" was "discontinued in all schools of the better class."

The first Christmas card, some say, was sent by Mr. W. C. T. Dobson, R. A., in 1844 to a friend, a card symbolizing the spirit of Christmas. The following Christmas he designed another card and sent lithographed copies to his many friends. Others say that the first real card was that published by Mr. Joseph Cundall, a London artist, for this was the first actually sold, although it is probable that copies were not put on the market generally until some twenty years later. In the London Times in January, 1884, Mr. Cundall wrote: "The first Christmas card ever published was issued by me in the usual way, in the year 1846 at the office of Felix Summerly's Home Treasury, 12 Old Bond Street. Mr. Henry Cole (afterward Sir Henry) originated the idea. The drawing was made by J. C. Horsley, R. A., it was printed in lithography by Mr. Jobbins of Warwick Court, Holborn, and colored by hand. Many copies were sold, but possibly not more than one thousand. It was of the usual size of a lady's card."

This card may be seen in T. G. Crippin's "Christmas and Christmas Lore," and is described as "an elaborate affair, showing two allegorical designs of clothing the naked and feeding the hungry,

THE PENINSULA'S SMARTEST SHOP

Gifts..

•

Far from the maddening crowds —Alma Walker again offers a superb selection of smart Christmas gifts—where your selection may be made in peace and comfort.

- MARY CHESS PRODUCTS
- KAISER HOSIERY
- LIBERTY SCARFS
- HADDAD ROBES

alma walker
PALO ALTO

Children's Toy Tea
Saturday
December 11 — 2:30 o'clock

RHODA ON THE ROOF

HATS

RHODA'S TIES ARE HERE AGAIN
I am showing all-silk, hand-made men's neckties for your Christmas Gifts, especially priced at $1.00 for my customers.

HATS
Also a hat of yesterday redesigned into a last-word creation.

RHODA ON THE ROOF
233 POST STREET DOuglas 8476

together with a family group of three generations, quaffing wine."

Not until 1862, however, did the custom of sending Christmas cards obtain any foothold or spread from England to other countries. Then experiments were made with cards of the size of the ordinary carte de visite, inscribed simply "A Merry Christmas" and "A Happy New Year." After that there came to be added robins and holly branches, embossed figures and landscapes.

"I have the original designs before me now," wrote "Luke Lumner," or John Leighton, to the London Publishers' Circular, December 31, 1883; "they were produced by Goodall and Son. Seeing a growing want, and the great sale obtained abroad, this house produced (1868) a Little Red Riding Hood, a Hermit and His Cell, and many other subjects in which snow and the robin played a part."

From this, 1862, the custom grew by leaps and bounds until, in 1922, cards of well-known American illustrators and designers were added to those of the English artists. Then came cards designed in old wood-cut style and printed on Italian Fabriaud paper, engraved on wood, printed on Japanese paper and hand-colored, printed on wood veneer and hand-colored, printed on deckle-edge board and hand-colored.

And so from the little red robin in the snow, who cheered the English friend with the greeting from his friend, has descended the present-day Christmas card with its elaborate envelope and tissue paper shield. What other custom has assumed such gigantic proportions in a half century?

From cards of the modest size of a calling card in 1846 to cards of large proportions, elaborate and ornate. Let us remember its origin, however, in the spirit of the giver and the receiver. Let us, in America, discard the irrelevant card and cling to the card of rare beauty and sentiment in this busy work-a-day world. And let us choose our cards (in our League Shop, of course) with the particular friend in mind to whom we shall address the envelope.

Let me close by quoting the origin of Christmas customs as outlined by Lawrence Hutton: "Our Christmas carols appear to have come from the Holy Land itself; our Christmas trees from the East by way of Germany; our Santa Claus from Holland; our stockings hung in the chimney from France or Belgium, and our Christmas cards and verbal Christmas greetings, our Yule logs, our boars' heads, our plum puddings and our mince pies from England. Our turkey is seemingly our only contribution."

Style *Quality*

A
Bullock & Jones
GIFT
for Gentlemen

. . . is a reflection of your own good taste . . .

You are cordially invited to visit our store and view our exclusive offerings, priced moderately.

340 POST STREET

NEW Arrivals!!!

Make a bold notation at the top of your Christmas list to "visit Madame Butterfly!" Shipments have just arrived . . and this shop of lovely gifts is brimming full of new and unusual things. Men's silk pajamas and shirts, beautiful cloisonne pieces, lounging and hostess pajamas, robes and dressing gowns of softest silks and brocades . . . in those gorgeous colors you find nowhere but in Chinatown. Lamps, flower bowls and . . . oh, just everything! Do go in and see them — at 430 Grant Avenue.

Madam Butterfly

Pre-Christmas Sale

Modern and Antique

JEWELRY

★*Individual — Exclusive — Genuine*

❖

A Few Suggestions:

Ruby, Emerald, Sapphire Rings	$50.00
Antique Gold Bracelets	50.00
Antique Gold Brooches	25.00
Cultured Pearl Necklaces	10.00
14-kt. Gold Semi-Precious Stone Rings	7.50
Modern Clips and Brooches	5.00
Zircon Jewelry	5.00
Real Stone Earrings . .	5.00
Silver Real Stone Rings .	1.50
Indian Turquoise Jewelry	1.00
Modern Antique Charms	1.00

Modern and Antique Crosses

December Birthstone:
Turquoise and Lapis

❖

Dealers in
Genuine Stones Only

❖

Philip Klein

Manufacturers and Importers

519 GRANT AVENUE

SAN FRANCISCO

Our only San Francisco Shop

The House In a Book—Isabelle Rogers Stradley

■ The first time I ever saw my studio it was in a snowstorm. Snow in San Francisco is very rare, as everyone knows, but even so—it was not as rare or as entrancing as the little red brick house.

A miniature dwelling in which Hans and Gretchel might have lived! Hidden behind a tall gate in an old-world garden, built entirely of hollow tile within and without, it reminds you of all the fairy tales of your childhood.

Two oval windows flank the wide oak doorway. These windows have wide sills and fairly teased to be decorated. So now tiny Belgian and French figures dance there and your laughter begins as you come up the winding walk. At nightfall the windows are candlelit. When you see the candle light shining softly out into the dark, and the tiny house all a-glow, you are certain you are in a dream, no less. For nothing outside of a dream—or a book could be so enchanting.

Within, it is full of surprises. In order to save as much space as possible for storage facilities in the limited plan, the architect designed an attic reached by a DISAPPEARING LADDER! It is actually an ascending as well as a descending ladder! It comes slithering down out of a hall ceiling (if you know the secret) and when your visit to the attic is over, ascends majestically into the ceiling again and disappears! The ladder belongs in a mystery story. I am certain it would fool any detective alive—even the super-detective of the new mystery fiction!

Nor is this the end of surprising conveniences. Fastened securely to the ceiling of the diminutive kitchen is a strange-looking object of wood. At a turn of the hand, the thing slides part way down and stops stationary a few feet above your head, disclosing to your delighted gaze a latticed clothes dryer!

At the kitchen! Out of a housewife's dream of what preparing meals in Paradise might be like! Dark tiled floor, Venetian blinds in cool green, pale green woodwork, shining electric icebox, shining stove, brightly shining pots against brick walls.

The entire house abounds in secret panels which conceal everything from wood and coal, brooms and brushes, rubbers and umbrellas. You are quite likely to touch a secret combination almost anywhere and sometimes the results are highly exciting to the unwary.

And then there is the bathroom!

Here I pause, for hundreds of words have been said about that bathroom, not to say written. Nothing can adequately describe it. There was very little room in the small brick interior for a bathroom, but the architect did fairly well. He managed a window that looks out upon a charming old lilac tree on the front lawn and lets in the sun. But as for a tub . . . well, this can be said for it. It is exceedingly wide and pleasantly deep. But it is only half as long as a self-respecting tub should be! One can never decide whether to sit down in it, kneel in it, stand in it, or tie oneself up securely into a knot and roll into it!

On the walls of the long drawing-room even the simplest picture looks superb. It is true everything has to be hung by means of a special drill and a special nail. And if, when the job is finished, you want to change the picture's location, it involves endless complications. But no matter what is placed upon the warm brick walls, or what furniture is arranged against them, the little house takes it immediately to its heart, weaving upon all things within it its own serene spell.

The fire crackles merrily, the drawing-room windows look out upon tall trees and old-fashioned flower beds that have been here many years. The garden is still a haven for the birds.

Sunlight, cloudlight, candlelight, the little red brick house enjoys all three. The scent of flowers, the aura of laughter and diminutive charm sets the mood, whether you are grave or gay. For you are quite certain the whole thing belongs in a book! When you go away out into the busy streets again, you know indeed that it was never there at all! That you merely took the book down from the shelf and stopped for a delightful moment to turn its pages!

Margie Dreaming in the Tenement

I see a great big clock,
Its tick-tick-tocking;
I see a funny little stocking,
Curly heads come peeping,
Mammie, Daddy sleeping,
Dormer windows creaking.
Santa Claus is creeping,
Hear the reindeers neighing
While the Saints are praying,
Morning bells are ringing,
Carolers are singing
Oh, see those toys!!!
Such Yuletide joys
For girls and boys!!!

Margie Awakening

Oh ho, boo hoo,
Oh woe is me, I feel so very bad,
For Teddy Bears nor Quismas
twees nor dollies dear
I'se nevah, nevah had.

Louise W. Reed.

The Third King

(Continued from page 11)

Michael told it quite simply, his eyes wide with hope as he looked about the lovely room—there was no shaking his story—they had met Saint Francis in the fog. Between Mary and Michael, Kathleen listened to every word that had been said by the black-robed man in the mist. She found her mind whirling—she must drive them down to the school quickly or the teachers would be anxious—but was that important? "Heartbreak road — Saint Francis—the Third King"—"to find a family who would like a boy who might be a king some day"—surely there was deep meaning for her. She looked at the boy sitting on the hearth stone, his wide-apart blue eyes, the finely shaped head and thick black hair, his chin proudly set. She noticed that Pedro was now lying with his head on the boy's knees and there was no fear between them.

"What is your name, dear—your own name?"

Michael sighed a little sigh of relief. "Well," he said, "I was to say I was a king but I am only Michael Darling." It was better so—somehow he felt very sure of himself and of her, and Saint Francis would understand. Kathleen held her breath. She must not frighten them. It was suddenly as clear to her as it was to these children. With a laugh she had not heard from her heart for a long time, she sprang up. "Well, let's go now. At least you must be in the pageant tonight, Michael, and tomorrow Shawn and Mary can come over here and help you and me to keep Christmas." For Kathleen O'Hara from Oughterard in far-away County Galway knew who had passed down her road in the mists that night—she knew that the Third King had come to her hearth to stay—she knew that she had been waiting for Michael!

Dublin, November, 1937.

TWA Presents . . .

■ January 13, 1938. Grand Canyon Night, sponsored by the Universal Travel Service and presnted by TWA, Inc., "The Lindbergh Line." Color movies of the spectacularly scenic route via Death Valley, Boulder Dam and Grand Canyon, through the fascinating Indian country of Arizona and New Mexico, to Chicago and New York. TWA will have one of the captains who fly the luxurious Skyliners over this route, as well as a charming air hostess, explain some of the many interesting facts about flying over this route. This is certain to be a very interesting and well-attended program, so come early.

Christmas Gifts

Here it is December and the age old question of selecting appropriate gifts for Christmas becomes a problem. But, don't let this question bother you. Just visit the League Shop on the main floor of the Clubhouse and see the unusual things they have selected to make your Christmas shopping a pleasure.

Christmas wreaths and table decorations . . . Brasses and Coppers . . . Textiles . . . Kimonos . . . English Chintz and Leather Knitting Bags . . . Breakfast Sets . . . Pina Cloth Tray Sets . . . Picnic Baskets from Manila . . . Barbecue Accessories . . . Virgin Island Grass Mats . . . Hurricane Lamps . . . Handblocked Smocks.

For the Children: Carved Animals . . . Dolls . . . Games and Toys of all description.

These are only a few of the things on display at the League Shop, so this year when you think of Christmas think of

THE LEAGUE SHOP

All gift packages are distinctively and attractively wrapped.

A Reminder!

- *AN EASY SOLUTION TO YOUR CHRISTMAS PROBLEM*
- *PERSONAL GIFTS STYLED IN TRADITIONAL SMARTNESS*
- *GALA INEXPENSIVE PACKS OF 100 AND 200*

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December 25th, 1937

Sea Food Coupe, Supreme W. C. C.
Celery Olives Gerkins
Ruby Consomme
Cream of Fresh Mushroom Soup
Roast Young Tom Turkey, Dressing,
Giblet Gravy, Cranberry Sauce
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Mashed Potatoes
Green Peas Boiled Onions
Creamed Hubbard Squash
Frozen Fruit Punch
Tomato and Romaine Salad
Roma Dressing
Plum Pudding, Brandy Sauce
Frozen Egg Nog
Fruit Cake
Assorted Cheese and Crackers
Coffee

At the Club

2 P.M. to 8 P.M.
$1.50 per person

Two Great Public Health Events in San Francisco

—Adelaide Brown, M.D., Health Editor

The dedication of the Sunshine School November 7, at 2 o'clock. Two shack schools, one for undernourished children and heart cases in an old three-story school building equipped with cot beds for extra rest, hot food for meals, weighing scales, a medical room for physical examinations, an excellent nurse and medical attendant, and a fine record system. The school work of these children is adjusted individually to the child's health; rest and extra food are ordered individually for the child's needs. This is a shifting population. The child is returned to the regular schools or held in the health school, as the case requires.

The Crippled Children were in the old Sunshine School. The name has been adopted for this new school. These children have been the proteges of the San Francisco Rotary Club, which covers their transportation to and from school, where the family cannot do it. Their care includes luncheon, extra milk or orange juice, rest, play, school and hand occupation and regular school work. The "polio" cripple cases have a wonderful swimming pool for use where ordered by their own physician or by the city clinic to which they go for care. The special exercises ordered are carried out by a trained physiotherapist under orthopaedic medical direction.

The new Sunshine School is really beautiful. It is built for about 250 students. The crippled group—114—has a court for outdoor play. The health cases needing rest and food have open balconies to live on. Meals are served separately and the two departments are under two able principals who have given life and love to this work.

At the dedication, Mayor Rossi congratulated himself that this school has been financed, its difficulties surmounted and completed during his administration and he may well do so. Our Board of Education has done a great service to our children in assuming this duty to them.

The other two speeches were made by Dr. David W. Smouse, who with his wife gave the parent school to Des Moines, to which our school owes much inspiration, and Dr. J. W. Studebaker, United States Commissioner of Education, under whose administration this self-help school was started in Des Moines. Dr. Studebaker spoke of the health ambition of President Theodore Roosevelt when as a lad he "rode the range," and the personal courage of Franklin D. Roosevelt in meeting a great physical burden after "polio" as an adult. These men could be considered as able to give themselves what we as a community have seen as our duty to give to our children.

May all workers in this new environment see the great opportunity for health and happiness for the children whose care they are contributing to.

My dear fellow citizens, remember that this unit can be used in at least two other locations in our city before long. Watch it and know full well its results to the children under its care.

Public Health Event No. Two: Our new Psychopathic Hospital is open!

The steps in the process leading up to this piece of city equipment were slowly taken. As it was my privilege to be in on some of them, this is an opportunity to record the part of women citizens in this attainment.

A bond issue was taken up for consideration for a health center for the city in 1925 and civic ambition was asking for a Van Ness Avenue lot and a handsome building. At the first hearing a small group of people interested in better psychopathic care and well informed on modern demands for a local distributing center in large cities, giving modern care during detention before the distribution to state hospitals was made by the court, outlined a plan. A request for $500,000 to be added to the bond issue of three million was granted and the informed group, the Public Health officials and the Public Health nurses broke loose on a health campaign and won the bonds. The Health Center was built and opened at Polk and Grove Streets and housed the City Welfare and in the basement a detention hospital.

Today after twelve years the detention hospital is closed and the psychopathic opened.

Second—The courtroom for the judges is to be used at the new psychopathic hospital and every case presented for judicial decision will have had a complete medical examination and psychopathic history in duplicate to send with the case to the state hospital or private hospital, chosen by the responsible party.

Third—The time of residence in the City Psychopathic Hospital will be controlled by the resident psychiatrist and limited by the demands of observation.

Fourth — This brings us to the last

point. Under what leadership shall the patients be cared for while in the psychopathic hospital? They may be detained two or three days between courts or over holidays before being taken to state hospitals. A two weeks' period of observation may be necessary and in that time a complete recovery may come about. This is often true in acute insanity in surgical cases but the upset of a surgical ward filled with very sick patients by such a case cannot be described. The number of this type of case, developing in the San Francisco Hospital led the San Francisco Center to back Dr. Twitchell in getting a psychopathic ward developed at the San Francisco Hospital where 50 per cent of the cases recovered without being transferred to the state hospital. Judgment in such situations must be in the hands of the attending psychiatrists from the two universities: but there is constant expert supervision of the day-by-day care by a physician as resident, who has had three to five years of special training in one of the best-equipped psychopathic hospitals in America, is part of a modern program. Equipped with such leadership and under a resident who is trained and approved by these leaders, we shall soon realize and appreciate that the age-long stigma of the confusion of the mentally sick with criminals has passed.

Mentally sick people are not to be excluded from the best we can do for them. Watch and study this piece of modern care.

If it costs to do good study work on these cases, recoveries are worth striving for—and now we have the tools, i e., the equipment to cure as well as care for the mentally sick.

We congratulate our health officers and our medical schools, our supervisors and judges for their cooperation, and the first group of psychiatrists and lay women who had the vision.

Sonny and Buddy

■ Mothers who want their children to hear radio programs that are not only entertaining but which also stress character-building, will find the new Bell-Brook presentation on KYA one they can fully recommend to their children, according to Tom Swan, sales manager of Bell-Brook Dairies, Inc.

"In this thrilling serial, broadcast every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5:15 p. m.," said Mr. Swan, "we present the adventures of SONNY AND BUDDY, two typical American youngsters. The boys have all kinds of experiences . . . dramatic action that young people really like. And yet, none of the adventures are overdrawn.

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HOLIDAY FRUIT CAKES . . . Chuck full of nuts and fruit
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50,000 FAMILIES
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PHONE YOUR ORDER
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With your free sample we will deliver to your home a convenient family-size can of Caswell's National Crest Coffee at regular price. But before you break the seal, try the sample! If you don't think it's the finest coffee you ever tasted, return the unopened can and get your money back. Call now...while it's on your mind.

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Mayfield, 7212; San Jose, Ballard 581; San Rafael, 1698; San Mateo, 5272; *or consult telephone directory.*

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NATIONAL CREST
Coffee
HOME DELIVERED
FOR 53 YEARS

The Caledonian Market

—Alice Coutant

Reprinted from American Women's Club Magazine of London, England.

To lovers of the old and the unusual, one of the most interesting places in London is the Caledonian Market. For centuries the "Friday" or "Pedlar's Fair" was held beside the great Smithfield Cattle Market in the city, and when the live cattle section of that market was moved to the outskirts of London in 1855 the "Friday Fair" followed it as a matter of course.

Situated in Islington in what used to be called the "Copenhagen Fields," just off the Caledonian Road, it has come to be known as the Caledonian Market. There, in the great open space around the central clock tower, the dealers spread their wares "on the stones." Thrifty housewives gather here by the thousands to buy their vegetables and fruit, poor people come to search for furniture and second-hand clothing, tourists to look for "some little thing to take home," dealers and collectors to find old pieces of furniture, china, and silver. Tales of marvelous bargains—black pearls worth 20,000 pounds bought for 7s. 6d., apostle spoons worth 75 pounds bought for a few shillings, fine pieces of old furniture bought for "next to nothing," etc.—increased the interest and attendance at the market until, in 1924, the Market Board decided to open it on Tuesday as well as Friday. Nowadays, on a fine summer's day, it is estimated that as many as eighty thousand people visit the place during the day, and more than 2,500 dealers spread their wares "on the stones." Every conceivable sort of thing turns up at the market, from razor blades to pianos. Collections of odd bottle stoppers, oddments of brass and copper, piles of old shoes and clothing, heaps of odd carpets and boxes of old gramophone records, as well as really choice bits of old glass and china and some fine silver and furniture.

One section is filled with fruits and vegetables, and here is found the real Cockney type of vendor who greets his customers as "dearie" and "Ma." The "Orange King" even goes so far as to salute his customer as "sweetheart" as he gaily calls out, "One large, two large, three large, four large oranges for sixpence—the finest in London. How many will you have, sweetheart?"

Sandwiched between the fruit and vegetables and the plants and cut flowers is a section for animals. Cats, dogs, pigeons, lizards, goldfish, mice, and canaries. A part to hurry past if you love animals!

Up near the clock tower the better type of dealer is to be found. Here customers are again greeted by the more formal "Modom" instead of the more boisterous "Ma" and "Dearie." Old furniture, Persian rugs, "genuine old Sheffield plate" and "Georgian silver," "genuine old Staffordshire and Chelsea china" are spread in a dazzling and colourful array. If you know something about old furniture, china, and silver, and something about the prices one should pay for such things, here is an attractive field of adventure. For it is true that all sorts of things turn up at the Caledonian Market, and every once in a while some lucky person makes a "find" there.

Divination

The elder Mage was tired and cold; the hour was still and drear;
The creaking of the camel bags the only sound he heard;
"Judea's a bleak and lonely place to reach this time of year . . ."
The younger Magi raised their eyes but answered not a word.

"The town should be not far off now," the elder Wise Man said.
The patient camels stumbled on and came to shadowy sheep
Where shepherds drowsed on grassless earth, a spacious midnight bed.
"Perhaps we'll find a steaming cup and rugs for warmth and sleep."

And as he spoke a piercing light bathed plain and barren hill;
And why it was, or how it flowed, they could not understand;
And whence it came they did not know, nor see its source until
An Angel pointed to a Star that lumined all the land.

And all the wisdom of the east and all the Magi's lore
Was sophistry and futile now and all their vaunted boasts
Deserted them and mocked their pride, and all their fulsome store
Of knowledge quailed and fled before the shining Lord of Hosts.

"We'll follow Thee," the Wise Man cried —the one who overmuch
Had wanted rugs and food. "We've looked on Mystery and learned
How puny earthly wisdom is, how at Thy awesome touch
We cling to all the simple things our arrogance has spurned."

Thus it was Three Wise Men came to star-crowned Bethlehem
And recognized the Prince without His royal diadem.

—Marie Hicks Davidson.

An Unusual Treat

■ Will you give me your hand—and you, and you, and YOU? We will make the "morning circle" just as in the kindergarten days when teacher would tell us a story—only this time the ring will have 5,000 members who will read this story of two intrepid, generous, kindly, gracious, courteous, astute young men. Most stories have one—the Prince. This time it is twice as good a story—for there are two. They—being artists themselves and good ones in their own right—have been able to build just such a background as all worthy creative artists need for their finest products. These may be wrought in silver, glass, wood, copper, cork, clay, linen, plastic materials, stones, precious or semi-precious, iron, steel—what you will—which, with fine design, careful workmanship, imagination and courage to carry through, have become articles so beautiful and adaptable that each remains a treasure—cherished.

These two young men have made it possible that you and I can have, or buy to give these creations—made by our finest California craftsmen whose wares would otherwise not come to our attention, or, if they were sold by other existing outlets would be overshadowed by inferior articles done en masse, seen en masse, sold en masse and bought en masse.

We need be grateful to them for making it possible that the outstanding and worthy artists whose articles are found on these shelves have been helped, for we are dependent upon our artists to perpetuate the beauty and inspiration they find in our glorious state—and to do this we must support them. What a boon to this group of artists whose fine work is here placed on display within our reach and each piece most assuredly within our means—made with meticulous care—perfected technique—be it block-printed organdy, delicate as plum blossom petals in the wind, or a sturdy copper desk lamp—each an expression of untrammeled freedom—but that continued freedom depends upon us—each one of us who considers herself a good Californian—a better San Franciscan.

It is a fact that people in San Antonio have written to friends in New York who have in turn—sight unseen—ordered sets upon sets of linen for friends in Detroit and Chicago. Can we let the Easterners "steal our thunder" like that?

Sooooooooo—now I will break the ring here and lead you all to the very door of Amberg and Hirth, just below Grant on Post. Do come—do go—for you must not miss one of San Francisco's most unusual treats.

A FITTING CLIMAX FOR ANY HOLIDAY FEAST WILL BE

SAMARKAND ICE CREAM

PLEASING IN FLAVOR, DELICATE IN TEXTURE, AND DELICIOUS IN TASTE

GIFT TOKENS
Make the Ideal Christmas Gift

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"THE ADVENTURES of Sonny & Buddy"

A children's radio program that can be safely recommended to any youngster. It is clean and thoroughly entertaining. And it's our guess that oldsters will like it, too. So . . . old, young, or in-between, we invite you to listen.

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Christmas Greetings
To our faithful old friends, our cherished new friends, and to those whose Friendship we strive to deserve—
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Christmas Greetings
J. A. & M. H. CALDWELL'S
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Christmas Nights in California—Agnes Barrell

California's reputation for hospitality, gaiety and cheer has survived unabated since the colorful days of the Dons. Then the picturesque haciendas on the vast and lonely rancheros were the setting for fiestas that are still the subject of song and story.

Today these haciendas have been replaced by stately mansions in lovely landscaped gardens, clusters of homes in city and suburban tracts, and great apartment houses in bustling cities.

But with all its added maturity, California has lost nothing of its spirit of light-hearted gaiety and hospitality. At no time is this more evident than during the Christmas holidays, and each year sees this spirit expressed more and more by means of lighted outdoor Christmas decorations. Not alone do individual homes outdo each other in their indoor and outdoor decorations, but neighboring towns and cities too compete. In an increasing number of localities the lighted outdoor decorations include avenues miles long of trees festooned with scintillating lights.

It is not surprising that Californians, living largely in the out-of-doors, have extended their Christmas decorations to include their gardens, living trees, shrubs and other plantings. Much of the outdoor decorating is done with festoons of multi-colored lights exclusively, the strings arranged on trees or shrubbery, outlining entrances, eaves, windows; bordering walks or fountains. The outlining festoons are particularly attractive when the lights are combined with leaves or evergreen twigs.

Silvered trees or trees decorated in ornaments all of one color are particularly effective when floodlighted from two or three different angles, as they then stand out in striking relief from the surrounding blackness.

An idea used effectively for garden parties, and adaptable to Christmas decoration both indoors and out, is to slip inflated toy balloons over the lamps on Christmas strings. When lighted they create the impression of clusters of bright pastel bubbles.

Outdoor holiday lighting presents an unequalled opportunity for the use of ingenuity and imagination. There are many materials available now for the family that enjoys creating their own distinctive displays. Among the newer materials are crinkled or flat aluminum foil, composition board, translucent fabrics, colored cellophane, and various glasses, all of which may be used with light to create a veritable fairyland of radiant beauty.

Indoors, too, almost every home is bright with seasonal decorations of foliage and colored lights. Increasingly important is the centerpiece for the holiday table using lights mixed in with the fruits and foliage, or glowing under crystal bowls filled with translucent flowers. Ordinary Christmas tree strings are used for these table decorations. The modern lighting units, built to last for years, entirely eliminate the danger of lighting with open flames, which used to result so often in tragic accident.

(Continued from page 14)

its entirety. Mrs. Johnson had thirteen women sleeping in her dining room, to say nothing of what bedrooms and living rooms contained. The mess food was excellent, and as Americans we were proud of the atmosphere of this huge impromptu gathering. I saw no panic; heard no fear expressed—except for the Chinese and the fate of the city. Mrs. Johnson gave us an example of unshaken normality and quiet cheer. For two days the sound of firing was incessant; then moderated. Between midnight and four o'clock of the morning of the 28th the Chinese troops left the city, and the Japanese forces entered later the same day. But we knew this only by rumor; it made no disturbance. Peiping was unharmed. If any of you wish to see a Japanized version of Kublai Khan's old capital, the buildings are still there. The Japanese are proud of Peiping; it will be their show place.

On the morning of August first we were told we could leave for our homes, and the procession of rickshaws began to wind out again into the city. For the next six weeks I stayed on under Japanese rule, leaving in September. Life for foreigners was monotonous and trying—not precarious. No trains, no mails, no cables! Reuter's dispatches came in by radio, and were posted at the hotel and the Peking Club, but they were necessarily brief, and we lived largely on rumors, a new one born each hour. The sound of gun fire was intermittent, but seldom a day was without it. The noise would swell and recede — we would not know from where or why. Japanese planes flew over the city, practically daily, scattering handbills in the streets and courtyards, trying to inflame the Chinese against foreigners. "We Japanese are your only friends; we come in brotherhood and affection, etc."

The streets were filled with Japanese troops and the range of our outings grew more and more limited. The legation asked us not to go through the gates into the Chinese city. No more Jade or Flower Streets, no Lung Fu Ssu fair; no brocades and old scrolls. "Don't run the risk of creating an incident," was the slogan. But even if we had been allowed full liberty it would have meant little so far as shopping was concerned. The Chinese merchants, as a whole, had locked their doors and gone into hiding.

At the time I left the food problem was occupying thought. There was plenty of it, but the quality doubtful on account of the locked city gates. People with children were urged to leave. I understand that situation is better at the moment. The return railroad trip to Tientsin showed what the cannonading we had heard had accomplished. Villages were crumbling piles of dirt, no signs of life about them. Fields were trampled and deserted.

This is chatter, a blurred moving picture with little significance or color. The article I feel should be written would be a direct arraignment of some of the methods of the invading army. But that I cannot do without permission from China to use names. All that I feel justified in saying on my own is this: for cultural and scientific Japan I have real respect, but for military Japan—and its underlying philosophy—I have learned fear and abhorrence.

California Conservation Council

The first conference on Conservation Education sponsored by California Conservation Council and cooperating agencies was held at the Women's City Club Monday, November 15th. There were three sessions — morning, afternoon and a program luncheon. Mrs. Edmund N. Brown, chairman of Conservation for the San Francisco City and County District, California Federation of Women's Clubs, was in charge of the local arrangements. There were several distinguished speakers.

A keynote message was that of Miss Pearl Chase of Santa Barbara, who is chairman of California Conservation Council and has for three years served as chairman of California Conservation Week, which occurs annually March 7th to 14th. She said:

"The conservation idea must permeate all ages and strata of society, for it is an attitude of mind, not a single subject—it is an area of learning and a way of living. We need a citizenry that is conservation-conscious, which understands the principles of the conservation of natural resources. We are turning to the schools to do more completely what non-school agencies have failed to do fully. There is need of the cooperative action of all of us thinking, planning and working."

The splendid program put on by four San Francisco city schools and their exhibits under the direction of Miss Bertha Roberts aroused great interest and discussion. The moving picture and talks of the Camp Fire Girls was illuminating. The discussion of how women's organizations could aid the administratives of the State and National Parks and National Forests and the State Planning Board was vividly portrayed by other speakers: Mr. Joseph R. Knowland, Mr. Frank A. Kitridge, Mrs. Wallace I. Hutchinson and Mrs. Louise Ward Watkins of Pasadena.

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Close Co-operation Is Apparent in Warnings; Break in Diplomacy Hinted
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—BY JOHN THOMPSON—

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Very frequently you will find important events foreshadowed in the "International Parade" weeks and sometimes months before they "break" the cables. For example, the Sino-Soviet Pact, which was publicly announced in September, was given in detail by Mr. Thompson on April 16th.

The Japanese conflict broke out on July 8th, but the "International Parade" of June 17th stated that "Sino-Japanese relations are apparently heading for a clash similar to the one which resulted in the independence of Manchukuo."

Another item of interest is the weekly resume of important events happening abroad with a short and concise interpretation of same.

There are no "strings" nor "instructions" to the manner in which Mr. Thompson interprets events of international importance, the main consideration being a portrayal of facts and an explanation in accordance with the best interests of the United States.

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WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

SAN FRANCISCO

JANUARY 1938

VOLUME XI · NUMBER 12 · PRICE 15 CENTS PER COPY · PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOMEN'S CITY CLUB · 465 POST STREET · SAN FRANCISCO

Women's City Club Calendar
JANUARY...1938

Swimming Pool Hours:
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 10:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. and 2:30 p. m. to 6:30 p. m.
Friday 3 p. m. to 9 p. m. and Saturday 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Men's Guest Night in Swimming Pool—From 5:30 p.m. to 6:30 p. m. Tuesday and 5:30 p. m. to 9:00 p. m. Friday
League Bridge—Every Tuesday, Card Room, 2 and 7 p. m.

TWELFTH NIGHT DINNER — JANUARY 6TH

JANUARY, 1938

1—**Special New Year's Breakfast** — **Main Dining Rm. 8:00 to 11:30 a.m.**
Special New Year's Dinner — $1.25 a plate — **Main Dining Rm. 5:00 to 8:00 p.m.**

3—**Kaffee Klatsch—German Round Table**—Martha K. Hack presiding — **Board Room** — **3:30 p.m.**

6—**Twelfth Night Dinner**—(Program will follow in Auditorium). $1.25 a plate — **Main Dining Room** — **6:30 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding — **Mural Room** — **12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding — **Mural Room** — **6:15 p.m.**

10—**Annual Election** — **Main Lobby** — **All Day**
Book Review—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard—Lecture (Fee 50 cents) — **Auditorium** — **11:00 a.m.**
To Be Reviewed: "The Importance of Living" by Lin Yutang; "Ends and Means" by Aldous Huxley; "Lost Empire" by Hector Chevigny; "The Trojan Horse" by Christopher Morley.
Round Table Discussion following — **Cafeteria** — **12:15 p.m.**
Young Members' Round Table — **Cafeteria** — **12:15 p.m.**

12—**Book Review**—Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard—Dinner, $1 a plate — **Nat. Def. Room** — **6:15 p.m.**
To Be Reviewed: "The Importance of Living" by Lin Yutang; "Ends and Means" by Aldous Huxley; "Lost Empire" by Hector Chevigny; "The Trojan Horse" by Christopher Morley.
Spanish Round Table—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding — **Mural Room** — **12:15 p.m.**

13—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding — **Mural Room** — **12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding — **Mural Room** — **6:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program — **Auditorium** — **8:00 p.m.**
"TWA Motion Picture of a Flight Over Boulder Dam and the Grand Canyon."
Sponsored by the Travel Bureau in our Club.

17—**Kate Morphy**—Lip Reading—First Meeting to Outline Course. No Fee — **Room 214** — **11:00 a.m.**
Kaffee Klatsch—German Round Table—Martha K. Hack presiding — **Board Room** — **3:30 p.m.**

18—**Garden Round Table** — **Nat. Def. Room** — **12:15 p.m.**
Speaker: Mrs. Anton Dolenz.
Subject: "Gardens and Flowers of Central Europe."
Color Class Exhibit—Lecture by Wana Derge, 2 P. M. — **Auditorium** — **11 a.m. - 9 p.m.**

19—**Dr. Paul Cadman**—Current Economic Events — **Auditorium** — **12:15 p.m.**

20—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding — **Mural Room** — **12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding — **Mural Room** — **6:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program — **Auditorium** — **8:00 p.m.**
Speaker: Mr. Elmer M. Stover.
Subject: "What Blindcraft Has Accomplished."
Also Concert Pianist—Miss Rose Resnick.

25—**Color Class**—Wana Derge. 1st class — **Chinese Room** — **1 p.m.**
26—**Dr. Paul Cadman**—Current Economic Events — **Auditorium** — **12:15 p.m.**
Spanish Round Table—Senorita Angela Montiel presiding — **Mural Room** — **12:15 p.m.**

27—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding — **Mural Room** — **12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding — **Mural Room** — **6:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program — **Auditorium** — **8:00 p.m.**
Scenes from Current CBS Plays. Arranged by Mrs. John Cuddy.

BOOK MART — FEBRUARY 8th, 9th, 10th.

FEBRUARY, 1938

2—**Dr. Paul Cadman**—Current Economic Events — **Auditorium** — **12:15 p.m.**
3—**French Round Table**—Mlle. Marie Lemaire presiding — **Mural Room** — **12:15 p.m.**
French Round Table—Mlle. Madeleine Le Brun de Surville presiding — **Mural Room** — **6:15 p.m.**
Thursday Evening Program — **Auditorium** — **8:00 p.m.**
Speaker: Mr. Ralph W. Wiley, Chief of San Francisco Department of Electricity.
Subject: "The Functions of the San Francisco Department of Electricity."

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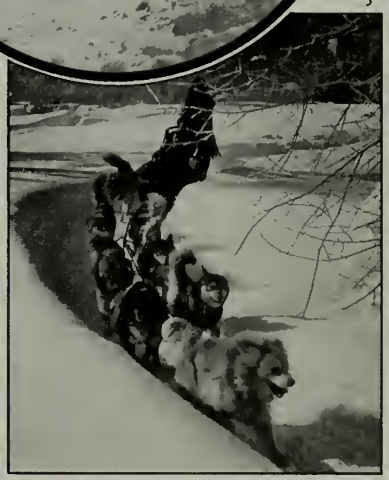

Yosemite IN SNOW-TIME

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at 465 Post Street

Telephone GArfield 8400

Entered as second-class matter April 14, 1928, at the Post Office at San Francisco, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.
SAN FRANCISCO

Willis Hickox, Advertising Manager

Volume XI January, 1938 Number 12

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TWELFTH NIGHT

"Wassaile the trees, that they may beare
You many a plumb, and many a peare;
For more or less fruits they will bring
As you doe give them wassailing."

■ As far back as the Fifteenth Century Wassail Eve, tradition tells us, brought "Wessells with maydens syngyng with their wessells, and after cam the cheyff wyffes syngyng with their wessels; and the gyntyll-woman had hordenyd a grett tabull of bankett, dyssys of spyssys and frut, as marmelad, gynbred, gele, confett, sugar plat and dyver odur."

Wassail bowls were carried round to the houses of the gentry and farmers. The custom is still partially extant in many English houses.

The component parts of the wassail bowl are generally ale, sugar, nutmeg and roasted apples and is usually called "Lamb's Wool." (It is probably from the softness of this popular beverage that it has gotten its name.)

All of which leads us into our Twelfth Night celebration when we shall come

"Wassailing round the Clubhouse tree;
Who cuts the cake our Queen shall be,
To lead us to our Bracebridge Hall,
Viands partaken, one and all."

And as in the days of King Henry the ladies of the court shall later be entertained by magnificent pageantry, portraying the splendor of centuries past and customs long forgotten, until the stars fade away and the long finger of dawn points us homeward.

So hear ye! hear ye! On the twelfth night after Christmas, and the sixth day of January in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight, members of the Women's City Club are to go "wassailing round the Clubhouse tree from the hour of six-thirty—until——"

COMING EVENTS

■

January 6 . . . .

TWELFTH NIGHT

Dinner with appropriate
menu and program to follow.

■

February 8-9-10

BOOK MART and RAG FAIR

A bit of Paris brought to
our door.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ TWELFTH NIGHT DINNER—With program following, has been arranged for January 6th. A special menu has been chosen and several old world rites which carry out former customs of this celebration are being planned. Program will follow in the Auditorium. Dinner, $1 a plate; reservations in advance.

■ ANNUAL ELECTION—Will be held on Monday, January 10th. Members who are not able to vote in person may do so by mailing their ballots to the Clubhouse. The ballot will be found on Page ...., and should be filled out and sent in an envelope, plainly marked with the member's name and address. All members not voting are subject to a fine of 25 cents.

■ LUNCHEON—Past and Present Board Members. Each year this group of women, who through the years have worked so diligently for the welfare of our organization, meet to discuss our present-day problems. This year's luncheon, to be held the last week in January, will be more in the way of a celebration of the success of our refinancing plan which has now been successfully culminated, and we feel that those of our Board who have striven so untiringly to accomplish this end should receive a vote of sincerest gratitude.

■ BOOK MART—February 8th, 9th, 10th, brings our annual Book Mart and Rag Fair. Books and articles for sale may be brought into the Clubhouse any time before February 8th. If you do not have the use of a car, our Volunteer Motor Service will arrange to call for your contribution.

■ DRAMA CLASSES—Classes under direction of Miss Dorothea Johnston will be resumed at the usual hours each Wednesday, 11 a. m., 4 p. m. and 7 p. m. Please register at the Executive Office. Fee, $4 a month.

■ BOOK REVIEWS — Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard. "Designs for Living" is the title Mrs. Thomas A. Stoddard has given to her Book Review for this month. As part of the varied fashions of thought about the meaning and the value of life set forth in books of the hour, Mrs. Stoddard will analyze this statement: The essay is the favorite form of literary expression for the completely civilized intellect. Henceforth, there will be two Book Reviews each month. The evening reviews will take place on the evening of every second Wednesday in connection with a dinner at 6:15 o'clock in the National Defenders' Room. Members may invite guests. The fee, including the Book Review, will be $1. The morning reviews will take place each second Monday at 11 o'clock in the Auditorium; fee, 50 cents. A Round Table will be arranged in the Cafeteria for those desiring to attend.

Mrs. Stoddard will discuss the following books in January: "The Importance of Living" by Lin Yutang; "Ends and Means" by Aldous Huxley; "Lost Empire" by Hector Chevigny; "The Trojan Horse" by Christopher Morley.

■ THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMS — Thursday Evening Programs under the direction of Mrs. A. P. Black for January are as follows: On the 13th, a TWA motion picture of a flight over Boulder Dam and the Grand Canyon will be shown. It will be sponsored by the Travel Bureau in our Foyer. On January 20th, Mr. Elmer M. Stover will speak on "What Blindcraft Has Accomplished." The audience will also be entertained with the music of Miss Rose Resnick, concert pianist. Mrs. John Cuddy has arranged a program for the 27th—"Scenes from Current CBS Plays."

■ LANGUAGE CLASSES — French, German and Spanish held continuously throughout the year. Register at the Executive Office so that instructors may arrange lesson hours to suit your convenience.

■ COLOR CLASS—The spring class in color and composition under the direction of Wana Derge will hold its preliminary exhibit in the Auditorium of the Clubhouse on January 18th from 11 a. m. to 9 p. m. with a lecture at 2 p. m. Classes proper are to start the following Tuesday, January 25th, at 1 p. m. Course of seven lessons, $12.

■ ROUND TABLES—So that the new year's calendar may be easily marked, we list the following Round Tables:

German—First and third Mondays.
French—Every Thursday afternoon and evening.
Spanish—Second and fourth Wednesdays.
Young Members'—Second Monday.
Garden—Third Tuesday.

■ GARDEN ROUND TABLE — Mrs. Anton Dolenz, herself an ardent gardener, who has recently returned from a six months' trip to Germany, Austria, Holland and Hungary, will speak to us on January 18th on the "Gardens and Flowers of Central Europe."

■ LEAGUE SHOP—Offers its usual after-Christmas reductions from ten to twenty-five per cent on all articles. The wise buyer will take advantage of this opportunity and think of coming birthdays, anniversaries, bridge prizes and many occasions when the unusual gift is needed.

■ BEAUTY SALON—Announces a reduction of ten per cent on all permanents for the month of January, or a combination of hair-cut, shampoo, finger-wave and manicure at the same ten per cent reduction on combined price.

■ SWIMMING POOL—New Year's resolutions for a svelte figure can be carried out in your own Club Pool. A swim or two a week, or a few lessons with new strokes learned, will do a great deal towards keeping the pounds away.

■ GLOVE MAKING—Classes are held every Tuesday and Thursday in Room 214, Second Floor of the Clubhouse. Three lessons, $1.50; material extra. Mrs. Earl Tanbara in charge.

■ LIP READING—Miss Kate Morphy is organizing a class in Lip Reading to start on February 7th—two lessons a week for 12 weeks at $15. The first lecture, in explanation, will be held on January 17th, at which time Miss Morphy will sketch the work which her course embraces. There will be no fee for the first meeting January 17th, 11 a. m. in Room 214.

■ NEW MEMBERSHIPS—For the New Year. While our membership list is still open, bring in that friend whom you have always wanted to be one of us. Dues are being pro rated for January and February, so that full enjoyment of the Clubhouse may be had from January 1st.

■ VOLUNTEER SERVICE—Did one of your New Year's resolutions include Volunteer Service to your Club? And have you ever stopped to realize the distinguished note members in uniform add to our functions? If so, our Volunteer Chairman, Mrs. H. L. Alves, will be very happy to welcome you into whichever service you prefer.

■ CHRISTMAS — Decorations in the Clubhouse were arranged under the direction of Mrs. J. P. Rettenmayer, and many compliments have been given Mrs. Rettenmayer as to her fine understanding of the massiveness of decoration necessary to the architecture of our building.

■ COME INTO OUR KITCHEN—We are sure the membership will be glad to know that this event brought $400 into the treasury of the Club. Although inclement weather prevailed on November 23rd, everything that was sent to us was disposed of before the day was over.

■ EMPLOYEES FUND — The Finance Committee and the Staff of the Women's City Club wish to express their appreciation to the membership for their generous contributions again this year to the Employees Fund.

■ RESTAURANT DEPARTMENT — Our Restaurant Department is receiving many compliments these days, evidence that our members are taking more and more interest in our Dining Room. Let our fine cuisine help build up your reputation as a hostess and when at a loss for something new in the food line, call Mrs. Ashbrook and have her suggest and prepare some special dish for you or some unusual dessert which may be easily served in your own home.

■ LIBRARY—May we again remind the members that the Club Library subscribes for the best in periodicals and newspapers, so that the membership may enjoy a well-stocked reading room. Any abuse or careless handling of these magazines and newspapers means that the rest of the members suffer.

■ TOKENS—Our tokens, which were on sale during Christmas time, may be purchased the year round—to be presented as gifts to friends, used in payment of new memberships or dues, or used in various departments of the Clubhouse.

TOWER OF THE SUN

Golden Gate International Exposition

The President's Message

Fantastic Roof Lines of the Orient
Gardens of Tropical Verdure
Towers of Modern Architecture
Craft of All Description Circling a Magic Isle

What a challenge to the imagination — What a setting for the year 1938! As the Golden Gate International Exposition rises from the waters of the bay, we who live upon its shores turn our thoughts more frequently toward the activities that will make for the success of 1939. ■ Our New Year greetings carry with them the stimulating thought of new opportunities for our Volunteer Service, and the need to be ready, willing and waiting to serve our Community — ever the aim of the National League for Woman's Service.

KATHARINE DONOHOE

Paul F. Cadman

The following is reprinted by request:

Paul F. Cadman graduated from the University of California with the degree of B. A. in Letters and Science, August, 1915; served as Captain of Field Artillery with the second Division in France; received Doctor's Degree in Economics from the University of Paris in 1922. Spent six years on the Faculty of the University of California in the Department of Economics; also served as Dean of Men. Resigned in 1929 to become the Executive Secretary of the San Francisco Stock Exchange, which position was held for two and one-half years. Returned to occupy the Chair of Corporation Finance and Investments in the University of California in August, 1932. Since February, 1936, Consulting Economist, engaged in private economic research. During the past fifteen years he has lectured from Yreka to San Diego, covering practically every community in California.

■ ■ ■

Under the research grant which he now employs, Dr. Cadman has been able to effect an extensive review of the social and political forces now operating in Europe, the Orient and the United States. In the lecture series for the Women's City Club of San Francisco, he will present and discuss the current issues in the field of economics and government, their social implications, and their significance in our every-day lives. Throughout the course, readings in the field of social theory will be continuously suggested. Books, magazine articles and public speeches bearing on the social transition will be briefly reviewed.

■ ■ ■

The method will be non-academic. Every attempt will be made to avoid classroom technique and to deal with current issues in factual and non-partisan treatment.

Spring Course

of

Fifteen Lectures

by

Dr. Paul F. Cadman

"Current Economic Events"

■

In response to enthusiastic request, DR. PAUL CADMAN has consented to give A SPRING COURSE of fifteen lectures on

CURRENT ECONOMIC EVENTS

On Wednesdays

Beginning January 19, 1938, at 12:15 o'clock.

Course tickets—Members $6 plux tax (60c)

Non-members $8 plus tax (80c)

Single admissions:

Members 50c—Non-members 60c
(plus tax)

■

Comments on the First Course: "No one can afford to miss it." "I learned more from Dr. Cadman in one lecture than in three years of personal study." "Dr. Cadman tells you what he himself thinks, but presents facts to inspire your own thinking." "Any one single lecture is well worth the price of admission."

Editorial

■ Even before the Christian Era man marked the progress of time with milestones that separated past from future. A need to take stock, to think consciously of future plans is human. The Women's City Club Magazine can scan its past with genuine pride. Its stories have excited comment. Many from the pen of novices have surprised the more experienced by their correct style. Members have responded to appeals for a recounting of their experiences who never dreamed of "seeing themselves in print."

It has been a year of experimentation in other ways, too. A central theme for each issue has been developed; and the main stories have been pertinent to each. The book reviews have been written by different members and this policy has given opportunity for many to try their hand at something which in this modern world is fast becoming a vocation.

It has been a full year for the Magazine, for each number has had request articles, requests for reprints from its own pages (most flattering of all), requests for space from community organizations whose officers appreciate the value of the readers' interest in our columns, requests from advertisers for preferential space because years of their own experience with us have shown that "just any corner" will not be good enough for the standard of set-up which we have accomplished.

So much for the past—what of the future? The Advertising Manager, Mr. Hickox, reports splendid prospects for new friends, and brings tales of interest of old friends in the Advertisers' Show for 1938. The Editor has dreamed of new themes and new departments as a next step in making this Women's City Club Magazine the best of its kind. The printer has suggestions for new arrangements and a more artistic development of the interesting modern type which has been used now for a year.

The Magazine Staff appreciates and thanks each contributor, and each advertiser. It shares with them the flattering comments of 1937, and it bespeaks continued cooperation for 1938, pledging in return an earnest effort to progress as befits a periodical which is the voice of an organization whose watchword is Service.

■ With this issue of the Magazine we feel the nearness of the Exposition. Heretofore, 1939 seemed a long way off, but with the coming of 1938, we are suddenly conscious of the plans for Treasure Island. It behooves us to think of the opportunity which is ours in the National League for Woman's Service of asking our friends to join our organization now, an opportunity which will be lost as the Exposition year with its enthusiasm closes our list. The fiscal year will soon be upon us (March to March), but a pro rating of dues until then takes away the need of waiting these two months and makes it possible for us to urge all applicants to "do it now."

■ What fun are the quiet days after Christmas — the days when bureau drawers and bookcases get more attention than they have had for many weeks. There is a peacefulness about the act of sorting which is in sharp contrast to the hectic grabbing of this and that because time presses. From the sorting that now goes on, the Club hopes that many books will find their way to 465 to await the Book Mart in February, and also that many white elephants will be sent to the same address. Experience has shown that nothing is ever left over after the Mart itself and so each member who sends anything has the satisfaction of knowing that in the last analysis she is contributing to the exchequer.

Some activities do not warrant continuance, but the Book Mart has survived year after year and everyone enjoys stepping in to the Auditorium and browsing for surprises. And there are many real surprises of antiques and first editions. But there can't be a Mart without your help, so in the "sorting process," after the holidays, remember to send the surplus from your book shelves to the Club that will appreciate your gift.

■ As we print another ballot for membership to the Board of Directors, we wish to thank the retiring members of our Board for their leadership of us through years which of necessity lacked the glamour which seems now ahead. The past few years have been difficult the world over. The National League for Woman's Service has not escaped this general depression, but the united service of its Board of Directors of these years has centralized the splendid courage of the membership, who continued their support after raising their own dues and who cooperated in every way. To those of the Board who this month retire, we extend our sincere and appreciative thanks.

■ It is with sincere apology that we correct the typographical error which occurred in last month's Magazine. The story "Wintersports in California" was written by Mrs. Otto Barkan.

The Post Street Investment Company and the National League for Woman's Service

By Marion Leale

THE PAST

■ The name, Post Street Investment Company, grew out of a need for a disassociation of two ideas. The National League for Woman's Service was about to build its own home. Obviously, for many years to come, the owner and the tenant of the new Clubhouse must each have its own identity.

Those who invested their moneys in the new venture must have a holding company whose first purpose would be the protection of their (the clients') interests, and whose second function would be cooperation with its tenant. On the other hand, those who operated the new building must have as their particular charge the careful and sound managing of a clubhouse which would fulfill its obligations, first to a membership whose dues it handled, and secondly to the investors whose funds it must eventually return with interest.

The tenant in this new set-up was already named —the National League for Woman's Service of California, living at 333 Kearny Street. This National League for Woman's Service had demonstrated its ablity "to make both ends meet," and its reputation could be counted upon to finance a million-dollar project, even though its actual cash on hand was negligible. Added to its reputation for honest dependableness was one of power of accomplishment as ten National Defenders Clubs and manifold services in California had borne evidence. But the landlord of the new building was an un-named patron— in fact he was still barely a nebulous idea.

And then some one said, "Post Street Investment Company!" What a fine sound it had! No tint of sentimental feminine idealism in those four words. Strong, business-like and secure, they were masculinity itself in comparison with the National League for Woman's Service. To be sure, Post Street above Union Square was but a waste of empty lots (for the bricks of the fire were still evident in spots), but logically, was Post Street not to be the Fifth Avenue of the West, and when 6,000 women moved up the street, would retail trade not surely follow the parade?

The Post Street Investment Company bonds found ready buyers, the National League for Woman's Service members showed their loyalty by taking over the debentures, and the American Trust Company fulfilled its promise to give the note for the gap between. The Clubhouse was builded at 465.

All went well as a May morning, until a world depression clouded the sun.

Then it was that the wisdom that had brought about the holding company — the Post Street Investment Company — was to be tested. The five directors of this company were now obligated to think first as landlord, and in the negotiations of the reorganization during the past three years, their power to act has facilitated many a situation. A new financial plan, based not on serial maturities, but on a percentage of net profits, was the more easily and expediently worked out because of the fact that the Post Street Investment Company was a functioning entity.

History of these negotiations include Bondholders Protective Committee, attorneys, Corporation Commission, Federal Court. The story is long—but when something is once past, all that really matters is "Did it succeed?" In this instance the answer is not just, "Yes." The answer is, "Yes, it not only succeeded, but it worked out to the best interests of all concerned." The bondholders have retained the only tenant their building — without vast expense —

could house, that tenant ready and willing at all times to pay a reasonable rent, has now its rent adjusted to present-day rates; the investors will again receive interest on their money, and the National League for Woman's Service will again begin to pay off the mortgage as it did so successfully in the beginning years on Post Street.

The Post Street Investment Company closes another chapter, one of sore trial but one of character building. As one turns to a new page, one reads the words, "A Happy and Prosperous New Year for All."

THE PRESENT

The National League for Woman's Service of California starts 1938 with gay spirits and a light heart. Its troubles of the past few years are no more. Its desperate effort since 1933 through V. A. D. and kindred activities to meet the demands of the old lease executed in the hey-day of a prosperous era have been rewarded. Its honesty, its one-ness, its willingness to sacrifice—in a word, its service, has spelled success. As a unit, the National League presented its case. Solid as a rock, it stood before the tribunal in defense of its home, and the story of the present is the result. The refinancing plan is accomplished! The new set-up will be retroactive for 1937, and the moneys are at hand. The new bonds and stock are ready for delivery. The membership may feel justifiable pride in knowing that the dignity of its bearing throughout years which have tried the souls of men the world over has been recognized and applauded. Their Clubhouse, called the Women's City Club of San Francisco, is free of entangling obligations, and 1938 starts with a friendly handclasp of those who lend and those who borrow. A happy New Year — this present one!

THE FUTURE

Prophets there be, but only One Who knows. Yet as we write the word future, our hearts are light as they have not been of late, for the premises on which we build our hopes are finer and more secure than for several years. For some time past we have known that our obligations were beyond us. Today we know we can meet the new demands. Why should we not rejoice? The future is ours to mould. Unharassed by financial worries, we can return to the development of our Volunteer Service program which bids fair to be of need in a sorry world. "War" (a word the National League for Woman's Service put behind it when it closed the doors of its last Defenders' Club) is again on the tongues of men. But peace is in our hearts. We have worked for peace — yea, these many years. We have learned that service is the antidote for lonely hearts, is the education for misunderstanding, is the enemy of intrigue and jealousy. We have preserved a League which brings us together in a common cause, no matter what our beliefs, politically or religiously, and we have found ourselves in the losing of ourselves "for His name's sake."

The future? Roseate for the National League for Woman's Service, for come what may, true service develops. We shall be needed as we have been needed. At no day since the National League for Woman's Service was born was this not so. The future finds our lamps trimmed and burning.

OFFICERS OF POST STREET INVESTMENT COMPANY

President	MARION W. LEALE
Vice-President	MRS. W. B. HAMILTON
Secretary	MRS. PERRY EYRE
Treasurer	MABEL L' PIERCE
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President	MISS KATHARINE DONOHOE
First Vice-President	MRS. JULIA EASLEY
Second Vice-President	MRS. J. P. COGHLAN
Third Vice-President	MISS MARION BURR
Recording Secretary	MISS FRANCES HALL
Corresponding Secretary	MRS. JOHN M. ESHLEMAN
Treasurer	MISS MARION LEALE

Uncle Sam's Unique Gift

By Henrietta Horak

■ One of the unique gifts in the history of civilization was presented to San Francisco a few weeks ago by the U. S. Army Corps Engineers.

"To the people of this city," said the Army in effect, "we give this island—conceived in the mind of man and made to order from the floor of an ocean." Thus 400 acres of new territory were added to the domain of the United States, to be used first as the site of the 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition and later as a municipal airport.

Situated between the world's two greatest bridges, this largest man-made island in the world is in itself a marvel of modern engineering. In spite of the fact that the last 20,000,000 cubic yards of fill has just recently been placed within the 17,760-foot seawall, $16,000,000 in building construction is already under way. Two immense concrete and steel hangars, ranking among the largest in the world, have been completed at a cost of $800,000 and a three-story concrete airport terminal building has been finished at a cost of $1,000,000.

When the temporary exhibit palaces fall under the wrecker's axe at the close of the $50,000,000 World's Fair, the hangars and terminal will form the nucleus of a new San Francisco municipal airfield, the closest-in airport of any large municipality in America. By means of the highway connections with the bridge, ground transportation to downtown San Francisco will be accomplished in ten minutes.

Approximately 1400 workmen are now engaged in the building activities of Treasure Island. Including the two hangars, which will be used as auxiliary palaces, a million square feet of exhibit space is now being erected for the Exposition. Six temporary exhibit palaces, averaging 200 feet in width and varying from 415 to 887 feet in length, are under construction. Other structures now being erected include four pavilion buildings, ferry slips and ferry terminal, main gates, and the 400-foot central tower, the architectural keynote of the Exposition.

The building program is well ahead of schedule and, according to present plans, all construction will be completed by September 1, 1938. Treasure Island will then be ready for its exhibits.

An ancient walled city, planned to its every line, it will be shrouded in mysticism and romance, a "Never-Never Land" in a setting of mechanical reality and perfection. Ancient mystic Oriental forms have been blended in long horizontal lines, setback pyramids and masses characteristic of Malayan, Incan and Cambodian treatments, to form a new "Pacific" style of architecture, devised to exalt the visitor spiritually.

The elephant, legendary beast of pageantry, will be a predominating decorative note. Flaming banners, pylons with flambeaux streaming flames of vapor will confer pungency to accentuate the simplicity of basic form; illumination will work magic after dark. Modified floodlights in varied hues will throw fantastic soft glows against colored walls, which, as they rise upward, will match the mystery of the night sky.

This World's Fair, not merely San Francisco's, but sponsored by the eleven western states, will celebrate not only the completion of the world's greatest bridges, but the advancement of human leisure insured by the latest developments of science and engineering skill. Cultural, mechanical, artistic and industrial improvements will be shown in animated and dramatic displays in more than a score of buildings; leisure time, the result of mechanical perfection, will be glorified in all the scenic and vacation wonders of the West concentrated in dramatic displays on Treasure Island. The story of each building is found in its name—Hall of the Mineral Empire; the Palaces of Business and Progress; Electricity and Communications; Hall of Science; Agriculture; Homes and Gardens, and many others.

One of the most popular exhibits, according to advanced plans, will be Vacationland. Under this single roof will be an assemblage of a million square miles painted in moving displays and in life-like cycloramas with living trees and actual waterfalls.

Nearly every fair in the last few decades has been a parade of industrial progress, worshipping the machine. This is where San Francisco sidesteps the beaten path and blazes a new trail, with an idea unique in the history of world's fairs. San Francisco will give due honor to the machine, and to its industrial progress, but in honoring them it will stress them as symbols of leisure—of travel.

To make this a travel fair rather than a display of industry and science, the creators of the Golden Gate Exposition enlisted the eleven western states as co-patrons. California, Oregon, Washington, Arizona, Nevada, Idaho, New Mexico, Utah, Wyoming, Montana and Colorado will thus act as hosts to the world in 1939, and may bring about one of the greatest westward travel movements in all American history. Their exhibits in the Hall of Western States, stressing scenic beauties and vacation opportunities, are expected to capture permanently many visitors to the Fair for whom the West has always held a certain fascination.

The landscaping of "Treasure Island" is a two-year project, involving the expenditure of approximately $2,000,000, and will be stressed during the coming year. The Exposition grounds will be a two-million-dollar California garden, but the landscaping project is described as "standard" from the horticultural standpoint; one that could be carried out on a smaller scale by any home owner.

In two respects, the program is absolutely without precedent, but neither of these would affect the home owner. One is magnitude—the Exposition's Bureau of Horticulture must install, within ten months after planting operations begin at least a thousand varieties of growing things—including 4,000 trees, 40,000 shrubs and literally millions of flowering plants. Nothing like it has ever been attempted before within such a time-limit.

The other staggering new problem to be worked out is the leaching, or "unsalting," of 100 acres of the Treasure Island site. This island did not exist until 1937—it was dredged up from the bottom of San Francisco Bay and is composed of 20,000,000 cubic yards of black sand, which for geological ages had been flooded with all the undesirable mineral salts that are characteristic of ocean water.

These mineral salts must be removed before sturdy trees and exotic subtropical plants can be induced to "take hold" and grow thriftily in the planting areas of the Exposition. Experiments are now under way to determine how this may best be done, and the Exposition's Department of Works anticipates that the soil will be prepared for field planting to begin in April of 1938. Approximately 100,000 yards of rich topsoil, brought by barge from the fertile Sacramento delta regions, will be spread on the surface to enrich the plant beds; soil samples are now under study to select the most suitable locations for stripping the topsoil.

California and the Pacific Ocean nations are cooperating to provide myriads of 5,000,000 flowers and 20,000 trees, shrubs and plants, to transform Treasure Island into an exotic garden of perfumed dreams. A single "Persian Prayer Rug" of living mesembryanthemum will cover 25 acres along the facade of the Exposition City; each of the six spacious courts within the walls will follow an individual color motif, with new blossoms of like hue replacing old plantings before they can wither.

Bulbs will be planted on Treasure Island, in their plotted locations, in September of 1938. The plans call for 130,000 tulips, 125,000 daffodils, 20,000 iris, 20,000 tuberous begonias, 10,000 hyacinths and smaller totals of other varieties.

An average daily crew of 350 men, directed by the Bureau of Horticulture and under the tutelage of skilled engineers and landscape men, is now engaged in carrying out the transplanting and propagating program. Headquarters at this time is the 28-acre Balboa Park nursery, which is equipped with two hot-houses, a cold-house, two lath-houses, a cutting-house and other serv- (Continued on page 24

Meat for Repentance

By June Lucas (Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas)

Dear Editor:

While strolling through a museum the other day with a brilliant journalist interested in international affairs, the question was asked, "What do you think is the matter with the European situation?" A big question, and we stopped to talk it out a little and I noticed that just before me was a case of exquisitely carved sets of chessmen, hundreds of years old—the old game which has been played for centuries in Europe. "This may be the answer," I said, looking down at the Knights, the Bishops, the Kings and Queens and their sturdy Pawns to protect them! We talked for a time about that aspect of it—the game of "checkmate" played so long by the diplomats and statesmen, by the men of privilege and power in their libraries at home, in the game rooms of their clubs. Then I remembered the great assembly room at Geneva in September, how like a huge chess board it was, how slowly "the pieces" were moved by powerful hands, and how one seemed to hear the word "check" as the result of a vote was announced.

And yet, as we look back upon September through the happenings of October, November and December, we see that there were two direct actions taken regarding Spain and China which have not been taken anywhere outside of Geneva: Many observers close to the situation believe that the Nyon Conference, the Brussels Conference check for a time the game being played, but that such conferences weaken the power of the League of Nations to find an ultimate solution of the real problems. One of the darkest aspects of the present situation is that the press of Europe is no longer discussing blame for past mistakes but is grimly estimating the rapid progress being made in the war preparations of the great powers. The last statement as to blame I noticed was in the London Times for November 7: "It is tragically true that many of those who talk most of the Covenant and the League differ from the war-mongers of yesterday mainly in this respect, that they talk peace but mean war, whereas the old-fashioned Jingoes often talked war when they meant peace. And this country (Great Britain) and the United States are largely to blame. It was their defection from the guarantees of Versailles that drove France to seek alliances at the other side of Europe, which, in turn, produced counter-alliances, and tied the League to a legalistic interpretation of the Peace Treaties."

It is true that the Brussels Conference was called at the suggestion of a League committee—the Far Eastern Advisory Committee—to keep the membership of the conference confined to the parties to the Nine-Power Treaty of 1922, including all signatories who were not members of the League, hoping thereby to induce Japan to attend. She refused and so did Germany. Italy sent a delegate to Brussels to protest the very conference itself, and to urge direct negotiations between Japan and China! Japan refused a second invitation to attend, and the Brussels Conference faded out. The whole question will probably go back to the assembly of the League, which is still officially in session to meet, many think, this very crisis.

I would say that the majority opinion at Geneva is on the side of collective action as the only road to peace. The present failures are due not to the ideal of such collective security but to the past mistakes. I would agree with that. The price of mistakes comes very high. The Ethiopian mistake brought on the present Spanish tragedy—to check the disaster in Spain has, up to this present writing, been impossible because of that mistake. The Non-Intervention Committee has not enforced their own agreement to evacuate volunteers from Spain; and yet Blum and Delbos for France and Elliott for Great Britain told del Vayo that the volunteers would be withdrawn in ten days, and if not, the frontier between France and Spain was to be re-opened. That was October first! Nothing has happened. Franco claims he is victorious in every way and will accept nothing but a complete military settlement. Many questions are asked. What will Mussolini gain from Frano's victory —raw materials in Spain or a base in Majorca? What does Germany want of Franco? Will Italy stop just this side of attacking the vital interests of France and England?

The chessboard of Europe today presents a strange set-up. On the way to Geneva in September, I spent

five days in Paris. I had left Paris before the Armistice in the great World War — a sad, gloomy Paris, with its fountains boarded up in its beloved Tuilleries, its nights dark, while people scurried along between air raids, its days full of agonies caused by enemy guns that were dropping shells on Paris from a distance of 75 miles! In September I found it was German Week at the Exposition — 40,000 Germans crowded the streets, the Louvre, went marching into the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles singing and tossing their caps into the air — Paris gave them a smiling and hearty welcome. I was a bit dazed by it all, but I was glad, glad to find less fear of, less hatred for, the German people in the French capital. Then I talked with a French journalist who helps to form French public opinion. I found a transference of the fear, of the hate, from Germany to Italy — that the French would like to make friends with Germany if they were sure it would not harm their relations with Great Britain — that Italy was their enemy of today! That prepared me for the balance of power framework so clearly seen at Geneva — the old framework because a real league of all nations has not yet been tried.

As we face 1938, we know the gravity of the world situation cannot be ignored and we know that it cannot be met by "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth"; a colony for this, a partition for that. The solution lies in a way of life so simple it seems impossible of achievement. I have discussed it with many men and women who are giving their lives to the search for peace — not in an emotional or sentimental attitude but in the most scientific and realistic study of the problems. Again and again I hear almost the very words of Dr. Inazio Nitobe, the liberal Japanese peer who represented Japan at Geneva for six years. He believed in peace, he was opposing the militaristic party in Japan. After 1931 on his last visit to San Francisco before his death, he was asked about his country's action in Manchuria. His answer was, "I believe that nations as well as individuals have to repent."

You may say that is foolish idealism — that we cannot establish between nations the spiritual codes or the ethical standards we expect and demand between individuals and of individuals. If that is our attitude, we are defeated before we start. But if we can learn what history teaches, that the dreams, the idealisms of today, are the realities of tomorrow, we have a chance for peace in our generation. We have all fought for national sovereignity, for economic right, for political prestige, for racial superiority, for raw materials, for trade routes, for freedom of seas, for security of life, and for all our fighting we have claimed the blessing of our own particular god. We justify the bloody roads we travel — we rationalize our losses and in the new bitterness we breed the next war! Have we the courage to make our own repentance so real that our nations cannot miss the highway to a lasting peace?

Aftermath

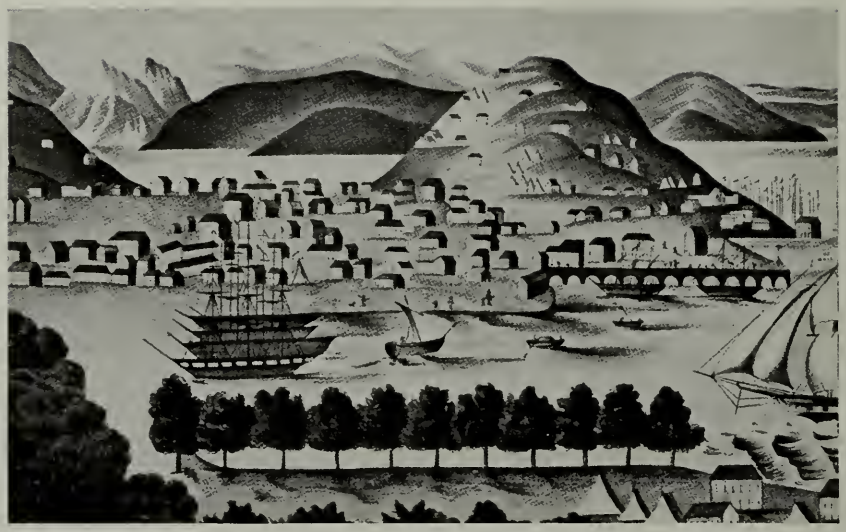
Have you forgotten yet? . . .
For the world's events have rumbled on since those gagged days,
Like traffic checked a while at the crossing of city ways:
And the haunted gap in your mind has filled with thoughts that flow
Like clouds in the lit heavens of life; and you're a man reprieved to go,
Taking your peaceful share of Time, with joy to spare.
But the past is just the same — and War's a bloody game . . .
Have you forgotten yet? . . .
Look down, and swear by the slain of the War that you'll never forget.

Do you remember the dark months you held the sector at Mametz —
The nights you watched and wired and dug and piled sandbags on parapets?
Do you remember the rats; and the stench
Of corpses rotting in front of the front-line trench —
And dawn coming, dirty-white, and chill with a hopeless rain?
Do you ever stop and ask, "Is it all going to happen again?"

Do you remember that hour of din before the attack—
And the anger, the blind compassion that seized and shook you then
As you peered at the doomed and haggard faces of your men?
Do you remember the stretcher-cases lurching back
With dying eyes and lolling heads, those ashen-gray
Masks of the lads who once were keen and kind and gay?

Have you forgotten yet? . . .
Look up, and swear by the green of the Spring that you'll never forget!

SIEGFRIED SASSOON.



The Story of the First Wharf in San Francisco Bay

As Told by William S. Clark

Reprinted by permission from "Lone Mountain," by Ann Clark Hart

■ Yerba Buena in 1847 began to assume some life.

Early in that year under Alcalde Bartlett the town took the name of the Bay—San Francisco. Yerba Buena had been originally named under the following circumstances: There lived in the locality a widow named Juana Briones, who gathered herbs on Telegraph Hill from which she concocted a very palatable tea. The local territorial officers in making their periodical excursions to the Embarcadero always partook freely of this delicious beverage—yerba buena, or "good herb," tea. Hence the name Yerba Buena was given to the locality.

I was firmly convinced that California at the end of the war would be ceded to the United States, hence I saw the importance of the site of San Francisco. Its location on the bay made it superior to all the other towns on the Coast as a commercial point. Therefore I proceeded at once to make permanent improvements. I first looked around for building materials, as I desired to construct a warehouse and a wharf. There were no materials at hand, hence I was obliged to cross the bay to a stretch of timber land lying north of Angel Island on the mainland. There I cut down trees and prepared the lumber and piles necessary for such structures. I was occupied for about two months on this work in the redwoods. I succeeded in engaging a launch from General Sutter to convey the lumber to Clark's Point at the foot of Broadway Street, and there I immediately began the construction of my warehouse. After the land was surveyed I was able to obtain legal title by securing an alcalde grant to the lot at Clark's Point, where I had already built my cabin and was living.

In the construction of my wharf a great difficulty presented itself. I had no pile driver, and no suitable material was at hand out of which to make one. No pile driver had ever been used in the vicinity of San Francisco Bay before this date. But necessity being the mother of invention and circumstances favoring my plans, I found on visiting a whale ship anchored at Sausalito on the opposite side of the bay that it was ballasted with pigiron. I got some blocks of this pigiron, and binding the pieces together with iron straps, I made a hammer of about twelve hundred pounds weight, which answered the purpose of a pile driver. As for machinery, my raising apparatus was a gin or windlass power worked by two men. This windlass I obtained from the salvage of a wrecked vessel; I paid one hundred dollars for it. My assistants, a carpenter and a blacksmith, had never before seen a pile driver in operation; hence some difficulty was encountered in getting it in proper working order. With this crude machinery and with the assistance of these rough workmen, I proceeded with the construction of my wharf to the extent of one hundred and fifty feet. It was the first wharf built on piles on the Pacific Coast north of Panama. Before the wharf had been planked and finished the brig Belfast from New York, loaded with merchandise, DeWitt and Harrison, (Continued on page 27

Women of the Exposition

By Mrs. George T. Cameron,

Chairman Women's Board, 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition

■ A memory that is a challenge!

For the important task of arranging and directing all women's affairs in the Exposition, nine women have been appointed to the Exposition's Women's Central Committee. Full authority has been given the committee to outline and oversee the activities of paramount importance to the women.

One of the first tasks entrusted to the Women's Board is the appointment of the official hospitality committee. Here it is our duty to arrange for the reception and entertainment of our distinguished guests from over the entire world, and for our purposes, the customary delegation of prominent citizens to entertain important guests is not enough. We intend to show our guests our city and our region, and already in outline form are plans to cover the magnitude, the industry, culture, and the beauty of San Francisco and the state.

Of vast immediate importance is the need to win the women of California to enthusiastic support of the Exposition, women representative of all shades of interest and activity. A step to create such interest has been taken with the appointment of Mrs. Alfred McLaughlin, a member of the Women's Board, to initiate a statewide organization throughout the fifty-eight counties of the state, and delegate in each county a chairman to serve as a liaison between the Women's Board and the women in each county.

So state organizations of women may be brought into closer contact with the work of the Women's Board of the Exposition, a State Advisory Committee comprised of the presidents of the various organizations has already formed and has met at Exposition headquarters. Full and enthusiastic support and cooperation has been promised from these groups.

It must be remembered by all that the Exposition in 1939 is much more than a community affair. Not only San Francisco but all California will be hostess to the world in 1939. The site of the fairgrounds is in San Francisco Bay, but the entire state is host. It therefore falls upon the representatives of every county to make ready for the thousands of visitors expected an itinerary of the historical landmarks and places of beauty and of special interest in their counties. Local chairmen are expected to assume the role of hostess in the counties and then perfect the entertainment.

A major objective we hope to attain is the erection on the Exposition island of a women's building, financed and supported entirely by the women of the state. It is planned to equip the building with clubrooms, adequate restrooms, a coffee shop, a restaurant, and a cocktail lounge.

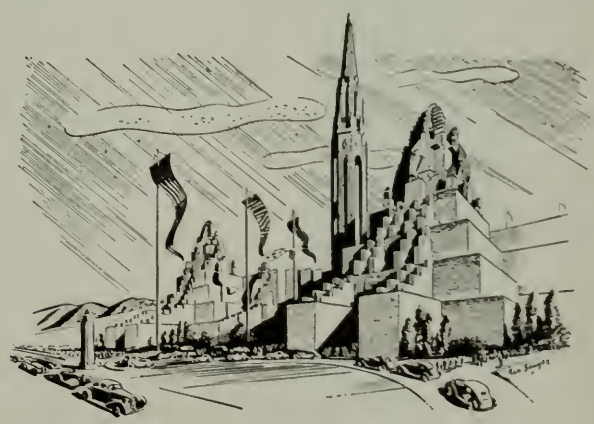
The entire membership is to be limited to a total of 7,400 women. A state campaign for the clubhouse starts in January.

We are working toward a program which will bring to San Francisco distinguished women from the various countries of Europe and the Pacific area.

For suggestions on exhibits and programs, we feel it necessary to keep in mind the theme of the Exposition—"A Pageant of the Pacific"—and build within them the importance of the vast Pacific basin.

In all these undertakings the board is mindful of the splendid achievement of its counterpart in the Panama Pacific Exposition in 1915.

In the past few years, the idea of the Exposition has been merely an impression. It is important to recognize its nearness. Not many months remain before we take the role of hostess we write about now. Our ends are meritorious—a warm welcome and full and wholesome entertainment for the women of the world—and we solicit the united efforts of the women of our statewide community.



Main Gate and Central Tower, G. G. I. E.

New Resolutions for 1938

By Adelaide Brown, M. D., Health Editor

■ As homemakers, whether as mothers, apartment group members who by coming together create a home, or as boards of managers who direct girls' institutions, orphanages or boarding out children by the thousands, or baby health center heads, this article is for YOU.

What do you know about the milk supply which you buy for your babies, homes or your institutions, and is it not your responsibility?

Milk and water (not combined) are two great public health items which must be controlled to guard health.

As voters we have secured a wonderful water supply planned and built by our best engineers. Sometime later we will discuss the protection of health necessitated still for this water supply.

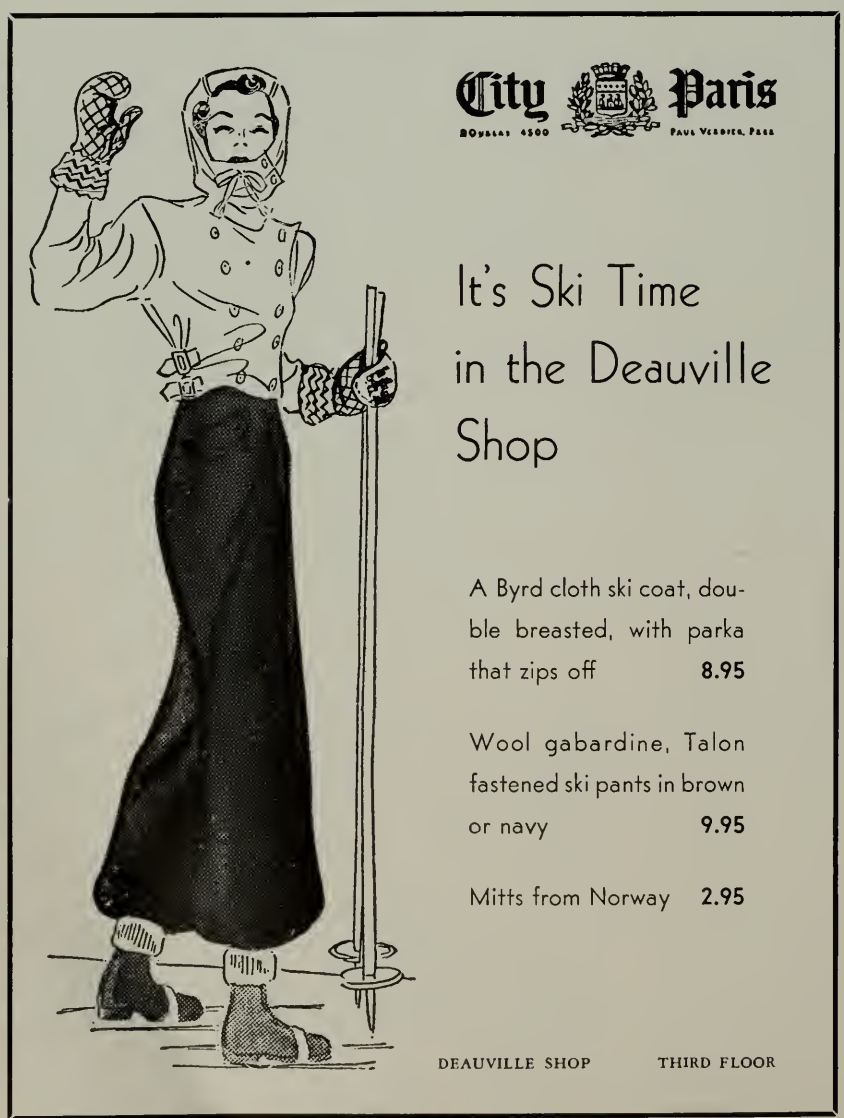
And now for milk. Dr. Richard Broderick, a former health officer, asked for the cooperation of women citizens already interested in supporting better milk for babies. Certified milk meets the demand of the highest standard for raw milk in the United States and was made a legal milk in California and all other milk was graded by state law.

San Francisco has great advantages as a city. It is geographically and politically protected. On the point of a peninsula and the city and county identical, it is not so easy to "pass the buck." Under Dr. Hassler, the milk law of the city was simplified and the value of pasteurizing the milk supply was taught to the people. To do a real health measure, pasteurizing must be controlled by regular and frequent examination in the laboratory. The milk entering the plant and after it comes out of the pasteurizer is examined. This milk must be bottled and capped mechanically and delivered promptly to the consumers, the baby and the home.

The pasteurizing plants must be controlled. And after pasteurization the milk must reach the home promptly and be kept cool. Pasteurization is a health protection and not a process to save milk from spoiling. Low bacterial count in milk received in San Francisco is required by the city ordinance. Dairy conditions where milk is produced have been checked up for 25 years by the city veterinarians. The tuberculin testing of dairy cows has not proceeded as it should have in this state, so that we are not getting our general milk supply from annually tested herds. Certified milk requires two tests a year and a most exhaustive study of the health of employees.

It is easier to make laws than to carry them out. San Francisco homemakers need to learn two things. The milk wagon driver is NOT a health agent. He sells milk, and to know anything of your milk conditions go to the dairy plant in your city and get the score of your milk at the Board of Health. Buy double-capped milk or wipe off the bottle with a hot cloth and the top of the cap before you remove it. Keep your milk bottle covered with an inverted glass if it is not double-capped and be sure your cold closet or refrigerator is clean.

San Francisco allows no unpasteurized milk to be sold except certified. Nineteen thirty-eight is a non-legislative year but the signs point to a tendency to put milk into commercial hands and not to allow a county or city to surpass the state standard for a product. The Department of Agriculture, which will control the milk supply, tends to regiment the dairies for the state and to allow no county to raise this standard.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This tendency would be to break down the health standards now satisfactory in San Francisco County. Pasteurizers distributed to every ranch that can buy the apparatus is futile as a health measure. Uncontrolled by laboratory tests, pasteurization has no health-protective value. (1) A board of health must control pasteurization. (2) Pasteurization under a board of health laboratory control must be done as near the baby as possible. The baby here means the citizen. (3) As citizens, we demand that the state law as it now exists be perpetuated; i. e., a county may have a standard higher than a state law, but cannot be lower. The distribution of pasteurizing privilege to a radius of 75 to 150 miles of San Francisco would increase the cost of inspecting the efficiency of pasteurization and break down its real purpose: to send milk to the household in a perfect package not again exposed to contamination. Inspected, controlled pasteurization as required in San Francisco is as perfect as a health measure as can be procured. Remember, as a perfect substitute for mother's milk nothing exists for the baby. That a safe raw milk is next in value—that is, certified milk. That controlled pasteurized milk has a far-reaching value for babies and adults. No food for adults is more valuable than milk; a pint a day per person should be the liquid milk used. Canned or powdered milk introduces other problems.

Talk milk to prepare yourselves for understanding milk legislation in 1939. To keep the milk standards in our city where they are for the Exposition and the future, we must press forward and be watchful. Intelligent cooperation is necessary. The milk industry in San Francisco is cooperative, but letting down health standards may seem to some producers alluring. "More money and less work."

Remember the baby and hold up the hand of those who guarantee you certified milk, which is a gift of the Medical Society of San Francisco County, and also demand that San Francisco County be allowed to control pasteurization, and you will have a modernly protected milk supply and no regimentation should be allowed to seep into the state laws which could break down what has been evolved in years of hard work.

A safe milk supply for the Exposition year is a necessity.

Let the San Francisco County law be a model for the Bay counties and only certified milk or controlled pasteurized milk be allowed on Treasure Island.

WANA DERGE SCHOOL

. . . . Color and Composition . . . .

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE COURSE

COLOR BALANCE RHYTHM
PROPORTION ORGANIZATION

BRINGING TO LIGHT

APPRECIATION DISCRIMINATION
DISTINCTION ORIGINALITY

RESULTS

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The City Club presents **CLASSES** beginning January 25th

Tuesday Afternoons, 1-4; Evenings, 7-10
7 Lessons.....$12.

Prerequisite to Spring Flower Arrangement

ALUMNAE EXHIBIT

Pictures Painted With Objects — Practical Home Arrangements — Flower Phantasies — Fairytales
Auditorium, January 18th — 11 a. m. - 9 p. m. Talk at 2 p. m.

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Make it a point to visit San Juan and plan to have Luncheon or Tea at La Casa Rosa.

Reservations should be made in advance for parties of more than twelve persons. Dinner served by appointment only.

BERTHA CAMPBELL COLE

LA CASA ROSA *Telephone* San Juan 24

I Have Been Reading

LOST EMPIRE. The life and adventures of Nikolai Petrovich Razanov, by Hector Chevigny. Macmillan, $2.50. Reviewed by Mary Octavia Carmody.

NEIGHBOR TO THE SKY; by Gladys Hasty Carroll. The Macmillan Company, 1937. $2.50. Reviewed by Daisy F. Reed.

■ Lost Empire; by Hector Chevigny. Mr. Chevigny was born in Montana. He is of French-Canadian descent. He has been associated with several large newspapers and is now in charge of all writing for the Columbia Broadcasting System in the West.

In "Lost Empire" Mr. Chevigny has produced a romance historically sound, carefully documented from widely divergent sources. These are well authenticated by an imposing bibliography. There is also an excellent index.

The story begins with a description of the journey of the Empress Catherine of Russia down the Dneiper. Almost immediately you find yourself in the thick of Russian court life. Rezanov, High Chamberlain to Tzar Alexander I, is inspired by a chance meeting with two Siberian traders to visions of great empire for Russia. With two large ships he sets sail on the most fascinating adventure history can relate—from the Russian court to the excitement of the Chinese fur markets, to Japan where his plans are thwarted in an overwhelming tragedy, on the starvation of the Russian settlement at Sitka.

Then Spanish California! The daughter of the commandante of San Francisco, the wise and beautiful Concepcion Arguello, fell in love with him. It was a different love than ever he had known and his plans took new form under its influence. When he set sail six weeks later to return to Sitka he was affianced to the most beautiful girl in California. He planned to annex to Russia the entire western coast of North America. Had he lived there is hardly a doubt that he would have accomplished his object.

There is a letter written from the puerto of San Francisco and dated April, 1851, which tells what became of the beautiful Concepcion.

■ Neighbor to the Sky; by Gladys Hasty Carroll. . . . Mrs. Carroll has a fine understanding of rural life. She knows the rural mind both in harmony with and in conflict against its environment.

This story has as its theme the opposition between these two types of rural mind. The dramatic quality of the tale depends on the fact that the two people who personify these opposite types fall in love with each other.

Maine farm life was deeply satisfying to Luke Gilman. He was a carpenter. "His body moved naturally with his tool, not jerked and jarred by it. People called him Carpenter because he was so much one with what he did. He liked that, proud of his trade, as his father had prophesied he would be." He was satisfied until Marjery Lee came to teach the village school.

Marjery Lee had also been born on the farm but she had always been in revolt against the limitations of country life. So much did she resent her rural background that she believed herself to have been city born and to have been left in infancy with the Lees. She hungered for security and success as a dancer.

Luke loved Margery enough to seek the fulfillment of Marjery's desires. They were married and moved into a world in which Luke had to fight for a living while he went to college, for a position as teacher, and finally for his own personal integrity. He succeeded in winning recognition as a university professor and research worker at the expense of those fine values that were native to him.

Because he loved Marjery and wanted her happiness he sought to get ahead in the kind of life she desired. "I know sometimes I forget how important every move seems to you. Sometimes I start playing the game my own way, with time out now and then. But I know—

I can see that's against the rules here, and I'll make a point of keeping them from now on."

Luke gradually realized that those rules meant a tragic ending. So he took Marjery and Third Luke back to the little cabin that he had built on the Maine farm, back to his carpentry. "When we start again, we'll be wiser and move cautious and we'll get our soundings as we go."

National League Book List

Adult

THIS IS OUR WORLD; Paul B. Sears. $2.50. A botanist, Professor Sears uses his specialty as a window through which to view the world and its wonders.

DAMIEN THE LEPER; John Farrow. $2.50. All readers will be thrilled with Father Damien's story and proud that mankind could produce such a human being.

MADAME CURIE; Eve Curie. $3.50. A daughter writes with charm and skill of the life of her famous scientist-mother.

THE ENGLISH COOPERATIVES; Sydney R. Elliott. $3. The impressive and challenging story of the greatest cooperative movement in the world, published by the Yale University Press.

THIS IS MY STORY; Eleanor Roosevelt. $3. "Vivid, interesting, touched with humor—arresting in its combination of frankness and charm," to quote the New York Times.

YANKEE BOOKSELLER; Charles E. Goodspeed. $3.75. Reminiscences of a Boston bookseller that covers many phases of the collecting and marketing of rare books and prints.

MEN, WOMEN AND TENORS; Frances Alda. $3.50. Mme. Alda's zestful memories and opinions, likes and dislikes, through a long prima donna career.

JOURNALIST'S WIFE; Lillian T. Mowrer. $3.50. European politics as seen and interpreted by a brilliant woman who shared her husband's journalistic assignments.

Juvenile

BEGGARS OF DREAMS; Mary Brewster Hollister. $2. A fascinating, colorful story of city life in China.

BOBBY WANTED A PONY; Dorothy and Marguerite Bryan. $1. A new picture book about a boy who wanted and found a way of getting a pony all his own.

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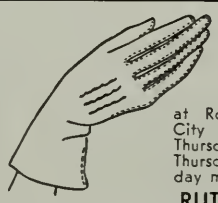
Guide to Shops and Service



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Uncle Sam's Unique Gift

(Continued from page 15)

ice buildings which, with the 20-acre propagation area, offer every facility necessary for successful growing of the whole range of World's Fair varieties.

A spectacular phase of the program is the transplanting of the 4,000 trees, with its attendant transportation, boxing and anchoring of specimens towering from 60 to 70 feet above their boxes. More than 600 of these tall sentinels will weigh twenty tons each, or more, and they must be brought from widely scattered points in California, held for their "rest period" in Balboa Park, and transplanted to Treasure Island in 1938. More than ten acres of trees now stand boxed in Balboa Park, and many others are held boxed in places at various points in the Bay district to be shipped direct to Treasure Island from their original sites when the time comes. These trees have been donated by owners anxious to participate in a successful world's fair, and the Bureau of Horticulture is on the lookout for more—particularly red flowering eucalypti, loquats and magnolias to carry out the color pattern.

Fragrance, as well as color and artistic arrangement, is being carefully considered by the Bureau of Horticulture. In every court and garden will be plantings with penetrating fragrance, and thus each unit will have its characteristic fragrance and color. For this purpose considerable use will be made of Viburnum carlesi, cestrum nocturnum, spicy rhododendrons, Carissa grandiflora, Hildebrand's honeysuckle, star jasmine and many other fragrant blossoms.

After the close of the World's Fair, when the millions of visitors have returned to their various homes, a part of the landscaping will be left in place to beautify the municipal airport and the remainder will be removed to Golden Gate Park and other points of vantage in the Bay area.

The year 1938 will see great activity on Treasure Island. The modern "city of magic" will be completed before the year is over; the two-million-dollar garden will be blooming months before the Portals of the Pacific are opened to the millions of guests of the West at the Golden Gate International Exposition on February 18, 1939.

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LOS GATOS, CALIFORNIA

San Francisco Museum of Art

■ EXHIBITIONS IN JANUARY—

Albert M. Bender Collection of the San Francisco Museum of Art. Through January 9.

Master Drawings from the Collections of Mr. Charles Crocker and Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Crocker. January 5 through March 15.

Analysis of a Painting by Henri-Matisse. January 7 through January 24.

Prints by Toulouse-Lautrec. January 15 through February 21.

Oils and Watercolors by Frank Bergman. January 16 through February 6.

Coptic, Greek Island and Renaissance Textiles collected by the late Mrs. W. H. Crocker. January 21 through March 14.

COMING EXHIBITIONS

58th Annual Exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association. March 22 through May 2.

Paintings by Maurice de Vlaminck. February 14 through March 7.

Thursday Lecture Readings - Plays
By Madefrey Odhner, 2 to 4 o'clock

January 6: French Without Tears; Terence Merryn Rattigan.

January 13: Dear Brutus; James M. Barrie.

January 20: I'd Rather Be Right; George F. Kauffman and Moss Hart.

January 27: Plays from "The Golden Sovereign" (more about Queen Victoria); Laurence Housman.

Friday Lecture Readings - Poetry
From the World Anthology
By Madefrey Odhner, 2 to 4 o'clock

January 7: Chinese Poetry.

January 14: Chinese Poetry.

January 21: Chinese Poetry.

January 28: Manuscript Day. A selection from unpublished works. (Manuscripts may be submitted until January 17. Enclose self-addressed envelope and return postage.)

LECTURES IN JANUARY

January 5, Wednesday evening, 8 o'clock: Prints in the Albert M. Bender Collection; John Humphrey.

January 9, Sunday afternoon, 3 o'clock: Analysis of a Matisse Painting; Walter Gordon.

January 12, Wednesday evening, 8 o'clock: Chinese Buddhist Painting; Helen Chapin.

January 16, Sunday afternoon, 3 o'clock: How to Enjoy Textiles; Grace L. McCann Morley.

January 19, Wednesday evening, 8 o'clock: Art Book Review: Art as Experience, by John Dewey; Miriam Sweeney.

January 23, Sunday afternoon, 3 o'clock: Master Drawings of the Baroque; Walter Gordon.

January 23, Sunday afternoon, 4 o'clock: The New Laban Dance Notation System; Ann Mundstock.

January 26, Wednesday evening, 8 o'clock: Style Changes in Textile Art; Charles Lindstrom.

January 30, Sunday afternoon, 3 o'clock: Processes in Art; Walter Gordon.

SPECIAL LECTURES

A six-week series of lectures on textiles will be given by members of the staff while the Crocker textile collection is on view. These lectures will be on Wednesday evenings at 8 o'clock beginning January 26 and continuing through February 2, 9, 16, 23, and March 2. They will be open to the public free of charge.

The Laban Dance Script, a system of dance notation for recording all movement, has been developed by Rudolph von Laban after more than thirty years' research. Ann Mundstock will introduce the system to the Bay Region in a lecture at the Museum January 23 at 4 o'clock, presented with lantern slides. Admission is free.

The Museum is open daily from noon until 10 o'clock in the evening on weekdays and from 1 until 5 on Sundays. There is no admission charge.

Radio Program Helps Women to Plan Parties

■ Women who enjoy entertaining will likewise enjoy the new radio program featuring Elma Latta Hackett. Mrs. Hackett, who enjoys a reputation as being one of the Pacific Coast's most popular home economists, feels that this new program answers a very definite problem . . . that thousands of women who like to entertain in novel and interesting ways will find this new program a veritable gold mine of ideas.

The program will be friendly and informal, parties of all natures will be discussed . . . dinner parties, cocktail parties, afternoon teas, pantry parties, barbecues, games, parties for tiny tots, parties for adolescents; in fact, if it's a party you're planning, Mrs. Hackett can be of immeasurable help to you. This is the first radio program of this nature ever offered and should prove highly interesting.

The name of the program, "Caswell's Party Bureau," hints that the sponsor is the Geo. W. Caswell Coffee Company. Starting January 11th, "Caswell's Party Bureau" will be heard on radio station KSFO every Tuesday at 2:30 p. m. This program sounds like a very good idea . . . let's listen for it.

RHODA ON THE ROOF

HATS

New Spring Hats Start Coming In This Month

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FOR WOMEN: Distinctive Hand-Blocked Ceremonial Gowns, Kimonos, Robes and Lounging Pajamas, Afternoon Tea Gowns, Dinner Gowns, Butterfly Jackets, Fine Linen Handkerchiefs, plain or initialed.

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FOR THE HOME: Carved Ivory, Teak and Lacquer Pieces, Unusual Colored Cloisonne, Peking Glassware and hundreds of carefully selected Objects of Art.

During January all merchandise at the capitivating shop of Madam Butterfly will be reduced 10% to 25%.

Madam Butterfly
430 Grant Avenue

Twelfth Night Dinner

January 6th, 1938

Tart Appetizers

Wassail Bowl
Epiphany Cake

Barley Broth

Roast Gosling

Roasted Batata
Wild Celery Root

Countryside Greens

Sour Bread

Old English Plum Duff
Brandy Sauce

Beverage

■

At the Club

$1.25 a Plate

Give Trees to San Francisco

Miss Katharine Donohoe,
President, The Women's City Club,
San Francisco.

Dear Miss Donohoe:

San Francisco swings into double-quick-time step in a spirited, cooperative drive to prepare for the Fair. An important factor in this drive is the city-wide tree-planting campaign in which the Chamber offers to act as the coordinating body. Your organization has always worked earnestly for the betterment of your community. There is no need to tell you of the tremendous contributions street trees will make in effecting this betterment. Let's all work together. Let's get trees planted along every possible city street.

Trees planted by April 1 will make a grand showing by the time 1939 rolls around. And that's not all! Street trees will contribute ever-increasing beauty for years and years after the Golden Gate International Exposition has made history.

The Chamber's Board of Directors recently passed the following resolution:

" . . . BE IT RESOLVED, That the Board of Directors of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce commends the efforts of all organizations in San Francisco who have in the past worked to effect greater civic beauty through tree planting activities, asks for the cooperation of all property owners, residents, civic and improvement associations, women's clubs, garden clubs, boys' and girls' clubs, and other interested organizations in launching immediately and carrying on a citywide street-tree-planting campaign, and offers the assistance of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce in coordinating the campaign efforts of the various groups so as to make San Francisco more beautiful not only for the 1939 Exposition but for generations to come.

Your organization will want to pass a resolution, too — a resolution offering wholehearted, active support to this city-wide tree-planting campaign. Enclosed is a suggested resolution which it is hoped you will pass upon immediately. Please mail the signed resolution to the Chamber of Commerce, that we may have this further proof of your desire to —"Plant Trees! Make Civic Beauty Your Duty."

Very truly yours,

J. W. HOWELL, President,

San Francisco Chamber of Commerce.

Editor's Note: This letter emphasizes the cooperation between the Women's City Club and the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce in its forward-looking plans.

The Story of the First Wharf in San Francisco

(Continued from page 18)

owners, hauled up alongside and discharged her cargo; this was the first vessel docked at a wharf in the harbor of San Francisco.

The weekly Californian of September 23, 1848, under the heading "Marine Intelligence, Port of San Francisco," announced:

ARRIVED—Sept. 22nd, brig Belfast (Jordan), 163 days from New York.

In an editorial paragraph September 30, 1848, the weekly Californian announced:

"An era in the history of California has occurred since our last publication, which we lose no time in placing upon record. The event to which we allude is no less than the appearance of a square rigged vessel, the brig Belfast from New York, at the wharf at the foot of Broadway, actually fast to and lying peaceably alongside the said wharf, the like of which we believe that venerated individual 'the oldest inhabitant,' has no recollection of ever beholding before in San Francisco, or even in any part of the Territory. We have been credibly informed that as soon as the Belfast was seen lying at the wharf, foot of Broadway, and discharging her cargo, goods fell 25 per cent and real estate rose 50 to 100 per cent."

When Pioneer Clark began his work on the shore of San Francisco Bay there was no piled ship-wharf on the whole Pacific Coast north of Panama. That enormous body of water, the Bay of San Francisco, lay idle, unvexed by man. An occasional Indian craft ventured to cross from the "Contra Costa shore," as the Spaniards called it, to the peninsula tip where lay the primitive boat-landing of Yerba Buena. Standing on the rocky point which jutted out into the bay, Pioneer Clark looked south to another point —Rincon Point—across the tidal marsh. There was little sign of life before him, save for the gulls that flew across the cove. That was all most men saw—the vast bay, the uninhabited islands, the encircling mountains, the lesser bays into which great rivers ran, the flapping sea-birds with their raucous cries. Yet Pioneer Clark had vision, he saw more. He saw a city rising out of the sea of mud, towering into the sea of mist and fog. He saw great fleets of ships replacing the Indians' craft. He saw scores of wharves and docks lining the great bay, where other men saw only mud and sea gulls. He had slowly crossed by covered wagon the wide continent, on the eastern side of which he was born. He had traversed it from north to south, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. And now he had crossed it from east to west. He could go no further under the American flag, and he stopped at this point of rocks—his point—Clark's Point—for he bought it from the government and other men gave it his name.

MEMO

I resolve to make Philip Morris my personal cigarette in 1938!

The Trotwood Footstool . . . for the tired business woman

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Discriminating Western women —50,000 of them in fact—are enjoying for themselves, their families and guests, the *unmatched flavor* found only in Caswell's National Crest Coffee. If you are a true *coffee-lover,* if you appreciate a *real good* cup of coffee . . . then you owe it to yourself to at least give Caswell's National Crest Coffee a trial.

Caswell's National Crest Coffee costs a few cents more a pound . . . BUT, its richness gives you *more cups to the pound!* Drinking this *real good* coffee is not an expensive luxury . . . it costs no more per cup than *ordinary* coffee.

To insure *roaster-freshness,* Caswell's National Crest Coffee is never sold in stores. A phone call will bring the Caswell Coffee Man to your door. Today?

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More London Cries

by Ruth Shipley

Reprinted from American Women's Club Magazine of November, 1937.

■ Let us take another excursion into the eighteenth century and listen to the street cries of London. About a year ago we heard in imagination, "New Mackerel," "Chairs to Mend," "Primroses," "Scissors and Knives to Grind," and "New Songs." Now let us stroll down almost any street or alley, but be careful of your silk gown, mistress, for there are no good pavements here, and mud flies from the wheels of that coach which comes toward us at such a pace. Your exquisite sense of smell, developed by your twentieth-century immunities, is bound to suffer, for the kennels run unprotected, and you may even slip upon a fish's head crying its age to heaven. But if you can forget the drawback of the eighteenth century and open your mind to its picturesqueness, you will perhaps enjoy this little journey. There are sights and sounds in plenty in the streets to show you how your ancestors lived. Around the next corner we may see a tumbler and a dancing girl, working for a few pence, in spite of the jostlings and shouts of porters with loads upon their backs, and the interruption of footmen running to clear the way for Lord B——'s carriage. The crowd that cranes to catch a glimpse of His Lordship is made up of applewomen, milliners with band-boxes on their arms, a constable who looks far too genteel to be able to deal with those two rough men who stand, partially hidden, in that doorway. Lord B——'s reputation is none too savoury, we gather from the remarks of the crowd, as he leans forward at the sight of a pretty face, which he inspects through his glass. Gossip has it that he is going to a rout at the Duchess of V——'s; but now the carriage is gone, and we can hear from the street behind us: "Hot pippin pies, hot . . . Hot apple pies . . . puddings, pies. . . . " And as the pieman comes from a side alley, we can hear the sound of other cries in the distance.

Here is a girl with bare red arms, a wooden yoke across her shoulders from which hang her milk pails, swinging as she walks, for they are nearly empty. Now she is stopped by two small customers, and she sets her pails upon the ground while she measures milk into a jug for them.

Rain, frost or snow, or hot or cold,
I travel up and down,
The cream and milk you buy of me
Is best in all the town,
For custards, puddings, or for tea,
There's none like those you buy of me.

No sooner has the milkmaid gone than we come upon the matchseller, her right hand full of her wares, and a big basket on her other arm. The print which illustrates this cry was made by Wheatley in 1791, and in the background appears a part of the Mansion House.

What trade more common than my own,
And none more badly paid;
Yet in the world, as well is known,
It lends most useful aid.

Poor matchseller! And yet in spite of her rather doleful little song, she is a picturesque figure, and gives us pleasure in these modern days, with her kerchief, yellow straw hat and gaily colored clothes.

And perhaps the most comforting of the cries we have yet heard is that which, coming down the winter street, makes us hasten our steps, with our mouths watering. "Gingerbread. Hot spiced gingerbread. . . . Buy my gingerbread. . . . one half-penny the piece!" Here he is, pushing his barrow, surrounded by a knot of children eating his wares. And if we look around we shall find that we have wandered into the Oxford Road, which to the twentieth century is Oxford Street, for the gingerbread man has put down his barrow immediately in front of the Pantheon, a palace of amusement which was built in 1770-1771, and of which the exterior is still standing. The opening of this amazing place was one of the sensations of 1772, and the Pantheon was "to cause Almack's and Carlisle House to hide their diminished heads." But let us see what Mrs. Delany has to say of the opening, and the masquerade which took place on that occasion. "The lighting, and brilliant éclat on going in, they say, was beyond all description, and the going in and out made so easy by lanes of constables that there was not

the least confusion. To balance these delights, the High Street robbers gave many panics, but pleasure will conquer all fears; and the men on horseback with a pistol at their breast will at last grow so familiar as not to be regarded more than a common turnpike that makes you pay for your passage. . . ."

Horace Walpole, too, was amazed at the Pantheon, and in April, 1771, before it was opened, he took the French Ambassador to see what he described as "the new winter-Ranelagh" in Oxford Road. "It amazed me myself. Imagine Balbec in all its glory! The pillars are of artificial giallo antico. The ceilings, even of the passages, are of the most beautiful stuccos in the best taste of grotesque. The ceilings of the ballrooms and the panels painted like Raphael's loggais in the Vatican. A dome like the Pantheon, glazed. It is to cost fifty thousand pounds. Monsieur de Guisnes said to me: 'Ce n'est qu'a Londres qu'on peut faire tout cela,'"* We can imagine this ardent admirer of Gothic architecture with his tongue well in his cheek.

Having paused to look at the Pantheon, let us now go on in the hope of finding one more London cry before we stride forward two centuries and come back to our own lives. See, here comes an old man with a basket of oranges strapped across one shoulder, and perhaps those two ladies in front of us may stop him.

Sweet China Oranges,
Oranges, fine ripe Oranges
Flowers cannot give forth the fragrance
That scents the air from my golden store
Fairest Lady, none can excel them,
Buy then my oranges buy, I implore.

Who could resist that song? They are buying from him, so let us take this opportunity to look more closely at their clothes, for these ladies are of a different type from that usually shown in Wheatley's prints. Their gowns are of silk, and with them they wear fringed scarves and high hats and silk bonnets to cover their immense "heads." Perhaps the lady at the right knows how to tell a really juicy orange by its weight or perhaps she is merely trying to persuade her companion to buy more than she wants. But that we shall never know, because now we must step over Time and leave them in the eighteenth century, looking forever charming, while we come back to the bustle and strain of our nervous present-day life, in which we have much to regret and much for which to be thankful.

*Letters of Horace Walpole, Everyman. Letter LXVII.

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■ To this visitor from Europe, the date 1797 has always signified a troubled time in the history of the Old World. Since a never-to-be-forgotten trip from San Francisco to Carmel by way of the old Mission of San Juan Bautista, 1797 conveys a different meaning. That of peace and beauty not transferrable to paper. One must experience for oneself the soothing simplicity of this quaint little town, rich in the history of a California of the past.

Do as I did, spend a night at La Casa Rosa. The name alone will create the proper mood for your enjoyment of the day before you.

Awakened early by the Mission bells and by the songs of birds, the garden called me. After a perfectly served breakfast, I set out to capture the spirit of bygone Spanish days. The visitors' book listed names of travelers from all parts of the world. How thankful I was that there were none present to accompany me!

Seventeen hundred ninety-seven saw the founding of the Mission San Juan Bautista, which in 1937 in its peaceful setting still speaks for the old padres. Casa Juan de Anza, the building now housing a museum of early California antiques, dates back to 1781. Tragedy and comedy still play their part in the 1850 adobe theater, now the courtroom of the justice of peace. The Plaza Hotel, the home of Don Juan de Anza, the Zanetta home, originally a stable with a top story added, now a community hall, both entertain a new generation.

Until this trip these names meant nothing to me. There is one name, however, that had shed its glamour far beyond this tiny town. Rosa del Rancho, famous in story and song, was born in San Juan Bautista in 1828 in the old adobe house now known as Casa San Juan de Anza, so named in honor of her first husband. Charming details, shutters swung on hand-wrought hinges, a fountain, a weeping willow tree caught the eye and fired the imagination. May the surrounding hills ever protect this spot from the March of Time!

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ELECTION DAY

Monday, January 10th

The following notes concerning the proposed new members for the Board of Directors are of interest:

Mrs. Julian H. Alco:

Member of Board of Trustees of San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children; Member of D. A. R.; Century Club; Charter Member of National League Woman's Service, 1919.

Miss Elizabeth M. Austin:

Architect; Student under John Galen Howard; Member National League for Woman's Service since 1920.

Mrs. Louis Herman:

Graduate of University of Nevada; Former President of College Women's Club of Berkeley; Member of Board of Directors of Oakland Library.

Mrs. Leo V. Korbel:

Associate Director of Century Club; Member of Town & Country Club; Resident of Petaluma.

Mrs. Clift Lundborg:

Secretary Visiting Nurses Assn.; Former Director Town & Country Club; Committee Member Community Chest.

Mrs. C. R. Walter:

Officer in the National Defenders' Club of Menlo Park.

Return this Ballot on or before January 19, 1938, by mail or by deposit in the Ballot Box at the Club.

Article 8, Constitution and By-Laws: "There shall be a fine of twenty-five cents imposed upon each member who fails to vote in the annual election."

BALLOT

Board of Directors
National League for Woman's Service

Return this ballot on or before
January 19, 1938

VOTE FOR TEN:

Mrs. Julian H. Alco ☐
Miss Catherine Allen ☐
Miss Elizabeth M. Austin ☐
Mrs. Carroll T. Harris ☐
Mrs. Louis Hermann ☐
Mrs. Leo V. Korbel ☐
Mrs. Marcus S. Koshland ☐
Mrs. Clift Lundborg ☐
Miss Emma Noonan ☐
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